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SIXTEEN SUMMERS OLD.

ELGIN, ILL., APRIL 7, 1900. MI. C. ? T. C.

No. 14.

BY MARY A. MASON.

SHE is sixteen summers old to-day! Mark her calendar, ye who say That summer must have its winter, too, And find that it's one long summer through! Bird and blossom and breeze in tune; A summer morning, no afternoon; The rose in her cheek from June to June.,

She is sixteen summers old to-day! There's a moon for her when the sun's away; There's a song that is only for her to sing; There's a bird that is waiting to try its wing; There's a beautiful world, as yet unseen, That is waiting for her to be its queen;-Time is a youth, and the years that were Are only just sixteen to her.

She is sixteen summers old to-day! That's what her first two sweethearts say-Mother and father-and I'm afraid-We are all sweethearts of this sweet maid! Will some philosopher, now, who knows, Tell us the mystery of this pearl, Why it takes one year to perfect a rose, And sixteen years for a rosebud girl?

THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE INGLENOOK.

We present our readers in this issue of the paper

Elgin, Illinois, where all the printing and publishing of the church is done. Here the Messenger, the Young Disciple and all the literary output of the Brotherhood are issued. It is the home of THE INGLE-NOOK. In the first place Elgin is quite a town by itself, and has a population of 23,000. Most of these people are the better class of skilled workmen and the brightest and best side of their happy home life is in evidence everywhere throughout the city. Two railroads, the Chicago and North-Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, have neat and comfortable stations in the town and the Publishing House is so related to them that one could stand on the pavement and throw a stone to either station. It is right between them. It is located on South State Street, and is a substantial brick building, three stories high. The front is of pressed brick with stone trimmings and, as may be seen in the picture, it is a very solid looking building.

It is so arranged that it can not be built in on NOOR. Let us glance around this room and get an either side and its cost was \$17,000. This belongs to every member of the church alike and is something not to be ashamed of. The inside detail of arrangement is thoroughly practical and the whole building is constructed with reference to practical

Looking now at the front of the building with its arched door the front room to the left is the little thapel where services are held by the Brethren in len of a church yet to be built. The first room on he right, as you enter is that of the Manager. Here in a well lighted, comfortable room sits the one who directs the general interests of the busimess. Matters of outlay, variation from any set outine and the employment of help come before Back of these front rooms, on the lowest oor, is the press room, where the clamp and clack a heavy press marks off a sheet, each time, righted with the thought of the Brotherhood. the thought of the Brotherhood. ever, by and give the Inglenook. It is where the mailing is done. Rows of wide

open mail sacks are in place and system prevails here from end to end. Thousands and thousands of pieces of mail are put up here, sacked, and started on their way over hill and dale, under the mountain, across the river till it reaches you in your home. The room to the right on the second floor is where the bookkeeper presides. Here the record of the business is kept and it is a marvel that so few mistakes are made considering the volume and extent of the business transacted.

Going on up the second flight of stairs we reach the editorial rooms. The top window to the right lets the light in on the Editor of the Messenger. Here he sits and wrestles with manuscript and letter, making the Messenger from week to week, preaching as does every contributor to its columns, to at least 50,000 people. What an army of the Lord there would be if we were all together. Just back of the Editor's room is the Associate Editor's apartment. Here erooked matters are straightened out and everything is correctly prepared for the compositors. A very important desk, this, where every error is ruthlessly hunted down and east out. Still further back final revision is made and a clean sheet assured.

Over to the left, the uppermost left hand corner room, is the meeting place of the General Missionary Committee and as they meet only a few days an illustration of the Brethren Publishing House at in the year it is occupied as the home of The Ingle.

idea of all the others. It is pure, clean white as to strange or unusual things coming under their notice wall and ceiling, and a dado of fight green runs | we will fix them up for print, and it will please thouaround the room. The floor is of oiled pine, the long table of oak and on the south side is an open fireplace,-the Inglenook of the Editor. There is also steam heat all through the building, but the Inglenook can be warmed and lit up any day when it is too near a warm day to get up steam in the basement boilers. By the way the word "Inglenook " means fireside or chimney corner. Look at our heading and see the INGLENOOK and its readers.

The editor of INGLENOOK sits at the table generally, but sometimes he sits by the Ingleside in the office and here is where he will read your letter and bless you if you write him cheering words and thank you if you tell him how to improve the paper. He is an impersonal, hard to find individual, no longer young, but with a heart that goes out to every boy and girl in the land. Don't be afraid to

On the third floor back is the composing room

where the pick and click of type goes on all day long and the heavy forms are sent down to the press-room by an elevator, the "lift," the English would call it. From top to bottom of the building is a fire-proof vault where all the valuable plates, etc., are stored, and into this vault doors open from every floor into separated, fireproof, little rooms. Built expressly for the work the whole building is first class throughout, without a touch of the useless, solid, substantial, and likely to be here when we have all left our earthly Ingleside.

THE boys and girls who read this number of THE INGLENOOK are requested to especially note the series of articles, begun in this issue, telling about the various callings in life and how to master them, Every one of them will be written by a successful member of his profession.

THE Editor would be very much pleased to have every reader of this number of the new paper write him here at the office, either making suggestions for the improvement of the publication or asking questions, the answers to which will be of general inter-

This paper wants a motto to be used right under the heading. It must be short, just one line, strik-

ing, and in keeping with the spirit of the publication. Send us a motto. We are all at sea about what we want. Help us, please.

INGLENOOK is defined by Webster as meaning the chimney corner. It was a cold day when the artist made that fire in the heading. Think of it when you are reading the paper under the apple trees next August,

This paper will be sent free for a year to the one first correctly guessing the original of the picture of the man in the heading reading the Messenger. Doesn't he look like somebody you know?

THE girls on the farm have been neglected too long, and The INGLENOOK has in mind certain articles that will tell how money may be honestly made in little known channels.

IF our boys and girls will write us about the sands of our readers.

During the year a writer who has been there will tell THE INGLENOOK folk just how it looks in the crater of the volcano of Popocatapetl. A lot of people live there.

You can't afford to be without the new paper you have in your hand. There's going to be too many good things missed if you neglect it.

Wно said cookery? A professional chef, which means an educated cook, will tell just how the business is learned.

IGNORANCE is not bliss and wisdom is not folly. Neither is advisable when the preventive costs only fifty cents to the end of this year.

V Correspondence V

AROUND THE SQUARE.

By One of the Inglewook Staff.

One can walk right out of the back door of the INGLENOOK office to a railroad station, and if he happens just on the moment he can take the train for Chicago. In about an hour he is there from Elgin, but it would puzzle an older man than the writer to tell where the city begins. It is town and town for miles and miles before the heart of the city is reached, and it is this way in every direction. Chicago is a very large city, and there is apparently no beginning or ending to it. It is one house after another, then more houses, and then lots of them. Most of these outlying residences are of the temporary character that will give place after while to more substantial buildings, and if the town grows on at the present rate there is no telling where it will stop. Of course there is a limit, but it does not seem to be in sight. When one is sure enough in the city of Chicago he sees something of the immense numbers of people who live in the municipality. Some of the principal streets are very beautiful, and the better residence portions show all that wealth and culture can do. On certain streets, about the time the offices and shops close, the stream of humanity is something wonderful. It all apparently sets in one direction, running like a-human mill race making for the several railroad stations to take the suburban trains homeward. Thousands are sweeping onward, some of them running to possibly catch the first train out, and others more leisurely, but all bent homeward. In the morning the stream sets the other way, and so it goes on, year in and year out.

Chicago is Chicago, and always will be Chicago. Look on the map, and you will see that it is a sort of geographical center, and that there are many railroads running to and from it, thus making it a distributing point for a very large section of country. Here is the rule. Great businesses seek great centers because of the extra facilities offered for concentration and distribution. And as all great enterprises employ many people, hence the crowds. Let us not stay too long in Chicago, though there is much to see and learn here, but let us run over to St. Louis. There is and always has been a great deal of rivalry between certain cities, and none has been more marked than that of Chicago and St. Louis.

Now it so happens that we will take the Illinois Central railroad from the city on the lake to the one on the river. This road's best trains between the great cities, like those of all other roads, leave at night, as near as may be, and arrive in daytime. The reason for this is that it is intended to allow people to do their traveling by night and thus let them have the day to attend to their business. The distance between the two cities by the Illinois Central is a shade under three hundred miles, and leaving about nine o'clock in the evening will put us in St. Louis about seven in the morning.

Like Chicago St. Louis is built on comparatively level ground, and it is an entirely different sort of city. There is not the rush and bustle of the Lake City, but there is a vast amount of business done there all the same. Now if you consult the map you will see that St. Louis is a sort of distributing center for the middle west and a considerable part of the South. There are some beautiful places in and about the city, but we can't stop to go to the botanical gardens, the parks, and the public buildings. The best we can do is to board the cars and run out to the limits and note that apparently St, Louis is a more substantially built-up place than Chicago, and that there are some very beautiful residence quarters. If your eyes are good you will see that here is a considerable difference between the character of the people one sees on the whole, At first look they seem alike, but remembering the map is it not true that the people most likely to come to St. Louis are from a different section from those most likely to go to Chicago? What this difference is may be hard to define, but it exists. The station at St. Louis is regarded as a wonder, but it is really not much more than the Illinois Central in Chicago that we left last night. Now we are going over to Kansas City, which, like St. Louis, is in the State of Missouri, but is also as far away

from it as it can well get. We will go down to the big station and take the Missouri Pacific Railway. By the schedule if we leave at eight o'clock in the evening we will land in Kansas City in the early morning, having gone over about two hundred and eighty-three miles in the trip. If Chicago and St. Louis are built on level ground Kansas City makes up for it. First there is a river that part of the year is a real river, and then in a dry time goes out of business, and then there are the bottoms, so-called, all covered with railroads and manufacturing establishments, and a splendid farm or two was spoiled when the city took root there, and then the hill country back of it, and the real Kansas City is built on these hills. It is hill up and hill down nearly all over the town, and some of them are so steep that if you lose your footing at the top you will take a slide that will astonish you.

Kansas City is a very different place from the other cities behind us, for it has a decidedly different constituency to draw from. It is a great cattle center, and there are stockyards and packing establishments on the bottoms that are not much surpassed anywhere, if they are at all. Here the western cattle man is to be found, and the town is a great railroad center, being one of the two great gateways to the west. Omaha is the other. If we look up on the hill we may see a car creeping up an incline that looks decidedly dangerous, but really is very safe, that is, it is rarely that things break loose and go to the bottom in a heap. Or we can go up several roundabout ways, and get to the city above us. Here there is a great deal of bustle, and much business done. On the outside edge of town there is a very beautiful residence quarter, where those who have made money have built homes. People are in a hurry in Kansas City. Everybody is going some place, and is in a hurry about it. Here cattle occupy the first place, and down on the bottoms the big Armour Packing Company brings no end of them to meat each minute. For some reason Kansas City is apt to make one tired, and we will take the Missouri Pacific again in the evening and land early in the morning at Omaha after about two hundred miles of a night ride.

Omaha is in Nebraska, and is the other gatewayto the west. That is, nearly all of the great railroads to the west cross at these two cities, Omaha and Kansas City. Omaha is an Indian name, and the city is very different from all the others we have seen. It is rather a cleaner and a better city, but you must not tell anybody in the other places that I said so. This is confidential, as they would be sure to say that I didn't know what I was talking about. But I'll leave it to you whether things are not cleaner and quieter than at the other places. There is also a great deal of business done here. Nebraska is a great State, and Omaha is the commercial center, the distributing point. People in Omaha are not in such a hurry to go some place, and there is more quietness to it, and that commends it to quiet people. Do not think there is no business done here, for there is, only they seem to get at it differently. Down in South Omaha are the great packing houses, for the Nebraska stock, and there is a big smelter in sight where they smelt gold and silver, and it is a wonder to see. But we can't see everything at once, and we will take the night train over the Chicago and North-Western Railway for the starting point, and after about five hundred miles of night flying arrive right side up at the Windy City on the Lake, and in a short time we will be off at the station that is just at the rear of the Brethren Publishing House, and we will walk right through the composing room into the Editorial sanctum of INGLENOOK after being four nights on the road, seeing four great cities, and being so sleepy that you "can hardly keep your eyes open." But before you go to bed look out of the window and see the Elgin watch works. Would you like to go over and see how they turn out two thousand good watches every day? Well, —but that is another story later.

SOME PREHISTORIC PEOPLE.

Nothing is of more interest than the study of a nation or a people that has passed away. The red Indian is a case in point, and the causes that led to his extinction we know all about. But before the red man occupied the country several other distinct races of people came and passed away, leaving no half an erf.'"

record save their monuments and, in places, their mound cities or towns.

Our young readers should remember that there is absolutely nothing certain about these people who lived here long enough before history was written so that we can intelligently read it. Book after book has been written, and they vary widely in their theories and conjectures as to who, what and where these people camé and went. There is nothing certain about it and the situation is such that each year makes it less likely that we ever will know.

As said before, the red men we know a great deal about, especially their extinction. But before them were the Mound Builders, a people who built great mounds, fortifications, etc., with heaped-up earth, and of these next to nothing is known. All that we may be sure of is that they came before our Indians in the occupancy of the soil. They were farmers in a sort of way, hunters, of course, but the fact that so many of them evidently huddled together in towns or communities made it necessary that some of them, at least, worked the soil.

Out in the West in the Arizona country, another class of people lived, called the Pueblos, and one of these Mound towns is called a Pueblo. These words are from the Spanish, and pueblo is a town and the Pueblo Indians are only town Indians, and a pueblo a town. These people were also agricultural in their work, clearly so, as charred and ageold remains of corn go to show.

Then there are the Cliff Dwellers, an entirely distinct class of people. The facts probably are that these Pueblo Indians and Cliff Dwellers were the same originally, but when the wild men of the North came down on the town Indians of the South and harried them they took to scaling the tremendous precipices and cliffs and on a projecting shelf of rock, or in a cove-like recess they built their towns, or rather their collection of houses. They farmed the valleys, stored their grain where their houses were and were practically sale as long as food and water held out. Some of these cliff houses are hundreds of feet in the air, and remind one more of a nest of human swallows with their houses stuck on the side of the hill. The ascent to them is usually a very abrupt hillside little notches are cut in the rock for a foothold, and sometimes a narrow ledge sticking out over a couple of hundred feet of nothing is reached and on this they, or anybody else who wanted to get to the town had to "coon it" along on hands and knees, on a shelf about two feet wide and overhanging the abyss. There a ledge may be reached that actually overhangs all, and this is reached by a ladder leaning outward and by this means the shelf half way up the tremendous hill is reached, on which the town is built. They were safe enough up there as long as the food held out, but in the end they disappeared,-how and where, who knows?

Then down in Mexico are the ruins of an entirely different and more advanced class of people who built cities such as we occupy. They have disappeared off the face of the earth, and not even a reasonable story is left us as to who and what they were and what overtook them.

In a new book just published about the Transvaal some rather good stories are told concerning the Boers, and here are a couple of them about Oom Paul: "A few years ago he was induced to take part in the opening ceremonies at a Jewish synagogue On entering and taking his place he removed his hat, paying no heed whatever to the suggestion of his secretary, who explained the Jewish customo covering the head. When the time came for the President's address he said a few brief sentences and amazed his congregation by concluding thus 'I now declare this synagogue open in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ!' On another occasion shortly after he had presented on behalf of the State a piece of land (an erf) for the building of Dutch Reform church, an influential Jew tendered similar request on behalf of a Jewish congregation The President promised to consider the reques and soon after announced that he had granted His Jewish friend, however, complained that the piece of land that they received was only half size of that given for the Dutch Reform church 'Well,' retorted Kruger, 'what fault have you'l find? They believe the whole Bible, so they get! erf; you only believe half the Bible, and you go

Nature & Study -

ABOUT GOLDFISH.

BY HOWARD MILLER.

PROBABLY every reader knows about goldfish in a general sort of way, and all have admired their brilliant colors and graceful movements. Few, however, know much about the methods of breeding and the proper care of the fish.

The production of the supply necessary to meet the demand of the market is limited to a few breeders who have the natural conditions of water and locality immediately at hand. The yearly expenditure connected with the business is over a million of

In literature goldfish are first mentioned in the Arabian Nights, but in China and Japan they have been raised and kept as household pets for ages, and it is from these countries that all the new varieties are imported. There are many different-named kinds, some of them with very beautiful markings, but when the breeding of these is attempted in this country they all run out into a common American type, that usually seen in aquaria. In the far East all classes and conditions, socially, keep these fish as household pets and ornaments. The Chinese mandarin and common laborer may be seen side by side in the markets selecting their fish for the ornamentation of their homes. The use of them for household purposes in European countries is much more extensive than with us, though the increased production and demand for them here goes to show a growing interest in the colored beauties.

The fish belongs to the carp family, and is known in science as the Carassius auratus. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that they will vary in their markings, their size, and almost every other characteristic, although they may all belong to one common family, having the same parents. Why this should be the case is not very well understood, but nothing is truer than that a common hatch should have individuals of widely varying sizes and markings out of the ordinary.

They are very hardy, and thrive in places that would be fatal to other fish. As a rule they do best in a shallow pond of clear water fully exposed to the sun, so that it can be kept warm, though some shade is desirable. Where they are propagated for the markets there is usually a system of ponds or canals so arranged that the water can be let in and out at will, and the depth is graduated to the size of the fish. When everything is ready the large-sized breeding fish, purchased from some dealer for the purpose, are put in the water in the early spring months. These "breeders," as they are called, cost about fifty cents apiece, and it does not seem to make much difference whether a fish is large or small, young or old, as far as its egg laying capacity is concerned, though of course, a large fish will deposit more eggs than a small one. A fish an inch long, and less than a year old, will lay eggs that will hatch as well as one a foot long and twenty years old, the only difference being in the amount and number of the hatch. The eggs are about the size of a pinhead, sometimes translucent, and frequently of a brilliant yellow color. It is a mooted point whether the colors of the eggs indicate the colors of the fish, though that such is the case is extremely probable. It takes from two days to a week for the eggs to hatch out, dependent on the temperature, exposure to the light, etc. In the breeding ponds the eggs are attached to the vegetable growth allowed in the pond for the purpose, and often the propagator ties up a bundle of fine roots, twigs, or the like, and anchors them in the pond in such a way that he can readily pull them up by a string.

It may happen that the little fish will at once assume their colors, but as a rule they are at first a silvery gray in color, and it usually takes about a month or six weeks for them to turn to gold. Some of them change into a silver color, and these are known as silverfish, while others of the same hatch assume a distinct pearly hue, and are known as pearlfish. The early surroundings of the little fish in the way of the temperature of the water, the overhanging shade, depth of water and perhaps other conditions are also considerable factors in determining the markings of the hatch. The open air breeding of the finer varieties of Japanese and

Chinese imported fish is certain to result in a reversion to the common American type of goldfish.

Where the conditions are favorable, that is to say, where there is an open pond of clear water, shallow enough to be warmed by the sun, a dozen "breeders" may lay eggs enough to produce from five thousand to ten thousand fish, and some of them may grow six inches long in six months, while for some unknown reasons there will be those not more than an inch or two in length. These smaller ones are just as healthy as their larger brothers and sisters, and are more desirable than the large ones for the small aquarium. When in the egg and earlier infancy, they are the prey of every enemy large enough to master them. They have neither the strength nor the craft to get away from their foes. They are like all the carp family to which they belong, bottom feeders, and they readily fall a prey to snakes, muskrats, turtles, the larvæ of water insects, while the young of the dragon fly, or "snakefeeder," so called, is especially destructive.

It is often the case that the young fish escape in some way to adjacent running water, but they never increase to any great extent in their new-found freedom when removed from the care and protection of man. The main reason for this is the fact of their comparative helplessness and inability to protect themselves. In fact, their survival at all under such circumstances is a matter of wonder. In a few countries they are used for food, but they cannot be said to excel for this purpose, indeed they would hardly be regarded as a fit food fish at all with the people who had the ordinary food fish at hands. They are full of bones, and have the muddy taste incident to bottom-feeding pond fish.

A very beautiful experiment, and an easy one, is hatching the fish in a house. All that is necessary is to get from some breeder a twig or spear of grass on which the eggs are deposited. Placing this in a tumbler full of rain water, pure and clear, and putting it in a warm window where the sun can fall on it, in a day or so every one of them will hatch outhelpless little things, about a quarter of an inch in length, and it is only necessary to shift them into a larger vessel, a half-gallon fruit jar answering very well, and their whole life history goes on right before the eyes of the family. Under intelligently provided conditions they will thrive well, and grow rapidly, and in the properly arranged aquarium they will breed as well as in a large pond.

The poorest kinds of aquaria are the common globular ones, in which the fish swim about aimlessly, striving to escape and requiring a frequent change of water. The rectangular ones are better, but they are expensive, and are apt to become leaky. In the writer's experience there is nothing better than an ordinary wash tub, or even a wooden candy bucket, and either one properly arranged will answer every purpose excellently. On the outside may be tacked long pieces of rough bark, bradded on, up and down, giving it a rustic appearance, and then place it on a low support in a window through which the sun shines. The interior arrangement of the aquarium may be as follows: in the bottom of the tub put three or four inches of pond mud, on this an inch of gravel, and over this an inch of silver sand. Now get some water plants, and carefully plant them in the mud. There are plants sold by the fish and bird stores purposely for this, but any country boy or girl can readily get all that are required along the edge of any running stream. There should not be too many of them, and after they are properly planted all that remains is to fill up the tub carefully with water fit for drinking purposes, not forgetting to add a pinch of salt, about half of what would lie on a nickel. It is then ready for the fish, and they will manifest their delight in many ways, one of which will be rooting in the mud at the bottom if the sand and gravel are not so arranged to prevent them. In an aquarium such as I have described, the water need not be changed for a long time, not more than two or three times a

It will add to the interest to place in the water a lot of snails, or other water denizens, being careful not to introduce anything destructive to the fish. The utmost care must be taken in the matter of food. The most that will be required is a little prepared fish food, and then only what will be eaten. Bread crumbs, not baker's bread, but home-made, a little raw meat scraped down, and a very little, not more than a mouthful apiece, at rare intervals, will all about the strange change.

do very well, and a pinch of raw oatmeal will carry them through. No food given them must be allowed to remain and foul the water. Overfeeding has killed more aquarium fish than any other cause. In fact, in a well regulated aquarium, with aquatic plants growing therein the fish will do well without any food at all from the outside, but they will grow faster if fed intelligently.

Lewisburgh, Pa.

MAKING BEAUTY SPOTS.

It is a little hard for most people to understand why some persons are not satisfied with themselves as God made them, but the facts are that a good many are not, and there are so-called beauty factories where large ears may be lessened, crooked noses straightened, etc. From Everybody's Magazine we extract the account of how dimples are made at the factory:

"To show how a dimple is made in a cheek I was admitted to the room where a young woman of nineteen was desirous of being so adorned. The patient did not strike me as needing any dimple to make her worthy of the title of 'beautiful,' and so I whispered to the surgeon. His reply was that he thought as I did, 'but she is so elated over the

way I made her naturally large ears small that she wants me to go a step further.' By the way, I was allowed by the patient to examine her ears, but I could find no trace of the surgeon's slashings.

"When the chair had been adjusted the surgeon gave the woman a hand-mirror, telling her to look into it and smile her very sweetest. As she was carrying out his orders, the surgeon marked a spot in her cheek, gave her some anæsthetic, and in a few minutes she was unconscious. He then took up a small, narrow-bladed knife, and made a short, straight incision through the skin. He folded back the skin on both sides, and then removed a slight elliptical section of the flesh. The assistant next sprayed the wound with an antiseptic-to prevent inflammation, the surgeon remarked-after which the edges of the skin were drawn together and sewed up. I was told that the operation was then

"'The wound will heal in a few days,' said the surgeon, 'and at the end of that time the patient will return to me and I will remove the slight scar by electricity. There will then be not the least trace of the knife, and she will have as pretty a dimple as can be found in a day's walk.

"'There are other methods I use to make dimples," he continued. 'I select my method according to the sort of patient and the size of the dimple desired. Sometimes I insert an electric needle under the skin in order to destroy the tissue with which it comes in contat. In the healing the lower layer shrinks. This leaves a hollow, and the hollow is a dimple. A much more usual method than this, however, is where the electrical application is made on the inside of the mouth, which thus destroys some of the tissues in the lining of the mouth. After the wound heals there is no possibility of a scar when this method is used, but there is some temporary discomfort to the patient until the wound heals up."

THE curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue within its limits is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth; let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent; let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity, and see what the tongue will do! It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties it will come back as soon as they are discharged and feel the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man; the tongue in nothing more than in this affair proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled. It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading INGLENGON wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, it not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The INGLENGON, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

OF THE NATURE OF AN INAUGURAL.

DEAR boys and girls, and older people, though grownups are but children grown tall, the *Pilot* is about to start on a new order of things. Heretofore we have been having a very good paper of its kind, but it is intended to improve it in several ways that will appear as we go along. There are two classes of people we want to talk to in the start, and one of these comprises the boys and girls of the church, the other the parents.

Now the boys and girls, who are healthy in body and naturally youthful in mind, look at things through very different eyes compared with the parents who are older, a good many of whom have forgotten that they were ever children themselves. It is very hard for a grown man or woman to understand the tastes of childhood. It is incomprehensible why a boy should want to fill himself with little green apples, but that is what he does if he gets the chance, while the man of fifty shudders at the thought. Yet the man felt and acted just like the boy when he was of the same age. Only he has forgotten it now. When it comes to mental food the boy naturally takes to the Indian killer's story or the detective's tale,- green apples again. Many a boy and girl has hidden the forbidden book in a safe place. It is the substitution of better mental food than the natural one of boys and girls that the Inglenook seeks. Now the man cuts the whole matter short by telling the boy to read the Bible. Which is very good advice, but impracticable, the way the youth is constituted. Give him time and his natural road to it and in the end he may know more about it than his father.

The facts are that every boy and girl cannot be made to believe he likes that which he does not like. The parent may be talked into endorsing a thing in which he disbelieves, but the boy cannot be made to say or use what he does not find of real interest to him, and not comporting with his ideas of life as things appear to him.

Now there is one thing that may be done, and that is to present to the normally constituted boy and girl of the church the very best that there is of the life in which they love to dwell, and leading up to better things. The pill of a moral concealed in the jelly of adventure is a great deal better than little green apples or rotten ones, either. The field of literature is the only one in which the values are true, and the laurels gathered in all men's view, and no department of it has of recent years more engaged the attention of the smartest men in the world than the intellectual bill of fare to be placed before children.

For all young people life is ahead of them. They dream of what they are going to do when they are grown up, and oftener than not it never comes to pass. The older reader will remember how hastily we mounted, how madly we rode, and in vain.

Take a boy into a magnificent art gallery. Paintings of world-wide repute hang on the walls, costly marbles stand in graceful pose in the corners, but he knows nothing about them, and prefers the crying colors of the flaming circus poster to all of it. But explain to him intelligently the story of The Meeting of Cortez and Montezuma, or point out the matchless beauty of the Veiled Nun, done in Carrara's whitest stone, and he will see the glaringness of the show printing and the rude carving of the Indian fronting the cigar store. Remembering

that the pictures on the mind of youth last the longest of all, let memory's hall be hung with the fairest of earth. This the INGLENOOK will try to do. Give the paper to the boys and girls, and you can not do this unless you also give the boys and girls to the paper, and we will do our best to send them forth with singing hearts and high endeavor.

THE SHELDON NEWSPAPER.

The experiment of Dr. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kans., in editing a newspaper "as Jesus would do," has been concluded and now criticism is in order. As our readers may, or may not know, a daily newspaper, the *Topeka Capital*, was turned over to Dr. Sheldon to run for a week, making it a paper such as it was supposed Jesus would have edited. The project was widely advertised and much comment was indulged in by the secular press. It was all done fairly, though, and the result is now being discussed.

The increase of circulation was something enormous for the time being, a week, and the readers mounted into the hundreds of thousands. It would look very much like an advertising scheme, and it certainly was profitable to the owners of the paper. It does not appear that Dr. Sheldon profited by the venture, and none have claimed that he was a beneficiary in a money way.

The object in making the effort was to put before the public a religious daily that would be a newspaper from a Christian point of view, suppressing much that is evil in print, or the record of evil, and having Christian matter and comment instead. The result seems to have been very unsatisfactory to the majority of the readers of the paper.

In the first place it was not a newspaper in the sense of giving the news. Much of what is important in the day's happening throughout the world was omitted, and what was given was cut and condensed till the prime object of a newspaper was badly obscured or lost. What was substituted in a religious way was only what any reader may get in better quality and greater quantity in any religious publication in good standing. On the whole, the project, while not a failure, seems to have been generally unsatisfactory.

The reasons are not far to seek or find. In the first place if Jesus were on earth he would not be editing a daily paper in Kansas, and if he took to print, which he did not do when he was on earth, he would deal with principles and basic truths and not with running comments on a part of the world's doings.

Then, how does Dr. Sheldon, or anybody else, know how Jesus would have edited a paper? All that can be done is to say what the editor thought Jesus would have said under the circumstances. That the undertaking would be a practical failure was freely predicted by newspaper men. It is pretty well settled that people should confine their teaching within the limitations of their calling. The man with a watch that does not run well would hardly take it to a cobbler for repairs, nor would broken shoes be taken to a jeweler for mending. The highest teaching of Christian ethics is found, not in the columns of a newspaper, but in the lives of the best people in Christian ranks. One is bought, skimmed and forgotten. The other is enforced, impressed and remembered. Religious papers so ably fill the field that any combination of church and secular affairs is sure to be unsatisfactory to both sides.

A SHORT SERMON.-Number One.

Text: 1 Cor. 13.

This is one of the most beautiful chapters in the whole Testament. Paul lays down the law of love, and tells us that it is the greatest of all things,—greater than faith or hope. It is a great pity that the Bible in common use translates the word "love" as "charity." The Revised Version has it right. It is also love in the German Bible, and it is love in the original Greek.

Now what is meant by love? Is it the love be- friends about it.

tween the sexes? No, not that. Is it the love of the parent for the child? Not that either. What is it then? If instead of the word love, in the chapter, we substitute the phrase "kindliness of feeling" we will have the idea meant to be conveyed. Now if you read the chapter, with this phrase in the place of the word charity you will get a new meaning out of it.

Now can we have the same kindliness of feeling for everybody,—in other words can we love all alike? I think not. Christ had his best beloved and so we have, and in doing so we violate no Christian principle. What we can have is a kind feeling toward everybody, helping them if it comes our way to do so. Whoever does this takes a long step toward the kingdom.

He who treasures up a wrong and seeks revenge invites destruction on himself, for Christ says that if we do not forgive we shall not be forgiven. On the other hand he who loves most is best beloved by the Master. Therefore, cultivate the love habit till it becomes a second nature, and many of the other requirements of a Christian life will follow easily. Love will pay your way into heaven, and it is all that will.

A good many Messenger readers will get this issue of The Inglenook. It is sent them as a sample of what the paper is to be like. It takes the place of the Pilot, and all the subscribers of the Pilot will get this paper all the same. But a good many people will see it for the first time, and the question is: What are you going to do about it? We want to have it in every family in the church, and if you look it over carefully you will see that it is a very good paper, at least we think so, and we want you to do the same. While it is intended ostensibly for the young folks, it is also readable for the older members of the family. This number is a sample of all that will follow, and you want to have it come to you regularly. Have you a boy or girl? They want it, and it is your duty to get it for them. Have you a young heart yourself? Then you will want to see what is so satisfactory to the young people. Maybe you have a little friend somewhere who would like it, but who is not able to subscribe. You can order it for such. You should not miss a number, and in order not to do that send in your subscription to-day. It is your paper, the church's paper, and you want to take interest in it to the extent of helping extend its circulation. Then it is a paper that is well worth the money. Some of the brightest writers in the world will be found represented in its columns. Arrangements have been made for a bill of fare that will keep the children out of mischief every week, and you will want to read it yourself, no matter how non-committal you may seem over it. We will send it to the order of any Messenger reader to the end of the present year for 50 cents, and this for the purpose of introducing the paper to homes where it is not yet known. At these rates there can be no reduction in price. Subscribe to-day and thus secure every number.

If there is a smart boy or girl, going to school, and who thinks some good could be done in the way of getting subscribers, write the lnglenook and we will send you some copies and tell you something.

Why is it that some hymns and songs live for ever? Home, sweet home, for instance, will never die. The reason is that in every heart are common chords and these, once struck, vibrate in unison.

NEXT week the General Manager of the telegraph of a great railroad will tell what a boy or girl should do to become a telegrapher. It might be just the thing you are looking for.

Warch for our weekly sermons. They may not interest a boy or girl so much as older people, but they will have the merit of brevity and you will not likely go to sleep over them.

The next issue of Inglenook will contain an intensely interesting account of an ostrich farm. Every reader of this number will want to see it.

FIFTY cents for the rest of this year for a paper like Inglenook is a marvel of cheapness. Tellyout

Methods of Proceedure in Callings for Life Work.

Number One.
THE STUDY OF DENTISTRY.

BY M. D. HAMISFAR, D. D. S., PH. G.

THE young man or woman who would become a dentist should be the possessor of a high-school education, at least, and he should have a fair elementary education in Latin and Greek. This has been decided as essential by the school authorities at the colleges where dentistry, in all its branches, is laught as a profession. Given this preliminary education the first step is to secure a place in the office of a successful practitioner as there are certain matters connected with the work that cannot be learned from books. The things learned in the dentist's office can also be learned at a Dental College, as there are provisions in all of them for teaching all parts of the work in every department, no matter how elementary. It might be more economical, however, to enter the office of some man having a good practice. The custom is for the learner to pay his preceptor a certain sum agreed upon between them for his instruction, and this will vary with the parties, their relation to each other, etc. It is usually from fifty dollars to one hundred a year, and the time required in the office will depend very largely upon the ability of the student, and the interest his teacher takes in his advancement. The time to be spent in the office in order to secure a knowledge of the more elementary, practical side of the work will take from three to six years. As in every other instance the earnestness and ability of the student counts for much in the matter of time.

A great many dentists continue their practice with nothing but this preliminary office schooling, but it is not advisable to stop there, as it is certain that the profession, as such, can not be mastered without going to some well-equipped college. This will require a three years' course prior to graduation, and the cost will vary from \$800, to \$1,200 including all expenses of every-character .-- Of course the expense of living may either be materially reduced or increased according to the tastes or means of the student. The college course or its equivalent is recommended, as it is absolutely necessary in order to practice within the law. The laws of the several States are different in the details of their requirements, but all call for either a diploma or an examination at the hands of the State Board prior to licensing to practice. The diploma of a regular and recognized college is good of itself in all parts of the country. Hence it is strongly recommended. not only for this reason, but because of the knowledge necessary at any moment of office work, and which can only be acquired at some college. Some very complicated and difficult surgical operations are often required, and as they are specially within the province of the dentist he must be equal to the emergencies as they occur.

No one should attempt the profession who has not a very considerable degree of mechanical skill. The mere extraction of teeth constitutes a very small part of a dentist's work, though the average conception of what is required begins and ends with "pulling teeth." Winile it is a calling that women may and sometimes do take hold of it does not seem to me that they are successful to any great extent. There is no way of adding to one's income during the first years of college by the practice of any part of the profession. The colleges will not allow it. Of course there may be some other work the student may engage in that will help him financially, but he is not allowed to practice his profession till he is a full-fledged graduate.

After the completion of his school work the instruments necessary, together with the fitting up of an office, will cost not less than \$600, and from this sum on up to almost any amount. The selection of a location is important, and I would regard a new settlement, where there is a continual growth, as the

There are a great many so-called dentists who are in the field, and they operate to the disadvantage and the discrediting of the regular profession, and these people are a bar to success. Still, for the well-qualified man there are always places and work that will prove remunerative to any person whose qualifications and character merit public confidence.

In many large offices there are men who do only one branch of the profession, that is, one dentist in such a place does nothing but extract teeth, another does the plate work, and so on. But in any of these places the general knowledge acquired in the line of study marked out here is requisite to success.

The outlook for the financial success of the coming dentist is not very bright. The reason is that a great deal more care is now given to the preservation of the teeth than was the case formerly. If an ordinary set of teeth is properly cared for in youth and during life the work of a dentist is reduced to a minimum, and though it will be a long time till the field is so worked out that there will be little room for the professional dentist the tendencies are all that way at present. No man or woman should undertake the profession without a decided liking for it, and it is absolutely essential that a high degree of mechanical ability is present, and unless the aspirant is possessed of this he should not undertake the work. The profession is in its infancy, and there are continual discoveries and improvements being made to the extent of no man's being able to foresee the result. It is not a work that can be acquired once for all, but demands continual study to keep abreast with the advanced and advancing knowledge of the times.

The above article from the pen of Dr. Hamisfar, of Missouri, is an example of what will follow in the INGLENOOK weekly. It will be seen that each calling, set forth hy an expert in it will have an inestimable value to young men casting about for life work. Every boy and girl in the church should read these contributions, as they will cover a vast range of subjects, and all will be written by practical men at the head of their callings.

THINGS TO COME.

A MISTAKE that a good many boys and girls make in their thoughts about the business they would like to be in as a livelihood is in selecting the town or city as a base of operations. Usually a boy is bitten with the clerkship idea and a girl takes to stenography and typewriting as a business. Now it goes without saying that there are a few of these places that are really worth having, viewed from a money standpoint, but they are so few, and the chances of attaining them so slender that no person is advised to start in the business with the hope of reaching them.

The best part of these callings is on the outside, while all the objectionable features, and they are many, are never seen by the casual observer. The boy, temporarily in town, conscious that he is of a different world from the dapper clerk that waits on him, or the girl in from the hills to do the trading for the country home, is very apt to envy the lady clerk, the good clothes that she wears, and the easy life, apparently, that she leads. Now while the work that these clerks are doing is just as honorable as any other, yet there are differences of degree in human endeavor that should commend themselves to the thoughtful. There is a great difference between the man who drives a cart and the Superintendent of a railroad. Both places are equally honorable, but that there is a difference is not to be denied.

The selection of a means of making a living is a very important one and is not to be entered on lightly. A mistake in youth is very likely to result disastrously, for there is but one youth, and what is taken out of it can never be restored or made up. Once the time is lost it is gone forever. Now in our beloved fraternity there are thousands and thousands of boys and girls who are anxiously looking forward for something to do, some business in which they can make a living. This is perfectly natural, and entirely proper. There is also the certainty that the average boy and girl has very hazy ideas of the requirements of the work they think the most about. They are, for the most part, in entire ignorance of the demands of the calling, its preparatory work, and the like, and often errors are made, some serious and some comic, as when the countryman took his young hopeful to the sanctum of an Editor with the request, that, as he had proved worthless in every other capacity they "make an Editor outen him."

This publication intends making an effort to set before its readers from time to time what is absolutely necessary to make a successful man or woman in certain callings. It will give the time, the born twice, die once."

cost, the rewards and the disadvantages. Thus the story of making a doctor will be written up by one who is already a physician, and who knows just what is necessary all around to get through, what it takes in time, money and ability. The same will be done by the successful telegrapher, the dentist, the machinist, and a whole host of trades and professions not usually accessible to the young man and woman living in the country or in some small town. This feature of the paper should put it in every family in the church, wherever there is a boy or girl "coming on." And the old folks will be interested, too, for each article will be written by some successful man or woman who knows just what he or she is talking about. It will be helpful to all who read, and no person who reads this article should miss a number of the paper containing these contributions from those who know.

A LESSON IN LAW.

A good many of Inglenook readers will doubtless remember certain line-fence lawsuits and the hard feelings incident thereto. The following story shows the best way out of them:

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years, says the Lewiston Journal.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perbaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in redhot to fight that line-fence question on his own book.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett across the fields one day.

Said Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett,

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wan't nothin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing."

"I SHALL have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am." "I guess not." "He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat and the car is crowded. There are people standing up." "That's all right." "I haven't time to argue the matter, ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy." "I've never paid for him yet, and I am not going to begin now." "You have got to begin sometime. If you haven't had to put up fare for him you're mighty lucky or else you don't do much traveling." "That's all right." "You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off." "That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me." "You ought to know what the rules of this road are, ma'am. How old is that boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him before."

Life without industry is sin, and industry without art is brutality.—Kuskin.

A CLEVER writer has said: "Born once, die twice:

Good Reading

QUEER AMMUNITION.

It was rather amusing reading the other day to find that the gallant garrison of Mafeking had rigged up an old ship's gun and were pegging away at the Boers with the cannon balls of a past generation. Although these were regarded as terribly destructive ammunition in our forefathers' days, yet in this age of shrapnel and lyddite to see one of these antiquated balls ricocheting along is almost enough to provoke a smile.

Speaking of such balls reminds us of the straits a garrison were put to last century in order to provide this kind of ammunition for their big guns. It was in 1793 that the necessity arose, and the requisite material was obtained by opening the grave of the famous Fencion, at one time Archbishop of Cambray, who was buried in 1715, and using the lead of his coffin to make the balls. The body was reinterred in 1801.

It has frequently happened during the excitement of battle that when the ammunition has run short individual soldiers have used buttons and even articles of personal adornment in order to keep up a fire on the enemy, and sometimes such makeshifts have been responsible for very ugly wounds. The strangest, surely, of such bullets were those used by a Portuguese soldier when they were overrunning the New World, and while they were surrounded by a large army of Indians. He actually knocked out several of his teeth and put them into his arquebus, the weapon then in use, and hurled them at the enemy.

When the Danes attacked Chester in the early centuries they were met by a novelty in the shape of ammunition, for the Saxons collected all the bee-hives in the town and threw them upon the invaders. These novel "bullets" had the desired effect, for they caused so much swelling of the arms and legs that the Danes were glad to get out of the way.

On a more recent occasion bees also attacked soldiers, although they did not do it at the instigation of the enemy. During one of the expeditions made by Lord Roberts to Afghanistan, the Highlanders, who accompanied him, found that no matter how picturesque their national dress may be, it has its drawbacks when bees are about. It appears that an officer of the Lancers unthinkingly thrust his lance into a beehive; and, thus attacked, the bees soon put themselves in fighting array, and responded in such a way that the soldiers fled in all directions, and left the husy little insects masters of the situation. This rout of the British army would no doubt be credited with a large number of "wounded."

BELLS WITH A HISTORY.

A PEAL of bells that has had as adventurous a career as any that hang in Old World towers is the famous peal of St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C. Five times have these bells crossed the sea, once as a heap of ruined metal, and two armies have they had to encounter or escape; yet to-day the nine bells are of unusual purity and sweetness of tone.

Cast in England before the Revolution, and brought over to St. Michael's, they met with their first danger in that war. That they might not be injured they were sent back to England. After the war was over the people of Charleston wanted them, and it became the duty of the first American Minister to England to negotiate for them. He was successful, and amidst triumphant ovations they were escorted to the church.

All went well with them until the civil war. Then the steeple of St. Michael's was made the target for the cannon of the besiegers. It was necessary to remove the bells to a safer place, and they were sent to Columbia. When Sherman's army took Columbia, the sheds in the yard of the state house, in which the bells had been placed, were broken into and the hells smashed into fragments, while the sheds were set on fire.

They were not yet done for, however. At the the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered together and shipped to Liverpool, together with extracts from the records of St. Michael's, showing where the bells were cast and the proportion of metals forming the component parts.

Upon inquiry it was found that the firm of bell-founders that had cast the bells was still in existence, unchanged in name, and consisting of the descendants of the original firm. The records of the firm contained an account of the casting of the bells, and the proportions corresponded with those in the St. Michael's records.

Under such favorable circumstances it was not hard to recast the bells. Then for the fifth time they crossed the Atlantic and arrived safely in Charleston.

CRONJE AND ST. HELENA.

THE commander-in-chief in South Africa has selected Lord Bathurst to command the escort conducting the Boer prisoners of war to St. Helena. Lord Bathurst, who is son-in-law of Lord Glenesk, is at present at the front in command of a militia regiment.

A great honor has been paid to Gen. Cronje in choosing for the place of his exile the island to which the great Napoleon was transported three months after his surrender to the captain of the Bellerophon. "The rock of St. Helena," as it was called by the noted exile with whose name it has so long been associated, is in reality an island with an area of about 47 square miles, and a population of some 4,000.

Napoleon lived there from October, 1815, until his death in 1821, and gave the governor of that day a somewhat lively time. The lion of South Africa will probably not have time to weary of the island. He is sent there, with his army, until the close of the war. By the time he has had a rest and a pleasant holiday on the little island, perhaps the term of his banishment will be over.

The island is not without interest to men of Dutch descent. It was in Dutch hands from 1645 to 1650; again for a short period in the year 1665, and once more for a few months in 1673. The capital, and, indeed, the only town in the island, is Jamestown, which lies in a deep valley on the northwest coast. About three and a quarter miles inland from Jamestown is Longwood, the house where Napoleon lived and died.

Since the opening of the Suez canal the ships calling at the island are not so numerous as they used to be. Nevertheless, there is frequent communication with other countries, and the mail steamers to and from the cape and Natal are constantly calling. The climate is healthy, mild, and free from extreme variations. The distance from Cape Town is about 1,695 miles; from Southampton,

The present governor is Robert A. Sterndale. St. Helena was only last month put into complete telegraphic communication with both London and Cape Town by the completion of the new west coast cable.

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?

There are a good many people in the church who are able to speak the German language with greater or less fluency and accuracy, and there are a good many boys and girls in their families who might have learned it but who, for some reason, failed to do so. This is a serious mistake, even if the German is only the Pennsylvania Dutch, socalled. Very often parents either refuse to teach their children, or the children themselves are ashamed of it, without the slightest reason. "As many lives thou .livest as languages thou speakest," the poet has said, and truthfully said at that. The writer estimates that a speaking acquaintance with any language other than one's own native tongue, is worth, at the least estimate, a thousand dollars to the possessor. It is a little hard to go into details and show how, but it is a fact all the same, and those who have the opportunity should not fail to improve it, and not only that but seek opportunity

No language can be learned out of a book. The grammar can be had that way, but the pronunciation and the peculiarities of all speech are only available in their best forms from those who know by word of mouth. A good way to learn a language is in the family, and there is only one way to do it so as to get a working hold on it, and that is to talk it. In fact a book is rather a hindrance if the spoken language is available anywhere. The writer once had occasion to live in a foreign country where a language much different from the Eng-

lish was spoken. He bought a book and went at it day and night only to learn when he arrived on the scene of its operation that there was an indefinable something that no book could give, and it was an actual hindrance, that there had been any preliminary study, for nearly all of it had to be unlearned.

So if there is a family where this paper goes in which there is one or more who can speak any form of German, and there are others who can not, let the lessons begin at once in the shorter and easier words and sentences that come up in daily intercourse one with another, and it will be astonishing how quickly all will have a knowledge of the language so that they understand and can make themselves understood. Little children just learning to talk will be found phenomenally expert in picking it up. And it is worth while a hundred times over if it is once mastered.

THE PAY OF ARMY OFFICERS,

"The fact that Gen. Lawton left only \$1,000 in back pay as an estate is a surprise to people who don't know the ins and outs of military life," said a former captain in the United States army recently. "The truth is that nearly all of our army and navy officers who aren't lucky enough to have private means are what would be called poor. Those with independent resources are very few, and those who have saved are a handful of bachelors who have a talent in that direction, which they have cultivated at the expense of most of the things that make life worth living. The others—the married men who are solely dependent upon their pay—live from hand to mouth, and have to do some desperately close figuring to make both ends meet.

"The naval officers have rather the worst of it, because they have to keep up two establishmentstheir own aboard ship and one for the family ashore; but, on the other hand, the social obligations incurred by an army officer are more numerous and more expensive. The pay of both branches seems very liberal to a civilian, but he is ignorant of many of the outlays unavoidable in the service. The cost of uniforms and accouterments alone is at least twice as-much-as the tailor bill of the average welldressed business man, and there are many corps entertainments to which each man in the mess must contribute his pro rata. Some of our congressmen are loud in calling attention to the fact that United States officers are paid more than those of any other country. That is true, but they fail to state that the foreign service is made up almost entirely of noblemen and members of the aristocracy, who have abundant private means to sustain their rank."

Ask the average guesser to estimate the number of separate parts in a complete bicycle, and the chances are that he will fall far short of the number. The various bearings contain more than a hundred steel balls, and if the machine examined be chain-driven, nearly 150 separate pieces will be found in the chain alone. There are a good many spokes, and each spoke is attached to the rim with a nut and separate washer. Counting the rims, hubs, and tires as three pieces to each wheel, the two wheels alone contain close to 200 pieces. Each pedal is divisible into many parts without breakage. And so on. A total of five hundred or more separate component parts is easy to account for.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into a church in Holland and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over, the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely. "No; some pushing stranger," she replied. "It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer; "he is here visiting the Queen." Her mortification may be imagined.

When a man utters a noble thought, that thought becomes a working force and produces results, just as truly as, when a farmer sows seed, he gets a har vest. Character is the most impressive thing it the universe. It cannot exist in any one man without creating a desire to possess it in all other med. Heroic deeds are contagious.

ooo The o Circle ooo

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fontaine, Ohio, Secretary and
Free President, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and
Free President, Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading
Treasure! Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading
Treasure! Ohio.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

We rise by things that are under foot;
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

—J. G. Holland.

EACH one pays a membership fee of twenty cents on joining our Circle, that covers all three courses. If you wish to take up the three different courses,

and read all the books, you pay only twenty cents.

Each local secretary should visit the homes in his or her vicinity. Distribute the circulars and membership blanks, and tell them about our Circle in this way, you may persuade them to read the books. There are some homes, where the inmates for some reason, or other, seldom attend church or Sunday school. Visit these without fail, and give them the opportunity to join our Circle.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BRO. VIRGIL C. FINNEL, of Morgantown, W. Va., did some active work for the Circle last summer, so we are glad for the following letter from him: " I am glad to report that I have read all of the first year, and one book of the second year, in the Missionary Course. Alex. Lawson, of Mona, W. Va., has read one book, 'Life of Judson.' Gertrude F. Finnell has read two books. I purchased the books and loaned them to the above members and to six or seven others who also read them. I do not have the advantage of living near one of our own churches. But I do recognize the value of the reading course given by our Circle, and shall do all in my power to give it a wide circulation. I-wish that every Christian might have the blessed privilege of reading about such noble, self-sacrificing missionaries as Moffat and Judson. Pierson's, 'New Acts of the Apostles,' 'Do not Say must prove an inspiration to all. The reading of such books will do more to educate along missionary lines than all other forces combined.'

Sister Mattie Weybright, from Double Pipe Creek, Md., writes from Juniata College, as follows, "When school is over and I return home I will do all I can to help this good work. We have very few young people, but some good consecrated sisters. I thought perhaps I could gain new members and create an interest in this work in connection with the sewing circle. Our congregation is small and scattered, but not sleeping."

Bro. H. H. Ritter, of Kregar, Pa., says, "I am very well pleased with the books; I enjoyed the reading. Am sorry that I do not have more time to read, but my labor in the ministry and the support of my family requires most of my time at present, I hope it will be different in the future. I pray God that we may all become more interested in the salvation of souls."

Sister Bessie Crist, of Washington, D. C., writes, "We as workers for Christ feel much encouraged by the prospect here in this city. There have been five baptized, and two received into full fellowship of the church. May God help us all to let our light shine, that men may see our good works and glorify our Father in heaven. There are many prayers of all."

Sister Sadie E. Gnagey, of Meyersdale, Pa., has Bro. D. O.

Bro. D. Owen Cottrell, of North Manchester, Ind., sends seven more new names from that place. We extend a hearty welcome to all these new members.

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THE CENTURION'S SERVANT HEALED .- Luke 7: 1-10.

(Lesson for April 22, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—Psa, 103:13.

This record of man's faith and Christ's helpfulness in return is one of the beautiful stories of the New Testament. It happened at Capernaum, a city near the Sea of Galilee, in the summer of the year 28. Christ's home, as far as he can be said to have had a home, was at Capernaum at this time, most probably in Peter's house. There was a large contingent of Roman soldiers at Capernaum, as probably every reader knows that Rome held the country in which our Lord lived under its iron hand at this time. One of the subordinate Roman officers, a Centurion, a man having a hundred men under him, corresponding almost exactly to one of our present day Captains, had a servant, who was very dear unto him, sick to the point of death.

Knowing of the miraculous works of Christ, possibly having seen some of them personally, he sent to him through the elders of the Jews, asking that he come and save the servant. The word save is a more exact translation of the original Greek than the word heal. It comes to the same thing, however. The Master consented to go and started with the messengers for the Centurion's house. When nearing the place our Lord and his accompanying friends were met by the Centurion's people, saying to not give himself further trouble, but to simply order the sick servant to be cured and it would be done. This feeling was in a large measure due to the fact that, as Captain of a company of soldiers, he was in the habit of issuing orders and being implicity obeyed. He therefore thought, and with great reason, that all Christ had to do was to command the saving of the servant and the favorable result sought would be a certainty. And it all happened as he believed. The servant recovered immediately-was "made whole," in the quaint English of the term of the translation.

The whole story is an exemplification of rewarded faith, and is probably told in the Book that the principle of asking in faith and receiving in fact might be practically illustrated for the benefit of all after comers. Coupled with the faith the lesson of humility is inculcated, the teaching of personal unworthiness. The Roman captain neither went to Jesus himself nor sent one of his own military household. He secured the services of others he thought might be more acceptably received. This is the human element of the story and bears no immediate and vital relation to the result. Christ would have received either master or man calling on him in the interest of wounded hearts or broken hodies. The element of faith is the saving note in the whole incident, the lesson is the unquestioning belief in the result of the asking.

The Centurion perished, the servant made whole passed too, and Christ tasted of death, but the sunny grace of a limitless faith is ever new and in the reach of all who will take it unto themselves.

We live in two worlds. One is of the earth, earthy, the other of faith, heavenly. We are all too apt to be hampered by our immediate environment and we forget that there is another field and another method than that which we see. It is better and more efficacious than ours, but we do not often ask it save in dire extremity such as the Centurion's was. The prayer of the faithful had made well the sick, had turned death from the door. Note that he who received the benefit cuts no figure in the matter other than that of being the recipient of the blessing. It is the faith of him who asks, not of him who receives, that makes the ending a happy one.

Where this faith begins and ends who can say! It is sure that the doors of the Land of the Leal turn upon the hinges of human suffering, and when we shall see face to face, and know as we are known it will all be clear to us and we will thank God for his mercies of denial.

What we want in addition to our present faith in the immediate reacts a higher faith in God's dealing with us for our best and highest interests. The faith of the Centurion may be our faith as well, and as it was to him so it may be to us. The Roman Captain has passed away, as has his empire, but Christ lives and the kingdom of God will live eternal.

For + the + Wee + Folk

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

MRS. BUNNY was a rabbit that lived in a hutch in the back yard, and one night the rabbit man brought her seven little bunnies. They were all cuddled up in a nest their mother had made for them, and they were as helpless as helpless could be. Their eyes were not open, and they looked more like rats than rabbits. The old mother covered them up carefully from time to time, and she was very watchful of them. But one morning she was missing. Something had carried her off, what it was we never knew, but she was gone. All the little helpless baby rabbits were in the nest and nothing had touched them. What to do with the little ones was a question.

Then a little girl named Bernice spoke up and said that maybe Betty, the cat, would adopt them, Betty had only one kitten out of a number that had gone someplace, never to come back. So they thought they would try it. They put the little rabbits in an old straw hat and took them to where Betty was in the barn. At first the cat was a little surprised, but the rabbits, not having their eyes open, thought she was their mother, and they came up close to her. She looked at them, and then up to the family standing around watching her, and she seemed to know what was wanted. First she washed their faces as cats do such things, and then she treated them just as she would her own lost kittens. And then everyhody was happy, and Betty got a double share of milk for her supper and her breakfast. As far as we are able to see she intends to bring them up as kittens are raised, but what they will do when they are older none of us know. How do you think she will treat them when the rabbits get big enough to hop around for them-

TALKING TOO MUCH.

A FRIEND of ours had a parrot. One day it thought to be amused by teasing the watchdog on the mat. The dog was sleeping soundly when Polly cried from the perch: "Sic'em, Tige." Tige jumped, ran barking to the window, looked up and down the street, saw nothing to make a fuss over, and went back to his nap. Again the parrot disturbed him, and the performance was repeated. This time Tige lay down in disgust. After a little Polly called again, "Sic'em, Tige, but Tige did not move. Flying down to the back of a near-by chair the parrot cried: "Sic'em, Tige." The dog did not stir. Then Polly flew down by the dog's head and shrieked in his ear: "Sic'em, Tige, sic'em." This time Tige "sic'ed," and when the parrot came out of the fracas she had but one long plume. She sat a long time adjusting her dress. She looked rucfully at the one crumpled feather many times, then she said: "Polly talked too much."

FRUIT INSTEAD OF CANDY.

"I wish," said the doctor the other day as he watched a group of school children troop out of a candy store where they had been spending their pennies, "that I could form a society among little folks in which each member would take a pledge to spend all his pocket money for fruit instead of candy." It seemed a funny way of putting it, didn't it? But the physician was very much in earnest, and at the moment it probably occurred to him that, as children like clubs, an anti-candy club would be a very good one for them. He wanted to do two things-to stop their eating the unbealthful sweet. and to coax them to eat more fruit. An apple, or a banana or an orange can usually, one or the other of them, be bought for the price of a little candy, and the fruit is much better in every way than the sweet.

We find in the New York Recorder an interesting account of a traveling man who was seen by his companions to kiss a letter he had just received. They declared it was not from his wife, and he finally admitted to them that it was from his best girl. After considerable badgering he consented to let them read it, and this was the letter:—

My owen deer Pa Pa, I sa mi P Rairs every nite wen I kis yure Pietshure I ask God to bless you good Bi Pa Pa yure best gurl. Dolly.

ON THE CARS.

In the car going west was a little girl wearing the characteristic garb of the Brethren. She was going out to see her Uncle William, and was a very happy little maiden, indeed. Presently, as the train stopped at a way station several people got in, among them a well-dressed, intelligent man who sat down beside the little girl. Presently he noted the bonnet and the quiet garb, and he began to ask questions. He said, as a sort of feeler, "Are you not a member of some religious order?"

"No," said she, "I am a member of the Brethren or Dunkard church."

"I never heard of it. What is it like?" And he showed a good deal of interest in the matter.

"Well," said she, "I don't know whether or not I can tell you all about it, but we believe in trine immersion to start with."

"Baptists, I. see. And so you believe in immersion, do you?"

"Yes sir, we do, and all of our people do the same."

"Well, I don't really believe that it makes much difference about baptism, as one way is as good as another. It is a mere form, anyhow."

"The Brethren do not believe that way, but in all they try to do attempt to get as near as possible to the teachings of Christ and the early Christians, and we think that nothing He taught is a mere form. We believe that it has a deep meaning, and a good many people do not fully understand it."

"How do you know that Christ taught trine immersion," said the man, and he showed a great deal

of interest in the coming answer.

"Well," said the little sister, " I am not sure that I know enough about it to tell you how we know, but I will give you a few reasons. In the first place scholars tell us that the Word and the way it is told means that, and it was so understood in the early churches."

"What's that?" said the man. "How do you know that?" And he smiled as he thought he would catch her now.

"There are several ways of knowing about it, Long enough before there were any of the present Protestant churches the only church organization was the Catholic. They followed the original form, and they changed it before the time of Luther, and at the Reformation Luther did not have the boldness to go back to the old way, though he taught it personally. So the oldest churches practiced immersion."

"I didn't know that. I thought that it was only a few obscure people who had that idea."

" Not exactly a few," said the girl, " It is the case that the Greek church which denies the supremacy of the Pope in such matters baptizes by trine immersion to this day, and there are now living more people so baptized than there are of all other Protestant church members put together."

"I never knew that before. How do you know all that?"

"Well, s-"

Just then the whistle was sounded, a station was called off, which proved to be the one for which the gentleman was bound, and he had to leave her. So he bade her a courteous good-bye, gathered up his baggage and left the train. Evidently he was very much interested in what he had heard, some of which was new to him.

Then after the train had started a young lady in the seat behind leaned over and began a conversation with our little sister. Presently she led up to the matter of the head-dress, and asked why the peculiar bonnet was worn. The little girl said that it was the garb, or a part of it, adopted by the church. The over-dressed young woman, really trying to be a Christian, asked whether it was important. "It is so regarded by the church, and has been found by experience to be very helpful in cutting loose from the world, which was enjoined by the Bible."

"But is it really as important as all that? Why not let each one be the judge of what is plainness, and act according to his own ideas?"

"The result of that, where it has been tried, is a condition not to be commended. I have heard that all churches start out that way, and all end in worldly ways. There is uniformity in other things in the church, why not some method looking to that end in the matter of dress?"

"But the Bible doesn't say anything about not following the fashions."

"Oh yes, I think it does. Paul in writing to the Romans said that they should not be fashioned according to this world. You will find it in the twelfth chapter, in the second verse."

In a moment the young woman had out her Bible, and quickly turning to the place handed it over to our little girl with an air of triumph, and asked her to read it and see whether it said fashioned.

"Oh, I know all that, but if you turn to the Revised Version you will see that the word 'fashioned'is used, and "-here the whistle sounded again, and the little sister's station was reached, and she had to leave. As she stood in the passage between the seats, waiting for the stop, she overheard part of what two men said, one to the other, in the seat opposite.

"That little girl doesn't know that she carries her certificate of character in her face, and all over her."

"Yes," said the other man, "You see it is something like this. All her home training, and her surroundings lead to the best development of character,-and," here she moved on and lost the rest of the comment. On the platform her uncle told her that she was as red as a rose. She blushed still more, and never knew that she had enlightened a D. D., put a good idea into the head of a fashionable Sunday-school teacher, and compelled the respect of a couple of worldly drummers. And she is ashamed when she thinks of it now, and she often does recall it. The writer thinks she is a girl to be proud of. Don't you?

HOW THEY DO IN RUSSIA.

PROBABLY Russians do more kissing than any other people in the world. From time immemorial kissing has been their national form of salute, and it is more a greeting than a caress. In public affairs, as well as in the home, the kissing custom prevails. Fathers and sons kiss, old generals kiss and whole regiments kiss.

On a review day kissing enters largely into the business. If a corps of cadets have earned the approval of the emperor, he salutes the head boy, who passes on the kiss to his neighbor, who hands it on again, and so on through the whole of the juvenile

On a holiday or fete day the mistress of a household not only kisses all her maids, but all her man servants, too, and if a man does not venture to more than kiss her hand she will stoop and kiss his cheek. In aristocratic circles a man hardly enters or leaves the room without kissing his wife's forehead, cheek

Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their President, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings of her husband to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best. The pictures showed him in his every-day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this she asked that the top of the crown be made hollow; so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of

THERE was a man in Detroit, says a contemporary, who was taken sick. He sent for a doctor. The doctor told him he was all right. "What you need," he said, "is a little whisky." The man nearly collapsed. "Whisky!" he gasped. "Good heavens! The folks wouldn't stand that. I'm a prohibitionist." The doctor said: "Ah! that's all right. I'll send around a jug, and you must take it hot with water." The patient lay back. "But if I send for hot water," he said, "they'd suspect." The doctor scratched his head. "Well, you shave, don't you? Just send down your mug and get hot water

This was on Saturday. On Monday the doctor called. "Well." he said to the friends at the house who were very much excited," what's the difficulty? How is the patient?" The whole family, talking at once, said: "He's all right physically, but he's out of his mind completely. He's been shaving once every seven minutes all night and day."

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOOR reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people, mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled meaning agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. Advertisements the mainly agricultural, and nearry an wenterness. Advertisements that are approved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 20 proved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 20 proved by the order, and no discount whatever for continued to the order. proved by the management and no discount whatever for continued insertions inch, each with the order, and no discount whatever for continued insertions inch, cash with the order, and each succeeding time. The INGLENOUS is the only

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We have the best strains of poultry going. You'll hear something of interest, if you only keep half a dozen chickens

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...MADE AT...

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Mt. Morris, Ill. Mention you saw this advertisement in IngleNook,

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This spring, do not fail to drop a card to the address below, asking for descriptive circulars of one of the best smooth-wire fences offered the public.

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Mention you saw this advertisement in INGLENOOK.

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Grain, Hay, Seeds and Country Produce.

We solicit Your Busines' 305 S. Charles St. BALTIMORE, MD.

Mention f. saw this advertisement in INGLENOUS.

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Not only makes money for the agent, but helps the purchaser. We have such books for wide-awake agents Write us, Address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Subscription Department.

Elgin, Illinois

The Inglenook.

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er of these lines for the rest of this year on the receipt of fifty cents It is a youth's paper that will be read by older people. Every issued will contain specially prepared articles on topics of absorbing intended in the best talent of the church will be represented in its columns. The brightest writers in the most columns time.

brightest writers in the world will be found in it from time to fine. A series of articles on how to enter a profession will be continued to time to time, each issue. See this issue for Dentistry. Next week its General Manager of the telegraph of a great railroad system will tell for to be a telegrapher. The authors will be a telegrapher.

to be a telegrapher. There will follow other callings Timely articles on Nature and Natural History will appear weekly.

Next week's paper will tell about an ostrich farm, and so on. Promio men and women will tell what they would do it they were hops and galan-

Your boy wants the paper, your girl wants it, you want it, and there's chance for you to brighten some young life by sending the paper looke It's the best use for your fifty cents we can think of. Don't miss an is You will want a company of the paper. You will want a complete file and we can't agree to farmsh back and write Send for The Inglenook to-day and you'll get all of the Issues. Write

Brethren Publishing House,

(For Inglenook.)

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., APRIL 14, 1900.

No. 15.

"THE ISLE OF LONG AGO."

On! a wonderful stream is the River of Time, As it runs through the realm of tears; With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime, As it blends in the Ocean of Years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like birds between;
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical isle up the River of Time, Where the softest airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, While the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust—Oh! we love them so—
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings:
There are parts of an infant's prayer:
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved used to wear!

By the mirage is lifted in air.

And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar

Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,

When the wind down the river was fair!

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life until night;
And when evening glows with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May the greenwood of life be in sight!

CHRIST HAS RISEN.

When the dreamy afternoon of the day had assed and Christ hung on the cross, dead and deserted, the religion he taught seemed to have received its death blow. It was not what his followers had expected, and instead of a royal victor over he triumphant Roman arms, a Redeemer of Israel, in fact as a political actuality, all there was to show to the world was a limp body, hanging dead on the cross. It was pitiful, viewed from the human standpoint. He had promised, they had hoped, and there was the end of it all.

His immediate friends had left for parts unknown. They had given it up. It was over. And the days passed, and then the gray streaked dawn of the Sabbath came in the eastern sky. Two women stood by the rock-hewn tomb and, lo! it was empty. He was not there, he had really risen. And a great white light shone around and the heavenly messenger told the story of his resurrection. If the cruel crucifixion was terrible the resurrection was none the less dramatic and wonderful.

It was in Galilee, dear, rough-spoken Galilee, that the Master first made his presence known. The world had waited, then they feared and lamented, and they had, at the last, let it go by them as a myth. It was sad indeed. And then he came. How their hearts burned within them as he talked with them. Some doubted. Impulsive Peter sonally that it had actually happened. Thomas though it had been promised, that one should actually rise from the dead. But he put his hand inside the Roman spear had left its mark. My Lord and The evidence was overwhelming.

But after all some still doubted. Some doubt yet. But there are uncounted millions who have not seen with their eyes of the body, and who yet believe. The eyes of the soul discern not only the risen Christ, but the indwelling of him in soul and body. Pass through the world to-day, and in the field is the man with the plow. Ten chances to one he believes in his heart, and in some hearts glows the fire of faith that would make them abandon their homes and follow Him if called as was Levi from the custom receipts. In the streets of the city one will jostle on all sides those who believe that He has risen. They have found out in some way that he has come into their lives, and they believe. They may not all give the same form of expression to it, but millions do believe, and they live and die in his

Into each life Christ comes at some time, knocks at the heart, and is either admitted a guest, or is turned away sorrowing. If the welcome is given this is the Easter day of our lives. It is well to set apart a season commemorative of His resurrection, but it is really his incoming to us that concerns us individually. In the springtime when the early flowers lift their heads in bloom, having slept in the damp, cold fearth, for the winter, the lesson of the ever recurring miracle of the Resurrection is taught in Nature. As in the garden and by the wayside some blooms come earlier than others, so in the heart some have their resurrection earlier than others. Happy the Inglenook reader whose welcoming of the coming of the dear Lord and Master was in the springtime of life. It is their Easter day. It is the day of days that should be remembered over and above all others. True in the world's great history the Resurrection stands preëminent in its potentiality, but, after all, it is the indwelling of Christ in us that makes us one with Him. It is this birthday of ours that is the real Easter to us.

The blossoms that come and go, either in the conservatory or in the wildwood, unseen, will have their day and finally pass away. So, we, too, shall one day pass over, and then the second and bodily resurrection that will follow our first acceptance of Christ will brighten our lives.

And in that dread day, dear Lord, thou who for us tasted death, do not forget the dear INGLENOOK people, but bring them, and all of us, together in the morning of eternity.

PEOPLE WHO EAT CLAY.

THERE is a saying that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world and those who eat clay, as a matter of preference, or as a food, belong to the peculiar classes beyond a doubt.

Perhaps everybody has heard of clay eaters in a rude sort of way. Most persons probably believe it to be a yarn that there are such people at all. Yet it is a fact that there are whole communities who do eat clay habitually and who do it because they want to, not because they have to. They are found in the mountain regions of North Carolina and in parts of Georgia, possibly elsewhere, but not to the writer's knowledge. They usually constitute a class of people apart from others of their neighborhoods and are looked upon with contempt, no effort being made to disguise it.

After one has been among the clay eaters long enough to note the physical effects of the practice there is no difficulty in knowing them anywhere by their peculiarly cadaverous look. Ordinarily the

mountaineer and his family are fair to look upon, but the clay eater and his people have the mark on them beyond mistake.

A writer in *Everybody's Magazine* telling about them says:

"Each of these settlements is always located near a peculiar geological formation. Instead of the usual red clay which characterizes the soil of the mountain and hill region of this section of country, there are occasionally apparently spasmodic 'breaks' in the land formation, where a radical change takes place for a short distance in the character of the soil and vegetation. The clay gives up its red hue and takes on a loamy whiteness, interspersed with sand-beds. It is this white clay which is devoured by the clay eaters, not—as is sometimes supposed-the red variety so common throughout the section. The white clay is of a peculiar consistency, soft and rather oily to the touch, and being found only in certain localities is comparatively rare. It is said to contain arsenic, thus accounting for the force of the habit upon those who have acquired the taste for it, as well as for its peculiarly detrimental effect upon the system.

'dinings' among themselves, the menu of which is largely made up of clay, supplemented in summer by berries, or perhaps a 'pone' of the coarsest corn bread, and always by a jug of 'moonshine' corn whiskey.

"These beings make no attempt at regular work. They eke out an existence in winter by selling kindling wood in the nearest town or village; during the summer the most energetic pick and sell blackberries, and 'huckleberries,' which grow in profusion in this region. A few of the clay eaters own oxen—hardy mountain 'steers'—and a pair of these attached to a rude, home-made nondescript sort of vehicle, containing an entire clay-eating family—father and mother and numerous cadaverous children—in their strange attire, or rather lack of conventional attire, is a familiar sight to those living in certain sections of the South."

Some years ago the editor of Inglenook had business in the neighborhoods where these people live, and he not only saw the clay eaters and the clay, but in the interest of a closer acquaintance with the subject sampled it himself. It is a not unpleasant, tasteless, smooth mass and in addition to the reason given by the magazine writer,-the presence of arsenic and the formation of the arsenic eating habit,-the idea is probably the filling of the stomach to distension, thus preventing the pangs of hunger in a country where good food is scarce and not easily had. The practice is a peculiarly objectionable one, reminding one of animal tastes, but it does not seem to have a very decided effect on its devotees other than giving them bad complexions and low standards of living. Some very old persons were seen, and they had been clay eaters all their lives.

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of many flattering words about the paper. We are trying to make a good paper, and in the course of time we hope to add many attractions. It should be in every home in the Brotherhood. Old and young like it.

A WEEKLY visit of the Inglenook to your home will keep the young folks in, and afford many a quiet and profitable hour to the older members of the family.

Correspondence

THE "WONDERLAND" AS I SAW IT.

BY MRS. ALICE B. BOOTHROYD.

THERE are two ways of seeing Yellowstone Park. You may leave your train at Cinnabar, just at the northern boundary and take the government stage to Mammoth Hot Springs, eight miles away. Here, if you are not too tired, you may snatch a sight of the terraces before the stage starts in the morning. Traveling forty miles that day brings you to the Fountain Hotel and you spend a few short hours enjoying the sights there. But you must save your strength, for there are fifty miles to be driven tomorrow with an interval at the Upper Geyser basin to see Old Faithful perform. You would like to see the Beehive and any number of others in action, but they do not regulate their movements by the stagecoach, so you must content yourself with a sight of the craters and the eruptions of smaller geysers. Another day's drive brings you to the Cañon Hotel, one more to the Hot Springs, and still another back to Cinnabar.

You have made the tour of the park, one hundred and seventy miles, in six days; you have been very dusty and tired all the time, you have missed seeing nearly all the larger geysers in action and remember only a confused panorama of wonders framed in the dest which enveloped the coach and its six fleet steeds.

This is "how not to do it."

The other way is to have a private conveyance and time enough to grasp the marvelous scenes which Nature has sown broadcast through this Wonderland of America.

My own visit in this region lasted less than a fortnight, but one should spend at least three weeks there to feel at all satisfied with the trip.

We entered the Park from the west at about the center. It was the first of July and the country was gorgeous with flowers-acres of them, miles of them. One who has never seen such a region can have but a faint idea of the profusion of bloom which is characteristic of a very short season. As I look back at the scenes through which we passed, one of my most vivid recollections is of the great gardens of wild flowers stretched out on every hand.

We first followed the windings of the Madison river, which, a little farther up, is called the Firehole. The narrowness of the cañon compelled us to ford again and again and we camped under a towering cliff with the river before us and a beautiful meadow

at our feet.

Another day brought us to our first hot springs, not far from the Lower Geyser basin. Here we camped, and, being travelstained and dusty, made good use of the time before supper in washing a few odds and ends in soft water from the hot spring a few yards away.

We next repaired to the creek to bathe in its snow-melted waters just tempered a little by the hot springs that empty into it. In getting out, one of our party unfortunately stepped into a rill of hot water which ran down from an unnoticed spring at one side, and found it anything but a pleasant experience.

The next morning we went up to the Fountain geyser to witness our first eruption. While waiting for it to begin, we consulted our guidebooks for data as to its height and peculiarities. Our books warned us to be sure to notice the sudden fall of the water in the crater after the cruption, which, it said, would last ten to fifteen minutes. Soon the water began to boil furiously and then to rise in jets and columns like many fountains playing together. We got excited over the display as every one does and rushed about and gesticulated and quite lost our heads over the gleaming, foaming spray. But, like Mark Twain's sunrise, there was a hitch in it somewhere, for at the end of fifteen minutes it failed to stop. At the end of half an hour it seemed to be subsiding and we ran up to see the fall of water in the crater only to be met by a new outpour of spray which made my skirts drip as if just from the washtub and scalded me slightly through all my clothes.

There were hundreds of hot springs here and several geysers. We thought them quite remarkable at the time, I remember, but the recollection of them is almost lost in the wonders of the Upper Geyser basin which was our next camping place.

Here we spent several days in the square mile that holds the grandest geysers in the world. The country is wooded to the edge of the basin and the dead white of the geyserite deposited around the springs makes a vivid contrast to the green outside. Our camp was under a group of yellow pines close to the Firehole river. I wish I could spread before your eyes the scene before my tent. Just below us on the riverbank, the Riverside geyser threw out its jet of water in a slanting column across the river and a little further up the Fan and Mortar poured out their boiling contents at intervals. One spring beside the road especially drew my attention and I shall never read of the entrance into Hades without seeing in my mind the Morning-glory spring, with its white rim, its waters of faintest blue and in its depths the black hole of the crater, looking as though it reached down into the very blackness of darkness.

The largest of all the geysers is the Excelsior, formerly called Hell's Half Acre. We did not wait to see this one in eruption as it has only been active two seasons in all the history of the Park. On those memorable occasions it threw out as much water as all the upper geysers combined and hurled tons of rock into the river. This geyser is incomparably larger than any other.

Next below in size comes the Giant, which also failed to perform for our amusement, though we set a watch by it one night thinking it was nearly due.

As you stand in the middle of the basin, you can always see one or more geysers in eruption around you; the Grotto, dashing out in wreaths of spray from its caves; the Beehive, sending up a straight column of water as if from a hose pipe; the Lioness, with her cubs playing beside her; the Giantess pouring rushing streams of clear water over all the adjoining slopes, or some one of the lesser geysers spouting up to play for a few minutes in the sunshine.

Each spring and geyser has its characteristic formation and coloring. The waters are exceedingly clear, looking like alcohol and vary in color through all the shades of red, yellow, green and blue. The simple statement does not convey, as I are it would while I write, all the gorgeous tints that make this water unlike any other.

The geyserite, with which all the basins are coated, is of a variety of forms, most of them resembling coral and dazzlingly white.

The geysers vary greatly in size. The Giant mounts up two hundred and fifty feet, and I noticed one tiny jet of water no higher than my finger that rose with a regularity that showed its connection with some larger outlet.

Most of the larger geysers erupt at fairly regular intervals, some once in a few hours, some not oftener than twice a week. The lesser ones usually play every few-minutes.

Often as we drove through the wooded ways a jet of steam or a gleam of white geyserite gave notice of a geyser near at hand and in driving over the formation the hollow echo under the horses' hoofs made us realize that only a crust stood between us and the boiling point.

The geysers, though most frequently spoken of in describing the Park, are by no means the only charm of this region.

From the Upper Basin, we drove over the Continental Divide, and descending by a beautiful mountain road reached the shores of Yellowstone Lake. The description of one lake does not differ much from that of another, but of all the scenes on which it has been my privilege to gaze, I remember as the most beautiful of all, this lake as we saw it at sunset from our eamp.

Arkins, Colo.

(To be concluded.)

GENERAL WOOD AND THE BOYS OF CUBA.

If there is one popular man in Cuba that man is General Leonard Wood, who has just been appointed governor of the island. There are not many boys and girls in the city of Santiago who do not know General Wood when they see him on his big gray horse as he rides about the town. I remember seeing three little half-clad, olive-skinned boys stop in the middle of the street on seeing the General, pull off their tattered caps and salute him with military precision, all three showing their white teeth as they smiled. And the General saluted in return as if they had been soldiers.

The 10th of last October was a famous anniversary day for the Cubans—a sort of Coban Fourth of July—but curiously enough the inhabitants of San. tiago had decided to celebrate it in silence, to have no merry-making, no music, no processions. Of course this disappointed thousands of Cuban chil. dren quite as keenly as the boys of an American city would have been disappointed if they had been deprived of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. General Wood heard of the trouble and having a boy of his own, he knew just what to do. He sent an invitation to all the children of the city to take ride on the harbor in the government vessels. Bright and early on the great day all the tugs and other harbor eraft belonging to the Americans ap. peared at the wharf side tooting their whistles, and hundreds of children who had gathered, all in their best attire, tumbled aboard. Boat after boat was loaded and set out down the bay, with a band play. ing "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Cuban national air. In each of the boats there was a barrel filled with lemonade, and the voyage which followed was such as only a crowd of children who had never before made such an excursion, could enjoy. The Spaniards had been in command at Santiago for nearly four hundred years, but there was never a governor who took any interest in the boys until the Americans came.

Since then General Wood is known in Santiago as "Our Friend" by the boys. Not many weeks after the picnic on the harbor a great delegation of children appeared at the palace and asked to see the Governor. General Wood is a tall, powerfully built man and he wears a brown khaki suit and spurs. The average Cuban man reaches hardly above his shoulder, and so when he appeared among the boys and girls he looked like a very giant, The spokesman presented the petition. He said that the boys and girls of Santiago had heard that the boys and girls of America were only required to go to school five days a week, whereas every Cuban school holds a session on Saturday the same as any other day. Now, were not the Cubans free? And shouldn't they be entitled to the same privi-And thus they made a strong plea for a Saturday holiday-a plea with which every American boy and girl will sympathize. The Governor heard them through and then he explained to them that the time had not yet come for making such changes in the school system of Cuba, but that some time they might expect to enjoy the same privileges # the American boys and girls. And they left him with a cheer.

There are, indeed, no stronger friends of the Americans in Cuba than the boys and girls. They want to know just what is done in American schools, how the American children act, what the play and everything else about them. And the they want to do exactly the same things. What more, they are anxious to learn English and the are learning it much faster than the grown people Frequently when you go into a store in Cuba the clerks cannot understand what you say, but the will bring some boy who is able to talk with you.

THE average duration of human life is about thirty-three years. One-fourth of the inhabital die before they reach their seventh year, one-half be fore their seventeenth year. Of every 1,000 persors only one reaches the age of 100 years; of every lo only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not not than one in 500 lives to see the eightieth re There are about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants on 1 globe. Of these, 50,000,000 die every year, 1370 per day, 5,595 per hour, about ninety per minutes three in every two seconds.

Candy has been added to the regular ration the American soldier. One New York from shipped more than fifty tons of confectionery d the last year for the troops in the Philippines, and Puerto Rico. The government buys cand good quality, which would retail from thing forty cents a pound.

A GREAT many things that are now used for were once considered poisonous. Lemons considered poisonous by the Romans, who them to scatter among their clothes and keep moths. It was a bold man who first dared to tomato or cook an egg-plant.

- Nature & Study -

OSTRICH FARMING.

THERE are now five ostrich farms in the United States. The first and the second that were established are those in southern California and are both lished are those in southern California and are both other three are located, one in Texas, another in other three are located, one in Texas, another in Florida, and the other in Arizona, which was established in 1891 in the Salt River valley; about three lished in 1891 in the Salt River valley; about three miles from Phænix. It was begun by Josiah Harbert, with only one pair of birds. They proved to be good breeders, and the enterprise was a success from the start. Indeed, so promising did it appear to be that two years ago the Arizona Ostrich Company was formed to carry on the business on a large

The company purchased the original pair of birds, scale. with their progeny, numbering 104 birds, thirtyeight being of the breeding age and twenty-six of them paired. The ostrich company is said to be prosperous. It has forty acres of alfalfa land, which is said to be perfectly adapted to the handling of the new industry, and a South African ostrich farmer imported to have the charge. The flock has increased rapidly, and is now the largest in the United States. The governor of Arizona notices this company's successes in his report and gives some figures from the company's books. They show that a net profit of \$2,500 was made last year on feathers alone. Besides, forty-seven birds were hatched during the year, which, estimated at \$100 each, bring the total profits of the firm up to \$7,200. The valuation of the young birds is based on the value of their product, and as they will yield one pound of feathers each during their first year, worth a current prices about \$15, or 15 per cent per annum on \$100, that would seem a low valuation. And when it is considered that ostriches continue to yield feathers of a uniform quality for a longer time than the average of human life and that they are not subject to any contagious or other known diseases, it would appear that ostrich farming should prove greatly and steadily profitable.

lcke, who was for fifteen years' in ostrich farming in South Africa. He is reported as saying that the birds do as well in the Salt River valley as in Africa, and that they will continue to do as well is inferred from the fact that climatic and other conditions there are adapted to their requirements the same as in their native home. Only one bird has died during the year, while all the others of the flock are in perfect health. After the birds attain the age of four weeks there is little danger of their dying from natural causes for many years. It is not definitely known how long an ostrich will live under normal conditions, but there are birds on the South African farms which are believed to have reached or passed the century mark, many of them having been in captivity there over fifty years.

The birds always pair off during the breeding season, the male bird making the nest by testing his breastbone on the sand and turning slowly round and round, scratching the sand away with his feet until a shallow hole is made, some three feet in diameter and about a foot deep. The female then lays, usually fifteen eggs, and the birds take turns sitting on them, the female sitting during the daytime and the male at night, except that the male allows the female about an hour in the middle of the day to feed, when he takes her place on the nest. As a female bird will lay three settings of eggs (or about forty-five) before she stops, about thirty are taken from her and hatched in the incubator, the bird being permitted to hatch the last fifteen laid. The eggs hatch in about forty-two days, the old birds helping the chicks to get out of the shell.

A chick one week old weighs about five pounds, at six weeks fifty pounds and at maturity about three hundred pounds. The chicks grow very tapidly, reaching a height of about five feet at four months of age. At four years, when full grown, they average nearly eight feet in height.

The first few days after hatching the birds must oyster be carefully watched and cared for to keep them alive; when four weeks old they are considered safe pearly the young birds are fed a little grain, but the old birds obtain their entire living from the alfalfa on color.

which they graze. During the breeding season each pair of birds is placed in a separate field about 50 x 200 feet in size; the other birds are turned into large pastures together. One acre of alfalfa will furnish food for four full grown birds throughout the year. They require but little water and their keeper does not have to worry for fear he may miss a "run" of water and his birds have to go without any for a couple of weeks. Last winter the birds were given no water from September to April, yet they seemed as well pleased, and Mr. Icke says they have gone three years in Southern Africa without a drop of water, and apparently without any ill effects.

The birds require but little care, one man being able to do all the work connected with the farm and its one hundred and fifty ostriches, with the assistance of an additional man who is employed by the day occasionally when picking or other extra work is necessary.

The birds are first plucked when six months old, yielding about twelve ounces of feathers each, of the market value of \$7.50 per pound. After that they are plucked every eight months, yielding an average of one pound of feathers each plucking, of the value of \$17.50 per pound at present prices. During the last fiscal year \$1,700,000 worth of ostrich feathers were imported into the United States from Africa and only about \$120,000 worth produced in this country, so there is little to be feared in the line of competition from overproduction at home. As the government imposes a duty of fifteen per cent ad valorem on imported feathers the American farmer is amply protected from foreign competition.

They are very shy and escape either by a quick stately walk or rapid run. When terrified their stride is from eleven and a half to fourteen feet. Taking twelve feet as the average stride, they would accomplish about twenty-five miles an hour. When hotly pursued they sometimes turn upon their enemies, giving them severe wounds with their feet. Hunters clothe themselves in one of their skins, and under cover of this get near enough the stupid creatures to kill them with a poisoned arrow.

Their food consists of fruits, grain, certain vegetables, leaves and tender shoots, insects and snails, and out. other food as:can-be picked up, in securing which a considerable quantity of stone is swallowed. The crop is enormous and the gizzard very powerful. In confinement they are fond of swallowing all kinds of indigestible substances, some of which may be taken to aid digestion, but the most from mere stupid voracity. Visitors to them are apt to amuse themselves by tossing whole oranges at them, and seeing them caught in open beaks, and the oranges descend spirally in the almost upright long necks. They will eagerly swallow almost anything whole that is given them. They begin to lay eggs before a spot has been fixed upon for a nest, and these solitary eggs are often found lying forsaken all over the inclosure or district where they may be. The capacity of an ostrich egg is equal to that of twentyfour hen's eggs. They have a strong, disagreeable flavor, but are relished by the bushmen of South Africa, who not only devour the contents, but use the shells as water vessels. Entire eggs are often suspended in Mussulman and even Christian churches in the East. The flesh of the young bird is said to be palatable, resembling that of a tough turkey, but in this country they are not eaten. ostrich is inoffensive and easily tamed.

STRINGS OF RARE PEARLS.

A STRING of pearls of unusual size and purity, valued at the large sum of \$18,000, is being shown by a Cleveland (Ohio) firm, says the *Plain Dealer*, among other fine pearl necklaces and chains. Aside from the admiration which the intrinsic beauty of the gem challenges, wonder is felt that it is possible to gather together so many of them that shall so perfectly match one another in size, color and beauty of hister. It takes many years to make up a string of such jewels, and this fact considerably enhances its value.

The same company has a large unset pearl which was brought in its original home within a piece of oyster shell by a soldier boy of Manila, who, in his turn purchased it from a native Filipino. This pearl is valued at \$600. It lies securely in the pearly niche hollowed out for it by nature within the shell, and is large and of exquisite purity of color.

Other strings of pearls vary at from \$6,000 to \$10,000, one at the latter price carrying a pendant of a bird in diamonds from whose beak hangs a tiny pearl. A dog collar of four strings of small pearls with diamond slides is very attractive. Several rings and brooches in which colored pearls are set bring large prices. These colored pearls, which are found with all the delicate tints of color from bronze through violet and rose, are highly esteemed by London merchants, and are rapidly bought up from the American dealers.

These are fresh water pearls, and are found chiefly in America, especially along the streams of Wisconsin and that vicinity.

SQUIRRELS IN A CITY,

In the plaza, opposite the cathedral of Oanaca, Mexico, are some fine pecan trees which harbor a a number of squirrels. There are also seats for the footsore and weary as well as the sightseeing lounger. If you are not eaters of squirrel pie, and do not use "squirrel rifles," or grudge the squirrel a trifle of bark for architectural purposes, it is a delightful experience to have these fearless little Oanaca citizens perch upon your shoulder and rob you of nuts or other dainties. They are importunate little beggars and do not take "no" for an answer, but head and shoulders they go for your inside pocket. They are the protected of all the city—rich and poor alike—and it would go hard with a stranger who presumed to molest them.

Do plants have the power to move their parts? At first statement this seems hardly possible, but it is a fact that they do move, or at least some do. You can verify this at your homes, and there is no more common illustration of it than the going to sleep of the leaves at night. Take the case of the common clover. All know how the three leaves are spread out ordinarily, but perhaps you do not know how they are disposed at night. It is readily seen at any time by observing the spread of the leaves of any one clover plant in broad daylight, and then looking at the same plant at nightfall. They are all distinctly shut up. And this is true of a great many, if not all other plants, for if they are not so arranged with reference to the plant as to close they still shift their position as night comes

Each plant has a different method of resting, and if you are of a turn of mind that leads you to look at such things note carefully the relative position of any leaf in the daytime, and then from the same angle of vision see how it is arranged when the evening comes on. A good many of them will seem to turn edgewise, and some plants, or rather their leaves, seem to be trying to turn elear over. This is a very simple matter to investigate, and you can do it for yourself at any time the leaves are out.

DID you ever think what a complex and highly organized thing a farm dog's nose is? Every time you put your foot on the ground you leave the smell peculiar to yourself and the dog can detect it hours afterward, following you over the hard pavement where hundreds have gone before, crisscrossing your tracks, but the dog follows you till he either overtakes you, or the scent is lost. If there is a whole family on a visit, and the dog wants to find Jimmie he follows that track, and neglects the others till he finds the little boy. It is marvelous, when you come to think of it. Not all breeds have the same nose, as some use their eyes and others their ears. In the selection of a dog for the home it is well to remember whether it is nose, cars or eyes you want most and secure the breed accordingly.

A well known Marblehead motorman found a carrier pigeon in his yard recently. Seeing that the bird was in an exhausted condition he took it into the house, and, after giving it all it could eat, improvised a perch by putting a broom across between two chairs. Here the weary bird rested for three hours or more, and was then allowed to depart, the motorman having first fastened a note to one of its legs telling of the incident. A few days later the man was surprised to receive a postal from the bird's owner in Brockton, saying that it had arrived safely and thanking him for his very kind and humane act.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOON, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

MAKINO A CHANCE.

A good many boys and more girls bewail that they have no chance in life. They feel sure that they could readily distinguish themselves if they only had an opportunity. Now let us see how much there is to this statement. In the first place, there is something to it. There is a cant phrase that if one qualifies himself for any particular thing people will seek him out. A good deal of this might have been true some thousands of years ago, but there is nothing in it now. As a matter of fact the world is full of well qualified people, and they are searching personally, day and night, for places, only to find that there is a vast amount of competition in the world, and that there are more pegs than there are holes for them to fill. It is only when a person is phenomenally well qualified that he is sought out. If a boy or girl wait with their dish till it rains mush and milk they will go to bed hun-

As a rule there is not as good a chance at home as there is farther away. But the worst of it is that so few aspiring youth can get away. Then in that instance you must make a chance. Do you think you are a writer? Then, instead of trying to enlighten the world through some city magazine, begin in the county paper. If it is in you people will soon begin to see it, and then in time you can spread out into a wider circulated publication. Are you the making of a great prator? Then try it at the home schoolhouse, or in the neighboring one. You have to begin somewhere, and at sometime. The nearest is the best place for that sort of thing. And it is just so in pretty nearly everything. Take this as your motto, "Find a way or make one."

THINGS THAT WILL BE NEEDED.

Sometimes a boy or girl is very anxious to render some service to the cause of Christ and they are not sure of the best way to go about it. Let us have a little talk about this thing. The impulse is a very worthy one, most commendable indeed. In the first place what is the meaning of a Christian life? Is it to save one's soul? Yes, but that is a very selfish reason. There is another and a better one, and that is in the extension of the kingdom of Christ. If one gets to looking on the work of the Christian in this way it soon becomes a broader field than it was before, and the incentive becomes less and less of a personal one, and more and more of a broader and deeper one. Sinking one's self is the beginning of perfection,

Nothing can be done without personal correctness of life, and this is essential in every way. Given this fact there are certain other matters that are important to remember in working for the good of the cause. One is that it is not for the best to get out of the procession and proceed as a free lance. On the other hand it is always best to keep in line and act from within the ranks if it is at all possible. Those who go off [may make a brave fight, but it does not amount to much in nine cases out of ten. The separatist; is usually left behind in the march He lacks the inspiration of his surroundings.

There is going to be a wonderful field in the Brethren church in the near years to come for the earnest worker. How is it to come to pass? Well, there will be the natural changes incident to the forward movement of all organized bodies. Some of this will not be for the best. Now one way to render efficient service is for the young man to

ground himself thoroughly in the principles and the practices of the church, and, when the time comes that it needs a defender, to stand up for the cause of Christ and the church as stands a rock in the storm. The chance will be sure to come, and the man who is able to take the part will be a hero in the strife, even though he be slain. If you do not feel that you have a special call for this work then qualify yourself so that when the call comes the man will not be wanting, so far as you are concerned, if God shall have so placed you next to the work to be done. There are leaders in the church now, but they will pass over and others will take their places. Be ye ready for the battle, for it is going to be a fight as it always has been when the devil is to op-

And the girl,-what can she do? Just as much and perhaps more than her brother. There will be writers and speakers wanted. Let her be ready with her pen and voice, and above all let it be for the right and no mistake about it, for of half-way people there is a surplus, while of the hero stamp there never was a supernumerary. The services of all will be needed in the future. The outlook was never better for the employment of the talents of real men and women in church work. But you want to remember never to get away from the shadow of the Cross, or out of sound of the Word.

There are some men and women the writer knows who could be put on guard and left alone with the certainty that no matter what happened they would stay there till death took them. Is it so with you when the war is on? There is this difference between the warfare of the Christian and the world, In the one death is personal defeat, and in the other there is no death, for death is victory. Are you ready to stand up without human help till you die in your tracks? If so you are wanted right at the fore when the time comes.

SHOULD A COUNTRY BOY GO TO TOWN?

It is not meant-by-this-question-to ask whether or not a boy living in the country should always remain there, but in the broader sense of the question to help him to determine about his going to the city to seek work. Of course there are boys and boys, and cities and cities, and there can be no hard and fast rules laid down to govern all. Still there are some general principles that may well be heeded by the ambitious youth, and they are incontrovertible. One often reads in the papers the story of the early youth of the prominent and successful man, how he went to the city with only a dollar in his pocket, and the inference is that all that is needed is a repetition of his early difficulties to secure the coveted ending. The unrecorded facts are that ten thousand or more went to the city, just as he did, and lost not only the dollar they started with, but never gained it, while many were and are yet being utterly wrecked. There is no monument over the thousands who went whistling in early youth to Lunnon town, and who crept back forty years after to die under the hedge. The shaft is raised over those who have succeeded. They are not the rule, and it is well to beware.

Still, there are exceptions to the general rule, and there are instances where it is advisable to strike out for the great centers. Right here let the INGLE-NOOK give you some good advice. Make no start on the supposition that you know about the place you are going to, unless you really do know. The advertisements in the city dailies for unemployed skillful labor are thoroughly misleading, as they are read under the trees in the country. For illustration a friend of the writer wanted a clerk in a grocery store, and inserted an advertisement in a daily paper setting forth his wants. No address was given other than the post office box, and this read in the country sounds as though such places were going a begging in the city. The place was worth only \$5 a week, but nevertheless over six hundred letters were received by the advertiser, nearly all of whom had experience. What chance would the country boy have stood in the face of that competition? The best way for the boy to Brer Rabbit said to Brer Fox is a fact to them.

proceed is to secure some sort of foothold before he makes a move at all. This is only done through friends, and if these are not available he should hesitate long before making the plunge. There is expense at every turn in the city, possibly not so much each time as the continued little expenditures that eat up a little salary with a rapacity that must be experienced to be understood.

It is recommended that no boy go to the city without some well-defined experience that he is prepared to offer his employer in exchange for the place sought. The boy may be honest in telling the merchant that he can learn the business, but the merchant is equally honest in telling the boy that he does not keep school and that there are hundreds who know all about it that he can choose from. If the boy has a thorough knowledge to back him up, and has also good recommendations, the fact that he is from the country is in his favor in the start.

As to a girl going from home to work in the city, outside of the so-called professions of clerical character there is always a place for her in thousands of homes if she is willing to work. For some unexplained reason, pride probably, the average country girl rebels at the idea of working in "somebody's kitchen." The fact is that in a small family of good people a girl's lot as a domestic is far and away ahead in every way except externals, of the clerk or the office girl's. She should bring her church letter, and recommendations from her friends, and seck church associations at the first opportunity. Strange to say, the girl has a better chance for a start in the city than has her brother.

A SHORT SERMON.-Number Two.

Text: The Besetting Sin.

PAUL, himself one of the greatest men of the ages, tells us to lay aside the sin that does so easily beset us. What is this besetting sin? Well, it is different in each individual. In some the weakpotent to one through in another it is something fisc. With the drunkard it is his love of drink, in the case of the thief his coveting others' property is his trouble. So it goes with all of us. Where others are weak we may be strong, but none of us are so constituted that we have not some particular besetment that, if left unguarded, will be our undoing in time. It is this way. Our lives are like a chain, and as the strength of the chain is measured by the strength of the weakest link, so our natures, made up of thoughts and habits, may be attacked at some particularly weak spot.

It is only the deepest thinker who turns in upon himself an introverted eye and who knows where his weakness most lies. It is the best Christian soldier who, knowing this, guards against the attacks of the enemy. There may be more than one weak point in our armor, but there is always one that! weaker than all the others, and this is the place for the sin that doth so easily beset us to enter.

After we are sure of our own weakness we are more tolerant of the errors others make. We come to be more apt to condone the offenses of others when we have found out of what common clay we are mutually constructed. We may not sin in the same way, but neither do others break at our especially weak spot. The moral of it all is to watch and pray. The result of it is that we are then more likely to be charitable toward others. Watch and pray.

THE Indian sign language is a much more comprehensive thing than most people would imagin It is entirely possible for a party of Indians to con pletely translate every article in this issue of THE INGLENOOK in the sign language, Some of the shades of thought may be lost, but the ideas will be transferred in the motions that are as fixed? the alphabet.

A very prevalent idea among the colored people of the south, especially with the very old of slave days, is that animals have a language of their that is well understood between themselves.

Methods of Proceedure in Callings for Life Work.

Number Two.
THE STUDY OF TELEGRAPHY.

BY H. A. HAWKINS.

The proper age for a boy or girl, contemplating telegraphy as a profession, to begin work is about fifteen. The requisites, aside from a liking for the business, is a good elementary education, such as is embraced in a high school course. Especially should there be a good foundation in orthography, as in sending or receiving a message there is no time for hesitancy in the matter of spelling a word. It is a business in which women as well as men engage, but the telegraph authorities do not, as a rule, prefer women. They never become as thoroughly expert as men, and they are not able to stand the strain of continuous hard work. At the same time, as in all such cases, there are exceptions, and some women are very successful in the work, but it is not

The best thing for a boy to do in making a start is to begin at the bottom of the ladder, going into an office as a messenger. This is a place that is not very hard to get, and there is a practical side to it that stands the learner in good stead when he becomes an operator himself. After getting the work of a messenger thoroughly by heart, he is ready to go into an office. It should be remembered that the work cannot be learned at home. There are cheap instruments offered for sale for the use of amateurs, but they are without practical merit, save as a means of practicing at home what is learned in an office. Once installed in an office as a learner the time required to become sufficiently expert to take charge of an office is entirely dependent on the natural ability of the learner and the interest taken in him by his teacher. There can be no time set, but as a rule it can not be rightly acquired in less than six months, and not more than a year should be taken. After the learner has mastered the work so that he can take charge of an office work open to him, commercial, that is the usual business of telegraphy between individuals, and railroad work. In either instance it is his acquaintance with the appointing powers that will get him a place, or in the absence of personal acquaintance with them, through some friend who does know them. The securing of an office under favorable conditions does not present extraordinarily difficult conditions. New offices are being established, operators die and are shifted about, and it is in the unimportant and least paid places that the beginner will start. He will get at the first, from \$30 to \$50 a month, and about the highest he will ever receive will be from \$100 to \$115 a month, and then only after thorough qualification, and successful experience. It is also a fact that no discrimination between the sexes is made in the matter of salary.

Equal pay for equal service is the rule. The moral qualifications of an operator are skill, sobriety, fidelity to his employer's interests, and last, but by no means least, he must never tell without express permission the contents or character of any message sent or received. Failure in this latter particular will be very apt to lose the incumbent his position. I suggest railroad work as preferable, but I do not recommend the profession to any young friend looking ahead for a life calling. There is this to it, however, and that is if the aspirant has a working knowledge of typewriting and stenography his chances are infinitely improved, and if these additional accomplishments are secured 1 would recommend the profession to any young friend of mine who has a liking for the work. There are many reasons for these additional qualifications, most of which will be apparent to the reader. In the use of the wire there is a system of *abbreviations called the Philip's code, a sort of systematic shortening of each word sent, easily learned and once acquired enables the telegrapher to transmit about seventy words a minute. There is also much work done in code or cipher in commercial business, thus lessening the expenses and securing absolute secrecy in case an important business message should fall into the wrong hands. Much of the ocean cable business is done in this way. It should be understood that the cable business, and

the system of sending and receiving messages is entirely different from the business done on land wires. The two methods are not at all interchangeable, and require separate instruction.

The calling has its advantages and its unpleasant side, and withal if the learner will completely master shorthand, typewriting, and then becomes thoroughly expert as a telegrapher, if he also has the other qualifications referred to before in this article, he is likely to have profitable employment. Under such conditions of knowledge the profession is recommended.

The above concise presentation of the requirements of telegraphy in its best estate is from the pen of Mr. H. A. Hawkins, a practical telegrapher of twenty years' practice as manager in the General Office of the Union Pacific Railroad at Kansas City, Mo. He is thoroughly expert in his calling, and what he says should be carefully studied and heeded by any of our readers contemplating the work referred to.

THE MARVELS OF SHRAPNEL.

THE MOST TERRIBLE AGENCY OF WAR.

It seems more than a little strange that, in spite of all the boasted improvements in weapons of war, the deadliest of all instruments of death in use to-day was as familiar to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers in the earliest years of the century as to us

Machine guns, such as the Maxim and Gatling, each pouring forth a very deluge of bullets at the rate of several hundreds a minute, and mowing down the enemy's ranks as a scythe mows down grass, are very terrible weapons; but for sheer destructiveness and the power to demoralize the enemy they must yield precedence to the shrapnel shells, within whose "operative area" nothing can live.

These deadly projectiles were invented two years before Trafalgar by a Colonel Shrapnel, a British officer; but, as is the case with so many inventions, the original shrapnel shell was of very primitive construction. It consisted of a spherical shell, filled with bullets and a bursting charge of gunpowder; but, as it had a trick of exploding at the wrong time, and was only reliable in its uncertainty, it was often a source of as much danger to friends as to enemies.

wonderful shell of to-day has been evolved. The modern shrapnel shell consists of three parts: the base, the head, and the tube which runs through its body. The explosive charge is placed in the base of the shell; and on a kind of diaphragm placed over this charge two or three hundred bullets rest, being kept in position by resin, which is melted and poured over them.

Running from the base to the point of the shell is a tube filled with powder to connect the explosive charge in the base with the fuse which is placed in the head of the shell.

Before firing the shell the distance of the enemy is calculated and the fuse is cut down to such a length that the shell will explode at the precise fraction of a second when it can inflict most damage. In other words, the fuse must be of such a length that the charge will be exploded when the shell is about 20 feet above and 50 feet in front of the enemy.

The fuse is ignited by the act of firing; and as the shell screams through the air at the rate of 800 to 1,000 miles an hour, it burns rapidly until, just as it is on the point of striking the enemy bodily, the charge at the base of the shell is ignited, and with a terrific explosion the shell is shattered, pouring down its deadly hail of a quarter of a thousand bullets over an area of about 500 square feet. The bullets are so evenly distributed from this terrible "spray diffuser" that, if 250 men were massed within this area, every man would either be killed or dangerously wounded.

In some recent experiments with shrapnel, shells were fired at a range of a mile and a half at a wooden target one inch thick. Fifty yards behind this target screens were placed to represent a battalion of infantry! in columns of companies. The shells were exploded on contact with the target, and the number of hits on the screen were counted. From one shell 160 hits were scored, each hit in all probability representing a man's life; a second shell made 180 hits; and from a third shell no fewer than 220 out of its 250 bullets found billets on the screen.

Thus a single shrapnel well aimed is capable of doing terrible execution on an enemy; but their destructiveness only becomes apparent when we constructive shoes," was the logical reply.

sider the rapidity with which they can be fired. Let us take, for illustration, a single battery of half-adozen guns and see what havoc it might conceivably do within such a short limit of time as a quarter of an hour.

Each gun is capable of firing a shell every five seconds, or twelve shells a minute; and as each shell has on an average 250 bullets, a single gun can deluge the enemy with 3,000 bullets a minute or 45,000 bullets in a quarter of an hour. Thus a battery of six guns has a killing capacity of 270,000 men in fifteen minutes, assuming that each bullet, as it might do, killed a man.

The effect on an enemy of, say, six batteries showering on them a hail of over too,000 hullets a minute may well be conceived; and it is little wonder that the Dervish hordes at Omdurman fell before such a tornado of destruction like grass before the scythe of a mower.

A shrapnel shell weighs only about 14 pounds, and of this weight its burden of bullets is nearly half. It has an effective range of two miles, and an average speed of flight of 1,200 feet to 1,300 feet a second. Swiftly as it flies and short as its journey is, the second shell is following from the same gun on the track of the first before the latter has traveled much more than half of its journey.

When a shell of any kind bursts in flight the pieces all go forward in fan-like shape, and those in the rear are not often hurt. The whole business of the destruction of human life is a terribly wrong one, and those who know war the best are the ones who condemn it most. When the world gets civilized, or Christianized, which is the same thing, there will be no more war.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

ALL women desire to be heautiful, but not all have their wishes gratified, and it is their own fault. Beauty is a pretty hard thing to define, as it differs in different parts of the world among different peoples. What is ravishingly beautiful, or so regarded, in one section, is not by any means passable in other parts. So, after all, the term is a relative one. If complexion is meant there is nothing in it, as it can be bought at so much a box. And if it is natural-a disordered liver-upsets it. If it is in the figure the modiste can work wonders. But what lasts, and can be lost through no outside influence, comes from the soul. Therefore, soul cultivation, and all that that means, is the only true and correct method of being beautiful. Be good and you will be not only happy but you will become beautiful.

Who has not seen the face of some woman hardened out of all womanly qualities? One can see it in any city on the streets after night. No matter what the features and the form may seem to be there is no doubt of the absence of lovable qualities. On the other hand who has not seen the saint-like face that no regularity of feature characterized? It is a fact that people come to gradually look as they think. The inference is plain. Think right, do right, and live right, and all the rest takes care of itself. Boys fall in love with a face, men incline to notice figures, but both boy and man revere goodness in women, and goodness is beauty.

In the large plains called "Llandees," in southwestern France, the people use stilts as a matter of course. These plains are generally flooded, though not to a sufficient depth to enable people to get about in boats. The stilts are not held in the hands, like those we are accustomed to see, but are firmly strapped to the side of the leg. The person wearing them carries a long pole to balance himself and aid him in walking. This pole has usually a cross-piece at one end, so that by putting it at a slant on the ground behind him, the person on stilts can sit down on it and rest. It is a common occurrence in that country to see men and women sitting and knitting in this exalted position, while the sheep they are tending wander about the plain. They wear their stilts all day long, putting them on when they go out in the morning and taking them off only when they return home at night,

"It's impossible for you to lift yourself up by your bootstraps, isn't it, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Now," continued the teacher, "can you tell me why it's impossible?" "I guess it's because I wear shoes," was the logical reply.

Good Reading

FRANK AND FLORENCE.

A day in the country in early springtime when the cherries are in bloom and the robins and the blue birds are nesting. Overhead the fleecy clouds sail westward in the azure sea and the cattle in the meadow wade in the grass where grows the yellow dandelion, and the ribbon of a brook goes dancing over shallows or swirling in the dark eddies. There is peace everywhere as Frank and Florence, eight and six respectively, gather the wild flowers on the banks, or play in the grass under the meadow maples. Up on the porch is the young mother, in a rocking-chair, knitting while she sings:

> " Perfect and true are all his ways Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

And now and then she notes the children at play and it is a picture of perfect peace. The swallows race from the barn roof, the blinking cat purrs, the merry laugh of the children wafts on the breeze, and all the blossoms are nodding and the leaves are dancing. Now tell me if earth is not beautiful and life is not sweet.

Down in the meadow where the brook runs is a shadow none see. Gathered from the infinite it grows apace. Florence wanders near the edge of the pool, and reaching over, loses her balance and falls in. There is a wild cry and the boy runs terror sped, for the house. A cloud comes between the sun and the earth. It races over hill and hollow, meadow and upland, and as it reaches the house the mother sees, just as the line,

" Perfect and true are all his ways,"

trills out on the balmy air. A world of despair sursounds all and every blossom shudders and all the leaves are still. The silence of the Valley of the Shadow is in the air.

Here upon the dark green carpet of the meadow lies the house in which the soul of little Florence once dwelt,-only half an hour ago was she its merry tenant. And how black the gloom now, as the limp body with its curls of tangled gold half covering the peaceful face upturned to the skies lies in the grass. Clinging, wet clothes, the horrible, terrible silence, that eloquently answers the wild cries of the mother and then the dread silence of the boon of insensibility. And then a robin pipes his roundelay. The bluebird whistles his flute-like note, and the leaves are dancing and the blossoms nodding again. Nature never sympathizes with the inevitable.

Up in the house, in the darkened front room is a little coffin framing the closed eyes and the peaceful face of the child. The neighboring children have given their tribute of white violets and lilacs and the room has the quiet of death and the heavy perfume of shut in flowers. Up stairs a lone mother weeps and the night hours pass on leaden feet till the gray in the east burns into the glow of the

Out on the hillside is a little mound that would not stay a child in its race and under it lies the tiny dwelling in which the child lived. A woman in black is silent now, though all leaves and birds and blossoms are singing. Some day in the far-the near future, we shall know all about it. St Paul says we see through a glass darkly now, but then doubtless all of us shall say:

> "Perfect and true are all his ways, Whom heaven adores and earth obeys."

INFANT FOODS.

NEARLY everybody has seen the advertisements of the various condensed foods intended for infants and for invalids, but few know how they are made and what goes into them. So we concluded that as nothing was too good for Inglenook readers we would look up one of these industries and tell what we saw and heard. Now it so happens that right here in Elgin is the manufactory of one of the widest known and most successful foods of its kind. It is known as Milkine and the name is but little elue to its make and use. We investigated the matter and will tell what we saw and heard.

About five years ago Mr. John H. Hethrington invented this particular combination of foods and a company began putting it up. It comes in two

style is in the form of tablets to be taken into the mouth and there dissolved; the other is the same thing in granular form to be dissolved in water and used as a drink. The people who use it are not only invalids and children, but no end of cyclists, professional men, and others, find it of great value. It is a condensed, perfect food, that is acceptable in taste and effect to the weak and the strong alike. While a few of the tablets, about the size of a peppermint lozenge, are clearly not "fillin" in the matter of bulk it is also true that they are satisfying in effect for the time being. It is not likely that there will ever be any form of food that a man can carry a week's supply around with him in his pocket, but it is also true that there are people and times in the lives of all, especially the infant, the weak, and the very old, when some form of food ready made for the system to take up, is a very much to be desired matter. Milkine is one of these foods and it

Now what is it made of? Well, all there is in it, roughly speaking, are milk, malted barley, glutinous flour, lean beef, a little lime and salt. Half of it is milk and the other half is made up of the above named parts. The farmers around Elgin furnish the milk daily, and the best parts of the round of beef are used. The whole composition is mixed together and reduced in vacuo. This is the "in vacuo" method. There is a large orangeshaped vessel in which four or five men could be placed, and this is charged with about two hundred gallons of the mixture. The air is then pumped off the top of the vessel, heat applied and the pumping kept up. The whole mess is boiled down in an airtight vessel till it is of the proper consistency, when the process is stopped and the mass is either moulded in tablet form or ground into a powder, bottled and put on the market. This is the rough of it and will give the ordinary reader the idea without going into details. The chemical processes are beyond the layman and we will not enter upon them more than to say that they leave the food element in the shape to be immediately used and the valueless parts are eliminated. All baby foods try to reach this end and while we do not know about the others undoubtedly Milkine fills the bill. The In-GLENOOK makers here in the office think well of the product and doubtless many a life might be saved by the timely use of something of the kind. The Milkine people employ about twenty-five people in ers of a race of strong sons of the republic. Many



the factory and their product is sent all over the world, two car loads of it going out this month.

A good many of our readers are interested in children, and in the picture herewith are shown three | if they had married one of their own race. of them who arrived at once in this cold world Jan. 30, 1898, in Elgin, ahead of schedule, and the combined avoirdupois of the trio was a beggarly fourteen pounds. Clearly they were not cases for Wicner Wurst and sourcrout, but Milkine was used and their picture shows how much alive and kicking they are to-day. The young gentleman to the left is John, the lady in the middle is Jeanette, and David stands to the right. The triplets, with their parents, who also are alive, live here in Elgin.

QUICK-CHANGE CITIZENS.

BY WILLIAM SANDISON.

WONDERFUL is the way immigration is increasing this year. It promises to reach flood tide. New York is, of course, the "open door" through which is pouring the vast stream. Most of the arrivals in America are at this port. During the last twelve months, 297,862 immigrants arrived at the various ports of the United States, and of these 242,573 forms, in neat bottles, heremetically sealed. One came through New York. During the entire year,

1898, the arrivals at New York were only 178,748, or 63,825 less than in 1899. Deputy Commissioner McSweeny told me he fully expects the figures will mount up to four or five hundred thousand during

In the waiting-room of the barge office, a motley scene is presented. Groups of Germans, Russians, Irish and Italians are waiting to meet relatives; others are changing money or writing letters; and here and there are little knots huddled around the heaters. There are Hebrews, long-bearded and black-eyed; Scandinavians, fresh-colored and blue. eyed; and Italians, with swarthy skins and dark eyes. Most picturesque, probably, are the Syrians and the Swiss. The Syrian is the type of the peasant of Beirut, one who has come of a race that has been oppressed for centuries. It is interesting to note the brightening-up process which these people undergo after their arrival. No sooner do they breathe the air of freedom's land and feel their feet safely on its friendly shore, where religious or political persecution is unknown, than their faces kindle, and their whole persons seem to be transformed. A very striking case of this character was that of a Syrian girl, who came over lately. She was dull, and seemingly very much depressed on her arrival; but in a few days she seemed to be so thoroughly interested in her new surroundings that she brightened up, and began to dress more neatly. As if just awakened from a dream, she began to take an active interest in all she heard and saw about. A similar transformation can be noted even in the glum and taciturn Poles and the Russian Hebrews. Their physical borizon seems to widen, and they gradually realize the wonderful possibilities of the new country. The faces of the Italian women afford a unique study, being picturesque both in youth and age, and quaint in expression, color and contour. A group of Italian women probably presents a greater variety of color in costume than any other female group of immigrants arriving on our shores. The sharp contrast of shades and tones, the predominance of yellow, blue and red, the oddlooking head-wraps, and the abundance of tawdry jewelry, are all peculiar to the olive-skinned daughters of Italy. Simpler in dress, softer in features, the women of Lithuania. They are generally tall and well developed, qualified to become the moth-

of these go to the Western and Middle States to farms. The Syrian women have a dreamy, indolent cast of features peculiar to all Orientals. Like the men of the Orient, they usually become traders, merchants or peddlers, but rarely laborers or producers. The Armenians, as a rule, have dusky skins and the strong, heavy Asiatic type of features common to all natives of Syria, Arabia and Anatolia.

One young Armenian, who came in the steerage several months ago, with a scanty wardrobe and slender purse, and unable to read or write a word of English, has now a good position in the city, and is able to read and write

very well. He is a fair type of the thoroughly industrious and ambitious Oriental. Some marry American or European girls, who make good wives and help them to succeed in life more rapidly than

This quick change is apparent among the groups of foreigners who go to the barge office, as the reception depot is officially designated, to meet friends and relatives. They themselves may have been here only a short time, yet they usually appear so well dressed and prosperous that one would hardly recognize in them the immigrants who landed only a few months before.

Out of every one thousand men, nine hundred and fifty become citizens by naturalization.

In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn; in the valley of the Upper Oxus the antlers of the mountain deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with horn pins; in the Soudan the horses are shod with socks made of camel's skin; in Australia horseshoes have been tried of cowhide. A German not long ago invented a horseslice of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine, and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained. Shoes thus made are impenetrable by moisture. Hard rubber is also used.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., fontaine, Ohio, Acting Fresident; Ohio, Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Vice-President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Vice-President; Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Treasurer. Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Circle, Covington, Ohio.

WORLD-WIDE MISSIONS.

"Now let us sing," and at the word
From prairie pulpit uttered,
Like rustling leaves before a shower,
The white-winged pages fluttered.
Then burst the hymn; the long grass waved,
The grouse stirred in its cover:
Still stood the deer with head erect,
Up sprang the startled plover.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heatben in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

O lyric grand! thy noble words,
All noble deeds suggesting;
Have ever stirred the Christian heart,
To work and toil unresting.
And till the church's fight is fought,
Thine utterances glorious,
A battle cry, a trumpet call,
Shall lead the host victorious.

-Selected.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SISTER MYRA FORNEY, of Lanark, Ill., says, "A good motto for the work is 'all at it and always at it.' I am quite sure if young people could realize the worth of the reading, it would take little solicitation to get many to take up the work. But there is where the effort is often required on the part of the secretary, to impress upon others the importance of this means of improvement."

Sister Maggie C. Weckert, of Keyser, W. Va., says, "I have read five books, and 'Do not Say' is one of the best books I ever read. I believe six members joined the Circle here, but they are scattered abroad the church."

Brother J. C. Groff, of Holmesville, Nebr., is still at work. How great is the need for faithful laborers everywhere. He writes, "I am glad to send you two more names for the Circle. I need more circulars. With God's help I will do what I can for the Circle, because I think it is one of the means of showing us our whole duty to God. Let us work unitedly."

Sister Libbie Hall of Batdorf, Ohio, writes, "We have now partly organized our Reading Circle, and I enclose thirteen promise cards and I hope to send more soon. I used to read about the Circle in the Gospel Messenger. May God bless all his workers everywhere."

We are glad to give a hearty welcome to these new members this week.

"en members this week:	
1250, J. W. Swigart,	
1.31, Onia Cullen,	Holmesville, Nebr.
12)2, Gussie Cullen,	Holmesville, Nehr.
"33, Cassie Davis	Batdorf Ohio
TOTAL DATAIL SHIRTH.	Wauseon Ohio
Daisy Berkeybile	Delta Ohio
-2-2 MINDIG HSII'' - 1	Ratdorf Ohio
off mancy Similification	Wausson Ohio
outlitter Derkeybile .	Patdorf Ohio
- Wittence	Potdo-F Obio
, Tri i a ACREDAY	Win-man Ohio
1265, Sarah Berkeybile,	wauseon, Onto.
- ****CJ DIIC; * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *	Delta, Onto.

THE cares of this life will not prevent any one from taking up one of these courses of reading; it is the don't cares that keep them from it.

In a small village there once lived an industrious little lad who was desirous to earn his own spending money. So he began the gathering of bones and old iron. One day a buyer came, and as the colored man was weighing in his balances the boy's merchandise a bystander said: "Now, old man, don't cheat the boy." "I certainly won't," he replied, "as I am not going to stay here long." Where do you propose going?" he was asked. "I am going to judgment. As I weigh here, so shall I be weighed there, and in that balance I do not want to be found wanting."

- Sunday A School

JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.-Luke 7:18-28.

(Lesson for April 29, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—He hath done all things well.—Mark 7: 37.

Of all the characters in the New Testament none stand out so dramatic as the figure of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ. His work, his life and his tragic end combine to make him a marked figure. At first he is shown to us as one preaching repentance, and baptizing to that end. His baptism was not Christian baptism, but preparatory to the coming of one greater than he.

When John sent the messengers to see the Master it was for the purpose of ascertaining definitely whether or not he was the promised Christ, the man he had baptized. The answer returned by the messengers was a practical one. They were told to return and tell John of the miracles they had seen personally, and this was the best answer. John had been predicting these things and now they had come to pass. The answer was beyond cavil or doubt.

It is likely that John was in prison at this time where he had been put by the authorities for his boldness of speech in reproving sin. What he wanted was direct testimony of the reality of the divine powers of Jesus and this he hoped to get through the witness of the messengers. He got it, not in a direct answer, but by showing the messengers a realization of all the predictions made concerning Jesus.

The Master was telling the story of his great mission. John had about finished his work. Both were doomed to die by violence, and both did so die. It is a lesson for some of us these latter days when we complain of the severity of our environment. We do not remember the troubles of those who have gone before and who tasted death. The fact is that no great thing in the world was ever won by ease and indolence. On the contrary work and pain are the accompaniments of success and the rest tollows.

The lessons taught by the passage under consideration are many. The first that suggests itself is the earnestness of the parties. John wanted to know. Jesus was willing to tell and did so with the utmost evidence. The wondering crowd seems to have been doubting in character. It is nothing new. It is the age-old story of those who, seeing, yet refuse to see, and hearing, yet hear not. It would seem that if miracles were wrought in our day and time, such as are recorded by the Book, there would not be the slightest ground for doubt. Yet those who saw them doubted in many instances. The world has changed, but the human heart is ever the same with its willing suspicions of wrong where there is only good. It is not the way to best interpret life. When once the grace of God has fallen into a human heart as falls the dew on the flower there should never be a moment of relaxation of belief nor aught but that which characterized John's message, a desire to know more of the certainties of the case. When that condition is present there will be no room for doubt on the plan that when the heart is full there is room for nothing more in it. The cup that is full will hold no more.

The austerity of the life of John the Baptist is proverbial. That of the Master is well known. It also enforces the teaching that the living out of Christianity is not of the purple. It may be that a king may be a saint, but oftener in the quiet life of the lowly the true inspiration of Jesus stands out brightest and most alluring. There is nothing in the teaching of the Christ that prevents the acceptance of it by both prince and peasant, but the facts are that too often we seek in vain for the crown of thorns on the head of him who wears the purple, while on the brow of the humble we find our brightest diadem of hope and truth.

This is our real need—more oil, a greater supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, "the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." Oh, we need more divine illumination. More "oil for the light." More oil in the closet. Then our prayers will be more real, our petitions more urgent, our intercessions more frequent, our reading of the Scriptures more profitable.

For * the * Wee * Folk

SWINGING.

Oн, this is just as lovely
As ever anything;
I am so glad I came here
To sit and swing and swing.

The board is going to teeter—
But I guess if I hold tight
I'll swing so high I'll touch the sky,
And go clear out of sight.

But, O my! what's the matter?
I'm surely slipping away!
There, now, I'm down, I'll come around
And swing some other day.

AIMEE'S VISIT TO AUNT BELLE'S.

"Yes, yes; run away and do anything you want to," said nurse, in a cross tone.

Nurse was talking over the fence to the girl next door, and did not want to be bothered with little Aimee. Aimee walked slowly around the house, and down to the front gate.

A street car came by, and her face brightened, as she said to her doll, "Dolly, would you like to go to Aunt Belle's?" Dolly smiled sweetly; and that was how Aimee knew that she wanted to go.

"Well, then, we must hurry, Dolly dear, for it's a long ride to Aunt Belle's. Let us run and catch the next car." So the tiny mother with her smiling child opened the gate, and started off to see dear Aunt Belle.

When the car came near she held up her finger to stop it. The driver laughed at the wee passenger. He stopped his car, while the conductor lifted the mother and child up and put them on the seat.

When the conductor came round for the fare Aimee told him to ask her papa and he would pay him. The conductor laughed, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my Aunt Belle," said Aimee.

"Where does your Aunt Belle live?"
"I will show you when the car gets there."

So she rode on until they came to a large stone house, with a lovely garden in front. Then Aimee told the man to stop the car; for that was Aunt Belle's.

The conductor picked her up, and carried her to the pavement, where he set her down. Aimee opened the gate, and went up the walk. Aunt Belle, sewing at the window, saw her coming and ran down to let her in.

"Why, Aimee! how did you come?"

"In the cars, Aunt Belle."

"Did your mother say you could come?"

"No, Aunt Belle. Mamma was out, and Dolly and I were tired of playing alone; and so we came to see you."

Aunt Belle took her to the nursery to play with the children, and then sent the man to tell her mother where Aimee was. She knew that she would be sadly frightened, when she came home and could not find her little girl. But Aimee, happy with her little cousins, did not think of mamma until she came to take her home.

FRITZ.

FRITZ is a beautiful light-blue gray cat. He is the special pet of his master's little daughter, and therefore has many privileges about the house not usually accorded to cats; among these special privileges is that of having his food in the dining room. Fritz has many peculiarities, the chief being that he thinks that he is covering up the food that remains after he has eaten all he wishes- a habit of wild cats which is well known. He stands over the plate and after a curious look at it to see that it is all right and that it is covered up he walks leisurely away. How strange it is that these traces of wild state are so often seen in animals which have been domesticated for long generations! Fritz has no need to cover up his food even if the dirt or mould were there for that purpose, for he is sure of getting plenty more when he wants it. It was simply from the force of habit, a habit not his own, but his ancestors', that he went through the motions. What a forcible illustration of the power of habit.

THE DAY WE OO A FISHING.

EVER since the world began, since fish first learned to swim and man found out how to catch them, going a fishing has been a pastime and an outing. It is also a serious life work for thousands. It is not the somber bread and butter and fish-to-sell side, that we want to discuss, but the day off the wheel and out in the country where the trees shade the trout stream that we will go, you and the editor.

What? May a girl or two go along? Well, yes, that is, yes. But a girl tangled up in the brush, or squawking when she hooks a fish accidentally, is only made worse by one thing and that's one more such girl. Still you may go along, conditionally, and that is if you look after the lunch business and see that it is right in quality and quantity. The writer knows a girl that can catch fish, and she can also write an article for The Inglenook, sing like a bird and cook like, - well, to beat everything. But she's an exception.

Now to catch trout we must go to a trout stream. The ruby spotted do not dwell in a muddy creek, but they live where the brook swirls and splashes down the mountain side, with overhanging trees and here and there a deep hole and then a shallow over which the water purls and gurgles. And a trout, being a gentleman in his ways, may not be captured with much shouting or taken with any brass band business.

It is not that he cares for noise, for you may make all you will of it and he will not flutter a fin, But one sight of you and where is he? So with the limber rod, the fine tackle and the lure as pretty an imitation of a fly ever made, we will creep up to the pool and flirt it on the surface. Flash, boil, bubble, rip! and ten to one you lose your head and yank the rod overhead with both hands, tangling the line in the trees, while the trout is a hundred yards away, going up stream like a golden flash. What you wanted to do was to keep the line gently taut, and flip him out as readily as Aunt Hannah forks a doughout on a plate. When the hour is five of a dewy morning, the trout a pound in weight, as he gasps out his life on the moss of the bank you have done something, that, if fairly done, is a thing to be remembered for a long time. wound set live so the whom

Park. He was more fortunate in his auditors than another soldier whom we saw working under a guard with a ball and chain on one ankle. This man was on duty one day to guard the formation around the springs. He was accosted by a gentleman and asked if one might carry away some specimens of geyserite. The soldier told him to take all he wanted, but to his surprise found that he had been talking to one of the officers in citizen's clothing. He was serving six months for his neglect of duty.

I must not go any further without paying a tribute to the forests of the Park. They cover a large portion of it and are a great addition to its beauty. Of course they are nearly all evergreens, mostly tall, yellow pines, straight as an arrow and from one to six feet through. They have never been disturbed since first they reared their green tops here, with only God to see. The way through the forest is in many places well-nigh impossible for the fallen timber.

In the northeastern part of the Park are forests of another sort. These stand on the side of a steep mountain but they are the stumps of the deciduous trees not evergreens and the scattered chips are strangely heavy. It is the petrified forest where seemingly half-rotten stumps of wood are transformed into stone just as they stood. I remember one fallen log lying with roots apparently lately torn from the earth and as natural a rotten stump as one would ever see. On the slope below you may find hosts of petrified leaves larger than a maple leaf and showing that in past ages a much warmer climate prevailed here and produced a vegetation very different from that which now covers these hills.

One other evidence of past ages is conspicuous in the Park, a great boulder of granite scratched and scored by the glaciers that left it here far away from its parent rock. It stands among the trees beside the road near the Canon.

But to come back to the lake, where we left our party. After a few days' camping on the shore and a moonlight row on the lake, we pushed on to the

on the laughing ripples of the shallows they may be brought twirling and flopping to hand.

Tramping along the crowded streets of the busy city the day in the woods is as a cup of cold water in the desert.

WATCH FOR THE TOTAL ECLIPSE.

In has been eleven years since we have had a total eclipse of the sun and eighteen years will pass before the next after the one scheduled for the 28th of the coming month of May, so it behooves every one to get smoked glasses and look with all their eyes at this one. It can be seen to some extent all over the country, but only within a path of some fifty-five miles width can jt be seen in its entirety, the path running from New Orleans northeast out to sea at Norfolk. Chicago is right in this path, and the eclipse begins here at 7:46 A. M., lasting till 9:03, according to Leslie's Weekly.

There has ceased to be any mystery connected with the phenomena of eclipses, whether solar or lunar. The moon makes the complete circuit of the heavens once in about twenty-nine and one-half days; the sun appears to do the same, owing to the actual circuit made by the earth, once in a year. The moon, therefore, makes more than twelve circuits while the sun is making one. Consequently, the moon must overtake and pass the sun as many as twelve times in a year. Sun and moon both appear to be moving in the same direction, not only, but in nearly the same path. If they moved in exactly the same path the moon would pass in between the sun and the earth at every circuit and there would be an eclipse of the sun at every new moon. But the paths are not exactly the same; so the moon usually goes by either above or below the sun. There are points, however, where these two paths intersect; and if the sun and moon both happen at one of those points at the same time then an eclipse is inevitable.

If the moon were actually smaller, or if she were more distant and therefore apparently smaller, then there would be simply a "transit" of the moon, like the well-known transits of Venus and Mercury, both of which planets are immensely more distant than the moon. That is, the rate an the significance. Sterling, Ill.

from the fall reself, great and beautiful as it is, to its marvelous setting; to the surprising, overmastering Cañon into which the river leaps, and through which it flows, dwindling to but a foamy ribbon there in its appalling depths.

"The rocky sides are almost perpendicular; in deed, in many places theboiling springs have gouged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs and tables at the top. Take a stone and throw it over; you have to wait long before you hear it strike. Nothing more awful have I ever seen than the yawning of that chasm. And the stillness, solemn as midnight, profound as death. The water dashing there, as in a kind of agony, against these rocks, you cannot hear. The mighty distance lays the finger of silence on its white lips. You are oppressed with a sense of danger. It is as though the vastness would soon force you from the rock to which you cling. The silence, the sheer depth, the gloom, burden you. It is a relief to feel the firm earth beneath your feet again, as you carefully crawl back from your perching place.

"But this is not all, nor is the half yet told. As soon as you can stand it, go out on that jutting rock again and mark the sculpturing of God upon those vast and solemn walls. By dash of wind and wave, by forces of the frost, by file of snow plunge and glacier and mountain torrents, by the hot breath of boiling springs, those walls have been cut into the most various and surprising shapes. I have seen the 'middle age' castles along the Rhine; there those castles are reproduced exactly. I have seen the soaring summit of the great cathedral spires in the country beyond the sea; there they stand in prototype, only loftier and more sublime.

"And then, of course, and almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of color. Those are not simple gray and hoary depths, and reaches and domes and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The underlying color is the clearest yellow: this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest Cañon. A few miles on the way we digressed to mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid the corner of your coat before you went away.

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOOK reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people. The Inglenook reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people, mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled mean mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. Advertisements that mainly agricultural, and nearly an wen-to-du. It amores an unequaled measure of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are approved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 to the order, and no discount whatever for continued inserted. proved by the management will be insected whatever for continued insertion; inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued insertion.

The INGLENOOR is the continued insertion. inch, cash with the order, and no discretized time. The inglenook is the only

All Our Fouils are

Prize Winners

We have the best strains of poultry going. You'll hear

something of interest, if you only keep half a dozen chickens,

We Sell Eggs for Hatching.

All our fowls are prize winners. Send a stamp with your inquiry and we'll tell you something new about the poultry

THE BUFFALO VALLEY POULTRY FARM, Lewisburg, Pa.

Mention you saw this advertisement in IngleNook,

Caps and Bonnets

...MADE AT...

Reasonable Prices.

Goods furnished that will please. Write for circular explaining how to order. Address:

MISS MARY ROYER, Mt. Morris, Ill.

Mention you saw this advertisement in INGLENOOK.

If You are Going to

Build Fence...

This spring, do not fail to drop a card to the address below, asking for descriptive circulars of one of the best smooth-wire fences offered the public.

Chain-Stay Fence Co...

Mention you saw this advertisement in Inglenook. preaching

fewer of them.

Finally the Florentines silenced him, after he h spent his life for them, and March 18, 1498, h preached his last sermon.

Not complying with the demand of the populace, the next day a mob surrounds the convent, and they have an order for his arrest.

Bound and carried out of St. Mark's he is put in cell, and for two months his body is racked by the most barbarous torture.

Pen and ink were allowed him, and in the intervals of torture he wrote with his bruised right hand but he left no evidence that he thought himself martyr. May 23 he left his cell for the stake, and mounting the fatal ladder, bent his head to theer ecutioner. His body was burned, and the ashe scattered in the Arno. Many of his followers well persecuted, murdered and exiled.

George Eliot's "Romola" gives the history Savonarola in Florence. And Samuel Smiles. "Duty," devotes a chapter to this martyr.

United Italy, to-day, reverences his memory, and Florence raises his statue in her great Council His

A commercial traveler, whose wife is one those women who borrow trouble indiscriminated had occasion to make a trip east recently.

His wife was very anxious about him and fe certain that he would fall a victim to small which was reported to be prevalent in the city which he was going. She begged him to carl little lump of asafætida in his pocket to ward contagion.

Naturally he objected and positively refused be made the permanent abode of such a persist

When he came home from his trip he said to

"It is wonderful, the power of the imaginal wife: Why, don't you know I imagined that I sat asafætida the whole time I was gone?"

"It wasn't imagination at all," quietly replied its little wily little woman, "I sewed a bit of asafetid

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., APRIL 21, 1900.

No. 16.

LITTLE WILLIE'S LESSON OF LOVE.

Last summer Tommie Jones and me Were climbin' all around, And found a bird's nest in a tree Away above the ground. We took the little thing away With all the eggs inside, And oh the words ma had to say!-I just sat down and cried.

"You wicked, naughty boy," she said, "To pain the birdie so! Oh He that watches overhead Will punish you, I know! It was a sin to take the nest And rob the hird of joy! Now promise Goil you'll do your best To be a better boy!"

So when I said my prayers that night I promised God I'd do The best I could to make it right, As ma had told me to: I carried crumbs out every day And left them at the tree, And tried to get the bird to stay And make it up with me.

She flew away last fall and that Was all I seen or heard About her till they brought ma's hat Home yesterday! That bird

With wires you couldn't see To make her look as though she'd flew.

Down from the nearest tree! ...crerrom, note men, If Godine' bird with the cravat or the one without it. And after you have settled conclusively which is Mr. Sparrow and which is Mrs. Sparrow note whether or not the gentleman of the house ever sits on the eggs when they are hatching, or helps feed the babies when they are out of the shell. There is just as plain a difference in the sexes in the butterfly family as with the sparrows, but in order to sharpen your wits we will let you find it out for yourself.

The study of natural objects is one of intense interest, and happy the boy or girl who can find more to interest him in God's works than in the frivolity of the times. It is a business that the girl can take up as well as her brother, and as success depends wholly on the powers of observation she may be able to far outdistance her brother if she can only see things when she looks at them. There is this one thing to remember in starting out, and that is very difference or detail of structure means something, and is never an idle or uscless thing, no matter how far beyond us the use or meaning of it may seem. Nothing in nature ever "just happens." There is a law that governs all things, and the discovery of that law or the laws, makes the naturalist. There is always room for additional knowledge, for no man ever lived, or will ever live knowing it all, or even the most of it. I doubt whether a million of years' study by all the naturalists of the world would ever get to the bottom facts of the butterfly's existence. We will have more to say on natural history in the future. Watch for it, and meantime use your eyes.

BELGIAN HARES.

WRERE is the boy or girl, either, who has not had the rabbit fever, and it might be added, where is there a more generally helpless and worthless anihal than the common rabbit? Recently there has been an introduction, in the rabbit line, that seems to be a little more profitable than the ordinary nny. Reference is had to the Belgian hare, a

not over exact, but they serve to give you an idea of the magnitude of the business. The finished product goes all over the world and the Company is in arrears in the matter of filling its orders. This shows conclusively the fact that the output is a reliable one. There are other places where they make watches, but the writer is satisfied with seeing the "wheels go round" at Elgin, and after going all over the leading parts of the making of a watch is willing to take your word for any story you may tell about other places. It is a sight well worth taking in, though the average visitor, equipped with no letter of introduction, would likely have a hard time in getting admission. And the chances are that he would be worse muddled and bewildered after than before his visit, if he did get in and go through the factory.

The building is arranged in the form of long halls or corridors,-you have heard of the corridors of time,-well this is the place and here they are. Adown the center and along the sides of each hall are rows of operatives before their machines. The whole business, from end to end, is done by machinery and while it is clearly certain that some of the machines think one is not sure that they talk, but they do everything else,-almost. The operatives

talk among themselves! with a him pract average boy can get the cry of the old one on watch and start the whole flock out of the cornfield without waiting for the word to be given. Hunters understand this and call turkeys, moose, and other animals within reach. No doubt but that a good deal of what the hunter says in the turkey language is very bad grammar, but it is near enough to bring the old gobbler into range. And that it is not good talk is shown by the fact that an animal called by the human voice is off the moment it sees the cheat. The writer once heard a moose called in the woods of Maine, and the moment it saw the hunters it turned and crashed through the brush as though it had gone into the kindling-wood business. At one time he had a student at one of his schools who could go out at night and bawl like a cow and start all the cows in hearing into bawling. He had the right intonation, and though others tried it none of them could bring the answers in the way he did.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

THE mocking bird is distinctively a southern habitant. It is sometimes found in the north as far as Missouri or Maryland, but then only in limited numbers. Its home is in the land of the Creole and the swinging moss of the live oaks. Its scientific name is Minus polyglottis, or, in English, the manytongued mimic, and in size and general appearance it may best be compared to a blue jay, though the colors are not so pronounced. It nests in trees and bushes, not very high up, and it does not fear man as many other birds do.

The song of the mocking bird may be said to be a repetition of all other bird songs. Many of our readers have never seen a mocker, but if they will call up a bird on a limb that will whistle and sing an exact imitation of every other bird song he will have a correct idea of what it can do and in fact, what it does do. It is, moreover, a night singer, and on any of the glorious moonlight nights of the far South one or more can be heard bursting with song. If, while one is singing, the listener breaks in with a whistled note the chances are that it will comparatively recent importation from Europe. White," on a clear night when the songster was giv- them with a club.

machine, whose servant he is, and which does one thing at a time and does more of it and better than he could do. Of course there are men of the highest skill in the requisite machinery, but they are not in great numbers. The man who knows all about a watch is not common, even at the Elgin factory.

From watch making to the pith of cornstalks seems a long cry, but about six thousand bushels of it are used annually in the polishing department. Baker's bread and sour beer also figure in the necessary mechanical operations. The rule of the place is for one person to do one thing and that in perfection. Naturally some of the operators come to be very expert at their particular part and the finished product, the Elgin watch, is a thing of worldwide repute. Most of the work is pleasant, but it struck the writer, himself of considerable rotundity, that the man who had charge of the furnaces where the figures on the face of the watch are hurned in, would need no overcoat in warm weather. It gets to register one hundred and fifty in front of the furnace and this is enough to make a man go out in the sun on an August afternoon to cool off. But for most part the people employed are not only intelligent but seein happy in their work. They take an interest in-what they are doing and many of the faces show refinement.—The sodden, washed-out

DO SNAKES SWALLOW THEIR YOUNG?

Most of the readers of The Inglenook are country boys and girls and have all the instinctive hatred for snakes, killing them every chance. But really the majority of the snakes, where our paper goes, are harmless enough, only asking to be let alone and getting out of the way as quickly as possible when surprised by man. There has been a great deal written on this subject by naturalists and some of them regard the performance as mythical throughout. It is something that is not often seen, though there may be some of our readers who have observed it.

Now do snakes really swallow their young? We answer by saying that they do not. On the other hand, they do, or seem to do so, and it is in this way. If an old snake is surprised with a lot of little ones near her, and they are of her own species, and danger appears imminent, the old one will lay her head flat on the ground, open her mouth, and the young ones will run into it and down her throat as a matter of self-protection, just as they would run into any other hole that might be available. Possibly some reader has been witness to the unusual proceeding and can tell us something definite about it.

Some of our readers interested in flowers should see the immense flower farms of the Pacific Coast, some of which are a mile in extent. The Calla fily is widely grown for the flowers which are cut and wrapped in tissue paper and thus sent east where they command good prices. They stand the journey well, coming through on express trains. Some flowers, such as sweet peas and gladioli can be cut when in the bud condition and will open out on arrival.

THE seal, from which some of our most costly furs come, are queer animals. A male over six years of age is called a "bull," while a female is called a "cow," and the little ones are "pups." The breeding places are occupied by hundreds of thousands at a time, and as they are a very timid animal the hunters herd them like cattle and kill



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE PONY MAIL.

BEFORE the days of the transcontinental railroad lines there was a pony express that carried the mails across the plains. Letters were lightly arranged in saddle bags, thrown across the back of a pony which was mounted and run to the next station where a change was made as quickly as it could be done, and off they went, man and pony, like the wind. There was no danger from anything but the Indians.

In an exchange Homer Bassford tells something of how it was done:

"We had first sounded a lot of the important business men of both the coast and Eastern cities as to its desirability. We learned that the fixed charge of five dollars a letter of one ounce weight would be welcomed as surprisingly low—that is, if we were able to keep our promise as to the delivery of a letter in something like eight days.

"The expense, at the outset, was enormous. We bought, in round numbers, six hundred hardy, healthy ponies, sure of foot and well tried. We employed all the brisk, dare-devil young men of good habits whom we could find; we built posthouses every ten miles, unless it chanced that our stage posts would serve the purpose. The ponies were stationed at these post-houses, with bedding for extra riders, food arrangements, and a keeper in charge. We paid each of our riders from \$100 to \$125 a month, and nearly all the boys were in love with the work, hard though it was. It sometimes happened that illness actually prevented a man from taking up his trip, as assigned to him, but there was never difficulty in getting the other rider to take up at least one extra leg of the long journey across the plains.

"I have been asked, sometimes, whether the express stopped on account of weather. This question used to make me smile, but it has been repeated so many times that I have concluded that our present-day folks, who know little of pioneer life, are to be excused. Why, I have seen a man jump from the back of one pony to the back of another, in zero weather, and start away like the wind, with never a thought of entering the post-house for a sniff of the fire.

"Of specific achievements I think that the most notable was the delivery of President Buchanan's last message. We were expecting it and had planned to break records by landing it in San Francisco under eight days. When the document was received by wire at St. Joe we had it put on thin paper. The best ponies and the best men were ready, for all along the line word had gone forward that we were out with the President's message. It was much under eight days when the message was all over San Francisco."

THE SETTLEMENT IN WAR.

When two nations engage in war the victor usually compels the vanquished to pay the bills or the most of them. There is no hard and fast rule in the matter. The appeal to force is simply a resort to brutality in which the stronger wins and then takes out of the weaker all he can get. Sometimes the winner is not in a position to demand anything except his independence. This was the case in the war of the Revolution. The colonists were glad to secure their freedom and could not have compelled England to have given anything more had they wished to do so. In the Civil War the South lost all and to this day has to help pay the expense of the costly game. In the war between Germany and France the latter had to pay and to

give over two provinces in addition. The war between England and the Boers will result in the Dutch losing everything in sight they hold dear. And so it goes. The whole business is one of the relics of man's bestial life before the time of the white Christ and the law of love. The world is gradually coming around to the peace idea, not because of its divine origin, but because it does not pay to fight. Matters get torn up too much in the fracas and property and family rights are too much disturbed. Nobody who has ever been through a war wants to see another.

Some people run to horses, others to dogs, and so on. Mr. Frank Gould, of New York, takes to dogs, and his kennel of St. Bernards is the most valuable in the country. His collection of animals of this breed is valued at \$36,000, and consists of not more than a dozen animals, some of them imported. Mr. Gould is the youngest son of the late Jay Gould and lives with his sister, Miss Helen M. Gould. His kennels are on her beautiful estate at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. They are arranged on the most improved plan and are in care of an experienced keeper who has several assistants. His fancy for dogs is the only pronounced fad that Mr. Gould has, although he is still young enough to develop others, and has abundant means to indulge almost any whims. He came of age less than a year ago, and shares with his three brothers and two sisters in the estate left by Jay Gould, estimated at \$70,000,00 at the time of his death, but probably worth more now. The youngest Gould is a well-liked young man. At the New York University, where he took a course, he was decidedly popular and he has made friends in the business and social world since he has left college. He has an office in Wall street, is interested in several large business enterprises but finds plenty of time for recreation. He is moderately fond of society and assists his sister in entertaining.

No boy or girl should be cruel to animals. For that matter nobody should be, but it is a fact that there are so many people who take the helplessness of animals to do them an injury. It id, perhaps, a fair presentation of the case to say that the man who is wilfully and deliberately cruel to animals is a bad man at heart. Now the facts are that nearly all children are naturally cruel. They do not seem to understand the ethics of the matter, and most of our little ones are unconsciously and naturally hard in their dealings with dumb animals. Sometimes the cat gets back at them with claws and teeth, and is usually rewarded for the lesson taught the child by being kicked out of the house. Then the child is sympathized with and petted because the cat objected to having double handsful of its fur pulled out. The time for beginning the training of a child in this respect is in earliest infancy, and after it has learned the lesson it should be encouraged to teach others the same. And in this, like in all other teaching, the most potent influence is an ever-present example. If a parent senselessly whips a horse what else is he to expect if he sees the little boy whipping the kitten immediately afterward? Be kind to the helpless and those of God's creation that can not explain in speech what they wish to know, or what they do not understand.

An observing boy with all the instincts of a naturalist asks about the truth of the story of the prairie dog, the owl and the rattlesnake holing up together. That they do often occupy the same hole is beyond doubt, but it is also a fact that the "dog," the owner of the hole, has no liking for his visitors. The little white owl finds a home ready for him and takes it up. The snake naturally seeks a hole and in he goes, and doubtless many a little dog goes the snake's way. The three-cornered arrangement is not a matter of agreement but accidental, and is doubtless the occasion of many a fight.

WE are very much pleased at the reception of the INGLENOOK all over the country. It has been the recipient of many kind words everywhere. It is the intention of the management to continually improve the paper.

Is you know a friend anywhere that you think would like to see INGLENOOK let us know and we will attend to all the rest of it.

A SHORT SERMON.—Number Three, Text: The Twenty-Third Psalm.

THE Royal Singer of Israel never uttered a cleat. er song of triumph than embodied in this most beautiful Psalm. It is full of consolation from be. gining to the end. There is one part of it that commends itself especially to the reader, to you and t_0 me. Every one of us must walk in the valley of the shadow of death, and we must walk alone. Our friends can go with us down to the very edge of the valley, but the rest of the journey we must make alone. It is then that we feel that we are not alone. We have followed our Shepherd, and in our last extremity he will not desert us. In the imagery of the Psalmist he comforts us and we fear no evil.

What a thought that is. All the world is behind us, not a friend can help us among all of our earthly acquaintances. But, glorious thought! there is one who does comfort us, and he is the friend of the ages. Surely his goodness and his mercy will not fail us in our last extremity, and after it is over, and we have triumphed over death, we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Every Christian who ever trod the valley alone has felt the sustaining hand of the Christ who himself tasted death that he might be of help to us. It is a comfort as the shades of life's evening fall around us, and it is the hope of the young and the strong that if the call shall come unexpectedly there will be one with us who knows the way to the Land of the Leal. Let all make a friend of the Guide, and even though the shadows of the valley of death compass us about, we shall forget what fear is, and dwell with Him forever. It all depends on our having followed the Shepherd in life and health.

WHAT SOME OF THEM SAY OF OUR PAPER.

I AM well pleased with its contents. - Geo. Holsan

I am well pleased with it .- Annie Landis,

You may fill a long felt want .- Wm. Flickinger. I am highly pleased with the sample copy,-Amos Wampler.

We were delighted with it.—Ned Hoffman.

I am very well pleased with THE INGLENOOK-J. L. Miller.

THE INGLENOOK is a good paper.—Chas. Hatcher.

THE following letter is selected from many that have been received at the office freighted with kind words for The Inglenook:

Washington, D. C., April 14, 1903 Dear Editor:—

You struck it this time. In my estimation it is a rich mine for both young and old and if carefully guarded will be a great power in making sentiment in the young minds. We are greatly in need of literature that will change the course of the young and produce sentiment in harmony with the Gospel THE INGLENOOK should at least find its way into every bond Fraternally, in the Brotherhood.

ALBERT HOLLINGER.

THE world is flooded with trashy literature for our youth, and the only way to meet it is to supp them with something better and equally fascinating THE INGLENOOK is doing this. If it keeps on it interest the children will chase because the parents want to be the first to read it. If you think you boy or girl doesn't take to reading good literature try the Inglenook. You'll be surprised. John L Mohler.

Ever see an automobile? There is a factor here in Elgin where they make them, and we will some day try to tell what they are like. They will be the coming method of getting around, once the are perfected.

Ur to this writing nobody has correctly guessel the man in the heading, reading the Misself Nobody at Elgin is allowed a guess. They kno too much here for that.

Never depend upon your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have not industry will supply the deficiency.

THE INGLENOOK will be sent to any address in the United States for the rest of this year for 50 cents

Methods of Proceedure in Callings for Life Work.

PLANT CULTURE.

BY A PROFESSIONAL FLORIST.

This is a business that a good many readers of the paper before me might engage in with pleasure and profit. It is, however, not applicable to the resident of a city or a large town, but for a country boy or girl the field presents a wide one that is not likely to be overdone for a long time to come. There is always more or less of a demand for plants, and there always will be. Most of them are raised on a large scale by professionals, but it is a business that a boy or girl, an invalid, or a person of either sex, may start in with a very fair degree of success awaiting intelligent action.

To one who lives in the country I would suggest that certain hardy plants be grown, and that there be no large amount of mixing of stock, that is that only one or two plants be grown. I would advise the country person with plenty of land at his disposal to take roses and make a specialty of them. There is always a demand for roses and they are not difficult to grow. The first thing to do is to read up on the subject of their culture, and after that to prepare a suitable place for them and to get the plants and set them out.

The young rose plants can be had of a regular rose grower very cheap, and not a very large assortment should be selected, not more than half a dozen varieties, and these should all be of the hardy, outside varieties. A hundred will do for a small start, and they should be the standard varieties, the best red, the best yellow, and so on. No effort should be made to include the new and untried kinds.

When they are received they should be so set out in rows that they can be cultivated by horse power. If the ground is properly prepared to start with they will likely all grow and thrive well. They should not be fussed over, or coddled, but treated as you would treat a row of field cabbages. The yourself with the natural them out is to familiarize they are legion, and get after them with the proper insecticides. They are readily kept clean by intelligent and prompt action.

The next in order is to get plates of your roses, and these may be had of firms engaged in the business, and will cost less than ten cents apiece. With these in a suitable cover, the plants in good form, and growing well you are ready to start out canvassing. The people most likely to buy you will readily find out, and the fact that you know what you have, and can guarantee that they will get what they order, will be sure to win out with the people. They will want every other rose on earth but what you have, and this class of people can be accommodated by a reference to the retail catalogue of a grower with whom you have a wholesale relation and the

and thus you may add to your returns considerably. After awhile your plants will begin to bloom, and then the roses should be cut in profusion and be put on exhibition in stores, and public places together with a neat card, setting forth briefly that you have these plants for sale, and that they cost less than catalogue prices. As a rule no effort should be made to sell the flowers, though there will be calls for them, when they can be sold if desired.

The art of propagation should be understood, and it is very easy to learn, and then there can be two sizes offered. One just started can be sold for ten cents, a larger one for twenty-five, while a large, full-grown plant, commands anywhere from fifty cents to anything you can get for it. It is a business that grows with time, and success depends on the activity of the canvass and the fluency of the seller more than on anything else but good plants. The selling is the really hard part of the work, but after the business is once established it becomes easier and easier.

The larger the near-by towns the better the chance of success though small places will afford more custom than one would imagine. No person should take up the business without a liking for flowers, and the ability to care for them. Anybody with the gift of making things grow, which after all is simply common sense, and the ability to get around and sell on orders what is cultivated or

grown, will be sure to lay the foundation for a successful business in which the profits are large and the risks small.

THE ASIA MINOR OF NEW YORK.

Lower Broadway and its side streets in the vicinity of Trinity church is one of the busiest and most prosaic parts of the city. But, as though to relieve the restless, work-a-day monotony of the neighborhood, there nestles in its very bosom a spot quaintly picturesque. Wedged in between the busy wharves of the North river, the warehouses of the cross streets and the towering office buildings of Broadway is the Asia Minor of New York. The language here is Arabic, the complexions varied shades of olive and crimson, and the deep, black eyes, aglow with lustre, to be found neither in the Ghetto nor on Mulberry Street.

The denizens of this colony are of the Semitic race, but they are all Christians. In Syria and in Egypt there are plenty of people of the same race who profess Islam, but, as the Government of these countries upholds this faith, these find it comfortable to stay at home. The men of the colony work in the various factories or sell cheap statuary, while the women peddle Oriental goods. They are quick to pick up English, and, while most of the women retain their kerchiefs and some of the finery which they bring with them, they are not slow to adopt many of the customs of their new home.

"I wear my kerchief because it is good for business," said one swarthy matron, as she came out of a grocery store with a huge plate of a peculiar kind of macaroni in her hands. "If I dressed like an American lady nobody would notice me." Her English was bad, but it was intelligible, and yet she had been only a year in the country.

The cafes and the dwellings of the quarter are Oriental, however, so far as their interiors are concerned, and the largest store in the quarter is crowded with articles which in any other part of the city would attract a crowd of curiosity seekers. The most conspicuous objects in the window of this store are various specimens of waterpipes and samovars. The latter, although of Russian origin who use them far more extensively than do the immigrants from Russia.

The cafes are decorated with portraits of the Russian Czar, the Khedive of Egypt, and some of the heroes of the late American war with Spain. The favorite drink of the frequenters of these cafes is arag, which is prepared from the juice of decayed grapes. It resembles in taste absinthe, but it is said to be much less injurious to the health. The women do not visit the cafes, but at home some of them drink an occasional glass of arag and water.

NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION.

The pictorial illustrature of to-day is a new art, Particularly may this be said of that branch of it which is devoted to picturing current events, with which we have become so familiar in newspapers and magazines that we hardly remember that only a few years ago we had it not. The phenomenal development of this art is one of the wonders which by their number are made commonplace in the last year of the century.

But while the picturing of the day's doings is a new growth, illustration in its widest scope has in the last few years expanded immeasurably in popular favor and appreciation. For good pictures the supply is, notwithstanding the constantly increasing production, far behind the demand. The remarkable showing in circulation made by many of the newer periodicals in which the pictures are confessedly the meat and the letters the sauce, testifies eloquently to the favor of the popular mind. Quite germane to this is the statement, which needs no elaboration, that of the 23,000 periodicals published in this country 1,600 magazines and 11,000 newspapers print pictures.

The love of pictures is as universal as their language. They speak in native terms to the simple and the wise and they address the mind directly without prejudice, intrusting to it a just interpretation of the facts. Their brevity is voluminous. As records of events or as symbols of facts their expression far transcends the power of words.

That phase of illustration with which the average fri person—that is, the newspaper reader—is most fait.

miliar, while it cannot, because of its limitations, be of the highest grade, is by no means the least interesting in its nature. The record which a newspaper artist may make is not fame, but the work and the wages are both substantial, and many Abbeys, Reinharts, Frosts, Smedleys and Gibsons have come and are coming from that school. It is in the newspaper office that the acme of picture production and reproduction is reached. The metropolitan newspapers make and print hundreds and thousands of pictures in a week and the first sketch of a picture an hour and a half before the edition is on the street is a mere incident of newspaper illustration.

Every metropolitan newspaper has a staff of artists ranging in number from five to twenty-five and upon occasion fifty. These are what are known as all-around artists, but they are few and not especially sought for. Each one is found to have a particular inclination and his classification and development into a specialist quickly follow. The man who would make the most spirited picture of a fire would hardly make a flattering portrait of the bride of the day and the marine artist would probably become seasick if assigned to a horse-race.

To make practicable the use of what is known as the half-tone process in newspapers is the latest endeavor. This would make possible the reproduction of photographs without redrawing by the artist. The difficulty in the way is that the texture of the half-tone being fine and not cut deeply is quickly filled with ink, the result often being an inchoate blur instead of a picture. The demand is for a new kind of engraving or an improvement in newspaper printing. Some newspapers more ambitious to lead than to succeed in this endeavor are using the half-tones with varying success or failure, but there is no indication as yet that the artist will be retired by the camera.

THE DUM'DUM BULLET.

This murderous and very destructive bullet received considerable attention, the greater part rather unfavorable, at the last session of the Peace Congress assembled at The Hague, and it is probable that it will disappear from the European cartridge box. The last campaign at which it was used was in the attacks of the British troops in the Indian mountains. The bullet is made of lead encased in a jacket of nickel. The anterior end is blunt, so that, instead of piercing, it crashes through and its blow is so fixed that it becomes expanded and enlarges the diameter of the wound of entrance making a large irregular opening.

Its physical effects are terrible beyond description, as it ploughs through the tissues with the havor of a cyclone in a village or forest, destroying everything in its path and sending splinters from a wooden plug in its base into various parts of the body near the wound, thus making other wounds hard to locate.

A DEGREE of longitude at the equator is exactly sixty nantical miles, and a minute, therefore, exactly one nautical mile, commonly called a "knot." Distances at sea are always measured in knots, or nautical miles. A knot, as stated, is near enough to one and one-seventh miles to call it so for the purposes of rough and ready comparison. A torpedo-boat having a speed of thirty-five knots an hour would, therefore, keep abreast of an express train making forty miles an hour.

Two Indians were dining in England for the first time, when one of them took a spoonful of mustard, which brought the tears to his eyes. The other said, "Brother, why weepest thou?" and he replied, "I weep for my father who was slain in battle," and he passed the mustard. The other then took a spoonful, and he had a tear trickling down his cheek. Said the first Indian, "Why weepest thou?' and he replied, "I weep because thou wast not slain with thy father."

A GOOD many boys and girls will be delighted and entertained each week, from this on to the end of the year, by receiving The Instender. Some kind friend has subscribed for them, and there is a weekly reminder of the highest class brightening their lives. One of the happiest things a person may do is to have this paper sent to some absent friend for the rest of the year. Fifty cents will do it.

Good Reading

AN UNDECIDED YOUNG LADY.

It sometimes happens that people who mean well do things that have every element of humor in them, and the parties to it see nothing funny in it. The following story is an excellent one in its way and the moral is never to attempt an elopement, and to regard a dog and instantaneous photography with a good deal of doubt as an accessory to matrimony. The story is by Hayden Curruth, in the Saturday Evening Post:

Coming from Boston to New York the other night I met an entertaining chap in the sleeping car. He told several stories—and how seldom you meet a man nowadays who ever tells a story, especially on a train coming out of Boston! But this man I am convinced was not a Boston man—in fact he said he lived in Denver. There was some talk about the alleged vacillating policy of a well-known officer of the National Government when this Denver man said:

"This thing of not knowing your own mind always makes trouble. The worst person 1 ever knew for it was a girl where I used to live, named Alice Merrington. She never knew her own mind. Didn't pretend to. Why, she couldn't even make up her mind how she wanted her new clothes, and was usually six months behind the fashions, just wearing her old clothes, and changing her mind about how it would be best to have her new ones made.

"Well, Alice was a pretty good-looking girl, and you couldn't help liking her, so she had plenty of attention from the young men. Two of them, one named Thornton and the other Ross, got particularly smitten, and pretty soon they both proposed.

"Alice studied over the thing for a long while, but she couldn't come to no decision, so the only way she could see out of it was to promise 'em both. So she done it, but it didn't do much good, 'cause they were wideawake fellows. They both kept coaxing her to name the happy day, and she soon saw that she had got to do something. She simply couldn't make up her mind which she wanted, so there was nothing for it but to give 'em both the same day, and trust to luck for something to turn up to make her decide. As her folks opposed them both, an elopement was the thing in either case, so she told each of them to come at one o'clock Thursday morning. She reckoned like this, that one of them would be certain to arrive before the other, and with him she'd go; and of course the other couldn't blame her, since delays are dangerous, as everybody knows.

"Well, Wednesday evening the girl went to bed at eight o'clock, knowing what an early start she'd got to make the next morning. To make sure, she set the alarm of her clock at half-past twelve. Alarm went off at the right time and she got up and dressed. All ready ten minutes to one, so she turned down the light and waited. She had told Thornton to come to the west winder and Ross to the north-just happened to give 'em different winders. As she sot and thought it over she was glad that she'd done it, 'cause it would be better if the second should happen to come before the first had got away-less embarrassment all around. Awful well-meaning girl-no desire to hurt anybody's feelings. So she just sot and waited, naturally her young heart in considerable of a flutter, not knowing but the dog might bark and wake up her father, and also being so uncertain as to which of the young men of her choice she was going to spend the long years ahead of her with, for better or for

"Well, you never seen what luck that girl had. Just as the clock hand p'inted to one she heard a slight rustle outside. The next second she seen the top of a ladder appear at the north winder, and as she turned her eyes to the west winder there was another just looming up above the sill. Something had got to be done, or they'd both be scrambling in; so she just stepped quickly to the north winder and said to Ross in a loud whisper, 'Take the ladder 'round to the west winder, dear,' and then to the other and says to Thornton, 'Take your ladder 'round to the north winder, dear,' and then she just waited and tried to ascertain her true feelings.

"And while she stood there, torn by conflicting emotions, them two strong men started with their ladders carried straight up, and at the corner they

just naturally blundered into each other in the dark, and one ladder slammed ag'in' the house and the other smashed into a cherry tree, and the men, being some surprised, happened both to say something and recognized each other's voice, and, already not being at all friendly, went to fighting most tremendous.

"And in the thickest of the hullabaloo, them two young men fighting scandalous, and nothing quieter 'cept the dog, which was now busy biting, there was a bright flare of light overhead, and the policeman seen that the girl had set off a flash-light and took a snapshot at the difficulty below, she being a great hand at amateur photography, as I ought to of said before, but I forgot it. So the policeman just arrested 'em both, and hollered to the girl and asked her if she knowed what it was all about, and she, not wanting to be mixed up with any such disgraceful proceedings, said she didn't, but she s'posed they was fighting just because they was horrid men, who always delight to bark and bite and make beasts of themselves. Then she went back to bed and the officer towed 'em to the calaboose, and the next morning the judge read 'em-a lecture.

"As for the girl, she developed the negative and put the pictures on the local market, where they sold like hot cakes, and brought in a tidy sum; and a month after she married a likely fellow, a sort of a second cousin, with the approval of her folks, and a good wife she made, too, so everybody said, though she never did show much decision, so I heard; but, what difference does that make—I know women who show too everlasting much decision."

ABSALOM BANKS' LESSON.

THERE were very few opportunities for mental excitement in Blankville, and when a troupe of strolling players in the town hall gave the rustic audience "Miss Jerry," Absalom Banks was there taking it all in. Now "Abs," as he was called by all who knew him, was not a bad specimen of a nineteen-year-old boy, stout of limb and tow-headed, with as much knowledge of the world as can be acquired from the weekly county paper and a few cheap novels. Miss Geraldine, the Jerry of the play, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen and she not only came up to his preconceived ideas of what a woman should be like, but she passed it a long ways. So, as he sat out the performance, open-mouthed and scarcely moving in his seat, it all came about, as it has done many a time before, and there is no use whatever in going into details or even giving it a name.

He followed the troupe to the next stand and he was on the front seat again. She noticed him, or he thought she did, which amounts to the same thing precisely. The next day he sold the only thing he called his own, a pony, and bidding the folks good-bye for a season, followed after. He was present at every performance and she smiled on him and kept him hanging on for a week. He had never seen her in daytime, and didn't even know her name beyond Geraldine.

At the end of a week she arranged for an interview. She knew he had some money and he was clearly in the toils. As with all such women several other ladies and a gentleman were in the secret and when the appointment was made at her rooms at the hotel they were there with her.

Absalom had noted that the note making the appointment was a scratchy affair, but he laid it to the hotel pen and public stationery. In her own home boudoir, visions of scented paper, silver ink bottles and the like were a common feature in the picture. He was in doubt about only one thing. Did the note mean ten o'clock or eleven o'clock? Naturally he discriminated in favor of the earlier hour and at the hotel he was told that he would find the lady in No. 6, the landlord watching at the foot of the stairs till he was sure his visitor arrived at the right door.

Absalom's heart was in a flutter when he timidly knocked and a hearty masculine voice from within bade him enter. Opening the door what he saw was this. A room full of smoke, three women and one man, an unmade bed, dirty floor, a table on which stood three opened bottles of beer and three full ones, and stubs of cigarettes on the table cover. There was no doubt about it all and there was none whatever about Miss Geraldine. She hadn't excountry.

pected him for an hour yet, but he was welcome He sat on the edge of a chair while the other occus pants sized him up silently, with an oceasional look one at the other. Miss Jerry's fingers bore the un. mistakable yellow of the cigarette. Her yellow gold hair of the stage was a good deal shorter and thinner and looked more like a bunch of tow in the garret at home, than it resembled the burnished gold back of the footlights. One shoe was untied and there was a button off her dress. There were other things present and absent, and the conversation was mainly one-sided, consisting of questions on Miss Geraldine's part and replies on his side, Presently one of the women lit a cigarette and the man filled the glasses with beer, pushing one to Absalom.

Now Absalom was not a fool, at least not more than most young men at some time of life, and he suddenly remembered a pressing engagement Geraldine followed him to the head of the stairs and laying one hand on his shoulder asked him to be sure and come to the show again that night, He said something unintelligible and left. The next morning he was back home cutting the day's supply of wood and in the afternoon he went over to the purchaser of the pony and bought him back for ten dollars in money and three months work, It doesn't seem to come out dramatically, but it ends just right and what Absalom learned was cheaply bought indeed. He is more interested in farming these days than in the town hall shows and he knows more than he looks or tells.

THE AMERICAN FLAG HOUSE AND BETSY ROSS.

BY ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

THE Betsy Ross Memorial Association have established by records that date from May, 1776, the accuracy of the statement that Betsy Ross lived at 239 Arch St., Philadelphia.

We visited the unpretentious two-story house recently. Its small rooms, oak floors, and large brick chimneys all date back to Colonial days. As you enter the first room there is little of interest to the next room where Betsy Ross made the first flag. After it was completed, she showed it to George Washington, Hon. George Ross, and Robert Morris who came to inspect the new flag, and in this humble little room, they decided that the stars and stripes should be the emblem of this nation's freedom. The flag was adopted by Congress, June 14, 1776, and the Association expects to buy the house by the next anniversary, June 14, 1900.

One of her descendants gave us a brief history of her life. She was married to John Ross at the age of twenty, he died from wounds received in the war. After his death she married Captain Ashbourne who was in the American navy at that time, and he was killed in a foreign land; when thirty-one years of age she married her third husband, John Claiborne. The flag-making was continued in the family for several generations. But during the Mexican war, the one of the family who was carrying on the business, decided that war was wrong in the sight of God. She concluded that the Mexican war was one of oppression; this so wrought upon her conscience that she decided to give up the business, and so the making of flags was transferred to another house.

The story of the creation of the flag, by George Canby, Esq., grandson of Betsy Ross, will soon be published. They will also erect a suitable monument over the grave of Betsy Ross, in Mt. Moriah cemetery, Philadelphia. A part of the flag from the Olympia and a letter from George W. Dewey are enclosed in a frame and will always remain one of the relics of the Old Flag House.

Covington, Ohio.

The culture of the tea plant in the United States has passed the experimental stage and it is now a certainty that the material for the cup that cheek but does not inebriate can be produced in this country as well as in foreign lands. The quality of the tea is said to be equal to the best imported. Certain portions of the south, such as North Carolina and States nearer the Gulf, are especially adapted to tea growing. Only cheap labor in other countries will prevent the industry succeeding in this country.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS.-W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS.-W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-lontaine, Ohio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., lontaine, Ohio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., Vice-President; Mrs. Lizzie D, Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Vice-President; Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Tressurer. Treasurer. Address all Circle, Covington, Ohio.

CIRCLE NOTES.

REV. JOHN HUNT, who spent the best years of his life in preaching the Gospel to the heathen, counted it all joy that he could do such service for God. When dying, he said, "Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji: my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji." Angels must have lingered around his dying bed. He had lived for Fiji and his every thought and desite and plan and effort had long gone in this direction-the conversion of Fiji. For some weeks he had been laid by from his work, his voice hushed and his hand powerless. Yet he had never ceased to pray for the people, now his prayers were to cease. Never till then did he feel how Fiji had become identified with his very life. And in his utter feebleness the spirit within him strove and struggled with its greaf burden. Those who stood by feared to see the weak frame so tossed about and tried to sooth him. Yielding to their entreaties he became calmer, but still he wept. Then he took Mr. Calvert's hand and cried aloud, "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji, thou knowest my soul has travailed in pain for Fijil" And after a fervent prayer he became quiet and peaceful, his face was like the face of an angel when he died. L. D. R.

OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE.

BY ALICE M. C. BLOUGH.

Each of us ought to do more mission work. Our orders are go-go into all the world, go and preach the Gospel to every nation and to every creature. Some one says, "I cannot be a missionary to some foreign country." There is plenty for a willing worker to do outside the heathen countries. Think how much there is to be done in the Sunday school; there we should be zealous workers, always in our ought to have more workers in our foreign field, why is it we do not have more? Is it because of a lack of efficient workers, or means? It should not be either. When we think of what a glorious country we live in, and how God has blessed us, we should be willing to spend and be spent in carrying the Gospel to the poor benighted heathen. There are many in the Brotherhood who could support a missionary in the field. There is no better way to use the means God has given us, and by so doing we would be laying up treasures in heaven.

That our Missionary Reading Circle is of great importance, and will be the means of doing great good in the church, admits of no doubt. We believe it will help to advance the mission work which needs to be pushed to the uttermost. What we read largely shapes our lives. A man or woman who does not study the Bible, or good religious literature seldom, if ever, becomes a worker in the church. By studying the Bible, reading good books, lives of missionaries and others, we are inspired with more zeal to work for the uplifting of manity and bringing them into a closer relationship with God.

Through the Missionary Reading Circle we become acquainted with mission work and workers. Through it we are made to more fully realize the magnitude of the work to be done, and how many souls know not Christ. If we expect the church to do much mission work in the future, great efforts must be made to train the young in that line now. Train them to hold dear, yes sacred, the principles and doctrines of the church. Train them to be willing to sacrifice for the cause of Christ. Was not Christ forgetful of himself and thought only of the good of others? Think of what Christ did for us. Self-indulgence creates a forgetfulness of others. The Catholic saying is, "Give me a child the first seven years of his life and he will be a Catholic ever Why cannot our people train their children so they could say the same? Our doctrine is certainly good and right, and yet so many bright Young men and women are lost to the church. Who is to blame for it? Manassas, Va.

📥 Sunday 🖺 School 📥

JESUS WARNING AND INVITING .- Matt. 11: 20-30.

(Lesson for May 6, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT .- Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest .-- Matt. 11: 28.

THE time of this passage of our Lord's address is fixed in the midsummer of the year 28, at Capernaum, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. The occasion was the obduracy of the hearts of the people in the towns of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum. These places were near together, and had been witnesses of the works of our Lord and Master yet had not repented or turned from their evil ways. Hence the condemnation of these places and their inhabitants.

It would seem to us at this day that they who lived in the time of Christ, and who had opportunity of witnessing his wonderful works, would be the first to turn from their evil ways and follow him. It appears, however, that the human heart is alike in all ages of the world. Men change their skies, and dress differently, using other tongues, but at heart they remain the same. It is evident that the devil of doubt and indifference was abroad in the land then as now, and that even in the presence of the wonderful works of the Lord they remained obdurate and unchanged. There is not much that is strange in all this. Eighteen hundred years and over have passed away since that time, and wonders have been wrought in the lives and hearts of men ever since, and yet here are those who remain in sin as though there had never been a better way or an exemplification of it continually before them in the lives of those who have put on Christ.

There is an explanation of this in the twenty-fifth verse, in which Jesus says that the wise in their own conceit pass these things by while the babes, that is the innocent at heart, receive them. It seems to the writer that it is the case that the less learned are more apt to be the possessors of the gift of an unquestioning faith than the learned in this world's lore. It is a fact, that there is more abiding truthfulness in the hearts of children than in those of the wise. There is a wisdom that comes not from when we saw him coming," said grandmother, books or earthly learning, and this is evident in the lives of many of our acquaintances.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

Those who are wise in their own conceit rarely become the possessor of the priceless jewel of the simplicity of belief in the superior wisdom of God. The king on his throne is less likely to be an humbler follower of the Judean peasant than the man who lives on the shore of the sedgy lake and who sees God in the winds and hears him in the storm. And this the Lord said, seemed good in the sight of the Father. Amen and amen.

And then Christ calls on all who are weary to come to him and he will give them rest and peace, for what he requires is easy of doing if we have only the faith in us to accept him and his commands without question. That is the secret of acceptance with God,-our acceptance of him and his promises.

We are told that his yoke is easy and his burden is light. This was spoken to a people upon whom the burden of their religion had grown oncrous in its many external requirements. There was an endless round of observances that had grown up with the centuries of Jewish faith and practice, till they had become a yoke on the neck of the people, and a burden on their backs. The religion that Christ offered in its place was a heart religion more than an external one, and it was easier borne and brought peace to its followers.

It is the same to-day as it was then. The world is deceitful, and every young reader will find it out sooner or later. There may be a glamour about the wiles of the Evil One, but sooner or later he will desert his followers. When it comes to walking through the Valley of the Shadow there is but one Sustaining Hand, and that is His whole palm was pierced for us that it might be more helpful to us in our last extremity.

How many boys and girls who read this paper are ashamed of their parents? If you tell me that I will tell you how many ill-composed youth there are in the church.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE SHEEP, CAT AND HEN.

A NURSERY SONG.

As I walked over the hill one day, I listened and heard a mother-sheep say: " In all the green world there is nothing so sweet As my little lammie with his nimble feet;

With eyes so bright, And wool so white; Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight." And the mother-sheep and her little one Side by side lay down in the sun, And they went to sleep on the hillside warm, While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see, But the old gray cat with her kittens three? I heard her whispering soft; said she: " My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled, Are the prettiest things that can be in the world The bird on the tree,

And the old ewe-she May love her habies exceedingly; But I love my kittens there, Under the rocking-chair, I love my kittens with all my might; I love them at morning, noon and night; Now I'll take up my kitties I love, And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove." Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm, While my darling lies here on my arm,

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen Go clucking about with her chickens ten. She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled away, And what do you think I heard the hen say? I heard her say: "The sun never did shine On anything like to these chickens of mine! You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please, But you never will find ten such chickens as these. My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little things. Come nestle now cosily under my wings."

So the hen said, And the chickens all sped As fast as they could to their nice feather bed. And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm, While my little chick lies here on my arm.

THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

laughing as she thought of it even though it happened when she was a little girl in the far-away land of Germany. "I can't remember why we were afraid of the charcoal burner, unless it was because he was so black, and his clothes were so dirty with queer little holes burned in them. Even his hat was full of holes from the flying sparks.

" One time I visited my uncle, who was a forester and lived in the deep pine woods of the Black Forest. It was a great treat when he would take me with him as he walked through the shady woods, marking, with his long-handled hatchet, a tree here and there for the wood-choppers, the tall straight ones for lumber for the next farmer's new barn, and some crooked, knotted trees for the charcoal burn-

"I will never forget the surprise I had one day on one of these walks. As we came into a little clearing we saw a family of charcoal burners at their work. They had already piled the wood into the steeple shaped heap, started the fire in the middle of it, where it was roaring like in a great chimney, Then the black man and his two boys began shoveling earth to cover the outside of this burning pile. The sparks were flying and the flames bursting out here and there, and the black man was shouting to his boys to hurry. They worked faster than ever.

This was not help enough, so they called to the woman and little girl who were eooking the dinner in the rough log hut near by, and they hurried to help as well as they could. The burning pile must all be covered with earth, so that the wood, instead of burning to white ashes, would turn into the charred coal that I had always seen the blacksmith use. Uncle told me that it took a whole week to turn the great pile of wood into good charcoal, and that even if the charcoal burner is black and sooty his work has to be done well and with just as much care as other kinds of work that are cleaner.

"I often thought about the little girl with the black eyes shining through her dirty face, and never was afraid of the charcoal burner again after I had seen him at his work, with his wife and children helping him, in the far-away Black Forest."

WHERE IT DOESN'T RAIN.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER,

THERE are large tracts of land in most of the Rocky Mountain States, where the rainfall is insufficient to raise crops naturally adapted to the latitude, and water is furnished upon these lands by

In order to irrigate land it is necessary to have a supply of water at a higher elevation than is the land to be irrigated. This supply may be secured in various ways, such as damming up a creek or river, to water the land below the dam, or raising the water from strong wells by means of power pumps, into reservoirs raised above the surface to be watered, or sometimes a small stream may be made to change its course so that, with a temporary dam, the water is run across the field for all necessary purposes. When once the supply of water is secured and the land ready all that remains to be done is to let out the water upon the prepared soil or growing crops as needed. This is done in no hap-hazard manner for it requires careful planning and the use of good judgment to grow vegetation under irrigation, and upon desert land this must be repeated semi-monthly. If the ground is not naturally level it must be made so with plow and scraper and drag, with a gentle fall in one direction sufficient to induce the water to slowly creep across the surface, saturating the soil as it goes.

Now, supposing you have a ten acre field, all made as level as possible, with a gradual fall to the southwest of about two feet in the entire distance across. As it is impossible to spread the water over the entire tract from one point the land must be divided so that a portion is watered at a time. This is accomplished by plowing so that a ridge is thrown up extending across the field, from north to south, every fifty feet. That is, when the ridges are completed the ten acre tract will be laid off in about fourteen "lands," running north and south, each "land" about fifty feet wide, and separated the one from the other, by a raise the size of an ordinary sweet potato ridge. Now then, a ditch with raised banks is made along the north side of the ten acres, to run the water in, and this ditch should be large enough to carry a stream about the thickness and width of a common flour barrel. Ordinarily this ditch will be about two-thirds full of water, and as it flows along the farmer must work to get the water out of the ditch upon the land. This is accomplished by damming the water so that it raises to the top of the ditch and then an opening is made in its raised edge at the east side of one of the "lands," through which the water pours in a constant stream, and owing to the incline of the surface to the southwest, it gradually spreads over the entire land lying between the two ridges, and as it flows is absorbed by the porous soil until well saturated. Then another "land" has the water turned upon it and is likewise irrigated. If the stream is large in the main ditch along the north of the tract, several lands may be watered at once. The damming of the water in the main ditch and turning off upon the "lands" is best done by having boxes fitted for the water to run through, arranged with gates which, when closed, check the flow of water, and turn it where wanted.

In localities where constant irrigation is necessary, the water is usually furnished in a large stream from a river or reservoir, and is gradually distributed over hundreds and thousands of acres by laterals, or smaller ditches leading out from the main canal. The writer has in mind one irrigating canal that carries a stream from the river about sixty feet wide and ten feet deep, and as the canal goes out over the land its burden of water is led off in various directions by canals and ditches which become smaller and smaller and more numerous the farther out they reach, until the large canal ends in a multitude of barrel-size streams such as would run along the ten acre tract described above, and finally the surplus water, if any, is led away by waste ditches to join the river again farther down its course. Large irrigation canals are usually controlled by companies. The farmer makes his own ditches on his farm, the obligations of the company ceasing when once the water is led to the farm. The cost of water varies with the case of obtaining the supply, and is estimated variously by different companies. Some charge so much per quantity used while others charge so much per acre per

year. As a rule the total cost to the farmer will range from one to two dollars per acre per year, any way it is taken. Considering the certainty and yield of crops under irrigation this cost is not heavy, as wheat and barley may be expected to yield from twenty to forty bushels per acre, and alfalfa about five tons.

While there are agreeable features about having the water at hand for vegetation regularly and surely, there are also unpleasant features, and one of these is that the farmer is obliged to receive his water at regular intervals, whether it suits his plans or

Another feature of farming under a large canal that is the cause of much unpleasantness is the inevitable presence of the water stealer. Strange as it may seem, people who are above the ordinary forms of crime and dishonesty become willful water thieves when living along a canal ditch. This is done by watching the flow of water as it glides along his fields to his neighbor situated farther on, and raising his own gate so that a part of the stream enters his own premises, when, according to the schedule adopted, his neighbor should have all of the flow at that period. Of course the steal is made so slight he hopes the man he is robbing will not miss what he takes, and often the theft is not detected. But in case the thief is greedy in his steal, or there are several at it, the suspicious of the rightful owner are aroused, and an investigation is made along the canal with the result that the guilty party is found out,

Then there are decidedly agreeable features in a locality where the moisture is furnished by irrigation. In the first place the climate is usually healthful because very dry. Then farming and gardening and orcharding are done in the most thorough manner, in small tracts, thus making a closely settled community, which, at a bird's-eye view, has the appearance of a village of rich, carefully tilled gardens and farms and orchards; and when the roadways, ribboned on either side by the fingers of a canal, are overarched by great branching treetops, as is not usual in countries less than a score of years of settlement, there is a charm about the scenery that cannot be reproduced in a lifetime, upon the prairies fed by the rais from home, Warrensburg, Mo.

Who goes about changing the water in all the ponds? What is it keeps the water sweet in some of them through the whole year? Examine a wholesome pond and you will find that in it are both animals and plants. They dwell together in harmony, each living for itself alone it is true, but each absolutely dependent on the other for its life. Many of the animals are vegetarians and find their food close at hand as soon as they come forth to feed. But even the carnivorous, the cannibals, are dependent chiefly on the plants for their air supply. Then, too, the bodies of the animals give off carbonic acid gas which, if not taken up by the plants, would soon render animal life impossible in the poison-laden water. So the plants and animals in the water are interdependent.

THE most important thing in life is to build a perfect character, with virtue for its foundation and truth for its corner-stone, supported by the pillars of labor, honesty and sincerity; with walls of kindness and charity and towers of strength, purpose and ambition and a capstone of piety. The whole bound together with love, fortified with temperance and dedicated to Jehovah.

THERE is no fault or folly of my life which does not rise up against me, and take away my joy and shorten my power of possession, of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightcousness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision.—Ruskin.

be allowed to warble, or even live.

The wife of President Hayes November and years ago, and it has been observed as cred precedent. When Mrs. Cleveland first went to the White House to live after her marriage, she had a pet canary. But the rule against birds was explained to her, and she gave the bird away.

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOOK reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people The Inglenook reaches for and well-to-do. It affords an unequaled means and pearly all well-to-do. Advertisement. niainly agricultural, and nearly an wear-to-us. Advertisements that are apof reaching a cash purchasing constitueing. The themselves that are approved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 to proved by the management will be stoom whatever for continued insertion inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued insertion.

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it is a youth's paper that will be read by older people Every issue of the contain specially process. contain specially prepared articles on topics of absorbing followers best talent of the church will be represented in its columns, the rightest writers in the world will be found in it from time to time.

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Brethren Publishing House,

(For Inglenook.)

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., APRIL 28, 1900.

No. 17.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

HERE's to the one who loves to do The little things of life, Who lets no large ambition woo Him into worldly strife; A kindly man content to work At any useful task, Who has no duties he would shirk, No favors he would ask.

Here's to the man, where'er he be! And O, Thou gentle One, Remember, in Thy ministry, The good that he has done,-The happy words, the helpful deeds, So tender and so true! For those who have no selfish needs, Alas, are all too few.

Ah, he who takes a humble part, In trade, in church, in state, And lets no envy fill his heart With hatred for the great, Can watch the wheel of fortune roll Its luckless favors out, Conscious that he has won his soul Who conquers care and doubt.

This health to him!—who learns to feel That little things in life Make up the best of human weal,-The worst of human strife; Who hides his anger in a smile, His worry in good cheer, And lives without a trace of guile, And dies without a fear!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CUBA.

PEOPLE read much these days about Cuba and Havana, and Inglenook readers hear of this place and country as a far-off part of the world, rather remote and unusual. Now the facts are that it is very near the United States, and there are many Americans there. It may even be that some of our readers with wandering spirit may have in contemplation a trip to Havana. This is all right as far as a visit is concerned, but it is not recommended as a place to live, unless one is willing to give up much that is distinctively American.

The language of the country, Spanish, is not difficult to learn, and in the larger cities it is not necessary to know a word of it to get along, as there are people who understand English, or at least nough of them to make easy the lingual path of the tourist. Back in the interior it is necessary to know Spanish, as that is the language spoken by the natives. The person who makes a flying trip to the leading cities is usually very glad to get back home. The natives are poor compared with our own, and Prices are high. The food is not the most inviting in the world and its method of preparation is decidedly un-American.

The cities are all pretty much alike. The older portions, where most of the interest lies, have narfow streets, and are not inviting by any means. viewed from the American's angle of observation. The sanitary conditions, where the United States has not taken a hand, are horrible and invite disease right and left. The Spanish occupants, or at least the majority of the people, do not let such litthe matters as sanitation and cleanliness trouble them. In Santiago the custom was to throw all refuse out into the street and let it be there till the minutes. the rains washed it away. The condition may be

No American of ordinary means should think of

next to nothing on the native plan, but the things an American wants to eat and wear are high in price and poor in quality. If there is no well paid position in sight before the start is made no reader should think of going. There is practically no work to be had and in the manual labor line wages are very low.

If, however, the visitor has considerable means he can make himself very comfortable on the Island. He can arrange his life to keep away from the squalor and evil surroundings of the natives, and then with the climate and the possibilities the place may be made an ideal one. If he is an early riser, and it is well that he should be, the first thing is coffee, hot, black and strong. It is regarded by the natives as a preventive of disease and however strange such and other customs may seem to us, where they are universally accepted there can be no doubt of there being a good reason for the usages and it is better for the newcomer to drop into them. The cooking will be Spanish, and it will take a long time for the American to become accustomed to it, Over in Mexico the Spanish and Mexican people use a great deal of chile in cooking, that is, red peppers, and they do not make food as hot as might be imagined but are a decidedly desirable addition. In Cuba, for some reason, the pepper is neglected, and much of the cooked food tastes as though all done in the same pan.

Most of the business of a Spanish speaking country is done in the fore part of the day. At midday and in the early part of the afternoon, while the stores, etc., are not shut up, there is a very restful feeling prevalent and it is not a good time to do business. Nobody is in a hurry in a tropical country and everybody takes his time to it. This condition is exasperating at first and as a rule is finally adopted by the newcomer, and the laziest mortals the writer ever saw were of the class that had adopted not only the country but its ways. The rule in the tropics is never to do to-day what may by any means be put off until to-morrow.

It is pretty hot along the coast in day time, cooler in the interior, pleasant in the mountains and at all times and places the nights are cool and quiet. The people,—well, the people are Spanish with Spanish ways, and you may come to like them after a fashion, perhaps as much as they will like you, As a rule there is a vast amount of skin deep politeness and not much love lost between the Spaniard and the Yankee. Some third party wearing a uniform might tell why. Finally those who go to any of our recently acquired Spanish countries should be sure of having things cut out for them in the way of work before they start, and they should see that there is money enough in sight to get home again when it becomes a necessity. In any event the feeling will be that the United States is a good enough place, after all.

HOW INDIANS DO THEIR COURTING.

HUMAN nature is pretty much alike the world over, and this altogether independent of race or color. This is exemplified in the case of the Indian of the plains and his dusky inamorata. When a young Indian wants to meet a young woman in whom he has an interest he usually borrows a blanket, and putting it over his head, stands where the young woman will pass on the way to the stream for water. When she comes along he throws it Cuba as a place to live. It is possible to exist on such a way that they can see out, but cannot be and a honnet to her name."

seen. If she is not inclined to the experiment she says so, or shows it in some way, and then by the unwritten code of Indian courtship the man desists from further effort. If it is all right they remain standing, so wrapped in a borrowed blanket that no body knows who they are. They may be thus standing for hours at a time, and neither the younger ones nor the older members of the tribe ever interfere in any way. The courtship does not, as a rule, last very long if it is satisfactory all around, and the man has the necessary ponies to buy her of her parents. If he is too poor for that he elopes with her, and returns later to be well received, usually, and live happily ever afterward, as the stories go. That is, she does all the work while he rests. It may occur to the reader that there are others as well as the Indians in the latter respect.

PRESIDENT ELIOT'S LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

BISHOP LAWRENCE, of Massachusetts, the successor of the lamented Philips Brooks, tells this little joke upon himself with keen relish.

It was at the time when there was a vacancy in the bishopric, and Doctor Brooks was the most prominent candidate. Mr. Lawrence, then Dean of the Theological School in Cambridge, was walking with President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the two were discussing the situation.

"Don't you hope Brooks will be elected?" asked the Dean.

"No," said Doctor Eliot; "a second or third rate man would do just as well; and we need Brooks in Boston and Cambridge."

Philips Brooks was elected, and a little later Doctor Eliot and Mr. Lawrence again discussed the matter.

"Aren't you glad Brooks was elected?" queried the Dean.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Doctor Eliot, "if he wanted it; but to tell the truth, Lawrence, you were יינת man."

POVERTY'S DAY DREAMS.

RICHARD WHITEING, whose remarkable studies of life in the East End of London have made so marked an impression upon the reading public, gained his knowledge of the subject by living among the workers as one of them. Many of his experiences among the submerged tenth are even more interesting than those he has told in print.

Once, while talking with a grizzled old woman, who lived in the same tenement, he referred to the

"Oh, 'ow I would like to be the Queen!" said the ancient beldame.

"Why?" asked Mr. Whiteing.

"It isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were a Queen I would 'ave a donkey-cart with red wheels; and it isn't because of her band of musicians on horseback which goes ahead of the 'orseguards, for I'd much rather 'ave a Hitalian with a and organ; but just think, if she wakes up at three o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right away.'

A factory girl visited a collection of antique sculptures, and on her return Mr. Whiteing asked lier:

" How did you like the statues?"

"None too much at first, sir, because nearly all of them were shamelessly dressed. That made me mad until I thought that they wuz awfully poor in them days and didn't 'ave money to buy clothes with. Then do you know I felt real bad because there wasn't a single lidy in the whole lot of them what

Surrespondence

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

BY PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

Some time ago it occurred to the management of the INGLENOOK that it would be a matter of intense interest if some of our older people were to give the young folks the benefit of their experience in life, and what they would do had they it all to go over again. All of us who have passed the noon hour have often thought that we would like a second chance. With the experience we have had there would be a different management of affairs,possibly. Going back is impossible, but all our young readers with their chance at hand will do well to read carefully what these people have to say about it. It will also interest older people, as well.

What would I do you ask, could I live that cherished period of my life over again? With the many painful events, sad reverses, clouds and storms, on this side of those memorable years, to control the decision, I certainly would do differently than what I have done. I would value more my youthful privileges. I would listen more attentively to the counsels of the just, rendered worthy by age and experience. I would bend my energies in the way of piety and truth, and appropriate the native aspirations of my soul. I would shun the evil influences that polluted the virgin soil, and as a result my life would be more screne and joyous and the goadings of a guilty conscience would be averted .- Geo. D. Zollers.

If I were a girl again I would give my heart to the Lord, and I would study all I could of His Word. I would learn some trade and I would want a good education. I would master housekeeping, cooking and sewing. I would be careful of my associates, and I would have nothing to do with people who used tobacco, drank, or swore. I would seek Christian company .- Emma Culp Frants.

If I were a boy again I would do as I advise boys to do in this article. No boy should use tobacco, or so much as taste liquor. He should be strictly honest, economical and never spend more than he earns. It is best to always obey parents. Make the employer's interest his own and never do anything or be seen anywhere that he would be ashamed of before any person. Twenty years ago I gave a boy this advice, and he is in the same responsible position now that he entered then, trusted by everybody.—S. R. Zug.

I FEEL certain that of all things I should cultivate a cheerful disposition, search more diligently for the silver lining to the cloud, and not take life too serious. I should play where I often worried, laugh where I often cried, commune with Nature rather than with harrassed thoughts; for every time we look her in the face she smiles at us; and thus employed, much of my childish troubles would have vanished, and I would not find it so difficult a task to be gay at thirty. I should skip like a rabbit, sing like a lark, bound over fences and climb trees, even. Perhaps some folks might think me a trifle rowdyish. What should I care for that? After all these years of experience, if I had them to live over again, I should surely know that a free and happy girlhood would do much towards preparing me for the place I now occupy, and more truly fit me to be a companion to the little ones who to-day twine their sweet arms around my neck and call me mamma. My dear girls, the worry habit is the bane of the heart's contentment, and like all other habits, unless killed utterly, strengthens with the years. You have your life to live but once. Be sure that you start right.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

I would probably do much the same as I did under the same conditions and with the same surroundings. There are some things I would change if I were a boy again and it were in my power to do so. I would unite with the church at twelve, when God first called me, instead of waiting until twenty as I did because the church was not ready to take me. I would study the Bible more carefully than I did and commit the important parts of it to memo-

ry. I would have a small library of the best books, selected by those who could appreciate the longings of a boy's heart after knowledge, and there shouldn't be a trashy novel or a book with an impure thought in the lot. I would have history, travels, science and literature of the best type. 1 would be exceedingly careful as to the kind of company 1 kept. Evil companions blight the purity of a boy's life. I would have a better education. Instead of graduating at the old log schoolhouse with its slab benches and its pouring-in process I would have a good common-school education of the modern type as a basis for advanced work. Other things I would have and do, but above all I would try, from boyhood to manhood, from manhood to age to make fewer mistakes and to be more helpful to others .- D. L. Miller.

IF I were a girl again I would talk less and listen more. Everybody admires a bright-eyed, sunny, well-behaved girl, and I would try harder to be all that. I would never allow anybody to flatter me, or to take any liberties with me in any way. No good can come of these things. I would do all that I could to develop the better side of my nature and be a Christian in every respect .- Mary M. Gibson.

THE following, though not strictly in line with what we wanted, will be of interest to all who know our aged brother. It tells the story of his early life:

By request I give the following sketch of the carly history of my life. My time was much needed on the farm. And, as was the custom in those days, part of my business was in hay-making and harvest to carry the bottle to the fields; but before long I told father that I would not do it. I had some mechanical ingenuity, and had to do the repairs needed for the farm. This left me but little time, two or three months each winter, for school and a limited education, reading, writing and Pike's arithmetic, to square root. And becoming of age, money too scarce, and time of life too short to take a college course, and not needed for the business affairs of life, I at once went into partnership on the farm, wrote the contract and went to work, but I want to tell you, boys, that while I was going to school every winter, we boys and young men organized debating schools, in which I frequently acted as secretary. This put me to reading and thinking and was the most profitable time spent in my early life, and more still I want to tell you I was very careful about my associations; would not keep company with any of a disreputable character, and they would say that I was selfish, and I was glad of it, because if they would say otherwise it would be a reflection upon me; sometimes I was told that someone had complimented me; and I would say I am glad that they think more highly of me than I do of myself. If I had to live it over, I might make some changes, improve opportunities as they should be. - B. F. Moomaw.

AN INDIAN BUFFALO HUNT.

THE buffalo has practically passed away. There were countless millions of them in the country, and the range of the animal was from the extreme east westward to and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Ruthlessly slaughtered for the mere sake of killing, they were soon decimated, and now only a few, probably a couple of hundred in different parts of the country, remain to mark the passage of an animal that covered the plains in dense black herds that occupied hours or even days in passing a given spot.

The Indian's reliance on the buffalo as a food supply is well known, though the particular course taken in the hunts that took place twice a year is not generally known at this date, except by a few old people who were on the scene of active operations at the time of the presence of the Indian. The hunts in which the whole tribe engaged may be said to have been a summer and a winter expedition. The time of making the start was determined by a tribal council, and all the possessions of the Indians that they could not take with them were carefully buried, cached, as it was called, and every man and beast was called in to go along. Every member of the tribe, old and young, accompanied the expedition, which was generally in the direction of western Kansas and Nebraska. The

entire trip covered from four hundred to a thousand miles, and was made single file, in Indian fashion, and the string of people in the procession often reached a couple miles in length.

As soon as they arrived where the buffalo were expected the greatest caution was observed. Certain Indians called la-ri-puk-us were told off, and their duty was to watch for a herd. When one of the herds was discovered the watchfulness was redoubled. A council was called to determine whether it was well to go ahead, and in these coun. cils the medicine men, or Indian doctors, played a prominent part, sometimes delaying the start for days, simply saying that it "was not good yet," and when it was decided that everything was propitious the fact was announced by a herald. The fleetest ponies were mounted, and a considerable system was customary. Ahead was a dozen or more, told off for the purpose, with two old men on foot, in front, with rattles and medicine bags, and then the main body behind. The whole party was lined up as near the herd as possible without disturbing it. and the word was given.

At this point pandemonium began. With a loud shout the whole party charged the herd. The ponies were guided by the knees of the rider, whose hands were busy with his bow and arrows. Each hunter selected his animal, generally a young cow about two years old, and riding abreast an arrow was driven into the animal, effort being made to send it between the projecting part of the hip and the ribs in such a way as to drive it downward through the vitals. These arrows were sometimes shot with such force that they passed clear through the buffalo, and if one arrow was not sufficient to stop the career of the beast another was shot into it. Then another animal was selected, and the operation repeated. It did not take long till about three hundred animals were either killed, or so disabled that they were readily dispatched.

The carcasses were now skinned, cut up and packed on spare horses and brought to camp. The hides were pegged on the ground to dry, and the meat was cut into thin strips, placed on poles over a slow fire, in order to dry it partially, when it was beaten with a stick till it was flattened out, and then it was thoroughly dried and packed in bales, in which condition it would keep for years without apparent deterioration. No salt was used in the

There will never again be another Indian buffalo hunt, for civilization, so called, has ruined the ladian and destroyed the buffalo.

I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME: INASMUCH.

THE following letter from a sister tells the storp of a leper in the pest house in San Francisco These people, the ones denied help from friends etc., are everywhere. They are lying on their backs in the charity wards of the hospitals, in the home for old people, in the asylums of every kind, and many of them have no friends. We would be glad to send these people the Inglenook, but the builden is too great for one. Then it would be better ! divide the pleasure. For every fifty cents received we will send the Inglenook to some such person i the country, advising you of the party if desired You will never receive any benefit in this work from the gift. In the next, some thin, veined han may be raised when you are before the Judge, at the story of the good you did them be told. The you may learn that, inasmuch, you are given elema life for the unthanked deed of good you did here

Your Inglenook:
Your letter of request received. 1 will give you the formation asked for as I received it. Mrs. Idank's disc is leprosy. I read of her in a paper I am taking and will you a short outline of her case. She was born in Englated to this country years ago. When she lost her him she took up nursing for a living. She was called to not man with smallbox and it was afterward found he had legal man with smallpox and it was afterward found he had as well as smallpox. Just a slight out on her hand cause infection. She tried all remedies but to no avail and we to this settlement, the pest house at San Francisco, are fourteen other lepers there; two men and one girl. to this settlement, the pest house at San Francisc are fourteen other lepers there; two men and one gat this woman, are white, the others are Chinese. What she did to pass the time she answered she such poor clothes as she could get and then walke and thought,—thought. She tiked in read but got reading matter. "People," she said, "send reading and starts; then forget entirely. Think of it, "Look at this place; only the sky and those whi walls, and the Cross on Lone Mountain. I don't walls, and the Cross on Lone Mountain. walls, and the Cross on Lone Monnian.

it. It mocks me with its promise of salvation, saved me from a living death. I don't know why good the from a living death. I don't know why good the from a living death. mad during the long days and longer nights. I feltshe mad during the long days and longer nights. I feltshe be helped by sending, say once a month, a roll of laper a letter of sympathy to her. While we can never known much good it does her, we can feel we have tried to help of God's children. The writer had to stand fifteen kells from the wall while talking to the lener. from the wall while talking to the leper.

Nature & Study -

STORIES OF LIONS AND TIGERS.

A STATION master on one of the India railroads was besieged in his building by a fierce tiger, who calmly lay down on the platform or walked up and down on the track, peering into the windows now and then and licking his chops in expectancy. Luckily, he did not understand telegraphy or intercepting dispatches. But it was a long, long day to the station master before a detachment of soldiers was sent to his rescue in response to his appeals by

Obstructing the actual building of a railroad, however, is something so novel and so remarkable a reason for stopping work upon it that Lord Salisbury not long since was forced to mention it in the house of lords in explanation of the delay. It was the Uganda railway in Central Africa, near Victoria Nyanza. A pair of man-eating lions actually defied the British lion there for more than eight months and threw 6,000 men out of a job for three weeks.

Incredible as this may seem at first, the habitual exploits of lions and tigers in Africa and India give ita high. degree of plausibility. The beasts were incessant in their attacks. They dragged off and devoured scores of these laborers. They came boldly into their camps, stuck their heads into their tents or walked into their huts, whence they would carry off one or more of the dozen inmates. The greater part of the camp, having at length moved up the country beyond the foraging ground of the lions, several hundred were left behind to build bridges. Upon these the lions made a still more sanguinary descent. Night after night they would carry away one and sometimes two men. They attacked white engineers, doctors, soldiers and military officers as well as laborers from India, coolies and African natives. On almost any night, and at any time of the night, the men were liable to be aroused by the shricks of their abducted comrades, and to hear the cracking of their bones and the tearing of their limbs a rod or two away, while the lions growled and quarreled over their prey. Sick men in the hospital died from sheer terror at these horrible sounds and the horrible scenes they suggested. The beasts were shot at in the darkness, but seldom hit. For firearms, fire or torches they cared nothing. One of them leaped upon an officer, tore his knapsack from his back and then carried away and devoured a soldier near him.

Many became so terror-stricken that they threw themselves on the rails in front of a coastward train and insisted on either being run over or carried off on the train. Those who stayed forsook the tents and huts and camped out on the top of water tanks, on roofs and bridge girders or in beds lashed to the higher branches of the trees. One night one of these broke, letting its lodgers fall within a few feet of the lions. But, being already too occupied with devouring a victim, the brutes gave no heed to this "windfall," but let the intruders escape until another meal.

The lions must themselves have had their previous moments of exultation if they were aware that they had paralyzed 6,000 men and closed down the enterprise of a great government. Perhaps the Boers would, had they known it, have formed an alliance with them. Ruskin, who hated railroads because they spoiled the rural landscape and with their smoke and noise made life a burden, would have been tempted to let them loose in England, as would the French Bourbon aristocrats who were forced to grant right of way to railroads, which they detested for belonging to the new order of things.

Those who have seen a pair of lions meekly caged in the menagerie or the "zoo" can hardly imagine them lording it over thousands of people and having "what they say go" over hundreds of miles of territory. There is as much difference as between Napoleon shut up in St. Helena and his fore,

Yet such is the fact. The lion is, in this respect tleast, the king of beasts, including man sometimes, and has a rival only in the tiger.

The muscles of a tiger's arm and shoulder are modifications of those seen in man and other mammals. When walking it can withdraw its claws so as not to wear and blunt them, the tiger taking

great care of these terrible weapons. Trees are frequently scored deep ten feet from the ground where the animals have cleaned and sharpened their claws. Both claws and whiskers are considered love charms and the natives rush to get possession of them the moment they feel assured that the beast is dead. Like elephants that in India were used to execute criminals by crushing in their heads with one bare foot, the tiger was formerly employed to tear the condemned in pieces.

A good deal of the village gossip of India is very naturally about tigers. One will tell of his lost father, killed by a tiger; another has been bereft of his wife in the same fashion, and, what is more serious to most of them, nearly all have been deprived of cows and bullocks. Tigers will pounce upon their herds in broad daylight. They creep upon old women picking up firewood in the jungle. They make the roads impassable at sunset, and even drop in upon a family circle without notification and carry off one of its members. In conversation the villagers are only temporarily diverted by talk of the famine, the cholera, the plague, the taxgatherer, the wonders of the railroad, the telegraph and electricity. They drift back speedily and inevitably to the tiger and his doings, for that is literally a matter of life and death with them.

There would appear to be a marked difference of opinion about the character of the lion. Formerly painted as brave, magnanimous, noble: scorning to attack an enemy unprepared, to eat meat killed by anyone but himself, never assailing a man for whom he has a liking, he was later depicted as thievish, cruel, cowardly and treacherous, and far beneath the dog, the horse or the elephant.

But a still later opinion contradicts this view. He is not hostile to man unless man begins it. Leave him alone and he will leave you alone. You may pass him without harm if you will show no fear. Assault him, as man is sure to do, and he will resent it. If he sees you are not afraid of him he will glide to your side and allow you to fondle him. Not until he has been wounded or had man wound one of his species does he become a man killer. They have all the fidelity of a dog -if well treated they are your friends forever. They never forget you and will always be glad to meet you-especially when they are very hungry, or have eaten too much, as they often do. Then they will be restless, sleepless, growling, unhappy, lying down, getting up, eyes heavy and dim, mouth dry, paws trembling. It is a dyspeptic lion, and, like all victims of that indiscretion, is unhappy and not an agrecable com-

Some maintain that the man-eating lion is only an old one, grown too feeble or slow to kill another animal but man; that, being carnivorous, he does not like human flesh any better than man likes the flesh of any other flesh-eating animal. This should be particularly true if the man is nicotinized from the use of tobacco. For sharks and cannibals dislike that kind of seasoning. Those lions of maneating habits are said to become mangy and lose their hair; their mane fades in color and the effect of their diet is a decided reflection upon the human system. If they were not forced to eat men or starve the havor they cause in India and Africa would never occur.

HERE'S A QUESTION FOR YOU.

MR. JAMES LONG lived in the East, on a farm. He was about twenty-five years old, and had his growth. Now James used to help mow a meadow and he did it with a scythe. In one corner of the field was a tree by a spring, and by standing on his tiptoes he could readily hang his scythe on a projecting limb. This he often did as he rested in the shade of the tree.

Now he went West, married, and settled down. In the course of ten years he decided to go back again on a visit to the old place. He had often thought of the tree, the spring, and the meadow, and he had told his wife and his children all about it. Now it so happened that he arrived at the old homestead when mowing was on. So he took the whole family down to the meadow field and watched the hired man. The told how he used to hang his scythe on the limb he pointed out. Presently the mower came around, and just for the name of the thing he took the scythe and mowed across and back and then reached up to the limb to hang the scythe as he had done ten years before. He could

not reach the limb, or rather the fork next the trunk of the tree. He said that the tree had grown up in the past ten years, and gave it up.

Now here is the question. Mr. Long had not grown any shorter, the limb had not grown any higher, the scythe was the same old one, and the ground was not any lower, yet he could not hang up his scythe as he did long ago. There is no trick or catch in the question. Things are fairly stated. What had happened? There is a good reason, as plain as day, once you see it, and there is nothing funny about it. What had happened to prevent his reaching the fork of the tree and limb?

THE HOLE IN THE BOARD.

EVERY boy has doubtless noticed a small round hole on the edge of a board, often one of the weatherboards of a house or building, and he will tell you that it is the bumblebee that does it. This is a pretty good answer, but it is not, strictly speaking, the bumblebee that does it. The little gold-belted bee of the fields is the bumblebee, while the wood worker is called the carpenter bee.

He, or rather she, bores it out personally, and after making a start in, turns short to the side and continues it from six inches to a foot, taking several weeks to the work. At the end of that time she gathers up some honey and pollen, making a paste, and puts it at the bottom of the hole. On this she lays a single egg, and then builds up a thin partition over it, and then deposits more honey and pollen, and lays another egg, and then builds another partition. This is repeated till the eggs are all laid.

In time the first laid egg hatches out into a worm, which waxes fat on the pollen and honey around it, and then after the chrysalid state comes out as a carpenter bee. The newborn bee breaks down the partition, and waits till the next one is in the dress of wings and belt, and so on till the last laid egg and bee are reached and the next step is for the whole lot to emerge from the hole and fly away. They do no harm, and should not be disturbed.

The largest plant in the world is probably a gigantic seaweed, known as the nereocytis, which frequently grows to a height of more than 300 feet. The stem of the plant is as strong as an ordinary rope, and large quantities are dried and used as rope by the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, where the curious vegetable ropes are found.

This seaweed usually grows to a depth of from 200 to 300 feet. As soon as the plant takes root a spear-shaped balloon is formed, which grows with the stem toward the surface of the center. This balloon frequently has a diameter of six feet or more.

It has of course an upward tendency, and therefore keeps the stem growing until it floats on the top of the water. This enormous weed grows in such quantities that large, meadow-like islands are formed, which are often so big as to impede navigation.

It is said that the antelopes in Africa form the best game for lions, although it is not often that the rey is caught by running. Using the cover of bushes, the lion lies in wait for the antelope, and not infrequently gets in among a herd and kills three or four before they can scatter. An English traveler was a witness of a scene wherein both the from and the antelope came to grief. The antelope came within a few yards of the crouching lion before discovering its danger, and then dashed away without pausing to select'a route. Unfortunately, it ran straight toward the precipitous bank of a river, and before it could turn, the lion had overtaken it. The lion probably realized his own danger, but could not check his rush, and the next moment both pursuer and pursued hunched into the air, and were dashed to death on the rocky ground below.

When compelled to travel all night the Siberian natives always make a practice of stopping just before sunrise and allowing their dogs to get to sleep. They argue that if a dog goes to sleep while it is yet dark and wakes up in an hour and finds the sun shining he will suppose that he has had a full night's rest and will travel all day without thinking of being tired. One hour's stop, however, at any other time will be of no use whatever.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high geade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, it not available, send stamped and ad-dressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BERTHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Malter.

THE STORY OF OUR HEAD.

WE do not mean the story of the head on our shoulders, but the heading of the paper. And thereby hangs a tale. Briefly it is this. When it was decided to change the form of the Pilot it was also deemed best to change the name of the paper. It is not an easy thing to select an applicable and suggestive name for a new publication, and it was made the subject of considerable discussion. The word "Inglenook" was finally pitched on. Then it was deemed best to have an illustrated head for the publication, and the idea represented in the picture is a composite one, the result of consultation in the editorial room of THE INGLENOOK.

So the editor took the idea to Chicago, to a firm of engravers, and explained the situation. The 'picture was drawn by an artist, and submitted for approval. The drawing was done by a young Jew who had never seen an open fireplace in his life. Then it was again taken in by the Business Manager who agreed that the artist should be instructed to take a look at him and put his features on the man reading the Messenger. It was supposed to have been so done, while the sister, the older one knitting, was intended to represent a member of the church known everywhere. But having scruples about the matter she declined the honor. When it was all done we thought that it would be a good idea to ask who the man was.

We were not prepared for the storm of answers that came in from all over the country. Pretty nearly every prominent man in the church was named as the original, while but one person guessed right,-Bro. L. A. Pollock, of Batavia, Ill. He had the original's name, and he is the only one. Those who attempted the older woman's name had it right every time, though it was only a blind guess on the part of the artist. It need be only added that the picture in the heading and the supposed original resemble each other so little that they would pass as strangers on the street. There is no doubt, however, but that the old folks, at least, are a typical pair, and nobody need feel disappointed at the failure to guess right.

TO PEOPLE WHO WRITE.

THE INGLENOOK would be glad to receive contributions on subjects that are clearly within the province and make-up of the paper as you see it. There is no end of people who do contribute, and the main fault of their work consists in the two facts that they are too long drawn out, and too heavy. Something short and crisp is what is wanted, and it is better to have ten lines of something with life in it than some "discourse" on a topic that not one person in a hundred cares anything at all about,

With the interests of our contributors at heart let us say that anybody can write a long, heavy, uninteresting article, while few can tell a thing that interests many in well-chosen words, and, having said it, can stop there. It takes Sixteen to write an article on the Dignity of Labor, and enlighten the world on the topic, while the trained writer would hesitate at the very threshold of the subject. His fifty years makes him careful about any such mountains to tunnel. But invariably the youth walks boldly and bodily into the breach, and thinks that there is favoritism when his article is turned down. The Inglenook would sooner have an article writ-

ten on a postal card than one on a sheet of foolscap. Before you get up be sure that you have something of interest to say, that you know how to say it, and that after it is said you will sit down. Then people will be glad to listen and wish that there was more of it, and that is the secret of all good writing.

UNCLE SAM'S BEAUTIFUL GIRL MODEL.

A BEAUTIFUL little New York girl has the distinction of having her picture on every \$2 bill issued by the United States in 1896. Her name is Rosa Marston, and she is but 16 years of age. Her fame as a model began in 1895, when Sarony, the New York art photographer, got her to pose for a series of pictures. Little Miss Marston is said to be the most shapely child known to the New York artists. She is particularly remarkable for the beauty and grace of her arms, hands and feet, which closely resemble the old Greek models. On the 1896 S2 bill there is a group of five beautiful female figures. The one which represents Rosa Marston is that of the girl kneeling on the left of the group. She has posed for leading artists for over four years. The figures of Steam, Electricity and Manufactures on the 1896 \$2 bill were all sketched from her poses, and she was one of the models for the beautiful figure paintings that decorate the walls of the congressional library at Washington. It is said that Miss Marston earns \$50 a week as a model. In spite of her success she is a child in feeling, and is still fond of toys and pets. Her favorite pets are her spaniel Ned and her pony Nesby.

WHEN you gaze into a mirror that does not distort your reflection until you seem to look like a laughing hyena, no doubt you feel that you are seeing a fairly good representation of yourself. Scientists who have made a study of the subject say that the mirror never gives a fair picture of one's face. They assert that the color of the hair is "off tone," that the skin has a faded or bluish look that is not at all like the real color, and that even the color of the eyes is tampered with, much to the disadvantage of the person being represented. This information should be very encouraging to some folk, who have been studying themselves in the glass so much that they have become convinced that they are bilious, homely, slant-featured and generally repulsive looking. The scientists maintain that no one looks as plain as the mirror makes one plainly look. Perhaps it is the fault of the looking-glass that many a small boy's hair will slant out in all directions behind while his brow locks are brushed as smooth as you please.

THINK of an entire church being constructed of the wood from a single tree! Santa Clara, Cal., has such a house of worship. In 1853 the first Baptist service held in that region was conducted under an oak tree. When the same Baptist society decided to build a church the site on which the tree stood was selected. This monster of the forest, which cast an acre of shade, was then cut down at a height of twenty-five feet and the timber was cut into lumber. The big stump was partially hollowed and allowed to stand as the church tower. A high steeple was erected on it and the church was built from the lumber made from the giant oak. When the church was completed 1,200 feet of lumber remained unused. The building is 30 feet wide by 70 feet deep. It is a strong and handsome structure and is one of the "show places" of Santa Clara.

We want an agent for the Inglenook in every community. If you are willing to make a canvass of your neighborhood and will write us for particulars, we will be pleased to furnish them, and you will be doing good and adding materially to your income. Any number of samples needed for introductory purposes will be furnished free, and exclusive territory given. Write at once.

As far as heard from nothing but words of commendation have been received at the INGLENOOK office. It appears to have interested both old and

FIFTY cents will bring you a weekly visit of this paper to the end of the year. Send for it to-day, if you are not already a subscriber.

A SHORT SERMON.-Number Four.

Text: But Some Doubted.

WHEN Christ returned to earth after his crucifix. ion it is recorded that some who saw him still doubted. So doubt is nothing new in the Christian world. The facts are that doubters are common in the church everywhere. It is not meant by this that those who doubt are to be condemned, for doubt is a sort of anteroom to the truth. Sometimes it is in the nature of very strong people to have their doubts. In the end these people are usually enlightened, as all who seek aright will be. It may be a strange statement to many, but it is a true one, that all who earnestly seek find, though it may not be immediately manifested to us. God never withheld himself from anyone longer than was good for him.

Sometimes we have our seasons of fear that we may not be accepted of God, and this is only another form of doubt. In fact a better name for it is that of desertion, that is, our desertion of God, not his of us. The way to get nearer God is through prayer, and then leaving it all to Him, trusting with the faith of a child that the answer will come when we are most ready to receive it.

If you had a child by the hand, leading it through the mazes of a crowded thoroughfare, would you desert it? Certainly not, though you might not talk much to it at the time. If we would deal with one who trusted us so, will not God deal equally faithfully with us? Have faith, and with faith have patience.

Never expect to fully understand all the mysteries of providence. It is out of the question that the finite should comprehend the infinite. Is it not impossible? Then work, pray and wait. In due time we shall reap,-if we faint not. Remember that,-if we faint not. Courage! There is a light in the window, and the home-coming will put all things

INGLENOOK'S FRIENDS.

A BROTHER eighty years old writes to say he likes to read Inglenook.—L.

I am so well pleased with it I am sorry I will not get last week's issue.—Truman R. Clinc.

I have read it and like it so well I want to subscribe.—Effie Warner.

I want the Inglenook to come to my house for my daughter. I like to read it myself.-C. L. Blough,

I like the Inglenook.—J. J. Wright.

I think it all right for the young folks and old ones too. - Geo. W. Painter.

It should be in the home of every family in the Brotherhood.—IV. T. Pratt.

May God bless the work—Allie Mohler.

I think I never read so good a paper .- Chas. M. Geiger.

I am favorably impressed with its appearance. L. Hershberger.

I wish it could find a place in every home in the land.—Gco. A. Philips.

We think it a very nice paper.—Emma Miller. I have long been wishing for just such a paper-Gertrude E. Rowland.

Doubtless there are many readers who have no ticed the advertisements of alleged artists who propose teaching the business by mail, and not a le of our people have sent on the amount called for an have given it a trial. Unless you know the partie well, and are sure of your people beyond what their advertisements say, you are advised to let the severely alone. Otherwise there will be a verification tion of the old adage about a certain class of people and their money parting company.

pro

Miss Ruby Lola Underhill, of Colorado. young miss of eleven, while going to school of day recently saw a mountain lion lashing its tail un der a tree. She was much frightened, and rank the way to the schoolhouse. A mountain lies something like a panther, and is not to be despise when angered and ready for a fight. Miss Ruby the daughter of Mrs. Nancy D. Underhill, the known writer.

Methods of Proceedure in Callings for Life Work.

THE TRAVELING RAILROAD AGENT.

BY ONE OF THEM.

If there is any occupation that appeals to the ordinary reader it is that of the man whose business it is to travel all the time on the railroads, and who gets paid for doing so. While it is an occupation that has in it much that is pleasant, it is also possessed of its unpleasant side. No particular preparation is needed beyond a good education, good address, and ability to stand the strain of travel. Securing the position is rather difficult, and almost impossible to the outsider without influence among the officials who do the appointing. Hundreds of letters are received at every railroad headquarters asking these places, and if there is any attention at all paid to them they are answered to the effect that the application is placed on file.

If the application is for the place of traveling passenger agent it should be sent to the General Passenger Agent of the road into the service of which it is desired to enter. If in the land or industrial department, then to the head of that bureau, or to the freight, or whatever department is n mind. Without special fitness for the position, or without powerful backing, the matter is likely to end with the application. But if it can be shown that the employment of the applicant is likely to result in the advantage of the road in the way of making money for it, then the chance is a very good one. Simple as this seems it is not easy to convince the nearest official of the fact. He must be very sure of it before be asks the authority for the additional expenditure. Once granted that the applicant may be taken on, the next step is to ssign him territory to cover, ask the General Manager to requisition annual passes over the roads likely to be used, and he goes on duty. His pay is likely to be about \$75 a month and his current expenses at the hotels, which matters he lists monthy, and after auditing, and being found correct, are paid by draft. He may finally receive more than double the \$75 he starts in with, but it will only be when he has shown himself to be specially well

The work, say of a traveling Passenger Agent, is to see to the business of the road abroad, to secure the sale of tickets of travelers over his line, and to get all the business he can. There are many ways of finding out what and where this business is, and it is his duty to go after it. There is also much writing to headquarters about tickets, and if the correspondents have a choice of lines other than the one he represents he must go after his party. The representatives of the rival roads will be on the work as well, and it is often a matter of much diplomacy where there is a considerable party at stake.

The work is hard. It is harder than it looks. If is office is in a place like Chicago he is ordered by his chief to go to a town and see certain prospective patrons of the road. He goes at once, the first train, and he may find a telegram there for him to go a hundred miles the other way, and at once, no natter when the first train leaves, day or night, he off. This is repeated in some form all the year around and it is killing to most people. He can rest on the cars, but that is not rest in the true sense of the word, and on the sleeper it is only a question of partial repose through the night. The change of beds, the different and often unpalatable and unwholesome food, and the unpleasant side of generally, soon gets the uppermost of the desire to see new places. They become an old story.

The chances of promotion will depend on the amount of business he can bring in, and this, in turn, will depend a good deal on his territory, and what there is in it to get. While railroading is a profession, and becoming more and more so every year, it seems to me, that there are other fields in there is no chance for women in this line. They are out of the question.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIANTS.

OLD chroniclers tell wonderful stories of the giants that used to walk the earth, even as we read the Bible of Goliath, who was slain by the youth

David. In later days perhaps the most interesting book on giants was written by a French scholar named Henrion in 1718. This book asserted that Adam, the first man, was 123 feet 9 inches tall, that Eve was only five feet shorter. After Adam man began to lose height rapidly. Noah, says M. Henrion, was about twenty-seven feet tall, and Abraham measured not more than twenty. Moses reached only the poor height of 13 feet, and finally man had to be contented with feeble little frames from four to six feet in height.

Many huge human skeletons have been found, according to report. It is said that the skull of Chevalier Rincon, whose remains were discovered in 1509 at Rouen, held a bushel of wheat. The shinbone was four feet long, and others in proportion. Many other similar skeletons were found, one in Sicily that measured 300 feet in length. In the present century, however, it has been shown that these skeletons were not of humans but of prehistoric beasts.

One of the world's famous giants was Patrick Cotter O'Brien, who was born at Kinsdale, in Ireland, in 1761. He was 8 feet 3 inches tall, and was the greatest giant of his day. He died in 1804. In the museum of Trinity college, Dublin, is the skeleton of a giant named Magrath, who was 7 feet 8 inches high.

It is an interesting fact that giants as a rule are both weak of body and of mind, while dwarfs are usually keen-witted and healthy. A story is told that the empress of Austria in the seventeenth century had all the giants and dwarfs of the Germanic empire assembled at Vienna. They were quartered together, and fear was expressed that the giants would terrify the dwarfs. The contrary proved to be the case. The dwarfs tormented and robbed the giants to the extent that with tears in their eyes the giants begged to be protected from them.

The usual circus and museum giants of to-day are rarely over seven feet in height, but they wear high-heeled boots and high hats that add a foot or more in height to their appearance.

HOW HORSES ARE TRAINED.

The first lesson given to a horse of average disposition is that of implicit obedience. The master's will must completely dominate that of the horse,

"Let me show you how I begin," he said. "I have a horse in the stable that was sent here yesterday and I have done nothing more than to make a casual acquaintance with him. I'll have him brought into the school, and unless I am mistaken in his disposition I'll make him, within ten minutes, follow me about like a dog."

The "school" is the sawdust-covered inclosure where the master gives instruction to would-be riders, and into this an attendant led the horse, a fine bay, with no harness but a light bridle. The master stepped up to the horse, spoke a few gentle words to him and put his right hand upon the rein, just back of the bit. Standing thus, he was close to the horse's head, on the left, with his right shoulder just touching the horse's neck. There was design in this position, for the master wished the horse not to see anything that might happen back there on the left side. His object will be understood when it is explained that he held in his left hand a small riding whip, which extended backward so that the lash was near the horse's flank. This little instrument was to be the means of enforcing obedience, but in the gentlest possible way, as may presently

With the right hand still on the bridle rein, the master spoke quietly to the horse and began to lead him about, first this way and then that, making all sorts of turns, but always keeping his shoulder close to the horse's neck. Having led him about the school in this way for a few minutes, the master released the rein, but did not stop walking. The horse was now free to go in any direction he chose. for he knew that the master no longer held the rein, and, quite naturally, he soon moved off and away from the master's shoulder, for he had never been taught to follow without the rein. The instant he moved off, however, the lash of the whip leaped up and struck him in the flank; at the same moment the master caught hold of the rein again and made the horse come back close to his shoulder and follow as before.

This happened several times, until the horse seemed to understand that the only way to keep

that sharp sting from his flank was to keep close to the master. In less time than the ten minutes suggested the horse was following the man all around the school, and not once did the man have to touch him with hand or whip.

"Now, you see," said the riding-master, "that I have taught that horse not only to obey me, but to have confidence in me. He knows that he is safe from punishment as long as he keeps close to me. The punishment is a mere trifle, for the whip lash inflicts only a very light sting, but it accomplishes my purpose."

A CURIOUS PET.

AT Santa Barbara the writer found a singular pet owned by a fisherman called Larco. Larco was the pilot of a yacht, and several years previous he had found a large white pelican entangled in a barbedwire fence in a neighboring village. He carried the huge grotesque bird home, and in a short time it adapted itself to circumstances and became as domesticated as an old hen. Its favorite perch was a box upon which it would sit for hours with the greatest dignity, occasionally uttering asthmatic sighs or rolling its gray, lusterless eyes about in a ludicrous manner. Jim, as the bird was named, has a strong sense of humor, or something very much like it, as he will pretend to be asleep until one ventures near, when out shoots the long bill and neck, and the mandibles rattle together, startling the visitor, who may have thought the bird was stuffed. Jim is thoroughly tame, submitting to being lugged about the premises by the children, feeding from their hands and patiently enduring every indignity.

Pelicans are curious and interesting pets. The writer once kept several brown pelicans. were found in the tops of mangroves in nests that were merely rude bunches of sticks thrown together, and when approached the young birds began a series of gaspings and asthmatic sounds. A pair were taken, which in a short time were tamed, or domesticated—an expensive luxury, as it took much of the time of one boy to keep them supplied with food. They were particularly fond of large fish, and a fish's size or age made little difference to them. They would catch a fish thrown at them, toss it deftly in the air, always bringing the head downward, swallowing it at a gulp. These ludicrous birds were very intelligent, and whenever the boat of a fisherman was pushed off they invariably hopped down from the perch, and with wings held up and bills partly open would beg to be taken, and if not permitted they would fly along near the boat and wait patiently for their share of the catch. The pelicans were victimized by gulls in the most barefaced fashion. When the pelicans began to fish for themselves they plunged down headlong into the water, with their bills wide open, hoping to ingulf some small fishes. If the latter were caught they were held for a moment in the great pouch, when the bird would toss them into the right position and swallow. At this moment a gull would sometimes alight on the pelican's head or back, lean forward and seize the fish, then fly away with a victorious "ha-ha."

SCHOOL RULES OF OLD.

ONCE upon a time school children had not as easy a time as some of the American young folk whom you and I know. Back in the early part of the sixteenth century, for instance, the famous English school of St. Paul's, then under the general direction of Dean Colet, used to open at 7 o'clock both in winter and summer, and the rules were so strict that the schoolboy of to-day would think them barbarous. Following are selections from the code of rules, put into operation when the school was founded:

"The children shall come unto school at 7 oclock, both winter and summer, and tarry there until 11; and return against 1 of the clock, and depart at 5. In the school, no time in the year, they shall use tallow candle in nowise at the cost of their friends. Also I will they bring no meat nor drink, nor bottle, nor use in the school no breakfasts, nor drinkings, in the time of learning, in nowise. I will they use no cockfightings, nor riding about of a victory, nor disputing at St. Bartholomew, which is but foolish babbling and loss of time."

There were to be no holidays granted at desire, unless for the king or a bishop.

Good Reading

SLAVERY IN BOLIVIA.

BY LIZZIE D. ROSENBERGER.

Wherever the rubber tree grows, there it is unhealthy. So the natives of Bolivia do not want to go into those regions where the rubber is obtained, and for this reason the slave trade is as flourishing as it was in the United States about seventy years ago. A great deal has been published against this slavery, but in spite of it all, the horrible traffic is still carried on. The law prohibits slavery, but the authorities do as they like, bribery and corruption hush the matter and the evil is unchecked.

The Indians are given brandy, clothes, and money and put into a room by the slaveholders until they are ready to start on the fatal voyage, for they seldom return. They generally set out at night, two and two linked together with a long chain; men, women, and children who were caught and kidnapped, form a very mournful procession. Some of the most inhuman slave traders are foreigners, the French, Spaniards and North Americans are among the vilest.

Down in the swampy woods where the rubber tree grows, the slaves soon fall ill of fever and open wounds in the legs. They become weak and sick from insufficient nourishment, but are compelled to work. The lash is applied,—hopeless, despairing, they look for death as a merciful release from their suffering.

There are about twenty thousand slaves now living under such awful conditions. Some civilized nation should interfere and oblige these slave traders to find another occupation. And then that country needs to know the love of God. Teachers are needed who will live among these people and lead them to see the light of the world. We pray that the Lord of the harvest may send forth laborers into this neglected field.

DIAMONDS.

Ur to the beginning of the present century nearly all diamonds came from India. Then great numbers were found in Brazil, but not until after the discovery of diamonds in South Africa, in 1867, where the stones were found in vast quantities. That year a Dutch farmer, who lived near what are now known as the great diamond fields, got from a native a bright stone that his children were using as a plaything. The stone was sent to Cape Town and was there recognized as a diamond of exceptional value.

It was forwarded to the Paris exposition and there sold for \$2,500. From that time on the diamond fever has swept through South Africa. Two years later a beautiful stone was found which weighed eighty-three carats. It was called the "Star of South Africa" and sold for \$56,000. Up to this time the diamonds had been found in the sand near the Orange and Vaal rivers. In 1870, however, it was soddenly reported that great pockets of hard earth, filled with diamonds, had been found on a plateau, north of the Orange river. The diamond-hunters flocked to the new fields, and found that in that region of the plateau under its layer of red sand were great "pipes" or tunnels through which at some ancient time boiling lava flowed from the heart of the earth. These pipes were filled with a hard and bluish deposit (called "blue ground") that evidently had been forced to the surface by volcanic action and from a great depth. In other words, these pipes were craters of distinct volcanoes.

The vast diamond pits at Kimberly are in the largest and most valuable of the craters. The larger of these pits is probably the greatest hole ever dug by man. It is 500 feet deep and has an area of thirteen acres. Numbers of diagonal shafts lead from the sorface to the bottom of this pit, and up and down these shafts tram-carts are continually passing.

The business of these carts is to carry the blue ground up to the "floors," where it is dumped and left to soften in the sun and rain, for the blue ground is almost as hard as sandstone when taken out. By the combined effect of water and sunlight it gradually softens.

The floors are nothing more than great tracts of land that have been cleared of vegetation and have then been rolled to make them as hard and smooth as possible. Each of these floors is 600 acres in extent. After one of them has been covered to a depth to be worried to provide entertainment for the visitors who bought his product. One stormy day, however, a small whale floated through the narrow entrance to the harbor, which is walled in by a coral ref. The whale appeared satisfied with its new of the course.

of a foot with blue ground, which has lain long enough to be fairly soft, natives with harrows are set to work breaking up the soil.

After a period of three to six months the blue ground is soft enough to be ready for "washing." Then it is carted to a very intricate washing machine, where it is tumbled around in running water until nothing is left but crusty little chunks and pebbles. In the crusty chunks are the diamonds. These are passed through sieves that separate them into four sizes.

Next the crusty fragments are passed to the "assorters," and piled on tables, where white men assort them, taking the diamonds from among the other mineral formations. The assorters work with trowel-like instruments, and are so expert that they at a glance can pick out a chunk of earth that holds a diamond. What remains after the white assorters have picked out the diamonds is turned over to native assorters, who go through the mass again in search of diamonds that the first assorters may have missed.

At the end of each day the diamonds thus assorted are taken to the general office under an armed escort, and are given to experts in charge of the diamond department. The diamonds are then boiled in a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids to dissolve the crust that has formed around them This process leaves the diamonds in the rough, lusterful, but looking like dingy crystals of various colors. The experts then again assort the diamonds, with respect to color, clearness, flawlessness and size.

Now the diamonds have become gems that may be exposed for sale, so they are taken into the salesroom and spread out on sheets of white paper, heaps and heaps of them, of all sizes, colors and shapes. The diamonds are all carefully valued according to weight and purity and are sold. Next they go to the diamond cutters, who work on them for days and days, cutting various sides on them and polishing them until they look like stars. In this cutting process it often happens that a diamond will be reduced to half its original weight.

In the diamond mines proper all possible precautions are taken to keep the workmen from stealing the gems. The laborers are constantly watched by trustworthy overseers, and at night they are stripped and their clothes and bodies searched. Then they are sent naked to their sleeping rooms, where blankets are allowed them. Of course this applies to the natives, as the only white men employed in handling the blue ground are in the assorting room.

It is an interesting fact that all of the machinery is of American make, and is run entirely by American engineers.

It is said that some fifteen tons of precious stones have been taken from the Kimberley district since 1870. In conducting the business at the Kimberley mine 1,300 Europeans and 5,700 natives are employed. The workmen are paid high wages and every laborer on the "floors" is paid a percentage on all the diamonds he finds while harrowing the blue ground.

Diamond cutting and polishing is a very difficult process, which is done almost entirely by hand. The stones are polished by robbing two, each on the other, or by rubbing them with a polishing wheel that is covered with diamond powder; it is a case of "diamond cut diamond." When it is necessary to cut a valuable piece from a stone iron wires covered with diamond powder are used. The facets, or different sides, are formed by this rubbing process, which is a very slow and laborious one. A stone weighing, say twenty carats, will require at least four or five months of constant work to reduce it to the proper form. A diamond about the size of a small pea will weigh over a carat.

THE LARGEST PET IN THE WORLD.

PROBABLY the only man in the world who has a pet whale lives on a small island in the South Pacific. He is a planter and is the only white inhabitant of his island. He has many brown-skinned assistants who cut and dry the cocoanut rinds that he sells to trading vessels. The planter makes plenty of money in his peculiar trade, but he used to be worried to provide entertainment for the visitors who bought his product. One stormy day, however, a small whale floated through the narrow entrance to the harbor, which is walled in by a coral reef. The whale appeared satisfied with its new

home and remained. As the years passed by the baby whale proceeded to grow and to wax fat and become tame, for the planter fed it occasionally with a bushel or so of chopped meat. Now the whale is seventy feet long and is the curiosity of the island. When a trader's boat slips into the har bor the planter gives the officers and crew a banquet onder the palms and then takes them to see the pet whale. At such times a barrel of chopped meat is rolled down to the waterside and the plant er stands on the shore and blows a horn. Almost instantly the water will begin to churn in the direction of the planter and the huge whale will run its nose into the sand in its effort to get to the barre of meat in haste. After having eaten the meat the creature leaps and rolls about gleefully, often tosse ing its body nearly out of the water.

A RED, WHITE AND BLUE BLOSSOM.

What ought to be a real United States flower recently has been found at the isthmus of Tehuantepec, for it is red, white or blue, according to the time you observe it. In the morning it glows as white as one of our own snow blossoms. When the noon hour is marked by the north and south shadows this strange blossom turns to deep red in color. At night it seems to ape the color of the wonderful southern skies and becomes blue. This remarkable blossom grows on a shrub which closely resembles the guava tree. At noon it gives out a delicate odor that disappears as the night approaches and which does not return until the next midday.

Down in Lawrence County, Illinois, there are acres and acres of good farm land that every summer are given up entirely to sunflowers. When the new wheat is getting strong in the fields of other parts of the country, the fields of Lawrence valley are dotted with little, tree-like plants that grow with astonishing rapidity and finally burst into blossom, turning great purple-brown disks fringed with golden petals to the sun. These sunflowers make a wonderfully pretty picture when one gets up on a high place and looks over the top of a field of them. Every blessed flower faces the south, or as near to it as possible, and many a moon-faced and heavy sunflower may be seen trying to push its fellows along in order that it may look at the sun. Is the fall, when the seeds begin to ripen, thousands of American goldfinches camp in the sunflower fields-for the seeds are favorites with them-an you may see them bobbing their brilliant black at golden bodies from disk to disk of the flowers a making their peculiar chuckling call as they f But the sunflowers are not cultivated for the be efit of the goldfinches. They form a valuable fan product of Lawrence County. Lawrence valley said to be the great sunflower-seed market of t world. Since the first clever farmer raised a cr and sold it at nine cents a pound, sunflower-set raising has become an industry among the loo farmers. The cost of raising, thrashing and prep ing for the market an acre crop of sunflower seed much less than the cost of raising an acre of co or wheat, and the crop is less disturbed by drough

THE sole business of a migratory bird's sojoutne the summer land of its choice seems to be the reing of a family. This accomplished, the though of the birds seem to turn immediately to the Sout -to the warm, fruitful, indolent latitudes, when harsh winds and chilling rains, and fading leave never benumb bright spirits. Then conjugal 18 break, fathers forsake mothers and offspring, a the latter follow as fast as strength permits. The again, as wave after wave sweeps down to us for Canada, as if on the wings of autumnal breezes, it noticeable that old males are leading the hosts! each species, and that only later-sometimes later-come females and young. I am careful make this matter of the succession of ages of because of its notable significance in the proble How do birds find their way? The old answer short and easy. Instinct tells them. This men if it means anything, that a bird is born will intuitive knowledge of a road he has never so perhaps crossing an ocean. Moreover, migrature are routes are rarely straight lines north and south which the little creatures might be kept by mysterious "sense of polar direction," but are ally somewhat roundabout, often crooked sometimes squarely east and west for a large

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OFFICERS.—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Orio, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., intaine, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and the President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Treasurer. Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Treasurer. Covington, Ohio.

THE LITTLE TO-BE'S.

Who are these little folk crowding about And clambering all over our knees?
They are a family of which I will tell—
The family of Little To-Be's.

These are our soldiers and sailors to come,
Our generals and presidents, too,
Our lawyers and doctors and merchants and priests
And our patriots, all good and true.

Some little fellow that is bubbling o'er, Full of mischief and rollicking fun, Will some of these days be a dignified judge, And we trust an equitable one.

This little rogue with the tangle of curls, And the slyest of all the gay lot, Will possibly grow a general to be, Or a president, likely as not.

Thus all of our business, affairs of state,

And our commerce on land and the seas,
In a very few years will be carried on
By this family of Little To-Be's.

-Arthur J. Burdick.

FROM ANKLESVAR, INDIA.

BY ELIZABETH G. MCCANN

This morning on our return from work among a group of famine people who have left their homes and are stopping on the banks of a tank near here, I found some very precious letters awaiting me. We have commenced work in our new station. It was pleasant to work with our bretbren at Bulsar, but workers are few and cannot remain close together. But oh, the great work! So many thousands who need to be taught the true way. There is so much of sin and darkness, and now is added the suffering from famine.

I wish you could see for yourselves and know more fully what we as a Christian nation enjoy, and what privileges are ours, when we compare ourselves with these poor heathen. How can we praise the Lord enough, that we have the light of the blessed Gospel, not only a knowledge of it, but for the blessed experience that comes to the children of God. The population of this place is about ten thousand besides one hundred and twenty other towns and villages in this taluka (county.) 1 am the only Madam sahib. I have not seen a whitefaced lady at Navsari, excepting a week or so afterwards when we spent a day in Broarh and there saw a few at the station. So while we have thousands about us, yet in a sense we are isolated. We do so much need the many prayers offered for us by you all. God is our ever-present help, "the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land." We will not speak of sacrifice, because it were better to say privilege, when we think of Jesus' love for us. May God bless and keep you all, in the dear home-

A RAILROAD conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him, "Of course you are going with us to the excursion?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday."

Another questioner received the same reply.

Soon comment on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by one hundred and fifty men, whom his quiet example had turned from a Sunday excursion to the place of worship.

The Psalmist says, "The strength of the hills is his also." The hills of Palestine are rugged and strong and topped with the dark green of the cedar. The hills of New England are clothed with autumnal beauty, such as the Psalmist never dreamed of. No one who has never seen the maples and the elms and the sumach in autumnal array can understand the glory of New England hills. The brilliant colors are those of a skillful artist.

La Sunday A School

JESUS AT THE PHARISEE'S HOUSE.-Luke 7: 36-50.

(Lesson for Muy 13, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT.-Thy faith hath saved thee .- Luke 7: 50.

In this lesson we have another insight into the character of our Lord and Master. It is clear that Christ did not discourage hospitality, either in the giving or receiving, for having bad an invitation to the house of the Pharisee he accepted it and dined with him. It was an unusual thing that such an invitation should be extended at all, and the reason is that of all the sects and divisions of the Jews the Pharisees came in for the strongest condemnation at the hands of our Lord. They were of the strictest sect, those who believed in the external observance of all the many rules of the Jewish religion. and they were self-satisfied and rightcous in their own belief. Standing out so strong for the form without the substance they were being continually condemned by Christ, and it is a wonder that he received the invitation that he did. There may have been some sinister motive back of it all, some trap into which, it was hoped that Jesus would fall.

It so happened that there came a woman of the city, one of perhaps bad character, and she had with her a box of precious ointment, a perfume, and she used it in her devotion by anointing the feet of the Lord. Probably, perhaps doubtless, she knew of the kindness of the dear Lord to such of her class, and she wished to show him that she appreciated his kindness toward the fallen. At least she is said to have wept when she performed the menial service, and it was of such a character as to be noticed by all present. None of those present seemed to know that it was for just such people that Christ came on earth,—those who had sinned more or less, and none ever sinned so badly that they might not approach him in the spirit of the contrite. None are ever turned away if they approach in faith. That seems to be the keynote of success in the application of those troubled in heart or body,—they must believe that what they are doing will prove efficacious. They must not believe that they believe, but it must be a fact, in and of itself. This is not difficult when we remember the many answers to the prayer of faith. The trouble is that we forget so readily. We forget the favors of the past in the exigencies of the present, and thus it comes that if we are not immediately made the recipient of the favors we ask we are disposed to doubt. This is the fatal part. It is also logical that it should be so, for if we ask a thing of an earthly benefactor, doubting his ability or his integrity of promise, it is not reasonable that other than failure should follow.

There is another feature in the lesson that should not be forgotten, and that is Christ made no distinction between people, took no account of caste. Wherever there was good to be done, where the recipient was worthy, that is, where faith was present, all else counted for nothing. The blessing followed, whether to the blind young man begging, the Roman Centurion, or the abandoned woman. It is a very difficult thing for us to rid ourselves of the idea of personal superiority to those whose lot is cast along different lines from our own. In the economy of the kingdom of God there are no young or old, no high or low, no superior or inferior classes. He deals alike justly with all, totally independent of the temporary differences born of environment or personal caprice.

No one in trouble or needing help should fail to ask the Master. Asking in faith the answer will be had, if such be for our good. When we have failed, as fail we will sometimes, the reason is in one of two things,—our own lack of faith or that the coveted blessing is not for our good.

The teacher who goes before his class without preparation makes a great mistake. The lesson should be thoroughly mastered before the class assembles.

So build that none of life's storms can ever destroy your work.

EARLY impressions last the longest. Let them be good ones.

For * the * Wee * Folk

POOR BABY DARE.

THREE hundred years ago the great Elizabeth was Queen of England—the splendid enterprising Elizabeth, who sent her captains and her ships all over the world, and built up England as no king before her had done. When this great English queen, in jeweled stomacher and spreading petticoats and stiff lace ruff, was growing old and gray-baired, a little English baby was born who is very interesting to all English-speaking children. It was in 1587. This little baby is remembered because she was the first baby born in the queen's new land across the Atlantic, on the coast of the red Indian's land—and because of her strange story.

It was long, long ago. Columbus bad discovered America only a century earlier, and it was a third of a century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The Spaniards, following Columbus, had settled in the south, in Florida and Mexico, but the English bad no settlement at all on the mainland of America.

But Englishmen had roused up, and were looking across the Atlantic, and planning to get their share of the New World. The leader of these men was Sir Walter Raleigh. He was the same Raleigh who spread his new velvet cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to walk over—and he was high in her favor ever after.

Raleigh had fitted out many ships and men to go to the new land—so many that he was called "The Shepherd of the Sea." Raleigh's first colonies did not succeed, and in the spring of 1587 he fitted out another, of over a hundred men and women and ten children—the first English children to come to the New World. These people sailed in charge of Governor John White, who was to found a city in the new land and name it Raleigh.

We may be sure the eyes of the ten English children opened wide at all the wonders of the New World—the cedars and cypress, sassafras and palms, the many strange flowers, and birds, and beasts and above all at the little red children of the Indians.—No doubt the little red children thought the ten little pale-faces quite as strange.

And soon after the landing there was another little pale-face for them to wonder at—"poor Baby Dare" herself! For among the colonists was Governor White's daughter Eleanor, and her husband Ananias Dare; and about a month after they reached Roanoke, on August 18, 1387, little Baby Dare was born. And though, as I have said, thousands of English babies born that year have been forgotten, Baby Dare will never be forgotten, because she was the first English baby born in all America.

In the little log chapel, which the settlers had built, the colonists gathered one bright day soon after, for the christening of the little new-comer. The font was the family's silver water-ewer, and the sponsor was the baby's grandfather, Governor White himself. Baby Dare was christened Virginia, after the queen's new land where she was born.

Now comes the strange part of little Virginia Dare's story, and the sad part that makes us think of her as "poor Baby Dare."

The colonists soon found they would need many supplies from England, and, only nine days after Baby Dare was born, her grandfather, Governor White, kissed her good-bye, and sailed back to England in the one ship the colony had.

At best it would have been half a year before he could return; but it was three years instead of six months when Governor White sailed back to Roanoke. It was sunset when they came to land.

The cabins were standing, but deserted. The paths were grassed over, vines grew across the doors, and wild deer were feeding on the ripe melons and cucumbers in the gardens. Shouts and trumpet-notes brought no replies. Governor White and his men searched everywhere. They found books torn from their covers, bars of iron, old maps, and a suit of rusted armor; and in the cabin of the Dares Governor White found little Virginia's cradle, and on the floor beside it lay one tiny shoe. That was all. The hundred and six men and women, the ten children, and little Baby Dare, had all vanished—and through the three hundred years since no trace of them has ever been found.—Little Folls.

HOW OUR CHURCH IS DISTRIBUTED.

A BRIGHT boy was at the store when a stranger who was waiting for the stage to arrive, bringing the daily mail to the post office, which was at the store, as so many country offices are, began asking the boy something about our people.

"How many are there of you in the United States?"

"There is no way of telling accurately, but there are about \$5,000 altogether.'

"How are they distributed?" said the man, "Are they spread out over the whole country?"

"No, they lie mostly in a line drawn westward from Philadelphia, and in the States such a line would cross."

"Then there are none in New England, up in Maine, and those far Eastern States?"

"No," said the boy. "There is no organized church in any State north of the State of Pennsylvania. There may be a member or so here and there, but they are far from any organized church."

"Are there any in the South?"

"Yes, there are a good many in the Valley of Virginia, a few in North Carolina, and some in Florida, but the farther South one goes the fewer there are."

"What is the reason of this?"

"Well, the best reason is that most of our people are agricultural in their occupation, and in moving they would naturally follow the tide of emigration. This is not, and never has been in the direction of New England, and so there are none of us to be found there. Only of recent years has there been any movement South, and there are only a few small churches in Alabama, some members in Texas, and in Louisiana, and in fact the church in the South is small in numbers."

"Where is the church the strongest in numbers?" "In Pennsylvania and in Indiana, and there are almost as many in Indiana as there are in Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania they are found almost exclusively in the southern half of the State, the reason for this being in the fact that early emigration sought the most fertile sections, and the southern half is better land than the northern half. It is not accidental, but the natural result of seeking the most favored sections for home-making. And then the natural accretion of members made these sec-

tions stronger than others." "I see," said the man. "And how about the far

"The same rule holds good there. As there was an overflow westward it sought the most fertile sections, and in Illinois, and lowa, and wherever there is the best land, there the Brethren are to be found, if at all. They are found in Kansas, east and west, and then there is a jump to Denver, and from there to the Northwest and the Pacific coast, always in the direction of the land suited best for farming purposes. The reason being, as before stated that our people are farmers, as a rule. There is also quite an addition of churches in recent years in North Dakota."

"Are there any in other countries?"

"Yes, there are missions and small churches in Canada, India, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Asia Minor and France, though they are comparatively few in numbers.

"Then there are no city churches?"

"Oh yes," said the boy, "There are churches in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Harrisburg, Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, and a great many other smaller places. But as a rule the largest churches are found in the country."

"Is the church growing in numbers?"

"Yes, it is spreading out in almost every direction, and the growth is in a greater ratio than that of the general population of the country, showing that there is a continual accession from the outside."

"Then I am to understand that most of the Brethren live in the country, and that they are found in the States crossed by a line drawn through Philadelphia westward?"

"That's right," said our boy, "and the farther North or South of that line that you get the farther apart the churches and members are as a general thing."

Here the lumbering old stage coach came along, and the man thanked the boy and gave him his card. The boy gave him a copy of THE INGLENOOK that he happened to have in his pocket, and now

every young reader may know a little more about the geography of the church than he did before. Which was in mind all along to do.

HOW SOME OF OUR MONTHS WERE NAMED.

ALL of our months were named by the Romans a great many years ago. One of the months looks back on the old year and it looks ahead to the young or new year, so it was named for a god whom the Romans worshiped. He was represented as having two faces, looking in opposite directions. One of his faces was old and the other one was young. His name was Janus. Can you guess which month was named for him? Another month was named for the god of war. What was his name and which month was named for him? May was named for Maia, a goddess who was the mother of the god of Mercury, and June was named for Jupi-

Have you ever noticed that while most months alternate with thirty and thirty-one days, July and August come together with thirty-one days? That is because these months were named for the two emperors, Julius and Augustus Cæsar. It would not have done to give one a longer month than the other received, so both months were given thirty-

In early times the Romans had only ten months, with names that meant first month, second month, and so on. Four of those names are used now, for instance: December really means "tenth month," although it is now the twelfth month. Can you find the other three? A man named Numa added the two months of January and February, shortening the others in order to do so.

It is said that February is a name taken from a Latin word that means to purify, because during that month they held what they called the feast of purification, and that April is from a word that means to open, because at that season the buds begin to open.

NATURAL FRIENDSHIP.

ONE of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National Park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries.

"The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an afterdinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsel, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire; and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact,"

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The sea of matrimony swamps many a courtship. Colds are not exactly contagious, but they are catching.

The maker of alarm clocks certainly does a rousing business.

The teeth of time must be those a dentist supplies on credit. If a man has sufficient brass in his og area.

capable of polish. Some people have faith in Many evers-and the favorite is number one.

It's the old, old story; nothing succeeds like the failure of the peach crop.

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOOR reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent posts THE INGLENOOR reacties (at any title discovery transport intelligent permainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled a mainly agricultural, and nearly an of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are proved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of 11.25 proved by the management and no discount whatever for continued inser-inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued inser-\$1.00 per inch, first and each succeeding time. The inglenous is the organ of the church carrying advertisements.

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Prize Winners

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We Sell Eggs for Hatching.

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Goods furnished that will please. Write for circulat en plaining how to order. Address:

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This spring, do not fail to drop a card to the address below, asking for descriptive circulars of one of the best smooth-wire fences offered the public.

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It is a youth's paper that will be read by older people. Every E will contain specially prepared articles on topics of absorbing.

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Brethren Publishing House,

(For Inglenook.)

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., MAY 5, 1900.

No. 18.

THE DAY OF PEACE.

WHAT of the day, my brother? What of the day of peace? When the dripping sword turns the green sward And the dull, dread noises cease-The clarion call of bugles, The shrick of the angry shell-What of the light that shall pierce the night Of battle-is it well?

What of the dead, my brother? What of the dead and dumb? Who shall pay at the Judgment day When the Messenger shall come, Come in the light and glory, Come in the fire and flame, Whose the stain of the blood and pain, My brother-whose the blame?

What of the grief, my brother, What of the grief and woe? What of the tears shed o'er these biers These stricken hearts brought low? Low in the day of terror, Low in the night of gloom, Whose the weight of this curse of Hate? Whose the pain of Doom?

What of the blood, my brother? What of the blood that flows In a crimson stream where the lances gleam And the bugle blows and blows? Whose the souls that shudder, Shudder and start and cry, When the battles' cost by God engrossed In blood on the brazen sky?

Hasten the day, my brother, Hasten the day of peace, When men not slain for greed of gain And the dull, dread noises cease! When shell shall shriek no longer, When Hatred slink away, The breath of God the blood-stained sod Make clean-and Peace shall stay!

HOW AN EARTHQUAKE FEELS.

THE writer of this article once lived in the Tropics for a considerable time, and he confesses to having secretly wished that there might be an earthquake during his presence. That wish was gratified, and now that it is over, and the experience has been had, all he has to say is that he doesn't want any more earthquakes. There is not the semblance of a loke concealed in a "temblor," as it is called in

of friends we were sitting in the courtyard or patio of one of the leading hotels, and were engaged in conversation. Not one could ever remember what the talk was about. My personal experience was that I was about to fall over dead. The chair in which I was sitting swung forward and circled around, and I felt as though the end had come. I booked up and saw the massive stone walls around the heaving like waves at sea. Some one shouted earthquake," and in an instant 1 knew just what was on. Everybody started to run, and I ran with them, One place in a time like that is about as good as another, and only the instinct of getting think the possession of one. The writer does not think there is any person living who can go through the sall deake without fear. It is so unusual to feel the solid earth giving away under one, so out of the ordinary, that the sensation is never a pleasant or otherwise than frightful feeling. Out in the street where I ran the scene was one of indescribable confusion. A large part of the

Population were on their knees, the country being

Catholic, and they were crossing themselves and

praying to the Virgin to save them. Horses had

thrown themselves down, men were running and swearing, women were screaming, and the whole economy of things was upset. Everything in and on the earth was in dire confusion. In the distance could be heard the heavy "slab" of falling walls, and the awful noises of miles and miles of solid rock breaking under our feet added to the alarming situation. A short distance away I saw the earth open in a huge crack out of which a pale blue flame arose, and then the crevice slowly closed up again. I came across a man on his knees and he called on me to get down. I answered that it wouldn't help matters, and he replied by asking me to take my hat off, which I did before I thought. A man who has been through a good-sized earthquake will be very sure to take off his hat at the mention of one, metaphorically speaking. The telegraph poles were lashing the glass out of the second stories of the houses, and there was a dread feeling, impossible to describe. It is frightful, awful. Nobody knows how soon the earth will open up under foot and swallow everything near. Presently everything is quiet for a moment, and then the thing comes back in an opposite direction somewhat less violent than before, and it is soon over for that time.

As far as the writer is concerned there are several decidedly prominent sensations. The first is one of deathly sickness immediately before the shake, and the next is that of tright, while the after-effect is a spell of nervous trouble of longer or shorter duration, dependent on the make-up of the individual. It was reported that 80,000 people in the city were sick as an after-effect. It is thought by some that they felt it coming, but there is nothing to verify that idea. The earthquake comes in an instant, without a note of discernible warning, and everything in Nature is thoroughly upset. There were not many people killed as a result of this shake. one hundred and eighteen, the writer heard, but many buildings were cracked and walls thrown down.

People in an earthquake country build their houses accordingly, and the walls are either of some light material that will stand the swaying, or they are so thick that they stand the racket out of sheer strength. But in any event when it comes there is no doubt of its horror and distressing feeling. It should be remembered that where earth The way of it was this. Together with a number shakes are prevalent they are not all destructive. There may be an earthquake of the trembling order that is only known to the resident when he reads about it next day. The delicate apparati used for the purpose, called the seismograph, records it for an observer, and it passes unheeded by the people.

The causes of an earthquake are not very well understood, but the most generally accepted belief is that of the earth settling, and thus causing the trouble on its surface. This view is probably correct. In a country where there are volcanoes, and an eruption of a violent order takes place accompanied with a bad earthquake, the situation must be terrible. Take it all around the United States is good enough for the writer.

NOT WHOLLY FREE FROM GUILE.

"IT is a common impression that the Central American Indian is singularly honest and free from guile," said a traveler who came up to New Orleans on the last banana-boat, "but don't you believe a word of that story. I recently made a mule-back trip to the Olancha district, in Northwest Honduras, my particular purpose being to take a look at the

famous old placer diggings on the Guayape river. I spent a week or so in the region, and was especially interested in the native Indians who live along the banks of the stream and who regard the placers as a sort of family pocketbook, from which they help themselves as they please. When a household needs anything that can't be hunted or fished-in other words, that has to be bought at the store-the women sally out with their 'bateas' or wooden bowls and proceed to wash as much gold as is required for the purchase. The metal they secure in that way is usually in the form of minute grains, hardly as large as the head of a pin, but occasionally they find little nuggets, and that brings me to my story,

"The day before I left I was at the principal store of the district talking to the proprietor, or 'tienderos,' when a typical Olancha Indian shambled in and sat down on the floor. I attempted to question him about the diggings, and presently he untied a corner of his neckeloth and showed me three small, fantastically-shaped nuggets, which he said his wife had lately found. It occurred to me that they would make interesting souvenirs mounted as scarfpins or bangles, and after some haggling I bought the lot for \$4-they weighed altogether something under a quarter of an ounce. I was so disarmed by the apparent simplicity of the Indian that I never thought to examine the nuggets closely until I reached Port Cortez, and then it hardly needed a second look to see that they were not gold at all but evidently a sort of brass alloy.

"A few days later, I learned from an engineer who came down from the Guayape district that my Indian friend was boasting that he had stolen some yellow 'composition metal' bearing from a stamp mill and melted up a fragment in a home-made clay crucible. In that way he produced his handsome nuggets. If he had put in the same amount of labor at the placers he could easily have washed out \$20 worth of gold. That's what I call a natural aptitude for crookedness."

FACTS ABOUT SARDINES.

FORMERLY the sardines consumed in this country were all imported from France. Now about threequarters of the sardines eaten in the United States are put up here, the chief center of the sardine industry in the United States being the eastern coast of Maine, though some sardines are now put up on the coast of California. The packing of sardines in this country was begun about 1886.

Thousands of people now find employment in one part and another of the work in catching fish, in making cans and in canning and packing and marketing and so on.

Sardines are put up in greater variety than formerly, there being nowadays sardines packed in tomato sauce, sardines in mustard, spiced sardines, and so on, but the great bulk of sardines, both imported and domestic, are still put up in oil. Sardines are put up also in a greater variety of packages than formerly, there being, for example, various sizes and shapes of oval tins, and some French sardines are imported in glass, but as the great bulk of all sardines are still put up in oil, so the great bulk of them are still put up in the familiar flat boxes. The consumption of sardines in this country is roughly estimated at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,-600 cases annually.

Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the import-

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

BY PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

If I were a girl again one of my highest aims would be to become daily more of a comfort and blessing in my home. I would especially study how to make my mother comfortable and happy, and would do all in my power to lighten her burdens, by assisting in her work, by taking an interest in her plans, or by reading to her something bright and cheerful to drive away her cares. Then, too, I would tell her of the various happenings of the day about which mothers so much enjoy to hear. No girl is likely to go astray who holds her mother as her confidential friend. If I were a girl again I would be more studious, and would endeavor to prepare myself more fully for future usefulness. I would pay much attention to the cultivation of the memory and improvement of the mind generally, storing it with useful knowledge, and by early cultivation become a greater power for good in later life. If I were a girl again I would try to look on the cheerful side of things. "Inner sunshine warms not only our own hearts but all with whom we associate." Indifference begets indifference. Who shuts love out in turn shall be shut off from love. I would cultivate a more kindly and courteous disposition towards my companions and friends, as well as towards strangers. I would try to throw sunshine into the life of every one. Finally, instead of making my own happiness the sole purpose of life, I would study to make other people happy and thereby deserve and obtain happiness for myself .-Mrs. Geo. B. Holsinger.

I would join the Dunker church. I would be satisfied to stay at home if I had one, and if not I would be so good a boy that I would be wanted in some good home. I would go to at least one church service and Sunday school each Sunday. I would keep out of bad company. I would go only in good society. I would get me a Bible and as many other good books as I could. I would read the Bible every day. I would ask the Lord every day to take care of me and guide me. I would be always busy doing only good and useful things. I would go to school all I could. I would try to have many other boys be as good as I should be. I would be kind to all alike,-strangers or acquaintances, old or young, rich or poor. I would say only good things about other people. I would go to good places only, I would spend money for good things only. I would give to the poor. I would visit the sick. I would obey God in everything. I would be as good a member of the church as possible. I would find as soon as possible what my lifework should be, and fit myself for it especially. 1 would be ready to meet the Lord any day.—L. IV. Teeter.

If I were a child again and had my life to live over I would aim to be more thorough and systematic in my habits, especially in study and giving. My advice to the young girls is to choose the good part now, and you will be saved many bitter regrets later in life. My experience has been so satisfactory to myself on this line that I feel like urging the young to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth." I am thankful to-day that I listened to the advice of older people. I always aimed to have for my friends and associates those whose lives were true and good and whose influence was healthful. If you would make a success of life, be teachable, humble and truthful, and you will meet with friends all along the way.-Wealthy A. Burk-

Well, I'd first decide with all the purpose of my soul to be a man. Then I'd turn everything to this account. I'd act on the idea that it takes a good boy to make a good man. I'd calculate on great possibilities in myself. I'd honor my father and mother as the surest road to success and long life (Eph. 6: 1-3) and make them my constant counselors. I'd throw away the foolish notion of going West or somewhere else to be happy and successful. Home is the best place for a boy. I'd take care of my health as a precious gift from God, not overeat nor overwork, wash clean and sleep eight hours every night. Nothing worse for a boy than

running about at night. I'd cultivate habits of industry and perseverance. Every good thing is gained at the point of effort. I'd seize every opportunity for self-improvement. Lost opportunities are gone forever. Especially would I study the lives of good and great men. I'd seek the company of good men and good books, and would begin at once to build up a library of my own, having the Bible as the chief book. I'd love my country and obey the laws. I'd read the newspapers, for they are the great educators of the people. I'd seek peace with God early and give my life to his service.—H. C. Early.

> "Be a woman! On to duty! Raise the world from all that's low; Place high in the social heaven, Virtue's fair and radiant bow, Lend thy influence to each effort, That will raise our nature human, Be not fashion's gilded lady,— Be a brave, whole-souled true woman."

BEGIN this good work in your homes. needs your kindness, love and helpfulness more than those in your home? Do little kind acts for your parents, brothers, sisters. Speak kind words to them, and be a comfort to those in the home. Select good reading. Strive for an education. God intends that we shall improve mentally, as well as spiritually-that we shall grow in knowledge as well as in grace. It will make you more useful, and there is so much work for us to do that we want to be well equipped and do the most we can while we live, for the suppression of evil, and the promotion of good.—Ella J. Brumbaugh,

As no earthly friends are so near as our parents 1 would obey my parents, and thus secure their favor and God's blessing. I would aim to be a man of influence and usefulness. And to be such I would be honest, truthful, industrious and considerate of other people's happiness, as such boys are always in demand and stand at the head. I would guard against falling into evil habits such as chewing and smoking tobacco, using profane language, etc., as all these place the boy who indulges at a discount and will make him sorry later. I would seek by reading and otherwise to be much in company with men of great minds who had been successful leaders, to a higher plane of living, so as to profit by their knowledge and experience and catch the inspiration. And to make me more efficient in my calling, I would secure fair education. And that all my labors might be to the glory of God, and directed by his wisdom, I would carefully read and obey my Bible.—L. H. Dickey.

WERE I permitted to relive my girlhood days, under the same circumstances and surroundings, I would not make many changes in performing my duties. I would deprive myself of some years' attendance in the "common school" and deny myself many other pleasures that are so much enjoyed by girls in their "teens." This I would do over again in order that I might for half a dozen years assist in nursing my invalid and helpless mother and look after the comforts of father and little brother. Then after God would call mother to her long home, I would continue to take her place in the family and make the remaining dozen years of father's life comfortable and pleasant. I have now lived over half a century. One thing only I regret and that is this, that I did not unite with the church earlier in life. I was twenty-one years old when I became a member and if the church had extended special invitations then as it does now I would have given my heart to God long ere I did. The only hindrance was a want of courage to make my wants known.-Rosic S. Myers.

I would be and honor my parents. I would be kind and courteous to all. I would seek only good moral associates, and try to lead other boys into a better life. I would secure the best general education possible. I would read the New Testament through as early as possible, and study it well. would be a Christian at the first call from God. I would study the great field of nature,—the fields, the groves, the flowers, the clouds, the stars, etc., and thus learn to honor God. I would choose my calling in life as early as possible, subject, however, to what wisdom might suggest as I grew older. I would use every lawful means to lay the foundation of sterling character so as to be able to make the

greatest success in life. I would be regular at Sun day school and church services.—I. Bennett Tront,

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, a man, old, poor, and hungry, was wandering in one of the wide, open deserts of Syria. It was now towards the end of the day; the sun was setting, and soon in would be dark, when the wild beasts would come forth from their lairs to seek their meat. And this old man was weary, and longed to find some place to eat an evening meal and a place to sleep. It was with thankfulness that he caught sight of the white tent of some evidently well-to-do farmer of the des ert. To this tent he turned. Standing in the door was a tall, noble-looking man with a turban on his head, long loose robes down from his shoulders to his feet, fastened with a girdle round his waist The weary traveler asked shelter for the night, and was at once kindly bidden to come in. A supper was prepared for him and, as soon as could be, set before him. Doubtless the hungry man was very grateful, but he was evidently not grateful to God, for he began at once to eat the meal without saying a grace.

Now the owner of the tent observed this. He himself was a good man-his name was Ahrahamfor he was no other than the grand old Ahraham of the Bible, and observing that the old man ate without grace, or any acknowledgment of God, he was angry, stopped his meal, and told him to go out and away. He would have no godless man under his roof. The graceless old man was dismayed, but he dared not disobey such a fine, powerful man. So he got up, left his unfinished meal, and went out into the desert and the night, and righteous Abraham watched him wander away.

Scarcely had the man gone when Abraham heard a voice saying, "Abraham, Abraham!" He knew the voice, for he had often heard it before, and hereplied, "Here am I. Speak Lord." "Where is that weary traveler that came to thy tent to-night? "I sent him away, for he feared not thee, neither did he honor thee; and I will have none beneath my roof that do not honor thee." "Abraham, Abra ham," the voice gently and chidingly replied, "I have borne with him these seventy years, and couldst not thou bear with him for one night? Suddenly Abraham was ashamed of himself, and of what he had done, and immediately he set out to seek the godless man, and when he found him he brought him to his tent again, saying to him, "God has pleaded for thee," and he asked him to relum to eat his meal and rest.

Some of our readers may recall the tragic expl rience of one of the early exploring expeditions for ship-canal route, that under Lieut. Isaac C. Strain United States Navy, in 1854. Misled by erroneou maps, and imperfectly equipped, the party of twenty five or thirty men, starting with only ten days' pro visions, wandered through these dense forests, number of them perishing from utter starvation and only after nearly three months did they emerge on the Pacific side of the Isthmus.

Lieut. Strain, who had had experience of the jut gles of Brazil and the East Indies, pronounce these Central American forests as the most difficult traveling he had seen. The undergrowth in som places was described as exceedingly dense, at composed for the most part of pinnello-little pine a plant resembling that which produces the pines ple, but with longer leaves, serrated with lo spines, which produce most painful wounds.

With immense toil, and slowly in the extreme the patient band cut their way through this del growth. Sometimes they reached a river, a whose banks they could more easily make the way, but the whole journey was one of the extre est hardship. They found, among all those luxu ant growths, but little that was nutritious, palmetto, occasionally some plantains or bands but most frequently the nuts of a species of pa which would support life, but whose acidity stroyed the enamel of the teeth and impaired coats of the stomach, were their only food,

Yet there was beauty in that tropical will ness. Worn out as they were, half-famished, camp number 21, pitched in an open grove, un magnificent canopy of trees, and on a bankth feet high, from which a long reach of river coll seen, with the sunlight flashing through arcades, they could not refrain from calling Beautiful."

Nature & Study

PLANTS AND HOW TO OBSERVE THEM.

A GREAT many people would be glad to become botanists, and think there is some special skill required to understand plants and plant life. In reality there is only one thing required and that is the power of observation. This, so easily said, is not so readily acquired and is really a very rare accomplishment. The average boy or girl will fix their eyes on a plant and simply see nothing. If told to turn their back to it and they then are questioned about it they cannot tell whether it has round or pointed leaves, many or few branches and all is an indistinct blur. The study of nature is simply seeing things that are as plain as day and few there are who do see them.

Here are a few questions about a common dandelion, and only a few. How many of our readers can answer them, or even the most of them?

Where do dandelions thrive best? Are the plants of different sizes? Are the leaves on the same plant all after the same pattern? What color is the flower? Have all dandelions the same color of flower? How many general kinds are there? How do they bloom-at what season and under what conditions? How do they seed? What are the shape and color of the seed? Will they bloom the first year from the seed? Are the leaves the same above and below? How are the buds formed? What shape is the root? Has the root a juice? What color is it? Have the leaves a juice? Will they grow in the woods or in shade? What insects prey on the plant? Are the flowers ever fragrant? Will it grow from a root cutting? Do the flowers close, -when? Is it easy to transplant? Is it ever cultivated? Has it medicinal qualities and what are they?

After being sure of the answers to these questions, as a result of personal observation, and not of guessing, there will be many other things noticeable by the observer. Studying natural history is simply seeing things as they are.

ARIZONA'S PETRIFIED FOREST.

The petrified forest of Arizona spreads its remarkable display over 100 square miles of ground in the northeastern part of the Territory. The forest is now known as the Chalcedony Park, which has become a Government reserve.

The immense petrified forest of Arizona has in the past few years attracted considerable attention from geologists and men interested in kindred phenomena of nature. It is said by them that there are no other similar petrifactions in the world. Several thousand acres of this forest are scattered over the sand deserts of Northern Arizona, in the vicinity of Holbrook. A six-mile drive by stagecoach brings the traveler to the scene. At what is known as the first deposit several sections of land are covered with the fallen trunks of the trees, checked and broken, and upon a bluff of clay a hundred feet or more from the valley below, is the petrified tree that forms a natural bridge from one angle of the bluff to another, some fifty feet in length. This ridge is claimed to be entitled to far greater disfinction than the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The chemistry of nature in her strange upheavals, has made of it a natural stage for many a tragic episode of the wild West. Indians and cowboys, it is alleged, have fought duels upon its shaky support, and there are mystic legends connected with its formations. A dare-devil cowboy recently rode his cow pony across the bridge, and the weight, which was supposed to be perilous in the center, did not affect it in the least.

The natural bridge of Arizona is one of the most perfect and the largest log in the forest, being over five feet through at the butt. The dirt has gradually washed away from beneath its center, leaving both ends resting upon a sand formation. Its with the eye, until it is completely covered again by tracked all the way through, only its weight keep-Appear.

A person may walk in places for a hundred yards of Arizona. The limbs seem to either have been produced by Mr. Cooper in the fourth year, and a good crop in seven years; 122 pounds is the average per tree. The method of propagation requires constant attention and great experi-

Only a few of them can be found to-day, leaving the largest and most hardy to tell the tale of long ago. The surrounding country has the appearance of having been at one time the bottom of a large body of water; petrified bones and shells are found in great numbers, and in places the trunks of trees may be seen protruding from the broken banks of clay twenty feet under earth, and underneath a ledge of sandstone.

CONCERNING OLIVES.

THE olive is one of the oldest known fruits. It is noted by Pliny and is frequently mentioned in the Bible, where it forms the basis of many parables and figures of speech. In Grecian mythology the olive tree occupies an important place, and to-day the "olive branch" is the world symbol for peace. The olive tree itself is rather melancholy in appearance, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the tone which the olive trees give to the landscape, and in nearly all of the Mediterranean countries they are found almost everywhere. In general, the olive will flourish wherever the vine can be cultivated for wine-growing purposes. It will not bear a temperature below 21 degrees or 22 degrees F., and in Europe it cannot be grown above 46 degrees latitude. The young plants and fruit are very delicate, but the tree itself is quite tough. Naturally, in Italy, where the olive forms one of the principal agricultural products and contributes so largely to the wealth of the country, the trees are cultivated with the greatest care. The kernel of the olive requires about two years to germinate naturally, but it is found by mixing clay and goat manure nature's processes can be hastened so that it will germinate the same year. The trees attain great age, and a large olive tree near Nice is believed to be a thousand years old and is said to have yielded 500 pounds of oil in a single year.

The culture of the olive in the United States is increasing rapidly, and in California the industry has attained such proportions that already \$500,000 is invested in it. Olives were first introduced into the State by the Franciscan Missions almost a century ago. The oldest olive trees in California date from the last century. They are six in number and are stationed at the San Gabriel Mission and are still bearing fruit, and are a living monument to the wisdom of the Franciscan Brothers. According to some authorities, the oldest tree is at the Capistrano Mission, thirty miles south of Los Angeles. The seed from which this tree was grown came from Corsica in 1769. It is now fifty feet high and the trunk is at least five feet in diameter. The old trees at the Missions are as robust and thrifty as when they first commenced bearing fruit. The Franciscans raised most of their trees from cuttings which they brought from Spain. They found the soil and surroundings most congenial for olive-raising, and that the trees flourished even better than on their native soil. The oil enabled the exile of the Fathers to be more supportable by supplying one of the accustomed luxuries of their far-away homes in distant Castile.

The modern history of the California olive culture began about twenty years ago, when the Hon. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, who is regarded as the father of the industry, began his investigations on raising the olive as a commercial possibility. He first secured cuttings from the trees of the old Mission and set out a number of olive orchards in Santa Barbara and other places. The result has amply justified his venture. Now there is hardly a part of the State that has not its olive orchard.

The olive seems to thrive best under the influence of sea breezes. It takes to almost any character of soil where the drainage is good, and flourishes in the localities beyond the range of very heavy frosts. The tree does not require a great deal of attention, and does not resent neglect. The care of an olive orchard is less than for almost any other kind of fruit. The trees are highly symmetrical when grown, and on some ranges are planted along the roadside for the shade and the added beauty which they afford to the landscape. Olives are almost never raised from the seed, as this requires a long time. They are usually raised from cuttings, and have been produced by Mr. Cooper in the fourth year, and a good crop in seven years; 122 pounds is the average per tree. The method of propaga-

ence, but the plants are grown on such an enormous scale the cost of them is very small. In the spring, after the cuttings are rooted, they are transferred to olive-growing nurseries, where they become trees of from three to five feet high in from twelve to eighteen months.

Olive oil making is a simple process; the quality depends on the care exercised from the picking of the fruit through every stage of manufacture until it is put into bottles and corked. About eight and one-half pounds of olives are required to a large bottle of oil. The fruit is gathered later in the season than other crops, and in the best orchards the olives are plucked one by one from the branches, and not shaken from the trees or allowed to drop. Special ladders mounted on wheels are run among the branches of the trees, and the pickers ascend the ladders and pluck the olives, which they drop into a specially made device, usually of tin, strapped about the waist, and which is adapted to hold a considerable amount of fruit.

The olives must not be allowed to stand in heaps, in sacks or any sort of package long enough to heat through, otherwise the oil will become musty and rancid. Absolute cleanliness is required in every step of the process. The olives are first dried, during which process they lose about half of their weight; they are then crushed by a heavy stone rolling over them, and are next pressed the same as in cider making. The first expression is what is known as the "virgin" oil; the lower grades follow in succession. There are at least a dozen oil mills in the State of California.

The olive industry is an example of what may be accomplished in the way of introducing a new agricultural pursuit in the splendid Southwest.

SOME VALUABLE FURS.

The beavers are among the most intelligent of the fur-bearing animals, and the hunters who take them have to know their habits pretty thoroughly. The ermine is one of the most noted furs, and is produced on a small animal only ten or twelve inches in length, much resembling a common weasel, and inhabiting the northern regions of Europe, Asia and America. In several countries the use of this fur is restricted to royal families. The value of the skin is from S1 to S3 each.

There are several kinds of foxes, each having fur of greater or less value. The black fox skin commands a higher price than that of any other animal, unless it may be the sea otter. Single specimens of these skins have been sold in London for £80. A garment belonging to the Emperor of Russia, and fined with this fur, was valued at £2,000. A common skin is worth \$80, but a choice one is worth \$200.

There are other kinds of foxes, all of which the hunter enjoys trapping and hunting. They are difficult to trap, and the wits and genius of the trapper are taxed to their utmost to capture them. The red fox is most common, and is considered a great pest among the farmers, for Reynard is very fond of poultry and young lambs.

The fur seal affords a very valuable fur which is now extensively used. In North America these are found in great abundance off the coast of Alaska from May to November, and this region affords the chief supply. The skins, when taken from the animals, are salted, and in this condition sold to the manufacturers who clean, dress and dye them. To prepare them for the market requires about four months' time. In the process of manufacture each skin is handled about two hundred times before it becomes fit for the furrier's use. The natural color of the fur which underlies the coarse hair outside is a dirty cinnamon, and the skins are dyed twelve to eighteen times to bring them to the dark bronze or jet-black usually worn. The process of curing and coloring nearly doubles the value of the skins. Seal-skin garments command a high price, ladies' sacques frequently selling for \$500 each,

PLANTAINS are the latest semitropical contribution to the local market supply. They come from Porto Rico and are the first seen here in nearly a year. Many have seldom seen or eaten this staple of the warm countries. The plantains look like an enormous banana, but, unlike the banana, they have to be cooked to be eaten. Plantain fritters are the favorite dish with many.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHRIN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

NO WORDS THERE I

THE boy who does not know how to obey without question does not know how to command. If he can not do as he is told he is not fit to boss anything. That is simply another, and perhaps a plainer way of saying the same thing. No boy will ever be fit to act in the front who has not learned to follow as a preliminary training. One of the first things a soldier has to learn is implicit obedience to the orders of his superior in rank. And he doesn't stop to argue the case, at least not more than once. It is often the case that an order is given in a way that is peculiarly offensive to the subordinate, but the thing to do if it is a correct order, is to obey without hesitancy, and without question.

After the habit of obedience is formed the possessor is in the direct line of promotion. If he can do as he is told he can be trusted out of sight, and with the control of others. But the first thing is to learn obedience, and then it is reasonable to expect that he will be able to carry out orders with others under his control. So, no words, boy. Do as you are told! When you have learned that you can go up higher.

A MISTAKE VOUNG FOLKS MAKE.

ONE of the mistakes that young people make is not often referred to, and that is to think that older people do not notice them and what they do because they say nothing about them. It is an error for a boy, or girl, to imagine that because nothing is said no notice has been taken. As a rule older people are very observant of young persons in whom they have an interest. They may not indulge in audible comment, but the impressions made are remembered.

A boy is seen in bad company. True, he may only be tagging along in the rear, but his actions go to show that he is getting ready to become one of the crowd. A man passes and sees him. Nothing whatever is said. Next week, or next month, that boy applies for a place in the store of the man who saw him, and is refused. The reason the man has to give, if required, is that he saw the applicant in bad company, and that settled it.

A young girl is seen out late at night with a lot of loud-mouthed company. She is marked down by a passer-by. In a short time reference is made to her in her absence, and there is a story to tell of bad company, and a mental mark to her discredit in the minds of all hearers.

It may be all well enough to say that you don't care what people have to say, or what they think, but the facts are that you must care if you expect to get on in the world. Then clear outside of the personal good that may inure to a youth by behaving well and avoiding bad company there is a higher motive than that of immediate profit, and that is in the right of doing right. The boy or girl who does right because it is right need have no fears of being marked down unfavorably by any who see, though no comment is heard.

THAT THOUGHTLESS BOY.

The thoughtless boy is everywhere, and that he is reading the INGLENOOK at this moment is not to be wondered at. That you, as his parent, are often troubled about him goes without saying. You don't know what will become of him in the future unless he changes his ways, etc., etc. Now let us have a ed with religious ceremonies.

little talk about that boy. Of course he is foolish, and he does things that you wouldn't do, and nobody else of good sense, either, for that matter, and he can not be made to see wherein he is wrong. He is just passing through his salad days, and doesn't know it. He is in the pinfeather stage and thinks he is somebody of importance. Never mind! He will get all that taken out of him a little later on. What he is going through is what all of us passed, only we have forgotten it. A little later on he will come to his senses and as the years go by he will sober down all right enough. There seems to be a certain stage, between hay and grass, as the saying goes, when all sorts of foolishness is abroad in the mind of youth. He is neither a boy nor a man, and as a sort of physical and mental What-is-it? he is a source of endless trouble to his people. Wait in patience, as the chances are that he is not altogether a fool, and when he has crossed the line he will begin to show color as little green apples color up when they attain their growth. There is such a good chance of his coming out all right that the Inglenook will go his bail that everything will be well in the end. Only let him read the paper, and talk with him now and then, not so much about his faults as asking his opinion on matters you are familiar with. He will think he is driving the wagon, and after a while he will be perfectly able to do so for a fact.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Forgive Us Our Trespasses.

This is in the Lord's Prayer, and is a supplication that all hearts make, and if it stopped there it would have less meaning than what is conveyed in the following phrase,—as we forgive others. It is entirely possible for us to secure that forgiveness for ourselves, and it can readily be done by our forgiving from our hearts those who have wronged us. Christ tells us that we will be forgiven in the same ratio that we forgive others. This leaves it very much in our own hands, altogether, in fact.

It is not always an easy thing to do. In fact it is very hard at times. But no one should say the Lord's Prayer who treasures up a wrong done him by his fellow man. Remember that we ask God to deal with us as we have dealt with others, and if he takes us at our word, and we have not forgiven others, neither shall we be forgiven. There is something fearful in all this when we come to think about it. Consider your relations toward those who have wronged you. If you have not forgiven them do so at once, and do it from the heart, and then God is ready to grant your prayer for the forgiveness of your sins against Him.

It reads easy enough, but it is sometimes a very hard thing to do. But it must be done, and he is the best Christian who forgives the most. There is. it seems to me, a still better way, and that is not to be easily offended. Then there is less to forgive, and less to be forgiven for. How do you stand in relation to this important matter?

CLAY EATING.

THE INGLENOOK recently had an article on the clay-eating habits of some of the southern people, and commenting on the subject Golden Days has the following to say. It will appear from this that the habit is not a local one, and there must be another reason than any yet assigned for the practice. The peculiar practice of eating earth is not confined to the clay eaters of the Southern States, nor the Indian tribes in the far West. In some parts of the mountains of Germany the natives eat a certain kind of clay spread on their bread, calling it "stein butter,"-stone butter. In upper Italy and Sardinia a kind of clay is offered in the markets for sale as food. In northern Sweden and the peninsula of Kola, in Lapland, a kind of earth, called bergmehl, mountain flour, is baked with the bread. In Persia, too, large quantities of clay are eaten. The natives of South America are great clay eaters, especially the Botocudos of the Orinoco River. In Nubia a certain kind of earth is eaten as a medicine, and on the Island of Timor the eating of earth is connect-

The cause for this widespread custum, according to Dr. Richard Lasch, a German scientist who has been investigating the matter, is that the elay contains a certain amount of salt, which tastes good to these primitive people. The consequence of habitual earth-eating is a great distention of the stomach, an increase in the leanness of the eaters, and distention of the liver. When a child of civilized parents shows a disposition to eat earth or slate pencils, as is often the case, there is a physical cause for it and the case should be brought to the attention of the family physician.

LIFE STRANGELY SAVED.

In all of its work the Society for Psychical Research never unearthed a story more remarkable than one which is vouched for by Bishop Samuel Fellows of the Reformed Episcopal church:

"It was told at a meeting of a college Greek-let. ter society," said the bishop to a reporter for the Sunday Inter-Ocean, "by the young husband of the woman who figures in the story. He pledged every. body to secrecy concerning names, dates, or any. thing which would fix the identity of the parties, All are Chicago people of well-known families, and the principals are alive to-day."

After stipulating that the names of the people in print should be Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, the bishop told the story as follows:

Some years ago Mrs. Smith, wife of the young Chicago man living on the north side, was taken serious ly ill and died in a short time. She was not embalmed and was buried two or three days later in Rose Hill cemetery.

She was buried in the afternoon, and in the evening a friend of the family came in and decided to stay in the house that night with the husband and servants. In the middle of the night Mr. Smith was awakened from a rather restless sleep by some one calling his name.

He heard the name two or three times, "Charles, Charles," very distinctly. He did not associate the voice with any one he knew, and said to himself that it was a hallucination. Being a man of materialistic views, he attached no superstitious meaning to the matter, and soon fell into a troubled sleep again.

After a little while he was awakened by the voice again, this time more insistent: "Charles, Charles Charles!" Just as the day was breaking, for the third time he heard the call again, this time entreat-

This time he recognized the voice very distinctly as that of his wife. Moved by some inexplainable impulse, he sprang up, searched the room thorough ly, found no one, and rushed into where his friend was asleep.

"Come, get up," he said, "we must go to Rose Hill.'

His friend tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. They harnessed a horse to a light buggy took spades and pickaxes, and drove to the ceme tery at breakneck speed. As quickly as possible they digged down to the coffin, which had been pull there the afternoon before, and opened it.

The young wife was just turning over in the case ket. Although alive; she was unconscious. Presumably she had been in a stupor the entire tint She was taken home, recovered consciousness, and is alive to-day, and probably if she had known the circumstances at that time the shock would have killed her.

She was told that she had been very ill and had recovered almost miraculously. Beyond that i knows nothing of the story. There seems to be by one explanation, and that is that Mrs. Smith's su conscious mind influenced the mind of her husband telepathically and warned him of her danger.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE INGLENOOK,

I like it very well.—I. B. Trout.

It is a gem.—Arilla Slusser.

THE INGLENOOK is all right.—D. L. Miller.

I think THE INGLENOOK good. Jesse Culler.

I like it very much.—A. P. Bucher.

INGLENOOK is quite good.—Fanny Morrow. Fills a long-felt want in church homes.—. If s. dipps.

If the rest are as good as the first it can't fail if

take.—Mattic Mohler. Think it a charming paper.—Lissic Thomas.

Just what I have been wising for my daughter. I think The Inglenook a most excellent and cortaining papers. Lizzie E. Brinkerhoff.

I like the matter in THE INGLENOOK.—II. H. M. tertaining paper.-Mabel Murray.

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

THE STUDY OF SHORTHAND.

BY A PRACTICAL STENOGRAPHER.

A GREAT many young people have undertaken the study of shorthand only to make a failure of it. Then a great many have succeeded in making themselves fairly good stenographers. I have been requested to tell how this is best done, and I am willing to give the results of my experience in the pro-

Stenography can be learned without an instructor, but the result is so doubtful that such a course is not to be commended. A teacher is such a great help that no person able to go to a good school is advised to do otherwise. In the case of inability to attend a school the next best thing is to have the aid of some thoroughly expert writer. The time to begin work is after a good education has been had, such as is embodied in a high school, or an academic course, and this is, to a certain extent, essential to success. The stenographer must have a working knowledge of the English language, and nothing can stand in its stead. If his work was always a reproduction of the speech of scholars it might be different, and he is required to get right what he does, and this he must often supply himself.

The age to begin will vary from ten to thirty years. It has been found out that middle-aged persons, except those of very great natural aptitude, are not likely to make a success of the work, and some of the best teachers refuse a student over thirty. It is one of the professions that women are about as apt as men, and as a matter of fact they acquire proficiency, up to a certain point, better than do men, and after that make slower progress. As to the system to be studied it really makes little difference which is chosen, as they are all based on the same general principles, and one is about as easy or as difficult as another.

The time required to get the ability to write readily and legibly differs greatly, dependent wholly on the ability and application of the learner. But one of average ability should be able to get a pretty good hold on it in six months, or even less. This does not necessarily mean that he will be able to report a rapid speaker in that time, but that he should be able to take dictation from his employer. There is one thing that the inquirer should remember, and that is that while the acquirement of the ability to write shorthand is not a very difficult thing, nor is rapid writing up to a certain stage, very much more difficult, after a certain point is reached it becomes an exceedingly hard thing to keep up with a speaker who is very rapid and one to whose methods we are unaccustomed. But the stenographer must be able to defy the most fluent speaker. And there are not many of them living able to do this. Those who can are sure of employment. The only way possible to acquire skill is by practice, and this is best done by reporting casual conversations, sermons, and public speeches. Another excellent way is to have some friend read aloud, and only by this continual practice can available knowledge be obtained. There is no short cut, there never will be.

The time was when shorthand was regarded as a very rare accomplishment. That time has passed and there are stenographers everywhere. If one is needed an advertisement in a daily paper will bring them to the front by scores. As a consequence the salaries paid beginners are not large, and the chances for promotion are not very good under ordinary circumstances. The way matters have shaped themselves in the world of business a stenographer with no adequate knowledge of typewriting stands a poor chance of securing a place. While the two may not be absolutely necessary in the same person they are so related one to the other that both are advised. In fact a shorthand writer who is not able to typewrite out his notes will find it exceedingly difficult if not impossible to find a place.

If, in addition to stenography and typewriting telegraphy is added to the student his field is proportionately widened. It should be remembered that the particular field of operation should be confice and that of a railroad headquarters is widely different in the use of terms, and while common

general principles underlie the art, still there are requirements in special fields that one should be sure of if that work is in anticipation. Finally, my advice to the aspirant is to not take hold without a firm determination to put it through. There will be discouragements, but success will follow persistent effort.

SOME WEST POINT POINTERS.

THERE are few INGLENOOK boys who have not heard of the great military school of the United States at West Point, and the following article is presented here for the purpose of giving information how appointments are made and something about the course of study. When the world gets civilized there will be no need of the soldier at all:

American army officers say that the war with Spain has stimulated the desire of the youth of the country to enter West Point. The stories of the killing of so many of the graduates of the academy at El Caney and San Juan have served to increase rather than to decrease the number of letters of inquiry about the means of entering the military academy that pour in daily to the war department from all parts of the United States.

A few plain facts about the qualifications for admission to the government school and a few hints as to what to do immediately upon admission may be of service to some of Uncle Sam's boys whose minds are set upon securing a military education. The law provides that there may be at West Point one cadet for each congressional district in the United States, and ten cadets whose appointment lies within the gift of the president, and who are known as cadets at large.

Now if every boy who entered the academy succeeded in graduating therefrom there would be only one vacancy in each congressional district every four years, that being the time allotted to complete the course of instruction. It is a matter of record, however, that but few more than one-half of the cadets who pass their preliminary examination stay the full four years. There are two examinations yearly and many of the boys are found deficient in their studies and sent home. It does not follow, therefore, because some boy was appointed from your district last June or the June before that you will have to wait until his graduation to secure an appointment. The examinations of the different classes at West Point are held in January and June of each year. If your mind is set on becoming a soldier it is a good plan to write direct to the war department in February and July of each year, and, giving the number of your congressional district and the name of your State, ask if there is a vacancy in the corps of cadets for that district. You will get an immediate answer, and if the cadet representing your district has been unfortunate enough to fail in the last examination you will be informed of the fact. Upon learning that there is a vacancy, write at once to your member of congress, or, better still, call upon him and make an application for the appointment at once. It more frequently happens that you might think that the being named as a candidate for admission to West Point is a case of "first come first served." If the congressman agrees to name you for the cadetship he must forward your name, age and address to the war department. The secretary of war, through an assistant, will send you a set of instructions and an appointment as a cadet conditional upon your passing the preliminary examination. It may be that the congressman prefers to give all the boys a chance, and so will order a competitive examination. In this case you must pass a better examination than your fellows in order to get the coveted place.

I want to offer one bit of advice right here. Don't accept an appointment to the military academy unless you were born with a liking for mathematics. This study is the backbone of the course, and in order to master it as it is taught at West Point one must have a love for the study for the sake of the study itself. The other courses at the academy can readily be mastered by a boy of ordinary brightness. The preliminary examination for entrance will be held at the nearest army post to your home. A thorough knowledge of grammar school studies will enable the candidate to pass. It must be understood, though, that the word "thorough" is used with its army significance, and it means thorough in the fullest sense. The instructions received from the war department will embody

a list of the examination subjects and many simple questions taken from previous examinations. The physical examination is severe. The boy must not only be sound in "limb and lung" but he must be of athletic build, have keen eyesight and hearing, be able to distinguish one from the other all shades of color and must show no symptoms of cigarette poisoning. A yellow stain on the thumb or forefinger will cause a surgeon to examine a boy the more closely, and more than one American youth has had to lay to a cigarette, the blame for his rejection by a board of surgeons.

If a boy knows just what to do after he enters West Point he is much better prepared for what awaits him there. If your father is a millionaire or the president of the United States the first thing to do is to forget the fact utterly if you are the least bit inclined to a feeling of self-importance on account of your father's money or his official position. The cadets at West Point believe absolutely in having the place run on the principle of true democracy. There the cabinet officer's son and the son of the small shopkeeper are on absolute equality. The cadet who is caught receiving money from home is shut up in the guard tent.

There never was a boy yet, so far as records go, who, for the first month after entering the government academy, did not wish that he had never heard of the place. The discipline is exceedingly severe, the drill is hard and the hazing, though not as bad as it was twenty years ago, is still something more than a trial to the new cadet. The boy who has been Jack or Phil or Harry to his comrades at home suddenly finds himself Mr. Gray or Mr. Spencer or whatever his name may be. For a year he is addressed thus formally by his fellow cadets of the upper classes, nor must be address one of them without also prefixing the "Mr." and affixing the "sir." Hazing consists of all sorts of larks and some indignities at the expense of the freshman, or "pleb," as he is rather contemptuously termed at West Point. It does not increase a lad's sense of his own dignity to be forced for fifteen minutes at a time to point with his forefinger and to sing over and over again: "There sits a fly on the wall." It does not add to the lad's peace of mind when he has finished to be told by the surrounding cadets, who are enjoying the situation hugely, that the "pleb" cannot hope to continue a military career, because he has already been guilty of making a serious false official statement, inasmuch as the wall before him has been guiltless of having a fly on it for many years.

Let the boy who goes to West Point go there in full determination to accept the hardness of the lot for the first few months in good part. The whole course is severe, but when once habituated to the discipline and the study it becomes easier, and the reward is great for one who perseveres to the end.— Indicard B. Clark.

WHAT A GLASS OF WINE DID.

THE Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, and inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a very noble young man-physically noble. His generous qualities had made him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his companions to breakfast, as he was about to depart from l'aris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated, he was not in any respect a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble; but in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the payement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop near by, and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

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Good Reading

AN UNWORTHY STRATAGEM.

In the tribe of Neggdeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to bandage his legs so as to appear very much like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he waited for Naber, the owner of the horse, to pass. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied:

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back.

But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so,

"It is I, Daher. I have got the horse and am off with it."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together and became fast friends for life.

MOTHER GOOSE.

MOTHER GOOSE rhymes of nonsense and merriment have been standard nursery literature for over 175 years, but the real Mother Goose has long since been forgotten, for she died in Boston many, many years ago. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and it was not until she was a grandmother that she sung the songs that have since become world-famous. Very little was known about her until the presence of a little grandchild caused her to chant all sorts of nursery jingles to please the little one. The Boston records show that Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, married Elizabeth Goose, the daughter of Mother Goose, in June, 1715.

It is to the industry of this Thomas Fleet, no less than to Mother Goose, that nurserydom is indebted for the old ditties. It appears that Papa Fleet got very weary of hearing Mother-in-law Goose going about the house singing "Goosey, goosey, gander, where shall I wander? Up stairs, down stairs and in my lady's chamber," for Mother Goose had a rasping voice and never had been a singer. He pleaded with Mother Goose to stop crooning her absurd nonsense rhymes, so the story goes, but she was determined to entertain the grandchild, who seemed to enjoy the rhymes mightily.

Finally Thomas Fleet found a way of revenging himself on the old lady, at the same time adding to the shillings in his pocket. He went to his printing house in Pudding Lane and set up in type the rhymes that had bothered him so much. Each day he would covertly listen to Mother Goose as she sung them. He would write them down as he heard them; then down he went to the printing shop to put them in type. This was done day after day for months. Finally enough were gathered together to make quite a book. So Thomas Fleet printed and bound them and put them in a cover on which was pictured an old gray goose, with a long

neck and an open beak. Probably Mother Goose was disgusted at seeing herself so represented, but she still sung her quaint jingles to the grandchild until finally nearly all the mothers in Boston and thereabouts were singing with her.

HOOKING A WHALE.

Of all the fish stories told, that of a fourteen-yearold boy at Santa Catalina island, California, is one of the most remarkable, and it is safe to say that had not the incident been observed by a number of persons no one would have believed it, yet it is true in every detail, and it has remained for a boy to hook and for a few moments play a whale. It is true that the whale was not very large, and a young one at that, but it was a genuine cetacean, and while but nine or ten feet in length, was large enough to create a sensation even in a remarkable fishing country.

The young fisherman, accompanied by his father and a boatman well known on the island, were rowing along the south end near the sca-line rookery, in search of yellowtails, the famous game fish of the region. Several boats were in the vicinity, their occupants busily engaged in fishing, little thinking of the angling exhibition to which they were to be treated. The water was perfectly calm, and they were trolling not 100 feet from the shore, when suddenly some one uttered an exclamation as a huge black form rose partly out of the water not 200 yards away; then another.

"Orcas!" said the boatman. And orcas they were—a small black whale ranging up to twenty feet, with a tail, dorsal fin and singular white markings. There were three—a male, female and calf—and they were moving slowly along, making a remarkable exhibition; blowing so near the boat that their eyes could be distinctly seen. They suddenly disappeared and the fishermen in the vicinity supposed that they had seen the boats and made off.

While the men were watching, the rod held by the boy, who was not a very big one, gave a sudden lurch and the reel uttered several decided buzz-like sounds, then screamed loudly after the fashion of reels that have throats of brass or steel.

"It's a yellowtail," said the boatman as the line dashed out, "and you have booked him well."

The young fisherman thought there was no doubt about that, as he had all he could do to prevent the rod from being jerked from his hands, while his father watched him with no little pride, as for a boy to handle and play a yellowtail weighing possibly thirty pounds was something to be proud of. Suddenly, without any warning, the line gave a tremendous jerk, the reel sang its loudest, and to the amazement of the anglers and the occupants of the surrounding boats, the smallest whale, about nine feet in length, rose directly into the air, some fifty feet astern.

"You've hooked the whale!" shouted the boatman, as the full form of the animal and the line dangling from its mouth were distinctly visible.

That this was so there was no possible doubt, as the big game now rushed away with such rapidity that the boy almost lost his grasp on the rod. Again the big black form leaped into the air, coming down with a thundering crash, and in less time than it takes to tell it had unrecled the 300 or 400 feet of line and was gone almost before the amazed witnesses could recover themselves.

"Well, my boy," said his father to the young fisherman who was now looking at his dangling line, "you have hooked and for a few seconds played a baby whale. If you fish all your life you will probably never have another such experience."

The boatman thought that if he had held the rod and the reel had contained 900 feet of line he could have landed the whale, but it is safe to say that others did not agree with him, and the record of the boy who played a whale will not soon be equaled.

The only other instance of hooking a whale on record occurred in the Santa Catalina channel. A yacht was almost becalmed off the island when suddenly a school of whales, apparently fifty or sixty feet in length, surrounded the vessel and began playing so near that the crew were demoralized. The gigantic animals were not more than ten feet away; one dubbing its huge form against the keel, making the yacht quiver from bow to stern. A fishing line was towing astern and all at once it stiffened out, there was a rush to one side, it hissed through the water for a few seconds then snapped man Clarke.

with a resounding sound. The hook had caught in the back of one of the whales, which, however, was so large and the wound so insignificant, that it is doubtful if the whale discovered that it was injuted

NOTES FROM BIRDLAND.

IF memory serves me well, it was Horace Greeley who said that doubtless many good men used tobac. co, but that if any one would show him a bad man who did not use tobacco he would in turn show a white blackbird. All bird students probably will agree that Mr. Greeley would have had hard work to find enough white blackbirds to fulfill the small requirements of his task had any one accepted his challenge. "Albinos," as the scientists call them are exceedingly rare in bird life. Some ornithologists in years of study have never seen one in a wild state, and yet within the limits of the little Chicago suburb of Highland Park three interesting white specimens have occurred in a single season. Early in the spring a pair of robins built their nest on the top of a pillar under the porch roof of the residence of James H. Shields, near the lake shore. The family watched the birds with interest, and when the young were fledged it was found that one of the nestlings was feathered in pure white. No one, by however great a stretch of the imagination, could think of this bird as a robin redbreast. The other members of the bird household were normal in color. The old birds appeared to pay no attention to the fact that they had a strange-looking child in the house, but fed him and the others impartially. After the birds had been led from the nest the albino was captured and kept for a pet. It followed the members of the family about and was given almost unrestricted liberty, and one day, in its anxiety to reach the open well before one of its human friends, it lost its balance and fluttered into the dark moss-grown depths, where it calmly waited for rescue floating upon the surface of the water. It was finally drawn up by means of the bucket and windlass.

Birds are apt to make outcasts of their albino brothers. A mated albino, so far as I am able to find out, has been hitherto unreported. Inafield within the limits of Highland Park I found in June an albino bobolink. The ordinary bobolink's back and head are yellow and white, while the breast is like midnight. This fellow was white all over, save for a few small streaks of black. He lived in a field by himself, but sung just as joyously as did? score of his brothers on the other side of the road, who apparently had forced him to live alone. The interesting question became as to whether this Rob ert of Lincoln freak could find for himself a mate. The songsters over the way had no trouble in securing wives, while he still remained a bachelor. But one day a little quaker companion appeared, and speedily a home was made amid the grass roots of

Roving apparently aimlessly over the fields and wood patches adjacent to Highland Park is a crow who seems to be bigger than most of his kind, and who is further distinguished by bearing on the small of his back a pure-white mark of the size and contour of a silver dollar. He has been seen on occasions for more than two years, and always has be been alone. There is apparently no crow companionship for him, and yet he walks about in the fields with a somewhat stately air, as though he knows his superior size and fuels the great white birthmark to be a badge of honor.

I saw a man the other day limping with a pair of crutches. He had only one foot. He had sacrificed the other to save his life. He was wounded in the heel on the field of battle, and only prompt amputation kept the blood poison down there from reaching the heart. We do not despise that veteral soldier because he limps. Nay, we honor him as one who suffered, fighting bravely in a noble cause. And so we honor those who have made sacrifices for Jesus' sake, even as in heaven they adore and praise the lamb that had been slain in the midst of the throne.

While a healthy body helps to make a healthy soul, the reverse is yet more true. Mind lifts up purifies, sustains the body. Mental and more activity keeps the body healthy, strong and yours preserves from decay, and renews life. James for man Clarke.

ooo The o Circle ooo

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"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

WHEN Jesus healed the ten lepers, but one turned back, and fell down on his face at his feet, giving thanks; and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? We think it strange that the nine who were cleansed from that terrible disease of leprosy should go their way without thanking the Great Physician for his marvelous skill and power. And yet the conditions are just the same to-day; we must call for the cleansed just as Jesus did. We ought to work and pray for the unsaved, but Sunday after Sunday our ministers are preaching in order to save "the nine." The minister and Sunday-school teacher usually visit "the nine," and the unsaved are too often neglected, left out in the cold, and forgotten. The Savior said, "Feed my lambs," and we should lovingly and tenderly care for them; they are not "the nine." But "the nine" were strong and able to give the Lord a tribute of praise, else he had not required it. During the revival season in our churches, the members are brought closer to God and wandering sinners enter the fold. But in some cases at least, if you wait awhile, and then enter that church, the cry of our Savior rushes to our lips, Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? If the ten were all there praising God it would seem like a Pentecostal

If "the nine" who were cleansed would also glorify God, so much more would be accomplished in the name of Jesus. None would be absent from church on account of indifference, and every service would be a praise service. Our missions are not supported as they should be, the cry of human hearts suffering in ignorance and superstition falls upon dull ears, because "the nine are not aroused."

TO GIVE EYERY MAN ACCORDING AS HIS WORK.—Rev. 22:12.

This is a promise that is not confined to this life, but reaches on and over into the eternal world; when we get there, we may discover the results. Serve your divine Paymaster faithfully, my brother, in your business, and whether you get rich or not you will have treasures in heaven. Do your duty lovingly, oh, praying mother, and you will not fail of your reward. One of the ecstasies of heaven will be the surprise of blessings long deferred, and the reaping of harvests that only come in return for unwearied fidelity. He that never faints is the one that never fails. It will be with compound interest that our divine Paymaster will reward many a faithful toiler in his vineyard. There is a mighty power in that word "shall;" "we shall reap if we faint not."-Theo. L. Cuyler.

YE ARE WITNESSES.—Luke 24: 48.

This message is for us all. As well might the little child in the family, who heard the father's dying words—"God bless you, my children and make you true and faithful men and women"—say to himself: "My father's message was not for me, but for my older brothers and sisters. It puts no responsibility upon me. He did not include me in his blessing and in his counsel." The father's dying message is for all his children. Our Savior's message is for all.—Francis E. Clark.

The most useful people in this world are frequently the most modest as to their own achievements and most ready to give God the glory of their success. The Arabs have a saying that as the wheat and the tares grow together, it becomes evident which of the two classes of growths God has blessed. For the ears that he has favored bow their heads in acknowledgment of every added grain, and the more fruitful they become the lower their heads ir uitful, lift their heads erect in lofty disdain of their humbly efficient neighbors. It is just so in life.

🚣 Sunday 🖫 School 🚣

PARABLE OF THE SOWER .- Matt. 13:1-8, 18-23.

(Lesson for May 20, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT.-The seed is the word of God.-Luke 8:2.

We are all sowers of seed in human hearts and lives around us. It is doubtful whether any act of ours falls unheeded on the observer. What we do is never for ourselves alone. It affects all others with whom we come in contact. It is unavoidable. It is fate. There is no getting around it. It is a truth that in the vegetable world the seeds of noxious plants possess a vitality not equalled in the cultivated species. If we sowed cabbage seed broadcast by the roadside no one would harvest a crop of cabbages. But if we scattered the seeds of the Canada thistle every one of them would likely develop into a useless and noxious weed.

It is entirely so in the world of morals. The evil that we do outlives in its persistence the good that we accomplish. It is a part of the perversity of human nature that the things we should not do are oftenest done. It is human nature to seek the forbidden fruit. An acorn is a very little thing, comparatively speaking. A child can carry it in its hand. But plant it, and if the situation is a favorable one, an oak that outlives a century is the result. It is the same with the word or the thought that we drop in the soil of the heart of those about us. It is either weeds or wheat. And the weeds grow so much easier than the grain.

If there is any one thing that is certain in human life it is that as we sow so shall we reap. Whatso-ever seed is put in the ground that same is reproduced. The prominence of the individual sowing these seeds of morals counts for much with those who look up to him. On the other hand a child may say or do a thing that will affect a grown man's life.

Some seeds germinate earlier than others. So some truths put into the ears of people may not materialize into actions for years to come. In our sowing there is this to remember,—nothing good is ever lost, and nothing good dies. It may not appear in fruit in our time. We may never see what sort of apple will grow on the tree started from the seed we snapped between our fingers in an idle moment. And we may not live to see the result of the idle word dropped in the hearing of those around us. But germinate it will, and as it is good or evil so will the fruit be.

There is no more potent factor for good than the Sunday-school teacher. Long enough after he has passed over he will be remembered. The writer remembers well the teacher of his youth, though he has passed to his reward long ago. While Christ uttered his parable, or parallel case, which is the meaning of the word parable, to show that his teaching, as it fell on the ears and into the hearts of the hearers, produced different results, yet it is also true that we are sowers in a way that makes us responsible for what we say and do. And it holds not only while we are before people in a representative capacity, but at all times and under all circumstances. Let us be careful of what we sow, for we are responsible for the crop.

The Bible is not dependent on the dead letters of the monuments for its credibility, nor does the earthly life of our Lord require the attestation of some rock-hewn Gospel. From age to age, from generation to generation, the Gospel is written in the hearts and lives of men, and Christ walks in his true church to-day as really as among the golden candlesticks in the apocalyptic vision. It is not a dead Gospel, nor an empty manger nor sepulcher, which claims our interest. It is a living Gospel, which is confirmed in the hearts of men rather than by any testimony of the monuments or ancient manuscripts. We bow before him in loving adoration who liveth and was dead and is alive for evermore.

JOSEPH COOK alliteratively describes life as follows: "Man's life means—Tender teens, Teachable twenties, Tireless thirties, Fiery forties, Forcible fifties, Scrious sixties, Sacred seventies, Aching eighties, Shortening breath, Death, The sod, God."

A PROSPEROUS iniquity is the most unprosperous thing in the world.—Jeremy Taylor.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE DREAM MOTHER.

THROUGH dreamland's cool and downy paths
I run with flying feet
To where my dear dream mother lives,
On As-You-Like-It street.

She never says when I come in:
"Oh! What a shocking noise!
Who would suppose that little girls
Are worse than little boys?"

All healthy little girls, she says, Delight to slam the door; And never put their books away, But throw them on the floor.

She never asks how I've behaved,
Nor questions where I stood.
"The head's the only place," she says,
"For me, so bright and good."

This very afternoon I heard
My dear dream mother say:
"You needn't finish grandma's seam
This bright, sunshiny day.

For summer's brightest, sweetest hours
To little girls belong;
To do a stint on such a day
Would certainly be wrong."

But then that kind dream mother fled (I wish that dreams came true) And some one called: "Come, Lazy Bones, There's work for you to do."

-Esther A. Harding.

THE STORY OF A CAT.

By Florence M. Herrick. (Age 11).

TABBY, Oh! Who is she? A little girl? No. A little boy? No. She is a strange-looking, half-starved kitten. She was born at a little place called Woodville, on a large farm. Woodville was ten miles from any city. It was not a manufacturing place, but was noted for its rich people.

The house in which Tabby lived was very beautiful, especially one room, on the window sill of which she would sit for hours, gazing at the children at their play, until Ned would come and carry her to the river. There were three children that lived on this farm, Ned, Mary and Teddy. Ned was very unkind to Tabby, and sometimes tried to drown her, but Mary and Teddy did not have much to do with her. So one day, when he was carrying her to the river, she jumped out of his arms and ran to the woods. There she wandered around for a while, until she saw, not far away, a little village. There she went and saw a little cottage, very different from the one from which she came. There were three children in the sitting room and they invited her to come in. They gave her a saucer of warm milk and a warm bed, for she looked as though she was tired and hungry. She went right to sleep and did not wake up till morning. Then she saw the cook getting breakfast ready,

The cook was very kind to Tabby, and gave her some bread and milk. The children got up not long after, and took Tabby out for a nice long run on the grass. This Tabby thought very lovely, because she had never had children so kind to her.

The children's names were Nellie, Alice and Ralph; Nellie was eight, Alice seven, and Ralph ten. They had been taught to be very kind to animals, which I am sure they were.

Ralph taught her many tricks, and she would beg like a little dog.

"Did Tabby run away?" you ask. No, she thought the children too nice to get out of their way. She stayed in that little brown house till she died, which was about two years after she went there.

They dug a little grave for Tabby and planted some heautiful flowers there, for they were very sad when she died.—The Young Idea.

The cat needs a good meal twice or three times a day.

KITTENS should be fed at least four times a day,

WILL our little friends all learn this verse?

He prayeth best who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.

THE SPANISH MISSIONS IN AMERICA.

BY CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG.

THE founding of the Catholic missions in North America was accomplished by the Spanish monks of the order of St. Francis. The story of their wanderings in the new world, of their heroic endeavor and hard-won achievments is as thrilling as a ro-

One who is even slightly familiar with the dismal swamps of Florida, or the wild and trackless deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, can conceive of the dangers which these spots offered to the early explorers. The early Spanish cavalier was a bold and hardy character, but he was far more loath to plunge into the unknown lands to the north of Mexico than the Spanish priest, who sought neither territory nor gold, but souls. He never faltered at the prospect of the sacrifice of comfort and health, of even life itself.

The first missionary work attempted in North America was in Florida. At the present day not a trace remains of the labors there, for after repeated efforts the work of Christianizing the savages was abandoned. At the time that Florida passed into the hands of the English the missions there had been brought to a fairly prosperous condition, but with the advent of the strangers their decline began. The gentle Latin priest was no match for the bold and adventurous Anglo-Saxon who had scant tolerance for the Catholic forms of worship.

Chapels were plundered and burned, the missionaries subjected to humiliation and abuse, and their Indian converts inflamed to rebellion and deeds of violence. Sadly the priest bowed his head to the inevitable and disappeared from the scenes of his trials, disappointments and successes; but the Indian remained to be for many years a thorn in the flesh of the conqueror whose barsh method of treatment of the savages offered so striking a contrast to the patient and loving attitude of the Franciscan.

The zeal of these devoted men next led them to invade the sandy wastes to the north of the territory of Cortes, and in spite of incredible sufferings and repeated failure a footing was at last gained in the wide, thirsty plains of New Mexico and Arizo-

Yet despite these things which would have crushed men whose purpose was less pure and unselfish the missionaries succeeded in gathering about them into colonies bands of Indians, and the work of civilizing them and teaching them went on slowly, uncertainly but nevertheless constantly and determinedly. At last the missionaries felt that they had reason to believe that their position here

A hundred years before the birth of our nation fifty churches for the Indians had been built in New Mexico and Arizona, and the converts, to the number of many thousands, gathered under their shelter. This savage population has faded away or relapsed into barbarism. The churches themselves, built of sun-dried adobe and usually poor and crude in the extreme, are now fast-disappearing ruins.

The old church of San Miguel in the quaint city of Santa Fe is the most striking example of the architecture of the Spaniards in this section of the country. It is the oldest church in America, and is in a fair state of preservation.

The man selected for the work of establishing the California missions was Father Junipero Serra, a priest of most saintly and beautiful character as well as of superior courage and endurance.

Early in the summer of 1769, in company with three other missionaries, he entered the Bay of San Diego, and at once proceeding inland, founded the oldest mission in California, that of San Diego, about three miles from the present town of the same name. The ceremony of founding the mission was simple, and the same as that observed on all such occasions. The bells which the priests carried with them and which were considered so necessary an accessory to the practice of their religious rites, were hung from the branches of a tree, a cross was erected, a solemn mass said, and, the royal standard being unfurled, the place was taken possession of in the name of God and the king. This being done the Fathers at once began their efforts to convert the Indians and to build churches and clois-

The mission of San Diego is the southernmost one of a chain which extends along the coast of ever is admirable becomes more and more admired. (For Inglenook,)

California as far north as San Francisco. There were in the time of the greatest prosperity of the church twenty-one missions of various sizes and strength in this chain, and they were located so as to be a day's journey apart. The Franciscans often walked the distance of this chain with staff in hand, and no money to pay the expenses of the trip, always sure of food and a safe shelter at night fall in the corridors of the next cloister.

The missions were built by the Indians who upon their conversion passed at once into a state of mild slavery to the Franciscans who regulated for them as fathers do for their children all their habits of life and thought. They clustered about the churches, and only on rare occasions rebelled against the jurisdiction of their kind masters. They were taught all the arts and trades of civilized life that were known at that early period, and the women learned to spin, weave and sew. The period of the prosperity of the missions from 1769 to 1835 was an idyllic time in California. To be sure there were occasional outbreaks among the Indians, and various other troubles such as destructive earthquakes, and attacks from the early buccaneers, but as a rule life was quiet and pleasant. Want was unknown and prosperity ruled. Vast herds of sheep and cattle roamed the country, and to agricultural pursuits were added manufactories. The missions soon became enormously valuable, their yearly revenues sometimes amounting to \$2,000,000.

The California missions continued to grow in power, and to increase in the number of converts until 1835, when their prosperity was very suddenly ended. By royal decree they were taken from the hands of the church, turned over to the government and soon became the prey of Mexican politicians. Their decline began at once, and was steady and rapid. Many of the priests returned to Spain, and their converts relapsed into barbarism or became the victims of American greed.

Of the twenty-one missions on the coast of California, a large number have disappeared entirely, some are far on the road to complete obliteration, while others have become the care and treasure of the Landmarks Club whose reason for existence is the preservation of these historic landmarks from the ravages of time and Vandals.

WHITTIER'S poem about Barbara Frietchie waving the flag during the rebel invasion has been exposed again and again as false in fact. The appearances are against the truth of the Barbara Frietchie story. Mrs. Quantrill, who was born and reared in Frederick, writes to the New York Sun saying it is all "fudge and nonsense about old Barbara Frietchie," and that she "lived opposite to me in a house which stood part on Carroll's Creek on West Patrick street with her sister, who cared for the feebleminded old lady," and that she would as soon have defied the confederates with a handkerchief or a check apron as with the flag. It is more to the point that General Kyd Douglas, who was an officer on General Jackson's staff, said recently in a lecture at Cooper Union that the latter never even passed Barbara's house. General Jackson at that time was suffering from a fall from his horse, and was taken through Frederick in an ambulance to the front by an entirely different route from that which led past her house. General Douglas says: "I have learned after long and painstaking investigation that Barbara was ninety-six years old at that time. She was helpless and almost blind. No soldier of our army and resident of Frederick saw a flag at her window. Her relatives, with whom I have talked, admit that there is no foundation for the story on which Whittier has written such a beautiful poem." It certainly looks as if Barbara must be given up.

Sight-seeks who make pilgrimages to Washington during the coming summer will have an opportunity when they go to the Smithsonian institution to see a small collection of articles of interest which have not been previously on exhibition. Admiral Dewey, realizing that the public is interested in his personal belongings, has placed in the care of the institution a number of the choicest of the articles which have been presented to him and which laccumulated in various ways before west avenue victory at Manila bay.

That which astonishes, astonishes once; but what-

Advertising Column

THE INGLENOOK reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people THE INGLENOOK reactives for all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. Advertisement, mainly agricultural, and nearly an west-to-do. Advertisements that are to of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are to proved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 m. The order, and no discount whatever for continued incoming the order. proved by the management will be indeed at the annum rate of \$1.00 g inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued inserting time. The Indeed inserting \$1,00 per inch, first and each succeeding time. The inglenook is the or organ of the church carrying advertisements.

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We have the best strains of poultry going. You'll hear

something of interest, if you only keep half a dozen chickens. We Sell Eggs for Hatching.

All our fowls are prize winners. Send a stamp with your inquiry and we'll tell you something new about the poultry business.

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TION PROCESS CREAM SEPARATOR. Price, \$510 \$1 and we pay the freight. Address:

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Reasonable Prices.

Goods furnished that will please. Write for circular en-plaining how to order. Address: MISS MARY ROVER

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If You are Going to

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This spring, do not fail to drop a card to the address below, asking for descriptive circulars of one of the best smooth-wire fences offered the public.

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... FOR THE SALE OF ...

Grain, Hay, Seeds and Country Produce.

We solicit Your Business. 305 S. Charles St. BALTIMORE, MD

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CAP GOODS.

We furnish all Kinds of Cap Goods at

Very Low Prices.

We Send Goods by Mail to all Parts of the Unite States. Send for Samples Free to

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The Inglenook

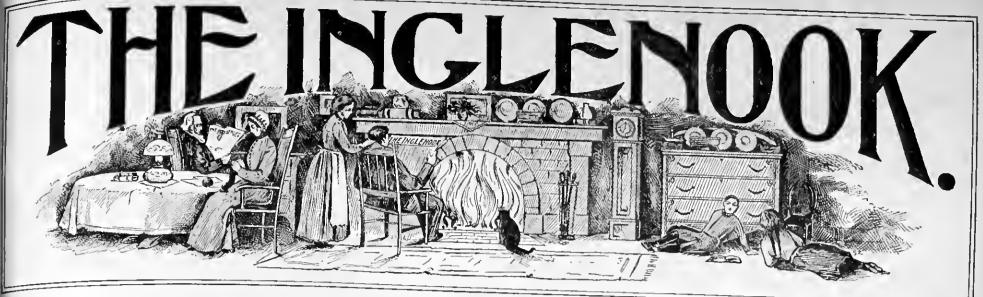
The New, High-class Literary paper of the Brotherhood.

Issued weekly. The price is \$1.00 a year, but we will send it to an in these lines to an interest the send of these lines to an interest to a er of these lines for the rest of this year on the receipt of fifty ceas

It is a youth's paper that will be read by older prople. Every later The best talent of the church will be represented in its columns brightest writers in the brightest writers in the world will be found in it from time to time

bely articles on Nature and Natural History will appear week boy wants the paper, your girl wants it, you wall it, and the the best use less than Some young life by sending the papel to It's the best use for your fifty cents we can think of Don't miss a You will want a complete file and we can't agree to formish back as Send for THE INCLEMENT.

Send for THE INCLENOOK to-day and you'll get all of the issues. Brethren Publishing House,



VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., MAY 12, 1900.

No. 19.

WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA.

ng! they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted every chair.

and they've got the tidies hangin' jest exactly on the square; and the whatnot's fixed up lovely, and the mats have all been

and the pantry's brimmin' over with the good things ter eat. s has got her Sunday dress on and she's frizzin' up her

Ma's got on her best alpacky, and she's askin' how it hangs, Palias shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged way up in G. Andits all because we're goin' ter have the minister ter tea,

hithe table's fixed up gaudy with the gilt-edged Chiny set, And we'll use the silver teapot and the comp'ny spoons, you get; we're goin' ter have some fruit cake and some thimbleberry jain,

"riz biscuits" and some doughnuts, and some chicken and some ham.

Mashe'll 'polergize like fury, and say everything is bad, "sich awful luck with cookin'," she is sure

she never had: But, er course, she's only bluffin', for its as prime

as it can be. And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minis-

ter's ter ten. werybody'll be a-smilin' and as good as ever wuz,

won't growl about the vittles, like he generally

nd he'll ask me would I like another piece er pie; but, sho!

hat, er course, is only manners, and I'm s'posed ter answer, " No."

is'll talk about the church work, and about the Sunday school,

'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the golden rule, And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word

ter me; Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister

ter tea!

Say! a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't frue; But that isn't so with ours, and I jest can prove it,

Cause when sis plays on the organ so it makes

yer want ter die, Why, he sets and says its lovely; and that, seems

ter me, 's a lie, But I like him all the same, and I only wish he'd

Atourhouse fer good and always, and ear with us every day,

THE WOMAN'S TEMPLE.

BY MATILDA B. CARSE.

the corner of La Salle and Monroe treets, Chicago, within a block and a alf of the Board of Trade, stands "The femple," crected for the W. C. T. U. It one of the most beautiful and imposg business blocks in America or the

orld. The style is French gothic; it is of granite paintings by Walter Crane, of London, represent head, said kindly: and pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings. It as a frontage of 190 feet on La Salle Street by 96 Monroe, and is thirteen stories high. The on La Salle Street is 25 x 24 feet and thy imposing, of massive granite, carved most This opens into a magnificent rotun-Paved in Florentine mosaic, with walls and alings of white Italian marble. Eight large elators, formed in a semicircle, face the entrance bear passengers to the top of the building. either side of the rotunda rise staircases of hite marble. Willard Hall, on the first floor, is tirely shut off from the rest of the building, the trance being on Monroe Street. The Hall is

tiful marble and the floor is paved in Florentine mosaic.

It is further adorned by the lovely Chautauqua fountain presented by the County W. C. T. U. On the panels in the corridor are carved the names of Unions and Societies which have given a hundred dollars or more to the erection of the building. In the auditorium are carved the names of persons by States who have given the above sum or more, also names in memoriam. The walls of the auditorium are formed entirely of delicately tinted Italian marble. It has thirteen windows. The Whittier clock in bronze, by Carl Rohl-Smith, in memory of the poet, Whittier, presented the hands of eleven trustees as at present. The by the temperance people of America; Miss Willard's bust, by Anne Whitney, of Boston, a gift to the laws of Illinois and is self-perpetuating. They

Sanballat with their following, as well as six years of commercial disaster.

The site upon which the Temple is built is one of the most desirable in Chicago. It is in the very heart of the banking business of the city. The Temple contains four great banks. With the immense growth of Chicago this property must increase greatly in value and rents will advance accordingly. Before another decade we may confidently expect the rent roll to run up to about \$200,000 a year. If we have the building paid for by that time it should give us a net income of about \$100,000 a year, The management of this princely income will be in Board of Trustees is an incorporated body under the Temple by her admirers; and two magnificent are all members of the W. C. T. U. Three are pres-

idents of their respective State unions, one other is vice-president of her State and all the others hold official positions in the society. The building when paid for will be made a memorial to Miss Frances E. Willard and will be named Willard Temple.

The Temple, La Salle St., Chicago.

SAVED HIS DOG.

A nov about ten years old went to the central police station in Kansas City, Kans., one day last week, leading a fine shepherd dog by a short piece of rope tied to his collar, relates the Kansas City Star. The boy's face was red and swollen and he was crying,

"Well, well, what's the matter here?" asked a big policeman, stooping down and looking into the boy's face.

It seemed like a long time before he could stop crying.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "my mother is too poor to pay for a license for Shep, and I brought him here to have you kill him."

Then he broke out with another wail that was heard all through the city building. Shep stood there mute and motionless, looking up into the face of his young master. A policeman took out his handkerchief to blow his nose and the desk serguant went out into the hall, absentmindedly whistling a tune which nobody ever heard before, while the captain remembered that he must telephone somebody. Then Chief McFarland led the boy to the door, and, patting him on the

Shep for a thousand dollars,"

"Oh, thank you, sir." They were tears of joy now. He bounded out into the street and ran off towards his home with Shep prancing along and jumping up and trying to kiss the boy's face, It the dog.

PROPER self-estimation is needful for due regulation of our efforts in relation to their ends. Under-Like many another enterprise for the honor of tages that might have occur games.

Like many another enterprise for the honor of tages that might have occur games.

God and the good of the world, it has had to suf- of self prompts attempts which fail from want of ceiling and due capacity.



Justice and Mercy, Temperance and Purity, are | "There, little fellow, don't cry any more; run some of the art gems that adorn this beautiful audi- home with your dog. I wouldn't kill a dog like torium, which has a seating capacity of six hundred. A daily noon prayer meeting is held here of great power, for the salvation of the drunkard and the suppression of the liquor traffic.

The corner stone of the building was laid in 1800 and it was completed in 1892. The building cost St. was hard to tell which was the happiest, the boy or 265,000. The building was ready for occupancy May, 1892, just at the beginning of the hard times which prevailed for six years, and which ruined and jeopardized so many undertakings. The history of the Temple since then has been a stormy one.

the ceiling and sides are in panels of beau- fer from the jealousy and opposition of Tobias and due capacity.

Correspondence

CHARACTER BUILDING

BY LAURA BEARD.

CHARACTER building has been termed an art, rather than a science, for in science one workman taking advantage of another's experiments can begin where his predecessor stopped and continue the task, while in art each one must learn the rudiments and start anew.

It is a task involving great responsibilities and upon which hinges our chance of happiness. Take, for example, one of our great buildings that could not possibly have been constructed a quarter of a century ago, buildings so tall and so narrow it seems that a gale must blow them over. Cast your eyes over the smooth surface of the outside wallnot a stone, not a brick varying a hair's breadth from the even surface-so the stones with which we build must be laid with care or the wall will be crooked.

Architects view the work with admiration, the general public view it in wonder. By one brick at a time were the walls constructed, by one thought at a time are our characters formed.

We inherit different traits of character. One is naturally generous, another selfish; one is kind, another cruel. While one is trying constantly to overcome envy, another labors equally as hard to overcome other faults. Some one has said, "You can often judge one's character by the people he does not know.

If we could but recall the harsh word, the unkind look, the careless act, that grows strong in our memory; if we could but live our lives over again, the years during which the mistakes were made, how gladly we would avail ourselves of the privilege, but we know this cannot be done, and if we be wise, we will take warning and avoid another unpleasant recollection of the kind.

Evil thoughts or deeds injure, even as pure thoughts, high aspirations and noble endeavors beautify our characters. It has been well said that "thoughts are deeds and may become crimes." The books we read, the people with whom we associate exert a powerful influence over us. We cannot be too particular in choosing either. Good books, and refined associates to whom honor is dear, and life is earnest, and by whom every opportunity to do good is eagerly embraced, will help to build our characters well.

A strong character! What a eulogy! A weak character! What a world of meaning is contained in the brief description, - some one lacking the courage of his conviction, swayed by every passing thought. We are judged by our daily walk! If we live uprightly, with a kind word for the helpless, a hand outstretched to uplift the fallen, our honesty of purpose will soon be easily seen and while envious tongues may assail us, our character will rise above all false representations, bringing shame upon our foes.

A weak character is seldom attacked by the traducer. Its possessor works his own destruction. "A weak man may sympathize with an abused child or animal, yet dare not lift his voice in their behalf, for fear of public opinion. The strong character marches boldly up to the offender, compels attention, arrests the uplifted hand before the blow is struck, and, if reason will not prevail, depends upon the law to accord justice."

When a weak man dies, a sigh is given for a life wasted, opportunities lost; when a strong character leaves us, genuine regret is felt, our hearts are touched-humanity has lost a friend.

Cultivate all your best impulses, carry out all the plans for good that time, money and opportunity afford. Make your character strong; merit the respect of your fellowmen and, "as ye are strong, be merciful."

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

BY PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

I would stay at home and work for father and mother, and treat everybody kindly. I would go to Sunday school and church, and learn all I could about Jesus and his salvation. I would always speak the truth, and try to have everybody love me, because I would love everybody. I would keep out | and that the poorest boy in the empire may become | living peace.—Ruskin.

of bad company, and stay at home at nights and read the Bible or some other good book. I would go to school and learn all I could. I would save up my money until I got enough, and then I would buy a calf or a pig and raise some stock, so when I became a man I would have something towards buying me a home. I would remember my Creator, and learn to live a Christian life in my youthful days .- Chas. M. Yearout.

CIRCUMSTANCES influence our lives greatly, but with the same surroundings I would be the same happy, contented country girl trying to become accomplished in every detail of the home-making art, which Newton declared to be the "trucst and most practical of knowledge." My educational advantages I would deem precious, improve my time well and read as many good books as possible. I would give my heart to Jesus while young and try to spend my life in his service. My experience in commencing this good work at the age of thirteen has ever been a source of joy and inspiration to me. I realize that God's promised blessings have been mine by first seeking his rightcousness. I would be careful to obey my parents, and my duty should ever be my pleasure, with an aim to reach my highest ideal of true womanhood .- Mrs. G. L. Shoemaker.

Well, girls, I can tell you of one thing I would do if I had my school-life to live over again. I would study my arithmetic lessons more than I did and put less time on other studies that I liked better. I would not live so much in a world of imaginationin short, I would be more careful to store my mind with all useful knowledge. While I enjoyed all innocent, youthful good times of life, I would shun all evil company even more than I did. And I would cherish my Bible and a life of fellowship with Christ, as the only golden, happy way on earth. A varied and long experience of life teaches me that I can give you no better wish than this, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." -Fanny Morrow.

I would keep company with good people, and in my undertakings would consult with those who have been successful and pay attention to what they say. It helps over many hard places. I would begin at once to collect a library and read the books as they come in my possession. I would collect all useful bits of information and gems of poetry from papers and arrange them in a scrapbook. The street and all loafing places are a bad school and boys who attend are on the road to ruin. Evenings should be spent at home in study or work of some kind. I would avoid all bad habits-especially strong drink, tobacco and profanity. I would go to school all that were possible, and get a good education. When I had made choice of a trade or profession I would stick to it. I would always think of God as being good and kind, and thank him for all my blessings and pray for his help in all I wished to do. I would read the Bible, attend church and Sunday school. I would be industrious, clever, sociable and courteous and be tidy in dress and habits. Be always truthful and honest. Such boys always get good places and never need go begging for positions.—Jas. A. Sell.

I would seek to do the good part in everything, as opportunities come. I would spend no time in building air castles of glory and renown in the high positions, but improve the golden opportunities that come to me daily. I have observed that good boys make good men. I would seek an education sufficient to make me, useful in the instruction of the common classes. I would study human nature with the divine will, and put my whole being in the work of helping the needy of the lower walks of life. Help up would be my watchword. I would study to know self, and guard against evil ambition and evil habits. I would never seek military glory. I would seek the respect and the counsel of good old men. Boys, be wise. God bless you.-A. IV. Austin.

THE CHINESE CANQUE.

They do about everything in China in a very peculiar way, and in nothing are they so original as in their punishments. Most American boys know that promotion in China is strictly according to merit,

a mandarin of the highest rank if he can pass the successive examinations, but it is not so general known that the highest rank will not save an offend er from punishment in case he is guilty of an crime or misdemeanor. The viceroy may be b headed or degraded as well as the lowest official

Not long ago there was a disastrous flood in the Yellow River district, and the director general store gested that the officers in charge of the district degraded for not taking proper precautions; but the was deemed too light a punishment, and the derelie officials were ordered to be exposed in "cangue" along the river banks. The sub-prefer and mayor of Shang-an, the assistant department magistrate of Cheng-chou, and the lieutenant and second sergeant of the station below Cheng-che were thus punished.

The cangue, or wooden collar, which these unfor tunate officials were condemned to wear, is a large heavy square of wood, opening so as to allo the prisoner's neck to enter. From the timeit put on, it is not removed till the term of sentence has expired-a time varying from a fortnight three months,

During the whole time the prisoner cannot for down or rest with any comfort, and during the da he is placed in a conspicuous place, with his nam and offense written in large characters on the gue wooden collar, that all passers-by may read.

The compassionate people occasionally feed it victim, as it is impossible for him to reach his her with his band; but the gamins tickle him with store and otherwise annoy him.

A MAVERICK.

THE following story would not, in all probability be understood by the most of our readers within some explanation of the meaning of the term ma erick. A good many years ago, when the cal business was not so systematized as it is at present certain Captain Maverick crossed the plains, st ing in with a few cattle and coming out at the of end with a great many. He simply appropria avery unbranded animal he met. Thus it camet the taking of a calf or other animal, not make came to be called mavericking. An unbranded mal is a maverick, and to claim it is to maverid

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, giving his ex riences as "A Missionary in the Great West," of the baptism of a little daughter of a big un owner in the Indian territory. "In our baptis service we sign those who are baptized with the of the cross," he explains, "and when the little returned to school after the baptism the child pressed her with hard questions, desiring to h what that man with the 'nightgown' on hadd and if she were now different from what she been before. She tried to tell them that she been made a 'member of Christ, the child of and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, but not succeed in expressing the situation very and they pressed her for a clearer explana Finally, when she had exhausted every other she turned on them, her eyes flashing through tears. 'Well,' she said, lapsing into the verna 'I will tell you. I was a little "maverick" and the man put Jesus' brand on my forehead when he sees me running wild on the prairie he know that I am his little girl."

What is called Zona Libra, or the Free Zona strip of Mexican territory extending along the der from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific and twelve miles wide. It was established by a decree issued by the governor of the s Tamaulipas in order to guard the trade of the on the northern frontier of Mexico, which protected by any laws then in force. By the cree the inhabitants of the Mexican border within the prescribed limits are allowed to free of duty, though under stringent regul goods for their own consumption. These go stored in bond within the limits of the Fre but if taken out and transported beyond sud and into the interior of Mexico, the regulative lished duties prescribed by Mexican law me be paid.

HE only is advancing in life whose heart is ing softer, whose blood is becoming warmen brain is acting quicker, whose spirit is entent

Nature & Study -

THE ELM (ULMUS AMERICANA).

AMONG the trees with which the streets of our city are lined there are none more numerous and beautiful and affording a pleasanter shade to the passer-by than the elm tree. Not only with us is the elm a favorite, but it is carefully cultivated in nearly all parts of the United States, and in many parts of Europe. The elm is the sovereign tree of New England, and is a characteristic feature of her

The early settlers of New England nearly always planted an elm tree in front of their houses, and, panted not many of these charming old houses are now extant, wherever we see one we are almost sure to find it accompanied by its elm, standing upn the green open space that slopes up to it in front, and waving its arms in melancholy grandeur over the venerable habitation which it seems to have taken under its protection, while it droops with sorrow over the infirmities of its old companon of a century."

The great beauty of the elm is due partly to the awning character of its boughs, and partly to the fringed appearance of its drooping branches. These peculiarities give to it a distinctive grace, enabling any one to recognize the tree, even at night, or n winter. It has beautiful proportions. In old trees especially, from the wide-spreading, buttresslike roots to the wider-spreading branches, the curvature s beautiful and graceful in the extreme. The American elm has long pendulous branches, and a trunk from three to five feet in diameter, and it grows thirty, fifty, and even seventy feet without branches. perfectly straight, and then divides into two or more branches, which repeatedly divide and spread. In wet pastures or similar moist places it sends up a tall, slender trunk, crowned with a few limbs, and clothed nearly from the ground with a feathery investment of small branches, which are scarcely more than leafy bunches of twigs, and presents a gand and striking appearance. As Dr. O. W. Holmes so beautifully expresses it:

When the broad elm, sole mistress of the plain, Whose circling shadow speaks a century's reign, Wreathes in the clouds her regal diadem, A forest waving on a single stem.

The elm is not planted for timber, but for shade, and it grows very rapidly. It is very hardy, though ometimes the young trees are attacked by borers which destroy whole rows of them. The long, slender, exposed trunks of the elms offer a fine harbor for insects. Although the American elm grows spontaneously in fields and is very readily planted, it is a native of the forest.

The flowers of the elm tree appear before the leaves, and even the winged fruit is mature before their full expansion. The leaves are alternate and in two distinct rows, have short stems, and are very rough and unsymmetrical. The flowers are very delicate and are in little bunches. The bark of the elm is very rough. Elm timber is very tough and strong, and is not easily split. It is used for the hubs of wheels and for the parts of ships always under the water. Its peculiarity is that if it is kept always wet or always dry it will last a long time, but if alternately wet and dry it will soon decay. It is noted for its toughness, which has been made memorable by Holmes in his poem, "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay." We readily recall that the dea-

The hubs of logs from the "settler's ellum," Last of its timber-they couldn't sell 'em; Never an ax had seen their chips, And the wedges flew from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips.

The white elm grows readily from seeds, which bould be sown as soon as ripe, and may be gathground almost any desirable quantity from the ground under the trees as early as June.

Besides the American elm there are many other kinds of elms.

The slippery or red elm is rather small, but has Che wood line and soft, downy, rusty-haired buds. the wood is tough and reddish, and it has the wellnown mucilaginous inner bark used in medicine

The wahoo or winged elm is small, seldom exdeding thirty feet in height. It has fine-grained duable wood, and is to be found in Virginia and southward. It has little projections of corky material on the sides, from which it derives the name "winged." The English elm is often seen here and is a stately tree, contrasting finely with its American cousin. Its branches are unlike those of the American elm in that they tend upward or spread out more horizontally, and its foliage is of a darker green and more pleasing to the eye.

The wych elm or Scotch elm has been partially introduced here. It is much cultivated in Scotland and resembles the slippery elm.

THE BOERS' FLY TRAP.

"HERE is the American form of that remarkable plant which the South African Dutch use for catching flies."

Professor J. M. Macfarlane, of the University of Pennsylvania, who made the remark quoted, was making a tour of inspection of the greenhouses just back of the Botanical Laboratory. As he spoke he reached out and touched an odd looking potted plant which sprouted tendrils in place of ordinary leaves. Each tendril emitted a colorless viscous fluid, which hung on the points like beads of sweat on a man's brow. When Professor Macfarlane touched one of the beads it clung to his finger tip like thin mucilage; the tendrils, too, immediately bend inward towards a common centre with a strange clutching motion. Then, finding nothing to clutch, they resumed their former position.

"This is a sensitive plant," continued Professor Macfarlane. "This particular species grows in New Jersey. It is small, as you see, but in the Transvaal the plants grow quite large, and the Boers hang it up in their houses to catch the many insect pests that inhabit the region. It becomes full of insects after a while. The owner then takes it out to a trough or pail and rinses it off. The imprisoned flies, most of them dead, of course, are released by a good shaking in water, and the fly catcher is ready for use again. There now is a little midge just caught in one of the fronds."

It was true. A little green fly floated down through the air, attracted undoubtedly by the shining beads of liquor. It hovered above them a moment and then settled on one. Instantly it was struggling and trying to jerk away its legs, held tenaciously by the treacherous juice. Perhaps it might have succeeded, but the tendrils reached up and closed in on it from all sides much as one would imagine the death-dealing spikes of the "Iron Maiden" closed in on the helpless criminal of the middle ages. In a moment the midge was dead.

"These plants will go on catching flies like that until there is almost no room for more insects," remarked Professor Macfarlane. "A curious result of this is that the plant suffers with indigestion, and has to be treated accordingly, if it is to be brought back to its usual standard."

He walked over to another plant and pinched it on the tip of the topmost leaf. This plant was shaped like a miniature palm, each stem carrying a leaf composed of rows of grass-like blades. Almost as soon as he touched them the first pair of blades snapped together, then the next pair followed suit, then the next pair and so on down the length of the frond. When they had all come together the whole frond suddenly bent at right angles near the main trunk of the plant and dropped downward. As soon as it dropped the nerve force which has been animating it was communicated to the frond nearest to it, and that one repeated the general performance of the first. And so it went until nearly the whole plant had closed up in a manner like an umbrella. Fifteen minutes afterward, when the irritating effects of the pinch had thoroughly disappeared, the plant went through a series of movements the reverse of those just mentioned: in other words it slowly opened. Professor Macfarlane then picked up a long tubular glass jar and held it up to the light. It was filled with tendrils and roots.

"Last October," he said, "I filled this jar with water, and then, having snipped off a single leaf of one of our sensitive plants, I placed it on the surface of the water. The plant was one that grows on land, that is, it was not an aquatic species. Here is the result. Is it not remarkable?"

He lifted the leaf from the jar, and the tendrillike roots trailed after it. When he held the leaf at arm's length the roots nearly touched the floor. They were four feet long.

down to that length in five months; that is over three-quarters of a foot a month. Something of a prodigy, is it not?"

REASONING FACULTY OF DOGS.

"Do I think dogs can reason?" said the man who owns several fine ones. "Well, I have recently heard of two authentic instances which I will tell you of and let you judge for yourself. Both are Massachusetts dogs, and possibly the high intellectuality of that State has something to do with it, hut whether or not, you may determine for yourself. The first is about a bulldog owned by Arthur Shepard, a well-known clubman of Boston who owns, besides the bulldog, a Danish boar hound of large size and good fighting qualities. The bulldog is considerable of a fighter himself, but, like most bulldogs, if he can't get his under hold he is likely to get licked. One day Mr. Shepard was out with the bulldog and in the course of their rambles the bulldog met a dog that walloped him thoroughly. Mr. Shepard took him home in his cart and fifteen minutes later when he went out to see after him he was gone and with him the boar hound, the dogs being excellent friends and companions. Nothing could be learned of the whereabouts of the dogs then, but in an hour or so they both turned up looking as if they had had some active business to attend to. Mr. Shepard at once concluded that the buildog had informed his friend, the boar hound, of what had happened to him and they had gone off together to even up with the victor. Of course, the dogs hadn't anything to say, but Mr. Shepard went to the place where his bulldog had been whipped and there he learned that the two dogs had been there and had thrashed the offending dog almost to the point of death. Then they had disappeared together. If that wasn't reason what was it?

"The other instance occurred in Palmer, Mass., where 'Crackie' Burns owns a fine manye-colored Great Dane. This dog has been for some time accustomed to act as escort for the children of W. E. McDonald, treasurer of the Flint Construction Company, on their way to school. It wasn't his family business, but the children were friends of his and he took them to school every morning. One morning, as they were going merrily along, a big St. Bernard belonging to Frank Koach showed up and the Great Dane instantly was on his guard. He did not make any attempt to fight the intruder, who came growling around, but with his tail and back up he kept walking all about the children to protect them from attack on any side and seemed to be trying to hurry them out of any possible danger. The children were willing enough to move along, and, with the dog still circling around them, they reached the schoolhouse. There the dog waited till the last one got safely in, and, with a relieved look on his face and another look not exactly of relief, he trotted back down street a block or two to where the St. Bernard was still occupying the sidewalk, scratching up the gravel with his hind feet and otherwise enjoying what seemed to him to be a victory. But it wasn't for long. As soon as the Great Dane got within reach he went at the St. Bernard and was mopping up the sidewalk with him when he broke his assailant's hold and ran away as fast as he could. Then the Great Dane went on to his home, apparently much pleased with himself. Again I ask if that wasn't reason what was it?"

RABBIT CRAZE IN CALIFORNIA.

THERE is a rabbit craze in Southern California. The people around Los Angeles have taken to breeding Belgian hares, and it is expected that big fortunes will be made. Rabbit is to be canned and its juicy meat otherwise disposed of, its pelt is to be made into sealskin sacques, its for into hats and other things are to be done with it. There are 600 "rabbitries" around Los Angeles already and over 60,000 high-grade rabbits.

INSECT THAT WEIGHS HALF A POUND.

THE largest insect known is the elephant beetle of Venezuela. It sometimes attains a weight of a half pound.

To be perfectly proportioned a man should weigh "Those roots," said Professor Macfarlane, "grew twenty-eight pounds for every foot of his height.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade hows and girls who love good reading INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRUIRREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Eigin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

GETTING BOOKS.

NEARLY every boy and girl of natural tastes and tendencies would like to own a library of their own. There is nothing easier, and once it is begun it is a matter of steady growth. Those of our readers who follow the stories that are being printed in Tue INGLENOOR, from time to time, of what grown people would do had they their youth to live over again, must have noticed the fact that many of them refer to reading and the selection of a library. Now it is a comparatively easy task if it is understood properly. In the first place nobody can choose books for another. There are certain volumes that can be recommended, but that it goes as a fact that all people ought to like certain books and read them is not true. People are of different tastes, and just as they prefer different articles of food, so they prefer different intellectual menus.

The rule is to choose that which is best liked, and in which there is an interest. The natural tendencies of youth in a book way is in the direction of the "penny dreadful." The dime novel and the trash similar, is chosen, often because the buyer does not know that there is something better, and equally interesting. A young person revels in the romantic and the impossible. There is just as good and entertaining reading in the line of truth, and as interesting as the novel, only it is not as readily accessible to the boy. He sees the flashy, cheap and unwholesome flimsy, in the window of the cigar store and he is led to buy it and read it surreptitiously, when if he knew that there are good books, just as cheap, he would likely get them.

This is where the parent can come in and quietly provide the best and leave it lying around where the young people can get it. They will do all the rest. And it must be remembered that what is provided must not be too heavy. Young people are young in mind as well as in years, and the fact should be remembered.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Titings are never so bad that they might not be worse. It is best to look on the bright side of things. It can be cultivated as a habit. And it can become a habit to be eternally snarling at our surroundings. Now between these two conditions there is no doubt but that the sunny side is the best one to take. There are some people whose habit of looking on the bright side of things endears them to all who know them. They are welcome visitors wherever they go, and when they take their leave we stand in the door and wish there were more like them. And there are those of the other kind, and the less we say about them the better for everybody.

It is true that the clouds are sometimes dark, and the sky is forbidding, but it is also true that there are more days when the sun shines and the birds sing. It is so entirely possible for us to go through life with a singing heart that it is recommended to every reader that attempt be made to cultivate it. There are some things that are pretty hard to see the sunny side of, such as death and the loss of our friends that have passed over ahead of us. But after all they are better off than we are, and it is a thing to rejoice over. The story is one of victory, even if it is desolation for a time.

The world is so much better by our seeing its beauties and hearing its best music, and they are everywhere, that it is well worth the effort to culti-

vate the habit. It will enable us to leave the world better than we have found it when the call comes to

HOME'S BETTER.

THE scamy side, that is, the rough inside, is usually concealed from view, and especially is it the case in town and city life as seen by the country boy or girl who walks the streets. Ordinarily the best is seen and the rest is imagined to be better than the outside.

Now the facts are that the town or city presents certain advantages that are manifest to all thinking people. It is there that public libraries, lectures, parks, etc., are found, and these are a great boon to those who take advantage of them. There are better immediate helps in town than in the country.

But there are also disadvantages that do not appear so prominently. The worst of it is out of sight. There is the ever increasing rent, as the days go by, the lack of privacy, the open or disguised presence of evil in all its shades, and there is expense at every turn. All the open, healthful freedom of the country is wanting. Town people buy in dribs, and the abundance and to spare of the home out in the open of God's own country is unknown. Man has made the town, and it is a pretty good job, but God made the country, and it is advised that all INGLENOOK readers stay on the old homestead. There is more real satisfaction there, after all.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

John The Baptist.

As everybody knows John the Baptist was the immediate forcrunner of Christ. His work was to prepare the way for the reception of Christ and he did this by keeping himself in the background and exhorting his hearers to prepare for the One who was to come after him. He baptized those who repented of their sins, with water, but assured them that this One who was to follow would Japtize them with the Holy Ghost. He compared Christ to a great light shining into the darkness of the world but the darkness perceived it not. That is, the hearts of men were so darkened by sin that they could not perceive the goodness of God and the blessed promises to come to them through Christ, his Son. But now he assured them that all who would receive Christ, when he came in person, would be given power to also become the sons of God. This, then, was the message of John in the wilderness of Judea, and how many persons have since received the blessed Light!

Now I want to talk about the message that we as Christians have to hear. Did you ever think about how much like the message of John the Baptist it is? Well, it is the same message exactly, only we carry it to the individual heart instead. Each human heart is naturally full of darkness and we prepare the way for the Light to enter it by testifying of that Light. Like John, if we are successful, we keep ourselves in the background and put Christ foremost. And also when the Light begins to break in on the darkened heart and the sinnner repents we baptize him with water and Christ baptizes him with the Holy Ghost. What a privilege it is that we may thus prepare the way of the Lord as the man from the wilderness preached to the world so many years ago!

TO MAKE SMALL BOYS MERCIFUL.

With a view of doing what they can to make anticruelty societies unnecessary in the future, some Chicago women have started the work of teaching the beauty of the quality of mercy to the city's children. The organizers proceed on the accepted theory that there is in every child a natural interest in animals. As the President of the anti-cruelty society puts it, "This interest, misdirected, shows itself in a desire to trap, torment, or kill, but, directed aright, it quickly becomes love of nature, coupled with a desire to protect the weaker animals." Although the work is new, some idea of its extent may be had from the fact that at the last meeting of the last "mercy class" formed there were present 266

boys. Street boys, alley boys, schoolboys, and "pet" boys were present. The noise that the made between talks was nothing short of terrise. They were quiet, however, and showed an intensity of interest when they were told how a small boy has fought a big boy to save an alley cat from torture. There was patient listening to the tale of a bluejay, plucky defense of its nest.

The boys seemed to get awakened quickly to the fact that the living bird or squirrel is of much more interest than the same creature after the slingshor has done its work. Some people might think that certain inevitable consequences of this mercy work were disagreeable. If they are the teachers and promoters of the anti-cruelty lessons suffer "and make no sign."

One of these inevitable consequences is that, has. ing declared themselves the friends of the weak and suffering creatures, the directors of the work fi themselves the recipients of many a stray, starving cat or dog which the scholars have picked up amono the city's ash heaps. Boys are shrewd, and there not the slightest doubt that the first homeless and mal was turned over to the teachers with a viewe testing their sincerity. They have stood the test A single look of aversion or disgust when the staning and not overclean dog was presented for protection would have forever lost the cause of the ant cruelty promoters. At the last meeting of the North Side Band of Mercy there was spirited by ding for the privilege of taking home a wandenn puppy.

It is the intention ultimately to form classes in a sections of the city. It is superfluous to speak of the excellence of the work. It is one of the best the can be undertaken. The reward for those who an engaged in it lies wholly in the twice blessedness the quality of mercy.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE INGLENOOK.

An interesting little paper.—Eva B. Minnich.
Success to The Inglenook.—Dan't Vaniman.
We wish it unbounded success.—C. L Prugh.
A lovely little paper.—Lillic Raffensberger.
Just such a paper as should be in every home.
Mary C. Adams.

If the Inglenook was in every home the peop who read it would be benefited and helped in man ways. All church organizations, some of them for er in numbers than our own beloved Fraternity, be their youth's papers, and they all recognize them portance of correctly providing for the enterial ment of the young. It is rapidly becoming the mation with us, and this publication should be every home in which the Messenger is read. Of people like to read it, and there can be no better of the small sum of money that it costs than to so it to some young person as a gift. A great me people are doing this, and doubtless many a boy at girl are rendered happy and helped each week by perusal of its columns.

All the world, all that we are, and all that have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and sufferings, our conditions at home, our action abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues, are many arguments to make our souls dwell low intervalley of humility.—Jeremy Taylor.

PROSPERITY too often has the same effect of Christian that a calm at sea has on a Dutch many who frequently, it is said, in those circumstanties up the rudder, gets drunk, and gues to sled Bishop Horne.

If you happen to get a couple of extra copic the mail it is a sign that we would be pleased have you give them out as soon as possible in neighborhood. You can also take subscriptor you wish.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility certainly man is like the beasts in his body; the is not like God in his spirit, he is an important creature.—Bacon.

In these days of flashy and worthless liters there is nothing quite equal to a clean, pure pur put before the young.

He that idly loses five shillings worth of loses five shillings, and might as prudently five shillings into the sea.—Benjamin Franklin.

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

TYPEWRITING AS A PROFESSION.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

It is a surprise to most people how easily the use of a typewriter may be acquired. Many a girl will sit down to the organ or piano, and go through the essentials necessary to play a piece of music who would shrink from the task of letter writing on the machine. And yet of the two, the writing machine is much the easier to learn. I am speaking now of the simple operation of the machine, and not of its successful use as a profession. What is wanted in a professional typewriter is rapidity and accuracy, coupled with correctness in spelling and punctuation, and in some lines ability in composition. The reason of this is that no typewriter has brains of its own and what it says is invariably in obedience to the touch of its operator. For instance, if the operator has in his mind to say "suppose" and happens to put his fingers down on the letters e-x-p-o-s-e the machine says "expose" every time. Or, if at the end of a sentence a figure 5 is struck, instead of a period, the machine records it that way. Likewise if the machine st-t-t-tatters it is through no fault of its own. The idea I wish to convey is that the person who cannot speak or write correctly cannot look for his faults to be overcome by putting his thoughts through the typewriter as wheat is winnowed from the chaff through the fanning mill. But anyone who can write an ordinary letter correctly, or prepare an article for the press, can become a successful typewriter, the degree of his success depending upon rapidity of execution.

In the use of the typewriter the operator's attention is given principally to the keyboard, other details of its use being of minor importance after a few minutes' practice. To get the idea of the keyboard in general take a sheet of paper about the size of one page of the ordinary Sunday-school Teacher's Bible and with a pencil mark on it about forty circles the size of a copper cent. Then label these rings plainly, each with a letter of the alphabet, no letters repeated, and with punctuation marks, etc., and you have a fair picture of the typewriter keyboard. Now then suppose you wish to write the word "calf," look at the keyboard and when your eye sights the letter c, place the end of your finger on the circle it is in, press downward and lo, the imaginary typewriter has printed c on the paper. Now raise your finger and when the key is released the machine places itself in position to print the next letter which in this word is a. Hunt up a and press it down as you did c, when a is printed. Repeat this with the letters I and f and there you have the word calf, printed clear and plain. Now that is practically all there is of typewriting, and the person who is young enough to remember how he toiled to get the little crooked marks together in the Spencerian system of penmanship will be ready to take the machine as being easier to learn, as it is. Rapidity of writing depends entirely upon how quickly you can go over the letters you want to print, and when you learn where they are in the keyboard the work soon becomes mechanical. That is you strike the proper letters from force of habit and without thinking. Some operators have attained a speed of about one hundred and forty words per minute, which is equal to many stenographers. Fifty words per minute is doing well, however, and the person who has this speed and spells and punctuates and talks grammatically as he goes along can find ready employment for his services.

The choice of a machine is a very important matter to a learner in typewriting. Little one-handed machines that are sold for S15 are to be avoided. Standard machines usually sell in the neighborhood of \$100 new, and can often be bought second handed or less than half first price. Almost all standard machines excel in one or more points, and while each owner of a machine is certain he has the best machine made his neighbor across the hall is just as Part that his own, of a different make, is better. Part of this is sentiment or warped judgment, and part may be true. For instance, one make excels in lightness of touch of the keys, another in strength of parts, another in alignment, or exactness of stroke, another in alignment, or exactness. The writer believe manifolding and stencil work. The work er believes that his machine will do as perfect work twenty years from now as at present, with fair usage, and there are standard machines that will be laid up in half this time. Whatever machine is chosen, however, is the one to keep, as it is impossible to use different makes interchangeably with the same success. The keyboards and general workings may be similar but there is a different touch in the various makes that invariably hinders mechanical execution.

There is also a typewriter that is different from all others and it is made especially for writing in books. Operators for this machine are scarce, and the person who has a good chance to learn on a machine of this kind will do well to take it and seek employment in that line. These machines are used especially in county and government offices.

Stenography is a valuable and almost necessary adjunct to typewriting as a profession, unless the operator is sufficiently skilled to take dictation on the machine. It is a help at any rate, and the two are usually taught in the same course.*

* The above contribution, one of our regular series of articles, is by Bro. John E. Mohler, who has prepared most of his contributions to our literature on a machine with which he is an expert operator, having taught himself to use it with but little assistance.

PROFITS OF WAR.

The adage that "to the victors belong the spoils," works well with nations who have been successful in war. In her war with China Japan had only 80,000 men engaged, and the war cost her altogether the comparative trifle of \$30,000,000. China had to pay her afterward the nice little sum of \$185,000,000, leaving a profit of \$155,000,000 which reckoning the time the war lasted, worked out a profit of \$50 per Jap a week, says the Army and Navy Journal.

Sixty years ago, when England was at logger-heads with China, she made a profit of \$10,000,000 as the result of nearly three years' fighting. This was not such a good haul as the Japanese had, but, regarding war as a business for the moment, it gave on this occasion an excellent percentage of profit, for England's expenditure came only to \$11,000,000.

Germany's war with France cost Germany roughly about \$575,000,000. The government voted \$300,-000,000 of this for expenses, and the pensions which she had to pay afterward to her disabled soldiers cost her \$25,000,000. To these items has to be added \$250,000,000 for the loss sustained by her million soldiers being taken away from their occupations. On the other side we find France paying up an indemnity at the finish of \$1,000,000,000, and even this huge amount by no means represents the total of Germany's receipts. Alsace and Lorraine, which she captured from the enemy, are valued at \$320,-000,000; she took general goods home with her to the value of \$50,000,000, another \$5,000,000 in railway carriages and engines, and she got \$150,000,000 worth of food and clothing for her army while in France, giving the French tradesmen "requisition," or receipts, which were handed at the close of the war to their own governments, who paid up accord-

Add to all this the \$60,000,000 which Germany received as interest on the indemnity before it was all paid, and we get \$1,585,000,000 as her war receipts. Subtracting her loss of \$575,000,000, we find her with a clear profit of considerably over \$1,000,000,000. It was not long before this war with France that Germany squeezed an indemnity of \$41,759,000 out of Austria after only a month of war.

Russia would like luck such as this, for all her experiences have not been so happy pecuniarily. In her war with Turkey, after seven months' fighting, she sent in a bill to Turkey for \$705,000,000, dividing it into \$450,000,000 for expenditure on her army and war material, and \$255,000,000 for expenditure for injury to Russian commerce. She offered to take \$160,000,000 in cash and the balance in territory; but the powers drew the line at the territory. Turkey has not paid off that indemnity yet, and is not likely to do so, so that Russia lost heavily.

A CAREFUL BUYER.

THERE were only four neighbors in Tucker's general store, at the crossing of the plank ridge and the state road, when Silas Slosson entered, says the Detroit Free Press.

"How be ye, boys," he said, collectively.

"How be ye, Si?" was the reply. "How's th' ol'

"'Baout th' same. Don't see much change."

Silas crossed the store to the counter, behind which stood Tucker, his face wreathed in mercantile smiles, his fat hands pressed against the varnishless table.

- "Whattul it be, Mr. Slosson?" he asked
- "Haow much ye gittin' fer C sugar?" replied the prospective customer.
 - "Six cents."
- "Phew—w—w!" whistled Silas. "Gone up ain't it? Didn't hev to pay no sich figger fer 't las' I bo't."
- "Thet so?" inquired Tucker with surprise, "Haow much 'd ye hev t' giv?"
 - "Five cents an' a half."
 - "Thet so? Haow much ye want?"
 - "Paound."

NEW THIMBLE GAME.

This Affords Amusement Even for Grown-up People,

This game is a special favorite, even among "grown-ups," and it causes more fun and laughter than you can imagine. You must have a thimble first of all.

Then all go out of the room except one, who is left with the thimble. Now the thimble has not to be hidden at all, but put in some place where every one can see it easily without moving or touching anything to do so.

For instance, a good place is on a nail which holds up a picture, or the window ledge, stuck in the fringe of the tablecloth, put in the ornamental part of the fender, or, in fact, anywhere there are things around it to confuse one.

When the hider has placed the thimble he calls the rest of the company in and the search begins.

Now, listen, for this is the most important rule of all. Those who are looking for the thimble must not touch anything or move anything in their search, and when one does see the thimble he must not cry out, "Oh, there it is!"

Perfect silence should prevail, and when the boy or girl sees it he or she must sit down on a chair, and so on, till all have seen it. Then the one who sat down first has to hide the thimble, and the others all go out.

It is wonderful what a long time it often takes before the whole company has seen it—often two or three children will stand actually looking at the thimble and yet never see it. And this is such fun for those who have already seen it.

Of course, you must not drop down immediately into a chair the moment you have seen the thimble, as that would betray at once where it was, but walk away and look in another direction and then sit down.

SERMON HELPED HIM.

A CERTAIN popular minister of a Highland parish preached the other day on the duty of unqualified truthfulness, and was a little surprised to receive a visit from a parishioner next day who was well known to the gaugers as a maker of "sma" still whisky. "I have come to thank ye for your sermon yesterday," he said. "I will aye speak the truth efter this." "I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "Ye see," continued the other, "I got a visit this morning frac a gauger. "Hac ye ony whosky here? ' he asked. 'Oh, ay,' says I, nae doot I has some whusky.' 'And whaur is it?' 'Under the bed,' says 1. Well, what dae ye think? I telt naething but the truth, and the cratur' never so much as poked his stick below the bed, though he looked through every part o' the house. II'm thinkin', sir, ye're quite right; it's aye best to tell the truth. I maun thank ye for yer sermon. It has done me good."

GEA THOUGHTS.

GREAT good-nature, without prudence, is a great misfortune.

Keep conscience clear, then never fear,

Having been poor is no shame, but being ashamed of it is.

If your head is wax don't talk in the sun.

Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

Good Reading

ORIENTAL MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Chinese marry their children when very young, sometimes as soon as they are born. The marriage, which is a mere civil contract, is arranged by some go-between or matchmaker, on behalf of both parties, independent of the consent of the young couple, and they never see each other until the wedding day. Persons bearing the same family name, although not related, are strictly interdicted from marrying each other, says a recent writer. The negotiations for a marriage are generally begun by the family to which the intended bridegroom belongs. The go-between is furnished with a card stating the ancestral name, and the eight characters which denote the hour, day, month and year of the birth of the candidate for matrimony. This card he takes to the family indicated, and tenders a proposal of marriage. If the parents of the girl, after instituting inquiries about the family making it, are willing to entertain the proposal, they consult a fortune teller, who decides whether the betrothal would be auspicious. If a favorable decision is made, the go-between is furnished with a similar card, and the same consultation of a fortune-teller follows. If this fortune-teller pronounces favorably and the two families agree on the details of the marriage, a formal assent is given to the betrothal. If, for the space of three days, while the betrothal is under consideration in each of the families, anything reckoned unlucky, such as the breaking of a bowl or the losing of any article, should occur, the negotiation would be broken off at once.

In modern Egypt a woman can never be seen by her future husband until after she has been married, and she is always veiled. The choice of a wife is sometimes entrusted to a professional woman, who conducts the negotiations for a price. Generally a man inclined to be a husband applies to some person who is reported to have daughters and desires to know if any are to be disposed of. If the father replies affirmatively, the aspirant sends one of his female relatives who has been already married, to see the girl and report the result. Should the representation be favorable, the intended husband pays the father a stipulated sum, and on an appointed day all parties interested in the event assist at the solemnization of the marriage. On the day before the wedding the bride goes in state to a bath, walking under a canopy of silk, which is carried by four men. She is covered from head to foot in an ample shawl, which in size much resembles the Hebrew veil. On her head is a small cap or crown. Following the bath, the bride and bridegroom and their friends have a supper, after which a quantity of henna paste is spread on the bride's hands and the guests make their contributions by sticking coins on the paste, and when her hands are covered the money is scraped off. The following day the bride goes in procession to the bridegroom's house, where another repast is given. At night the bridegroom goes to prayers at the mosque, after which he returns home and is introduced to and left alone with his bride. Then he lifts the shawl from her face and sees her for the first time.

A woman who lived many years in Japan, in speaking of courtship and marriage among the "little brown people," says that both are very curious ceremonies and that they still savor somewhat of barbarism. "When a young man," she informs us, "has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing, he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the suitor. At the time of the marriage, the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education. The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of sake and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree-

tree signifying the beauty of the bride, and lastly a stork standing on the tortoise, representing long life and happiness, desired by them both.

"At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the sake and the two-spouted kettle, also containing sake, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life, and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—whilst unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son."

Until, the day of her marriage the East Indian girl has been the spoiled pet of her mother, but the hour that sees her put into a palanquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house, changes all that was happiness into misery. She becomes from that moment the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she has to wait hand and foot, whose lightest wish is law, and who teaches her what dishes her husband likes best, and how she is to prepare them. A kind mother-in-law is a thing seldom, if ever, met with, and rarely does she give the little bride leave to go home and visit her mother.

Of her husband the girl sees little or nothing. She cannot complain to him of the cruelty of his mother, for he would never by any chance take her part. He sends in to her the portion of the food he wishes cooked for himself, her and the children, and when it is ready she places it upon a large platter and it is sent into his room. He eats all he fancies of it, and then it is sent back to her, and she and the children sit upon the floor and eat whatever is left.

The girls are married as young as three years of age, and should a little boy to whom such a baby is married die, she is called a widow, and can never marry again. Married life is hard, but far harder and more sad is the lot of a widow, for she is considered disgraced and degraded. She must eat only the coarsest kind of food, and one day in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Her food must always be eaten away from other women, and she must never dress her hair, never sleep upon a bed and never wear any jewelry.

In Turkey, by authority of the Koran, the sultan is allowed seven wives, and every other Mussulman four, and as many female slaves as they please; but in the present day few men have more than one wife each. Polygamy is almost confined to the very wealthy, and is by no means general even among them, probably because a plurality of wives produces a plurality of expenses. All their priests may marry except the dervishes. The Turks can divorce their wives very easily, and are allowed to marry near relations, on the principle that a double tie makes the friendship stronger.

A DICTIONARY JOURNEY.

For strange adventure in all sorts of places try a dictionary journey. For instance, if the weather is damp and chilly to-night and you think a cozy corner by the fire is about the nicest spot to make your home for the evening, fix up an easy chair with its back to the light and then get the family dictionary and prepare for your journey. Of course, the easy chair will serve as a traveling coach. You will not want a sleeper until the end of the journey, for you will have so many interesting experiences that you will likely torget all about sleep until mother or father remind you that even dictionary journeys must come to an end at the dreamland station.

Having bid everybody good-bye and taken your dictionary aboard the easy chair for a guide you begin the journey by turning to the A's. The first thing you know you come face to face with a queer looking creature with big ears and a long snout. It might be a pig were its tail not so large and its feet not covered with claws. It is the aardvark, a burrowing and aut-eating animal closely related to the ground hog. The presence of the aardvark convinces you that you have reached South Africa in your travels, for that is the home of this big anteater, which is as large as a good-sized pig. In fact, its flesh is used for food and its name means "earth hog."

and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree— But you are not hungry and the aardvark isn't a signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum particularly interesting-looking creature, so you

journey on through the A's. As the easy-chair coach moves along without a jog you come into a thicket of evergreen shrubbery with yellow flowers. It has a mild perfume, grows to a height of about two feet and is called Aaron's beard. You are pleased to learn that it belongs to the St. John's. wort family, though it is a native of Europe.

Passing by some Aaronites, or Jewish priests, some queer birds and other curiosities, you come bump against that puzzling expression that you have read so many times in nautical stories—"abate the beam." At last you may learn that it means any part of the horizon back of an imaginary straight horizontal line drawn through the center of the boat and at right angles with the bowsprit.

Next you observe a sort of terrace with closely placed and sharp-pointed branches of trees sticking out from its slope. It is a dangerous-looking bit of earthworks and you are not surprised to find that the structure is the abatis often mentioned in descriptions of warfare.

After passing by some queer reptiles that suggest the forests of South America, through which you will pass many times during your journey, you see a sign made up of letters placed in the form of a transgle. This symbol was once supposed to be possessed of a curative charm, and sick persons had a engraved on medals, which they suspended from their necks to drive away the distemper. This odd thing has, as you will notice, the name "abracadabra." So ancient is this symbol and so well known its meaning that to-day anything that is a nonsensical arrangement of words is called an abracadabra.

Still traveling through the Ab's you see some old friends blooming side by side with an Australian tree. The flower is one of the numerous four-o'clock family, and is our own American abroma. The Australian tree produces a fiber that is used in making cordage, and it is known as the "abroma." By this time the fire by which you are sitting may have become rather excessively heating, or for some other reason of comfort you determine to unloose your collar. In the language of the Ab's, however, you will abstringe it, the word meaning exactly unbind or unloosen. That is one of the charms of the dictionary journeys—every little while you will discover a new word that means the same as words that you use continually.

Now I will imagine that you have gone a long way in silence and with closed eyes—a journey through several hundred words that might have led you into many lands and languages, into scient, art and literature. At the first stop after you rest you observe a great acropolis rising among the ruins of an ancient Greek city. The dictionary guide—always present at your elbow—says that each of the important cities of ancient Greece had its acropolis, or citadel, which was higher than the rest of the city, and had its chief sanetuaries. Per haps the most famous one belonged to Athens. It still rises above the ruins of old Athens and is one of the sights of Europe.

Just a little farther along on the journey "action" will stare you in the face—like an accusing spin perhaps, if you are inclined to be lazy. One markable thing about action as found in the diction ary is that it is given more space than almost an other word, excepting its sister word, "act." T guide will tell you that action is about the most if portant thing in the world, anyhow. Withou civilization never would have advanced. We wook have had no inventions, homes, literature, nor a United States. It will be well to stop the journe. awhile to get well acquainted with action and that it means, for it comprehends happiness a fortune, friendship and beauty-everything that valuable in life. It is used in many senses, but ways implies effort. I am sure that you are food it and will take it with you while continuing d dictionary journey.

Now a word about the dictionary journey; it well to take aboard an encyclopedia before startist as the dictionary gives only brief definitions, used as the dictionary gives only brief definitions, used as the dictionary gives only brief definitions, used to take plenty of time in making the triple every inch of the way is full of interest and the lave all the time in the future for finishing they have all the time in the future for finishing they have all the last stopping place, you will become a cultivated person if you have made a most of your trip and gained all the knowledge you could.

A dictionary journey may be commenced in a part of the volume. There are stations on page and a few extra ones among the S's.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS.-W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President: John R. Snyder, Relle-OFFICERS.-W. D. Stover, Dalisac, India, Fresident; John R. Snyder, Relle-lontaine, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind. Vice-President, Mts. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Tressurer. Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Covington, Ohio. Circle, Corington, Ohio,

CIRCLE NOTES.

WE feel encouraged by the reports of our members and workers. Many more have been received during this month of March, than were received one year ago. And they show a keen appreciation for the courses of reading offered them. We fully realize that there is a difference between our Circle work and many another good cause which is being prosecuted. It is in itself a silent service. To read and meditate requires more time and seems less practical than the sewing of garments for the poor; yet the former has its mission as surely as the latter. It is the reading of good books, the thinking of good thoughts that leads to the performance of good deeds. Our Circle offers only the best books, and who can measure their influence? The root of encouragement is, core -- the heart. That is what our work most needs, let us put more heart into it. If every local secretary and every worker will put their heart into it, there will be a glad response. Under God's blessing we expect great things in the future.

THE Gospel can be preached without molestation in all parts of Japan. Recent laws enacted there place the Christian religion on the same plane as their own. In one of the great Osaka dailies, a writer speaks of the Bible as one of the great books in the world, unsurpassed in literary form and exalted sentiment.

"Ax effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves." Why do we live such little, selfish lives? It is unbounded faith and enthusiasm in some cause that will benefit humanity, that makes a life worth looking at.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

This week we mailed certificates to Anna M. Lichty, Meyersdale, Pa., Mrs. J. C. Stayer, Woodbury, Pa., and Ellen Miller, of Summit Mills, Pa.

Brother Curtis Hilbert, Secretary of Anderson, Ind., writes, "Our Reading Circle meets each Tuesday night at the home of our minister, J. S. Aldredge. The interest is increasing among the old as well as the young. We have completed the book, 'In His Steps,' and are now reading 'The Life of Judson.' We have ten members in all."

Bro. S. E. Duncan, our secretary at Oak Hill, W. Va., says, "Would that all had more of the Sunday school and missionary spirit. We expect to be with the Brethren this summer in church work, and will make a special effort to persuade as many as possible to join the Circle. We wish we could do more to encourage and help on the Lord's work."

Sister Tempie C. Sauble, of Bridgewater, Va., writes the following: "I am going to put forth a special effort to get all the members I can for the Circle. At our prayer meeting, recently, we had the subject of Christian Endeavor. At this meeting Bro. W. B. Yount, president of our school, gave us a good talk. He said we ought to, and could have, a missionary society here; we decided to meet for that purpose. One evening after preaching a goodly number of earnest Christians remained to discuss the question. It was decided that we organize and hold the meetings regularly every Sunday night after preaching. I have been so anxious to see a missionary society organized here, have been praying and waiting patiently, and now we are enjoying our meeting every Sunday. If we could only realize the importance of this work, there would be societies and Reading Circle members everywhere."

We appoint as secretaries:

PRAY for my soul, more things are wrought by prayer, Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountam for me night and day, For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. -Tennyson.

🚣 Sunday 🖫 School 📥

PARABLE OF THE KINGDOM .- Matt. 13: 24-33.

(Lesson for May 27, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT.- The field is the world .- Matt. 13: 38.

In this parable is told the story of the existence of evil in the world. It has often been a cause of wonder to many why evil should cut such a prominent figure in the affairs of life. It is not only present everywhere, but it is successful. The tares grow as well as the wheat. God sends his sunshine and causes the rain to fall on both alike. They flourish together. It is not explicable how it is so, but the fact remains.

It is sometimes the case, too frequently, that bad men get into the church and they are sometimes taken to represent the decadence of the church life. It seems unavoidable that such should be the case, and it should never in the least weaken the faith of anybody. It has happened in all ages, and in all probability will continue to happen. It is not a question as to whether or not there are tares, but rather is it a question, or it should be, as to our own status in the field of growth. Are we personally the wheat or are we tares? That is the question.

It is a certainty that the devil is continually seeking a place in which to sow his tares. Bad thoughts come into most hearts at times, and we can hardly prevent them the way we are constituted and surrounded. But unlike the tares of the field we can weed them out. It may not be an easy task, but it is like caring for a garden. Weeds will come and must be hoed, and when they come again they must be kept down. Religious life is a struggle at all times, and there exists no heart or no life into which there come no tares, no little foxes.

The other parables of the lesson explain themselves largely. The smallest seed of good may grow into a tree of righteousness. Many a time those who labor see so little result attained and they think that it has all been lost. Now the fact is that nothing good ever wholly dies. It may not bear fruit in our time, but God has plenty of time at his disposal, and nothing of the truth is ever lost. The moral is to go on with our doing good and leave results to him who orders all things best.

The word fitly spoken, the simple deed or, indeed, anything that affects human conduct, is the leaven of Christ in the lives of others. It is hard to overestimate the influence we exert on others. It is impossible to say how much of the leaven we have contributed. Think a moment. Every great thing in the world, every accomplished fact, say like the great Brooklyn bridge, was at one time just a thought in one man's mind. But it grew, and growing it took form and color. The utmost care should characterize our relations with others. We should be sure of our leaven, for out of it arise the most momentous issues.

FROM INDIAN LIPS.

In a curious little book, written by one or two Omaha Indians, the following incident is told by Inshta-Theumba, the educated Christian daughter of the chief, Iron Eye:

"We are out on the buffalo hunt. It was evening. The tents had been pitched for the night and the camp-fire made. I was a little bit of a thing, playing near my father. A little Indian boy came up and gave me a bird he had found. I was very much pleased, and tried to feed it and make it drink. After I had amused myself with it for some time father said:

" ' My daughter, bring your bird to me.'

"He held it in his hand for a moment, gently stroking its feathers, and then said, Daughter, I will tell you what you might do with it. Take it carefully in your hand out there where there are no tents, where the high grass is, and put it softly down on the ground and say, "God, I give you back your little bird. Have pity on me, as I have pity on your

"I said, 'Does it belong to God?'

"He said, 'Yes, and he will be pleased if you do not hurt it, but give it back to him to take care of.'

"I was very much impressed, and carried the bird into the high grass, saying my little prayer as it flew away."

For * the * Wee * Folk

BRAVE SPORT.

JOLLY friends are Sport and 1; He does not bark nor bite, Except when bad men come to try To rob us in the night.

Then he's as hrave as brave can be; He rushes at them straight, And foolish will the robber be Who's caught inside the gate.

HIDDIGEIGEI.

BY T. N. RICHARDS.

THE story that I am going to tell is about my

Angora cat Hiddigeigei. He was born April 12, 1897, in Ann Arbor, Michi-

gan, and was owned by a friend of ours. His parents are two intelligent Angora cats who have won many prizes at cat shows in Chicago and other

One Saturday afternoon the lady who owned the kittens said that I could come up and get one. I ran home and got a grape basket and started off for her house. When I got there all the kittens were lying in their basket near a washtub in the cellar. They were about six inches long, not measuring the tail, and were not weaned yet. I picked out the one I wanted which was afterwards called Hiddigeigei.

While he was yet little we kept him in a bushel basket with some bedding in it and fed him warm milk with a teaspoon. After a few months he was the best playmate anyone ever had or ever will have. He would go to bed with me and cuddle up, and after I got asleep he would watch his chance and slowly crawl out. In the morning when I got up and jumped out of bed he would catch the calf of my leg and pretend to bite. He would sit on the porch and watch for me, and would run to meet me, and whenever I went away he would follow me. When he was a little cat the dogs of the neighborhood would chase him up trees and everything else. But Angora cats grow as large as some dogs, and so he paid them back in the latter part of his career, He used to go out to the barn and catch mice by the hatful, and once he caught a great big rat which was three-quarters as big as he was.

But the things that Hiddigeigei was most noted for were his tricks. He was deaf, as are most Angora cats, but not blind. So we taught him by motions, to stand up, sit up, lie down and shake hands. If you put your arm and fist in his face he would box at it, or spring and put both front paws around your arm and pretend to bite. Once we went visiting out of town and took Hiddigeigei with us. We stayed about a week and where we were visiting there was a dog. This dog did not have any peace while Hiddi was there. He chased the dog all over the house and under the beds and couches. We took him home in the same way we brought him, in a fancy work-bag, and let his head stick out. He yelled once or twice, for he was tired of his position. At Detroit, where we changed cars, we stopped to do some shopping, and when we were in one of the principal stores he gave an unearthly yell from away down his throat.

I used to shoot sparrows and Hiddi would eat them, so whenever I took my gun he would purr and follow me. He had grown so big now that every dog was afraid of him, and so not a dog dared to touch him again. When we moved I built a little house for him right by the side of the house we moved into. By and by I went away to spend my vacation, so I told the milkman to put some milk in his house morning and night. I did not stay long on that vacation, and when I came home there he was waiting for me, and he knew me a block away and ran to meet me. Then I read in the paper how, while I was gone, Hiddigeigei had climbed up in the church tower and had sung a few songs that aroused the whole neighborhood. He had practiced his yelling so much he could do it without trying very hard. One night about 12 o'clock we heard him yelling at the top of his voice. A few minutes later there was a pistol shot and all was still. We thought he was dead, but just then there was a scratch at the door and in rushed Hiddigeigei, with his long hair standing on end. A few months later he was poisoned, but I kept him under the back porch and fed him medicine and whisky that made him sort of stagger, but he had to have it. Afterwards we had to go away forever and could not take him with us, so I gave him away and the people have him yet. I have not seen the cat for over half a year and I am going to go and see him soon, and this is the end of the story.

FERRIS WHEEL'S SWAN SONG.

THE raw wind that comes in from Lake Michigan is playing dolefully upon the great cables of the Ferris wheel. The broad monotone that sounds from this giant Æolean harp partakes of the character of a swan song, for the wheel is doomed and these are its last days.

Sunday it made its last revolution-"gave its last gasp," in the words of L. V. Rice, receiver for the Ferris Wheel company. The work of dismantling the structure will begin Wednesday or Thursday, and within three months where the wheel now stands will be merely a sandy lot. The giant will have disappeared as completely as though it had never been. This removal has been made necessary by the expiration of the company's lease on the

For almost seven years the Ferris wheel has been among the greatest curiosities that Chicago had to offer to visitors. If the stranger were a prince or diplomat from across water, he was first driven to the stock yards. If he were from the country, where the raising of stock is a business and not a curiosity, he first visited the mechanical freak at the other end of Lincoln Park.

Now that the wheel is soon to be no more one can not refrain from giving a glance over his shoulder into its p. ...

The idea of constructing this monster rotating machine originated with G. W. G. Ferris, of Pittsburg, immediately after a banquet in the early part of 1892 given to the engineers and architects who were interested in the construction of the buildings at the approaching exposition. At this banquet D. H. Burnham, director of works of the world's fair, complimented the architects upon their designs, but declared that the engineers of the country had not contributed one original idea. This declaration stung Mr. Ferris and he at once began to think of schemes that might cause Mr. Burnham to change the verdict he had passed upon the engineers.

He went to the Wellington hotel and while talking to some friends the idea of a great wheel that would carry passengers came to him like a flash.

"I have something that will strike Mr. Burnham," he cried, and hastily drew an old envelope from a coat pocket. He made on this a rough draught of the wheel, Don his return to Pittsburg he had assistants work out his original conception in detail. A company was formed, the wheel built, at a cost of \$362,000, a taking feature furnished the fair, and a subject for conversation given visitors that has not yet been worn out.

The wheel proved as great a sensation as Mr. Ferris thought it would; every lesser exposition since has had its structure modeled upon the one of Mr. Ferris' design. During the world's fair it was visited by the great statesmen of this and other countries, and Receiver Rice can tell of having swung princes, and visitors from Illinois' Egypt, 250 feet into the air in the same car.

Chicago day, Oct. 9, Harry W. Hill, who was ticket seller from the day the wheel made its first revolution until Sunday, when it made its last, claims to have established a world's record for rapid ticket selling. One thousand tickets-\$500 in receipts-in just fourteen minutes, is his claim. And he has no medal, either.

During the days of the great exposition it was no unusual thing for a man, evidently used to frugal ways, to come up to the box office, ask the price of a ride, and, on being told that fifty cents was the charge, to ask if he couldn't ride half-way around for a quarter. Neither was it unusual for sightseers, anything but urban in appearance, to ask innocently if the wheel would be there all week.

An account of the breakdown of the machinery and the suspension in midair of hundreds of persons for several hours was printed in practically all the newspapers of the country during the year of the fair. Although this accident never occurred, according to Mr. Rice, he says that whenever he has been in a crowd and it became known that he was connected with the Ferris wheel, some one has always come up and made known that he was one of the passengers on that sensational revolution.

"I'm told this wherever I go," said Mr. Rice. "The wheel can carry a few more than 2,000 passengers, but I've met over 3,000 who took that trip-a trip that was never made."

About 2,500,000 passengers have been carried on story.

the wheel during the seven years it has been standing. It was moved to its present location in 1895.

Since it has been announced that the Ferris wheel had to be torn down, Mr. Rice has received frequent calls from contractors and from men who want to buy some portion of it. The mistake made by many of these shows how easy it is to underestimate the magnitude of the big structure.

One contractor, after staring with vertical chin for half an hour at the wheel, brought down his eyes and informed Mr. Rice in a quiet, confident manner that he could "take the thing down easy enough."

"Let's see, that axle must be at least six inches in diameter," he estimated, squinting upward again.

"Yes, all of six inches," Mr. Rice corroborated, dryly.

"And I'd judge that it's not less than ten feet long."

"All of ten feet."

"Just as I thought. I'll send in my bid in a day

He was starting complacently away when Mr. Rice caught him up with: "I'll be glad to get your bid, but better figure on an axle thirty-two inches in diameter and forty-five feet long."

The contractor looked into Mr. Rice's solemn face, then up at the wheel. "I don't believe I want it," he said, and turned on his heel.

Another contractor announced that he wanted to buy one of the cars to put on wheels and use as a

"I'll sell you the car all right; but how many horses do you intend to hitch to it?"

"Two-that'll be enough."

"Have you any idea how much one of those cars weighs?"

"About 1,000 pounds, I'd say."

"Well, there's just 22,000 pounds of iron alone in each car, not to speak of the other things."

The man didn't buy the car.

A farmer began negotiations with Mr. Rice a few days ago for three of the cars, saying that he wanted them for chicken coops. When he was informed that there were twenty-two tons of iron worth \$20 a too in each car he looked astounded. He finally stumbled away, saying he guessed he'd buy a couple of dry-goods boxes.

Said Mr. Rice: "Some pieces of the wheel can be used just as they are for building bridges, but a large part of it will go to the scrap pile."

The Ferris wheel to the scrap pile!-the graveyard of machinery that has done its work! Certainly an ignominious ending for a structure at which the world once marveled.

SWITCHED AT THE END OF LENT.

A LARGE number of Polish residents of Shamokin, Pa., and Coal township were switched by their wives, who also threw buckets of water on them, in retaliation for the men doing the same thing to the women recently. The practice has been in vogue for hundreds of years in the Polish provinces, at the close of the Lenten period, and is copied by the Poles here.

ROBINSON CRUSOE has been famous for nearly 200 years, and each new generation of boys and girls reads the story of his adventures with the same pleasure that it was first read by the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of London in 1719. But in spite of this, and the fact that Daniel Defoe's writings include 210 works, the story of his life and accomplishments is little known to the lovers of Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe was born in London in 1661. He was the son of a butcher named Foe. His father named him Daniel, and he signed himself D. Foe for forty years. Later he changed his signature to Defoe, and finally subscribed himself "Daniel DeFoe," or "Daniel Defoe," as suited his humor. His father wanted him to become a clergyman, but he gave up the idea after completing the course of training that fitted him for the work. In 1685 he became a hose merchant, in which business he lost his money. Soon after his failure as a chant he published his first book. Duris Martin he was an active politician, a numoyot avenue chant, journalist and author by chant, journalist and author by re died at Moorfields, London, in 1731. Students of literature give the author of "Robinson Crusoe" credit for

Advertising Column.

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> R. E. ARNOLD, ELGIN, ILL.

The Inglenook.

The New, High-class Literary paper of the Brotherhood.

Issued weekly. The price is \$1.00 a year, but we will send it to an the setting for the settin er of these lines for the rest of this year on the receipt of fifty cents.

It is a youth's paper that will be read by plder people Free ist best talent of the church will be represented in its columns test writers in the

test writers in the world will be found in it from time to time Timely articles on Nature and Natural History will appear needs.

Your boy wants the paper, your girl wants it, you want it, and then ance for you to bright an early to the chance for you to brighten some young life by sending the paper to the best use for your or brighten some young life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to the best use for your life by sending the paper to It's the best use for your fifty cents we can think of. Don't miss at You will want a complete file and we can't agree to turnish backets. Send for The Logarization. Send for The Inglenook to day and you'll get all of the issues.

Brethren Publishing House,

having been the first to write a novel, or long fiction (For Inglenook.) Vol. II.

ELGIN, ILL., MAY 19, 1900.

No. 20.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Across the sea a fragment,
Blown with the spray and mist
Shoreward from rosy distances,
Where shade and shine hold tryst;
An old song set in colorings
Of gold and amethyst.

A ship on the horizon /
Where misty curtains cling,
Lightly to clearer levels
Her sails of violet swing;
A schooner nearing the harbor
Listen! The sailors sing:

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
"Twas there sweet Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."
Oh, the rainbow lights of boyhood
Kindle my skies anew.

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie."
How sweet that old refrain!
The promises of morning
Break into gloom again,
And on the lowly roof I hear
The music of the rain.

"Maxwelton braes are honnie."
There's mother at the door,
The cattle down the dusky lane
Are coming as of yore.
And, mounted on the pasture bars,
I swing and sing once more.

"Maxwelton braes are honnie."
Oh, honnie maid of mine,
Thro' all the mists of distance
Again the dark eyes shine;
The world is full of music,
And living seems divine!

Across the sea a fragment,
Blown with the spray and mist
Shoteward from rosy distances,
Where shade and shine hold tryst;
A vision and a memory,
In gold and amethyst.

A MAGIC STORE.

Where is the boy or girl who is not interested in tricks? It might also be asked where is the older person who can not be entertained by the seemingly impossible? So we determined on an article that should tell something of the business of the professional conjurer. We went to Chicago and hunted up the magic man himself, and we want to tell a little of what we saw and heard. He is the only Magic store proprietor in Chicago, and there are not many of them anywhere.

Now what is a Magic store? Well, every reader knows what conjuring and juggling is, the so-called Magic business of the traveling magician. The store sells the appliances and the tricks to whoever will buy. It is owned by Mr. A. Roterberg, and he has another similar store in London. Whatever of spookery there is about the business there is nothing of the kind in the store or in the proprietor. He is an educated German gentleman, the author of three books on the business, and he and his accomplished wife attend to the trade. A large part of the business consists in furnishing entertainments to whoever wants them, and this may be a school exhibition, a parlor show, or what not. The proprietor will give the exhibition at from \$10 to \$25 for the evening, furnishing everything. The money this many the sale of the tricks. As this may be misunderstood a little explanation may not be amiss. There is no selling of a secret primarily. The various tricks require certain appliances, and these are sold and the knowledge of how it is done is thrown in with the bargain. There is not a feat known to the profession that can not be bought. And the prices are not exorbitant, though, of course, they vary widely. There is a catalogue showing the various things used by the professionals, and it is illustrated, and described, all but the "how" and the price is affixed. Anybody can buy them just the same as anybody can go to a grocery store and buy a pound of coffee and a dozen eggs.

There are about a thousand professional conjurers in the United States, and at the head of them stands Prof. Kellog. His "blue room" appliances and arrangements cost not far from \$10,000 and consist in strange appearances and disappearances, due to glasses, etc. Then there is the traveling, country schoolhouse man, whose whole stock in trade is carried in a small trunk. There is a wide difference between the "Prof." in the opera house and the ten cent show in the Smoky Hollow school building, but the whole business is accessible to any one with the money to buy, and the Magic store is the place where it is sold.

Every country has its own jugglers and magicians, but the Germans control the business of selling the material for the work, and a strange feature about it is that the Jews are the most expert jugglers in the world. It is entirely within the possibilities that anybody with common sense may become a magician, along the easier lines of the profession, but to become a phenomenon, requires, as in all callings, phenomenal capacity. The requirements are manual dexterity, tact, fluency of speech, and personal presence. The simplest trick that the Magic store man knew of is that of passing a die through a hat. Anybody can do this, once the "know how" is in his possession, and then there are complicated tricks that require expertness that comes only through long practice and considerable personal physical ability. The difficult illusions requiring the aid of mechanical appliances are no longer used to any considerable extent. Their place is taken by exhibitions requiring dexterity, the aid of electrical helps and less clumsy matters than machinery.

Mr. Roterberg said that he never saw more than one or two tricks that he could not see through at once. The Hindoo jugglery that we read so much about is clumsiness itself beside modern methods In the very nature of things it could not be otherwise if one stops to think. How can an uneducated, slow, unprogressive people do that which surpasses in skill the production of the smartest people in the world among the goahead nations? There is no Indian trick that the American can not duplicate and better. There are a great many magical things in the market, about a thousand, that you can buy in the Chicago store, and none are performed anywhere that may not be bought. Let every Inglenook reader remember that all the magic and conjuring he reads about and hears of is as simple as day once the method is known. There is nothing whatever of the supernatural about any part of it. There is this to remember, however, and that is the descriptions of certain tricks are very frequently misrepresented. The observer, in telling it afterward, says that he saw things and did things which never happened at all. He may tell how he handled the knife that the operator ran through his arm, and he may really think that he did, but just as certainly he did not have in his hands the real thing.

In the case of Spiritualism, and the physical man- sixteen children. His grandchildren number 104.

ifestations connected therewith the whole business can be duplicated and bettered by the professional conjurer. This is an important thing for a good many of our readers to remember when they hear of the seemingly miraculous in the various isms and fads of the hour. In the Magic store where they sell these things there is no more mystery about any of these marvels than there is a spook in your garret at home.

Mr. Roterberg teaches the business to all who will, and sells one or many tricks, with the way to do them thrown in, to all who wish to buy. The business is not a common one, and perhaps, in all probability, the reader never heard of it before. One of the latest things, not yet put on the market, was shown the writer in the store.

The operator took a common kerosene lamp, lit it, and put over it a red shade. This he placed beside the writer who saw that it was what it seemed, apparently so, though he did not handle it. Then this lamp, still lit, was placed on the center of a small table with a glass top. There it was, to all intents and purposes a common kerosene lamp on a small center table. The proprietor stood off a few feet and counted "One—Two—Three—Go," and the lamp simply vanished. It didn't go anywhere that I saw. It simply disappeared. Now what became of it? No more do I know where it went.

This issue of The Inglenook is sent to a good many Brethren who are thought to be appreciative of good literature in the hope that they will welcome a high grade paper to their homes, especially since it is a publication authorized by the General Conference. Nearly all other denominations have a similar publication that is well supported by the lovers of good, pure literature. Are we behind others in the matter of appreciation and support of home effort? Send fifty cents and get the paper weekly for the rest of this year.

A WEALTHY man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir," exclaimed the owner, "what do you mean?" "Why, you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher. This recalls to mind what Titbottom says in Mr. Curtis' "Prue and I," as he is looking over the large estate of the wealthy and sordid Bourne. "Bourne owns the dirt and fences: I own the landscape!" We haven't seen the passage for years, and may not quote it exactly.

A Mempus woman, whose Christian name is Jane, and whose little daughter is named after her, engaged a housekeeper, who also is named Jane.

Thinking that three Janes in one household might occasion confusion, the lady said to the newcomer, who was a tall, angular woman, with a rigid air and an uncompromising cast of countenance: "I think, Jane, it will be better for me to call you by your last name if you have no objection."

"No'm; I have no objection," said the housekeeper, standing stiffly erect, valise in hand. "Call me 'darling,' ma'am, if you prefer. That's my name."

PRESIDENT KRUGER by his first marriage had one child, who died young. By his second wife he had sixteen children. His grandchildren number 104.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

BY PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE CHURCH.

I would conclude that my parents with their superior age know more than I from the age of twelve to twenty years and would seek their counsel and cheerfully obey them. I would take great interest in Sunday school, having well prepared lessons, thus gaining a knowledge of the Bible which would remain in memory through coming years. In my youthful days I would unite with the church and strive to be a good member. I would not read a ten cent novel or any such reading matter, but would store my mind with such reading that would be of a future benefit. I would never use tobacco in any form.—I. H. Crist.

WERE I to pass through girlhood again, I would be just as kind as possible to everybody; especially to my mother. I would try to show some extra kindness to the poor inefficient teacher whose circumstances made it necessary to cope with difficulties for which she was not prepared, and to the poor laborer, servant girl, cook, the wife or child of a drunkard, a criminal, or other despised person. 1 would banish the word "can't" from my vocabulary as a deadly poison. No slang or exaggeration should ever pass my lips. I would try my utmost to obtain a useful education, and would never cheat in examinations. Would never deceive. Would serve the Lord with a pure heart. Would love my fellow beings and let them know it.—Nancy D. Under-

If I were a boy again with my present experience, I would do some things just as I did do. When twelve years old, I selected my lifework and bent my energies towards it. I never regretted that. I would urge every young person to do so. Aim at something, and do your best to hit it. In the manner of working I could make an improvement in the way of attending to minor details. That which made Marshall Field so successful was to look after every detail in his business. Many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost by a railroad company because details were not watched. In spiritual matters I would begin to serve my Master from six to eight years earlier than I did. One of the greatest mistakes young people make is to defer the service of God, and lose the valuable discipline afforded by early consecration to Christ, -S. Z. Sharp.

I would remember my Creator more reverently and constantly. I would obey my parents more affectionately. Especially would I hearken and cleave unto my mother as God's appointed guardian of my life and destiny. I would be scrupulously careful to keep my body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, and not make it a showcase for the vanities of dress and appetite. Instead of being swept along in the current of the world, I would do as Jesus did, "be about my Father's business." I would not place a button, or pin, or loop, or puff, or feather to please the world, or gratify vanity. I would eat and drink, dress and live as Christ's little girl. I would have my delight in the law of the Lord, and therein I could meditate day and night, 1 would esteem the words of my Heavenly Father more than my necessary food. I would want to be a pupil in the class to which Timothy belonged. 2 Tim. 3: 15. I would avoid novels as spiritual arsenic. I would study only such books as would increase my knowledge of God in his character and works, and make me a skillful soul-winner. I would want to be wholly the Lord's and live and work for his glory.—Hattie A. Balsbaugh.

FIRST I would try and not let my conceit grow faster than my brain. I would honor my father and mother by telling them all my intentions, then consult them as to the best way to proceed. I would ask them what pursuit I should follow in life. If they were indifferent and left it to me I would choose farming as the most honorable and independent, best suited to Christian life. Then I would look around for a good man who, without capital made it a success, and I would follow his example, and seek his counsel. I would not try several things at once. I would be strictly honest in all my deal-

ings, or work; whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing right. I would keep my promises strictly sacred. I would go to school when practicable and try to be the best scholar and above all the best boy in school. I would read much in good books and meditate more; speak only when profitable. I would not be hasty to express an opinion unless asked, especially in the presence of superiors or aged. I would never commence a bad habit; such as using tobacco or strong drink, vain dressing, foolish talking or jesting, exaggerating the truth, loud, boisterous laughing in society. I would weigh words more and cultivate a more correct form of speech. I would try my best so to live that no one could truthfully say anything evil about me. And first and last, I would try to love the Lord with all my heart and be a faithful member of the church of Christ.—E. Eby.

If I were a boy again I would prosecute my studies much farther than I did. To the welltrained mind, backed by a good character, there are many openings by which to gain a livelihood. My first advice to every boy is-heed the first call to follow Jesus. It will prepare you for life in both worlds. Second. Store your mind with useful knowledge. It will be helpful to you in life. Third. Avoid bad habits, as chewing and smoking tobacco. Fourth. Avoid bad company. Better have none than had company. Be industrious and economical. —W.R. Decter.

If I were a girl again I would be very slow to leave a good home in the country for any employment or position in the city. I would try to learn the art of home making, and would learn to be a good cook, would learn to take proper care of a house, would learn to sew well, and to think work onorhable and idleness dishonorable. Sad indeed that in so many homes where there are girls the mother does the work and the girls feel themselves above work. I would cultivate a taste for reading good books; would take plenty of out-door exercise, thereby getting much pleasure and profit out of the field of nature. I would carefully guard the laws of health. So many of our girls are careless in regard to preserving their health until it is too late. I would try to cultivate a kind disposition, and would confide in my mother and add to her happiness by avoiding that which would pain her. I would accept my Savior, be a Christian, and trust him to guide me through life and save me in death.—Sarah E. Trout.

WERE I fourteen again I would first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness. I would keep the word of God near me and consult it often. No counselor like the All-wise. I would spend much of my youthful time and energy at good schools preparing for my life work. I would fix it deep in my heart to be honest, prompt, faithful to my employers and true to my promises. Excelsior should be my motto in all I would attempt. I should study the best rules of etiquette and be courteous and obliging to all. In short I would strive to be a model of youthful dignity and sobriety. —Daniel Vaniman.

GERMAN UNIVERSITY LIFE.

BY GRANT MAHAN.

Each year several hundred American students attend one or another of the German universities. The great majority of these students are to be found at Berlin, Leipzig, Bonn and Halle. They go there for special work, for Germany is the home of the specialist. It is not so much the reputation of the university as of the man at the head of the line of work that they wish to pursue that takes them to one school rather than another. In my own case four universities were recommended-Berlin, Halle, Strassburg, Heidelberg-because at each one of them was located a man especially able in the subject which I desired to study.

A residence of less than a year at any of these universities hardly qualifies one to speak with authority concerning them, and yet during that period impressions are made which time would change but little. One can give only one's own experience. The professors and students are very friendly, always willing to make the stranger feel at home among them.

the professors. Men of international reputation are ignorant of things with which a graduate of our high schools would be quite familiar. Of the two extremes-knowing everything about one thing or a little about everything—the German professor chooses the former. He loses in breadth what he gains in depth. And so the student does not gain the knowledge he would under a competent Amencan instructor, though he learns some things under the German that he could not under the American As a result of this narrowness in the instructor the students are narrow. I have met graduates of the universities who did not know whether Chicago is in North or South America, who had never heard of Abraham Lincoln or U. S. Grant, and were entirely ignorant of the fact that there had been a civil war in the United States. An American boy who could tell nothing about William I. or Bismarck or the Franco-Prussian war would hardly he called educated.

The beer-drinking proclivity of the student is quite noticeable. It matters not what he studies, drinking beer occupies much of his time. A student of theology roomed where we did. Almost every night he was out until two or three o'clock, and sometimes he had to be brought home because unable to get there alone. Others pursuing the same studies were with him and doubtless were as hard drinkers as he. One night I attended the annivers ary meeting of the modern language society. Beer drinking and smoking were prominent features, and soon after the speaker of the evening was through returned to my rooms. The knciping proper was just beginning. Many other invitations to attend meetings of a similar nature came, but I never felt inclined to accept.

The duels must not be omitted. A young man drops out of class for a few days, then reappears with face tied up in cotton; later the cotton disappears and there is a frightful scar. He has foughta duel. At first I wanted to see one, but after seeing the effects of one I never desired to go any further At some places they are encouraged and at other discouraged. Their tendency cannot but be brutalizing.

A German student is expected to take lectures three years before trying to pass an examination for his doctor's degree. He can attend at one university, then another and another. He takes advantage of this and goes from one to another. Before he receives his degree he must pass an examination which is usually pretty rigid. And a degree there means more than one here. One often wonders how some of them ever make their degrees The instruction is nearly all given by lectures, and on these the students take notes. As the end of the three years approaches they begin to devote more time to the work, for they don't like to fail. The young men there are not so very different from those of our own country, though they seem to spend less time on their studies than ours do. It each year many come from the universities well prepared to make a success of their work. The lat that there are so many seeking to get a degree from a German university is proof positive that they think it to their advantage to do so. And in a great many cases it is.

The one who goes across the water to complete his education should have a good education before going. It is a mistake to specialize before knows something about many things. To one who has a broad foundation a stay of a year or more at German university cannot but be profitable. An yet there is no doubt that for many who go the lim is wasted; and as the number increases, as it do steadily, still more and more waste the time 35 money spent in going. A combination of the the systems makes one both broad and deep. But the average American there is no doubt in my miss that our system of education is much better that the German. Whether one should leave his count to finish his education depends almost entirely his preparation and whether he can on his relation use what he acquires; and in both these respects must generally be his own judge.

A LITTLE boy was asked the other day what replie meant by sins of omission. He astutely reply without without any hesitation; "Those we have forgo

The first thing to strike one is the narrowness of practical affairs."

Nature & Study -

PORPOISE GUNNING.

In the northern part of Maine and in Nova Scotia there are still many Indians of the Passamaquody tribe, and these Indians follow a pursuit that is almost unknown to the outside world. They shoot most unknown to the outside world. They shoot porpoises. Everybody familiar with the sea has watched these queer creatures. They are less shy about showing themselves than any other inhabitant of the ocean; but to see them tumbling over themselves in their odd regular way is all the world in general ever has to do with them; the Passamaquoddy Indians, however, not only shoot them, but make their living mainly out of porpoise, and a living well earned it is, too, for there is no occupation in the world that calls for more bravery, skill and endurance.

The money is obtained by selling the oil, and pure perpoise oil brings the Indians about ninety cents a gallon; the oil obtained from the fins sells higher; it is tried out by itself because of its superiority, and is valued by watchmakers and others who want an oil of very fine lubricating quality.

The Indians eat the porpoise flesh—it is very much like fresh pork, and many white fishermen around the coast like it well enough to give the Indians fresh fish in exchange for it.

There are no game laws to protect porpoises, and the hunting goes on the year around, though the blubber is something like two inches thick in winter, against one and a half inches in summer; but, then, the danger and suffering to the Indian, not the fish, are far greater in cold weather.

Make a guess as to how long a big porpoise is. He does not look, when seen from shore or from a steamer's deck, as if he were seven feet long; but that he frequently is, and five feet about the girth, and with six or seven gallons of oil in his queer body.

Birch bark canoes are still used by the Indians for this sport, and the way they handle them in the wide, stormy waters of the Bay of Fundy is a revelation as to the seaworthiness of these wonderful little craft. Boys must begin their training as porpoise hunters when they are ten or twelve years old, going out with an older man in good weather first. The Indians generally go two together, for, while shooting the porpoise can be done easily by one in smooth water it is not the shooting, but the landing of him that is the ticklish business. After he is shot, he is speared to finish him, and then the Indian runs two fingers in the blow hole, takes hold of his fin with the other hand, lifts the great fellow until at least half his length is above the canoe's gunwale, and then drags him aboard. Imagine doing that in a birch bark canoe on a rough winter sea! Yet a man alone in his canoe under such conditions will often accomplish the feat, and not so farely he will fail, and lose his life to boot. The usual thing is for two to work together, and then accidents are comparatively rare. A man has to stand up to shoot, if the water is rough. Of course, he could not see his game if he didn't. One of these Indians can stand and shoot, and at the same time adapt every movement to the swaying of his boat, keeping her on an even keel with a success that is simply marvelous.

There are many sharks in these waters, and there are perfectly authenticated stories of sharks cutting porpoises in two just as the Indians were hauling them aboard, but they don't seem to mind the sharks at all, driving them off with their long spears when they are too encroaching, with perfect coolness.

Eastport, Maine, is the market where the Indians sell most of their oil.

A WILD PLANT GARDEN.

There is hardly a locality in which the lover of of outure can not add to his or her garden some real beauties that bloom or grow unscen in the fields and the forests. The fact is that every plant that grows, even the most costly and delicate conservatory dowers, are wild growths in some part of the world. Anyone with an artistic eye can gather about him a beautiful selection of uncommon plants if he will go selecting and transplanting wild flowers. Take the finer plant, or a more beautiful flower than the little least the finer plant, or a more beautiful flower than the little least that the selection of uncommon dandelion, for instance.

yellow bloomer that opens its petals every month in the year. Only the fact that they are so common has prevented their being a greenhouse flower. And there are different varieties of them. Anyone who will take the trouble to look up and compare them, when in flower, will see that there is a great variety of sizes and shades of color. Some of them are very beautiful, and these, if transplanted carefully in the corner of the garden, and the flowers plucked in season to prevent their seeding, will be a thing of beauty, all its commonness to the contrary, notwithstanding.

There are a great many common wild flowers that grow in the fields and woods that are of the easiest cultivation. In fact the only one that the writer has ever found impossible to transplant is the trailing arbutus, one of the early and most fragrant of wood blooms, often flowering under the snow. Then the fern family are almost endless in variety, and are rather easy of cultivation if the habit of the plant is noted and similar conditions given the variety selected. The great thing is to observe closely whether or not shade, sun, water, or a dry soil is wanted, and this is readily determined by noting the place where the plant grows, and then endeavoring to match it as nearly as possible when it is removed to its new home. It is a fact that a good many of the wild flowers will improve under cultivation very often, that is, a plant that is single in flower in a wild state will often come double with a little care and coaxing with the hoe. Anyone who wants to start a wild garden should lose no time in it this spring, as some of the very earliest and most desirable plants flower, die down and are lost to sight before the greater number of plants

Then there are different plants in different sections of the United States, and as The Inglenook goes to all parts our readers can compare notes, exchange plants, trade seeds, etc., and the natural history columns of the paper are wide open to you for the purpose of telling what you know in this line. If certain conditions of the matter be attended to by some of our young botanists and naturalists wanting to know the scientific names of their specimens the Editor will take pleasure in naming them for our readers. If he does not himself happen to know he can readily find out, and will take pleasure in so doing.

MONKEYS IN INDIA.

In many parts of India the monkey is looked upon as a man and a brother—not a very intelligent one, but a man nevertheless. In some of the contrally-located tribes of the African continent these animals are not only esteemed the equal of man, but his superior; for, said a native who had been made captive, and sold as a slave:

"If I had held my tongue like the ape, I never would have been brought to this condition. He knows that if the white man finds out that he can talk, he will be immediately put to work: so he wisely holds his peace."

So human are the actions of the monkeys that it is little wonder that the natives consider them remarkably wise members of the human family.

All animals can be trained and taught exactly as if they were children, and even the heavy elephant, in its tricks of standing on its head, climbing ladders, and forming pyramids, is quite the equal of some of our readers. But the monkeys, from their general resemblance to human beings, offer the best field for the animal teacher, and when they can once be made to attend school, we may always expect some curious results. In all nations their superior intelligence or imitative power is recognized, and often utilized. Thus, the monkeys, known as baboons, in parts of Africa are trained as servants.

Several years ago a monkey owned by a gentleman in London was used in this way, and whenever its master's eyes were upon it, the bahoon was exceedingly attentive, but the least neglect, and it would drop whatever it was carrying, and involve itself in a general ruin.

This baboon was nearly five feet in height, and, dressed in a suit of red clothes, was trained to sit in the hall of the house, and wait upon the bell. No sooner would the bell sound than Jocko would spring to the door and open it, bowing and grinning at the visitor, and, when asked if the master was in, he would take out a card upon which was written:

"I don't speak English. Walk in."

A MURDEROUS PLANT.

A CANADIAN climber, the Physianthus' albens, has received the name of "cruel plant" from its treatment of butterflies. It flowers in the month of August, and the butterflies, attracted by the perfume, hover around it in large numbers and push their trunks into the corollas to sip the honey. A pair of sensitive vegetable pincers in the heart of the flower grips the delicate proboscis, and, in spite of struggles to get free, the butterfly hangs suspended until it dies, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Apparently the plant has nothing to gain by the death of the insect, as it is not "carnivorous," like the Venus fly-trap. In, fact, if the butterfly were allowed to come and go, it would tend to foster the species by assisting cross-fertilization. It appears, however, that the "cruel plant" came originally from Brazil, where the hutterflies are much stronger and extricate their suckers from the trap. We may add that another Canadian plant, the Cnicus discolor, is charged with cruelty. The flower has a gland which secretes a viscous liquid capable of liming insects which are fond of it. Moreover, they seem to be stupefied and poisoned by it, and no reason can as yet be assigned for the deadly consequence.

FERNS FROM FAR JAPAN.

In matters æsthetic we have learned much from the Japanese and perhaps nothing shows what we owe to them more than the improvement which has taken place in late years in floral decoration. From them we have received some of the most charming of our lilies and chrysanthemums, and from them also have learned to arrange cut flowers in an artistic and decorative fashion, which was quite unknown twenty years or so ago, when we were still content with vases filled with all kinds of flowers crowded together with little regard to color, and none at all of their nature and habits. Now we have learned to avoid these terrible floral mixtures, and to value arrangements which imitate, as far as possible, those of nature herself.

Japanese have long been famed as gardeners and for the taste they exhibit in the way they lay out, plant and otherwise adorn the surroundings of their light wooden and verandahed dwellings. One of their specialties for the adornment of their houses is a quaint arrangement of ferns, grown on frames shaped as birds, balls, little houses and a variety of other designs. A few of these designs are now to be had for sums varying from about 50 cents to \$1.50 and make the most charming ornaments for greenhouse, balcony or window.

At the present time they are to be had in a dry state, with the fern roots well tied up with specially prepared moss, just as they are imported from Japan. All the purchaser has to do is to soak the fern designs for three or four hours in water and then to hang them up in a conservatory or window, to keep them damp and to await developments.

To an invalid one can hardly imagine a more fascinating plant treasure than one of these dry fern designs, gradually throwing up frond after frond, till the whole becomes one growing, waving mass of feathery verdure.

DOES WHEAT TURN TO CHESS OR CHEAT?

This question, if asked of many an Inglenook reader, would be answered in the affirmative, and reasons would be given in the fact that a field of wheat, under their own observation, failing in spots, had turned to cheat. Now the actual facts are that no such thing ever happened at all. The plants are entirely different botanically, and that one appears in the place of the other is due to causes having no relation whatever to one plant changing to another, no matter how much the circumstantial evidence seems to indicate it.

The seed of the cheat is in the ground in all old countries, and it will lie there for years and years until a favorable opportunity is given it for germination. This seems to be the opposite of that which favors the production of wheat, and when the wheat is harred out by some happening of season or weather the cheat is in its glory. Or the seed of the cheat may be drilled in with the seed wheat, and only waits its chance to develop. At all events there is never any turning of one plant into another under any circumstances.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest, No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING House, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE CURFEW.

The curfew is a survival of a rule or law of the Middle Ages requiring all inhabitants to put out their lights, cover their fires, and retire for the night. The derivation of the word signifies covering the fire. A bell was rung at a given time, and the hearers were expected to retire to rest. It is differently accounted for, some saying that it was a police regulation to prevent night brawls, prowling under cover, and other authorities say that it was a regulation of William the Conqueror to do away with night plotting against the crown authorities. At all events the curfew is a very old custom.

It has been introduced in a good many American cities, and it should be in vogue in all of them. It is in use here at Elgin, and we will tell how it works. At half past eight there is a bell rung, and to the stranger it sounds queer to hear what sounds like a church bell ringing at such an hour. It is the curfew bell, and all young folks under sixteen years of age, of both sexes, have to be at their homes, or at least off the streets at that time, or they subject themselves to arrest and fine, or imprisonment.

It was brought about by the agitation of the churches and the W. C. T. U., and it has been in practice for about a year with very gratifying results. Elgin is considerable of a town, having about 30,000 of a population, and of course the small boy and his sister are in evidence all over the city. At a church meeting, an opera, or the theater there would be the characteristic crowd of gamins late at night, hanging around the door, and it constituted the very worst school possible for the youth. The police could scatter the crowd, but had no authority to arrest them. The curfew ordinance changes all this, and there are no crowds of boys and girls making night hideous. They can be towed to jail if they are caught now. And the law is a good one.

Of course there are limitations and 'discretionary powers vested in the officers. Most of the bad boys are known to the police, and if a boy under age is found on the streets, after hours, going home or quietly attending to his business, he is not disturbed. While there have been some arrests under the law, there have been no fines or imprisonments thus far. The rule is to reprimand them and let them go. Still the power to arrest and imprison is present and that is the leading feature of the law, and it works for good. No Inglenook boy or girl need have any fear of trouble when they come to Elgin and are out after hours if they are quiet, well behaved, and are not idling around and loitering about public places. It is the bad lot that is looked after and required to move on homeward or be moved by the man with a star on his coat. There is no school on earth worse for the boy or girl than the night school of the street, and the law is all right. It was objected to at first, but there are no opponents now to the Elgin curfew.

THE BOY WHO WANTS TO RUN AWAY.

A good many boys sometimes think of running away from home. They imagine that there are a good many better places than those offered near at hand, and then regard themselves as badly used. Of course not all boys feel this way. Some of them know when they have a good thing, and have sense enough to hold on to it. But there are others who have been thinking about it, and with them we want to have a little talk.

In the first place let us have a little business talk over the subject. What are you going to do? You have little or no money, and you propose to tramp till you find something to do. Now let us have a little common sense talk about this business. In the first place it will be but a short time till you are penniless. Then you will be in reality nothing but a common tramp. Nobody is going to hire a runaway boy, or if it is done at all the motive will be to get all out of you there is in the way of work, and you will be ten times worse off than before. In a short time your clothes and shoes will give out, and you will be a pretty looking specimen after sleeping out for a week or so. The longer you are on the road the worse it is going to be for you. The chances are that you will fall into the company of professional tramps and hoboes, and then you will either become one of them or you will tramp alone. Ragged, dirty, showing every mark of carelessness and neglect, who will have anything to do with you? The chance of your becoming a thief is excellent, and in many a town they will snap you up and put you in jail along with a lot of dirty, vermin-infested tramps, and you will be made to work while other boys stand around and watch you sweep the streets for them to walk and ride on.

It isn't a very pretty picture, is it? It has happened hundreds of times, and will happen many times again just as it is told here. The boy fortunate enough to have a home where they take the Inglenook would do well to stay there.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Temptation.

This is a condition that assails everybody, though not always at the same point. If we were to go beyond the habitation of man, there would yet come to us thoughts, that, if followed, would lead the soul astray. But the way it is in life most sins are preceded by temptation that might be avoided. What is the method of avoidance? To keep away from it, as far away as possible. We ask God in his leadings to keep us from temptation, but it must also be remembered that we have a part to act in the matter of avoidance. We can so direct our steps that we will not be within sight of our tempter.

A very good plan to avoid temptation is to have little faith in our personal powers of resistance. He who thinks he is strong is not really as strong as he who doubts his ability of resistance. If we keep away from thin ice we will not be very likely to break through. It is also a good idea, if there is no necessity for our presence there, to keep away from the pond itself. It is sometimes true that we have to face temptation whether or not we want to do so. In such a case it is well, in fact it is the only way, to put all our trust in God. Help will come in a way, and at a time we most need it if we only ask in faith.

A mistake a good many people make is in thinking that they can get close to sin and not fall into it. On the contrary, there is no safety whatever in that method. The only safe way lies in keeping not only out of reach, but out of sight of the tempter as far as may be. Then again, there has never yet been a temptation that has assailed anybody but that with it there has also been a door of escape. Let no man who has sinned say that he has been put in a place out of which there is no retreat. The door to good is always ajar, if we will only ourselves open it.

TO THE READER.

ARE you a subscriber to The Inglenook? If so we have no more to say other than to thank you for your interest in our work. But if you are not a subscriber you should be, and we want to have a little talk with you about it. This is the publication authorized by the Annual Meeting for the benefit of those too far advanced for the Young Disciple and not far enough on to appreciate the Messenger. The result is before you. It is really a high-grade weekly full of interesting matter every issue. The old people like to read it as well as the younger

ones. You ought to have it if you are not already taking it. In order to introduce it into every home the price is put so low that all can afford to have it. It is only fifty cents to the end of the year. Whatever money the paper earns over and above its running expenses will go to the cause of missions. It will come to you weekly just as the Messenger does, and you will find it interesting through and through. Wherever the Messenger goes The Inglenook should be a guest as well. If you send us fifty cents we will send you the paper for the rest of this year. Address, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

TO OUR MINISTERS.

Our ministers who get this issue of the INGLE. моок are requested to examine it carefully and note the fact that it is a paper well worth a place in their weekly mail. It is sold for the rest of the year at the low price of fifty cents. Every family in the church should have it. Now under the provisions of the Gish Fund a book has been brought out entitled, " A Square Talk About the Inspiration of the Bible," and this is sent to all ministers on receipt of five cents postage. The book is well worth fifty cents, and is one that cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader. In order to extend the eight culation of the paper, and the diffusion of the book both the Inglenook and the publication will be sent all of our ministers who remit fifty cents subscription for the paper. That is to say, if you are a minister and will send us fifty cents for the paper for the rest of this year we will send you the book as a premium. Under the provisions of the fund this of fer is confined solely to the ministers of the Brethren church. The matter should receive your per sonal attention. Be sure to mention in your lette that you are a minister and that you want the book It will be sent you by the first return mail.

AMERICANS who dine with the Chinese are su prised at the perfection to which they have carrie their cooking. During a recent Chinese banqueta San Francisco, an orange was laid at the plated each guest. The orange itself seemed like any other er orange, but on being cut open was found to con tain within the rind five different kinds of delicate jellies. One was at first puzzled to explain how the jellies got in, and in a worse quandary to know hos the pulpy part of the orange got out. Colored egg were also served, in the inside of which were found nuts, jellies, meats, and confectionery. When on of the Americans present asked the interpretert explain this legerdemain of cookery, he expanded his mouth in a hearty laugh, and shook his heat and said: "Melican man heap smart; why head findee out?"

IF any of our subscribers happen to get an extractory of The Inglenook it is sent them that they may give it to some person who is not taking the paper. It is a publication that should be in every household in the Brotherhood.

IT is a high honor to have the trust and friend ship of a small boy or girl. Very frequently passes the bounds of friendship and becomes a set of silent adoration of what is deemed unattainable superiority.

If a boy would only tell his father more about what he would like to do and how he would do it chances are that he would get a great deal of value ble information, the truth of which could not be be tered.

DID it ever occur to you that sending The like NOOK to some absent friend would be a gift rene bered weekly? Fifty cents sent here will take paper to the absent one for the rest of the year.

THE Editor would be pleased to receive all short stories, full of action, in line with the work the paper, and not too long,—not more than column

IF there is a worse place for a boy to be habited by found than on the street corners we do not leave

For fifty cents we will send THE INGLENOOF any address for the rest of this year.

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

THE PRINTER.

BY L. A. PLATE.

In order to learn the printer's profession the beginner should not be less than twelve years of age, and should have a good education. The better the education the better the printer, all other things being equal. It is a calling in which both sexes may and do engage, and there are many women employed in printing offices. The old way, and a very good one to make an all-around printer, was to serve an apprenticeship in some country office where the boy or girl remained for three or four years, and as a result learned all about the business of getting out a weekly paper. A very large number of the owners and editors of country papers started just that way. It had its disadvantages to both employer and the apprentice, but there is no doubt but that the workmen turned out were superior to those of the present day methods.

The way it is usually done now is for the young man or woman to go into an office and begin typesetting. There is not much difficulty in getting on a country weekly. The requirements in the way of learning to set type are not in and of themselves at all difficult. What will count is the education of the learner and his manual dexterity. Unless the learner knows a good deal about correct English, or s quick at learning, his progress will be slow and unsatisfactory all around. And if he is not quick ne will not make a successful printer, as plain typesetting is generally paid for by the amount done. Going into a country printing office to learn the usiness means but little pay at first. The work of the learner is usually so ill done that the time necessary to set it straight offsets the composition itself. The principles that underlie plain typesetting are few and not hard to learn. But setting type is a small part of the printer's work. There are other and much more difficult things to learn.

The work cannot be mastered in its higher forms na country office. One can understand how magazine and book printing, and all the varied phases of the printer's art cannot be learned at the office of the Weekly Clarion. Indeed so diversified is the printer's calling that there is no one man or woman who knows it all equally well, nor is life long enough to learn it. But plain typesetting, such as you see in this column of THE INGLENOOK, will always constitute the greater part of the work of a printer beginning to learn the trade.

Within the last few years there has been a machine invented to set type, and it is so successful that large numbers of plain hand compositors have lost their johs. In the city of Chicago it is said that four hundred printers have been thrown out of work by the introduction of the linotype, as the machine is called. But this machine is costly, and adapted to city papers rather than country offices, and it is not likely to do away with the compositor in the country towns. If any reader is so situated that he could learn to operate a linotype machine, after he has learned by hand, his success is assured. But before doing anything with the machine he should understand all about hand work.

A printer's pay varies. Composition is nearly always paid for according to the amount done, and there is little uniformity about this. The pay in Chicago or other large cities is about twice what it is in a country town, as living is more expensive. There is no uniformity about the amount paid for typesetting, and in the same town different offices will pay different rates for the same class of work. Still the situation is such that a good printer is always in demand. It is a line of life work that women can succeed in. They sometimes make more expert typesetters than men, having greater dexterity in handling the type, and it is sometimes the case that their work is cleaner, that is, freer from errors, than the same class of work done by men. It is a business especially adapted to women, as the man printer is often a nomad, that is, a wanderer from place to place, and he is not to be relied on at all times, while a woman is surer to stay and be on hand when she

The boy who learns the business in a country of fice where a weekly paper is issued and all the vaforms of job work are done stands a better chance than he would have at command in a city. It also enables him to learn all about the business of getting out a paper from beginning to end, and as the work on a city daily is differently arranged he has no such chance there. The boy who starts in as a learner in a country office, should have in mind the acquirement of complete knowledge in every department of the work, so that he could, if need be, issue the paper completely himself. If he is ambitious the time may come when he will have a paper of his own, and he will then have to know all about it from the beginning to the end of the work.

My advice to the boy or girl wishing to learn the printer's profession is to go into the nearest office available, to begin at the bottom, and by strict attention to business to thoroughly master the rudiments of the calling, when he is prepared to go to a larger office in the city. The opportunities for selfculture are numerous and as a rule printers are intelligent men and women.

HOW THE BIBLE WAS MADE.

A great many of our people, if asked how the Bible was made, would be at a loss to give an intelligent answer. They would say that it is the Word of God and that it was done by inspired men. This is all right as far as it goes, but it is generalizing, and affords very little real information as to the facts. It is also a pity that there is no book that the writer is acquainted with, at least, that will tell the facts in a simple way easily understood by any person of ordinary intelligence. The INGLENOOK will try to do this, and he who reads from time to time may acquire some information that will clear up a little understood matter, or at least it will help to do so.

At the time of the coming of Christ, or rather some little time before that period, there was a people called the Jews that had their headquarters at Jerusalem. They were numerous, and the country was fertile and densely populated. There were also other nations in what is now Germany, Italy, Greece, and other parts of the old world. They spent most of their time fighting each other, for it was in the twilight of civilization, and they would band together and come down on one another like a pack of wolves, either conquering or wiping out the people who happened to get the worst of the battle. In a religious way the Jews had the idea of one God, and for some reason the Lord regarded them as a chosen people and manifested himself to them more than to other nations. The Jews were what is called monotheistic, that is, they had one God. The other nations were polytheistic, that is they had many gods, idols in fact, and there was one for pretty nearly everything. But the Jews worshiped in their way the one and only true God.

Now it so happened in their usual fighting with each other that the Romans, who were natural warriors, conquered the Jewish people and made them pay taxes, keeping an army in their country to see that there was none escaping their assessments by the Roman government. Remember that fact, as it is important in its bearing on the case. Now the Jews had been promised through their prophets that a Messiah, a representative of the God they worshiped, would come down among them, live with them, and be their Savior. They truly believed it and they do to this day. But it had been over four hundred years since a miracle had been worked among these people, and the promise of the greatest wonder of them all found them in a badly mixed up condition. They were divided among themselves, were squabbling between the sects, and had gross and material ideas of things. They still held to the idea of the one true God, and they were a unit among themselves in hating the Romans who had conquered them. So through this condition of things they got the idea that this Savior was to be a king, a great general, a warrior, one who would drive out the Roman army, and re-establish the departed glory of the Jewish nation.

When God was ready Christ was born. Instead of a king coming in his glory with a sword and a war cry, there was a little child born in a small village in a rough part of the country, and his parents were common people, peasants, the father, apparently, a carpenter, and the child just like any other little Jewish boy. In the course of years things began to work out. Christ began doing wonderful things. He said outright, and never failed to say it plainly, that he was the Son of God, and the Savior

that had been promised. He was so utterly different from what they had expected that the vast majority would have nothing to do with him. In fact they tried to kill him. But he stuck to his mission, and a few, a very few, believed in him. His own brothers and sisters did not admit his divinity, and it seems that his parents were in doubt at times. Still a few stood in with him and believed what he said. He gathered some of these about him, and explained matters to them, and while they seemed to understand in the main, yet they were continually falling into the king and warrior idea. Prominent among his later followers was one named Paul, a Jew of the old order kind, and there were others of varying capacity. There was Matthew, a small official in the Roman customhouse on the shores of the lake at Capernaum, and he was perhaps a cousin of Christ, and there was Luke, a doctor, and for the most part the rest of them were of the common people, the very opposite of what the bulk of the Jewish people thought would be the followers of their promised Savior. They seem to have left their business and took to going about with Christ, helping in whatever way they could. Here and there they made converts and had little groups of their people. At one place, Antioch, they were called Christians and the title has stood to this day.

In the fullness of time Christ had a public meeting outside of Capernaum where he laid down the platform of his belief. It is what is called the Sermon on the Mount. Then followed three years of a troubled ministry, and then the cruel crucifixion. If it had ended there no Christian church had resulted. He had promised them that after his death he would come back, and he did, and that clinched the whole truth. The real life of Christianity is in the resurrection. Then He passed away from sight for good.

Those who were left kept up their preaching and little groups of Christians resulted. They were called ecclesias, that is, churches. But up to this time there had not been a scrap of writing about the subject. It was all done by talk and personal effort. Paul was the traveler of the lot, and he would go out, found a church, and then move on. After a while he would write that church a letter for their help. Remember this fact—remember it carefully. Paul would write the churches letters telling them what to do and how to do it.

Matthew seems to have been more of a stay at home sort of man, and in the course of some ten or fifteen years after the crucifixion the common talk in a day and among a people that had no newspapers or common means of fixing facts, was such that the story of what Christ had really said and done got so hadly mixed that Matthew determined to write a book to set the matter straight before his countrymen. What he did, how he did it, and in what way, will be told in the INGLENOOK in later issues, and you want to read it carefully and remember it well, for it was the very first Christian writing, and the oldest of the books and letters that, bound together, we call the New Testament.

To be Continued.

A STICKIT MINISTER.

His Lot Is Far from Enviable-Lack of "Push."

A "stickit minister" is one who, having passed the university training and successfully survived the "trials," as they are termed, of the ecclesiastical courts, has reached the position of "licentiate" or "probationer," which, as in the case of a deacon in the Anglican communion, conveys authority to preach but not to dispense the sacraments, and makes him eligible for appointment to a parish, says Good Words. Until he has reached the status of an ordained preshyter he is not a minister in the full sense of the term; and if he has grown old in the ranks of the probationers, or taken up another calling such as that of schoolmaster, he gradually sinks into the limbo of the "stickit ministers," being men who have stuck fast on the way to the full rank of presbyter.

There are not many "stickit ministers" now in the strict sense of the term. Nearly every licentiate fills some office as assistant in a parish. A very few may remain for a time, or perhaps permanently, in the pathetic position of being dependent on casual employment as preachers when a Sunday service is required, receiving a fee, usually a guinea, for their trouble. Their lot is far from enviable, especially when under the faded black coat there is found a man of culture, but lacking the popular gift or the "push" and influence which may have carried his college chums, whom he may have beaten

in class work, into comfortable charges.

Good Reading

GROWING BANANAS.

Where is the boy or girl who does not like bananas? Some do not, but they are few and far between. They constitute the daily food of millions of people and their use as a luxury is increasing all the time. It is a business that is continually growing in volume and in importance. Few there are though who know how and where they grow, and fewer Inglenook readers who have ever seen them growing.

The banana is a tropical plant and does its best where there is no frost. In fact cold weather is fatal not only to fruiting, but to the plant itself. Down in the tropics where they grow wild, or are cultivated, there are about forty varieties, and of these only one or two are imported into this country. There is the common yellow one, and occasionally a bunch of red ones is seen hanging up in the stall or store of some dealer. The best are the little ones, never seen in this market. Indeed those who have not seen the fruit in its native country, and eaten it there, can hardly be said to know what a banana really is. True, a ripened one here is not bad to eat, but they must be plucked green to allow of shipment, and perhaps the reader has noticed a certain rankness and rawness of taste about some of them he has eaten. This is wholly absent in the case of the one cut later in its growth and ripened in the country where it belongs naturally.

They grow as tall as an apple tree, but not at all in the same shape, and they sucker freely. When it is desired to set a new plant out one of these side shoots or suckers is broken off with a handspike arrangement used for the purpose, and the shoot may be as big around as your arm, when, if thrust in a hole prepared for it, it will root and make a healthy banana producing plant. They are set about ten feet apart in the row, and almost any season will do, but the months of May and June are preferred, and its growth and development are very rapid. Each set will produce from five to eight bunches of fruit that sell to the dealers who buy them for about thirty-five cents a bunch. When the grower wants a bunch he goes along with a machete, a sort of exaggerated butcher knife, and gives the stalk a slash as high as he can reach, cutting about half way through, and this causes the bunch to lop over so that it can be reached and cut when wanted.

When they are shipped north it is usually through some transportation company running boats to the place of growth. These people buy the bunches, as green as grass, hang them up by the thousands between decks, and then set sail to the United States port it is intended supplying. Here they are sold to commission merchants in the business, and shipped all over the country. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of the trade, Chicago alone sends \$40,000 a week into the banana country, though, of course, all this fruit is not consumed in that city, but is distributed to dealers within the radius of its business operations. That put in cold storage will be retarded weeks and weeks in ripening, while the bunches hung in a warm, dark room color up in a day or two. The ripening process is pretty well under control. The profits are large, about one hundred per cent to the ship people, and another hundred divided between the commission man and the final seller.

Down where they grow the people practically live on them. The native with a bunch of bananas hanging in his jacal is safe for a week, and it is only a question of going out and getting another bunch when he is not too tired. The food value of an acre of bananas has been differently estimated, and some, comparing it with the food value of wheat, say that an acre of bananas will produce forty or fifty times as much food as the same area put out in wheat. Humboldt, the eminent scientist, said that no hope for the advancement of the native of the tropics was in sight as long as the banana grew there. The question of the food supply was too easily solved. Indeed it would be better for the tropical man if the plants all died out, thus compelling greater activity among the people, and so insuring a corresponding intellectual development. People are never at their best where they do not have to work.

Bananas are dried and made into flour, and they are baked, roasted, eaten "so," or prepared any we say that counts.

way that the fancy of the consumer may dictate. The schoolgirl takes one along in her basket for her dinner, the working man has several in his bucket, and the number eaten out of hand on the street and in the home is beyond calculation. The consumption of the fruit is continually on the increase, but there is never any danger that the supply will fail, for there is an unequalled chance for the growth of the plant. There is another peculiarity about the banana plant, and that is that it is a surface rooter. It may be planted, and in fact usually is, in a new coffee or rubber plantation. These latter plants are deep rooters and require shade. This the banana plant supplies, and by the time the fruit is ready to cut and the plants exhausted, they can all be cut down and the rubber or the coffee trees left.

There is another strange thing about the use of the banana as an article of food, and that is it begets a dislike to all forms of liquor. In fact the habitual user of intoxicants will be made sick if he eats too many bananas, while the habitual users of the fruit come to dislike all classes of intoxicants. This is well understood in the tropics, though it seems not to be widely recognized in the North. If found to be true in the colder sections the idea might be utilized to great advantage in the treatment of alcoholism.

DIDN'T GET BELCHER'S SECRET.

Foor rules and rules of every sort are as common to-day as postage stamps, but there was a time when rules of American make were not known. Charles Belcher came to America from England about sixty years ago and started the manufacture of rules, and it was not many years before they became known from one end of the United States to the other. Belcher's factory was at Irvington, N. J.

Mr. Belcher was a splendid workman and an inventor of rare originality. Belcher hit upon a device which was in very truth the precursor of the typewriting machine. He wanted something to mark the inches and fractional divisions on his rules, so that his workmen would not have to do it by hand, which was a very slow and costly process. So he invented a system of levers, with wires. The rules were laid on a platform and made fast. The operator of the machine struck two keys and down came a series of markers. The whole rule was thus marked at one stoke. The markers were attached to wires just as the type is arranged on the type-writer; in fact, it was the typewriter principle exactly.

After the Belcher rules had become widely known a firm in Connecticut essayed to get into the market, and they sent men on to the factory to learn the way Belcher made his wares. The men went back, one after another, and soon the Connecticut rules began to appear. They were sold much cheaper than those from which they were copied, and many dealers bought them in large quantities. In a few days after the first lot had been sent out, it came back with the complaint that they were warped and twisted so that their use as rules, save for the purpose of preserving order in the district school of the day, was gone. The Connecticut men had to send another emissary into New Jersey to try to steal the old Englishman's secret, but this they never could learn, and their goods as a consequence never reached the high standard of those bearing the name of Belcher.

Years after, when the originator of the Belcher rules had retired, he would tell his children of the way the Connecticut manufacturers tried to steal his brains and he would laugh at the manner in which he managed to keep them guessing. The warping and twisting of the wood had been a great problem for him to overcome when he first started to make rules. The boxwood he used was shipped to him in schooners and he soon found that if it came in contact with bilge water it was rained so far as his purpose was concerned. When a schooner load of boxwood for Belcher arrived, the old gentleman himself would go to the ship and touch his tongue to the end of every log. When he got a brackish taste he knew that salt water had reached it. This was a trick that the Connecticut men would have given a great deal to know, but it was guarded from them for many years.

In our lives it is what we think, rather than what we say that counts.

THE EARLY BRETHREN CHURCH.

Away back in the earlier history of the church say several lifetimes ago, things were very much different then compared with the present. We are so accustomed to our advantages that we have for gotten the earlier brethren. In those days it was sure to displease a member by using the word Dun. kard. It was a term of derision, and was resented as such. The term Brethren did not come in the later, and is not generally accepted at present. h is a confusing word and it is not likely that the world will ever acknowledge it in colloquial phrase The church was small, comparatively, a hundred years ago. There was no great settled West then and the East had all the Brethren. There Was no Annual Meeting then. Whatever of trouble they had was settled in the churches themselves with perhaps advice from visiting brethren. In those days they travelled on horseback, and there was a good deal of visiting done. If there was a Sunday school, the writer does not know it. There was no almanac, not a single publication, no Revised Minutes, not a school or college and never a revival. There was not a shadow of a mission service. The early Brethren did not believe in revival services. People in that day were not expected to join the church till they were pretty well up in years, and then no effort was made to induce outsiders to come in. The church stuck together pretty close, and some of their ideas would not hold now for a moment. For instance, it was held to be wrong to engage in the butcher's business of selling meat. The chances of going wrong were too great they thought. A linen coat was forbidden, and a collection was an undreamed of thing. Carpels were out of tune with the rules generally adhered to. And there were other things that would go hard with the present generation if they were resurrected and enforced.

People in those days were not any more honest than they are at present, and not one-tenth the general good was done then that there now is. It is a mistake to imagine that the church has grown worse. True it is drifting away from its ancient moorings, but that is not because of introductions of new ideas, but because of their careless use, It is all right to have a breech-loading gun, it is better than the old flint lock, but whether it is better morally depends on how we use it.

Where will the church be a hundred years to come? Every reader will be in his grave, and in most cases there will not be a survivor who ever heard of us or cares to do so. If there is no serious split the church will number several hundred thousands more than it now does, and there will be many changes. The Brethren of that day will probably refer to us as "The good old Brethren" and lament the degeneracy of their day. But the Lord's work will go on just as it always has done and always will to the end of time.

HE SPELLED "PIG."

A BAPTIST church on the east side includes among its membership a devout family consisting of father, mother and a precocious cherub of six says the Kansas City Star. The pastor has the usual weakness for chickens, and so has the cherub. In the early part of the week the pastor was invited to dine. The pride of the family had been properly coached for the event, and more attention that usual had been paid to his spelling. He had mass tered any number of words of three letters, but it was still safe for mother and father to spell out the words of two or more syllables which they did not wish him to understand.

It was, "When you go down town purchase some c-a-n-d-y," from mother, and father was always salving: "Get some b-a-n-a-n-a-s this morning." The pride of the household had learned that whenever you want to use a word in anyone's presence that you do not wish him to understand it ought to be spelled out.

There was chicken for dinner when the pastw came to dine, and he showed his appreciation by requesting two helpings. Only one piece remained and the cherub in the family had not been satisfied It was the father who said:

It was the father who said:

"Mr. —, let me give you another piece of chicken."

The pastor, with a show of reluctance, passed his plate, and the pride of the family addressed his mother: "Mamma, don't you think the preaches a p-i-g?"

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS - W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Bellentaine, Obio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., ntaine, Obio, Secretary and ice-President; Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and deepresident, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and Executer.

Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading resurer, agree Covington, Obio.

INDIA.

SELECTED BY ETTA BROWN,

THERE's a land beyond the ocean, Blest with nature's gifts most rare, Where tall palm trees faintly quiver In the sultry tropic air, Where the lotus flower is blooming And the rich pomegranates glow, While broad fields of rice are waving In the sunshine's fervid glow.

Bright the land, but o'er its people Hangs a shadow like a pall, Ignorance and superstition Hold them in a fearful thrall. They have need of Christian teachers. Who can guide them into right, Who can tell the wondrous story Of the world's God-given light.

What has made our lot to differ? Why are we more blest than they? We were taught to say "Our Father." They to senseless idols pray. Christian truth and Christian knowledge Lead us upward to the light; While their joyous lives are darkened In the depths of pagan night.

Oft I seem to hear their voices, . Seem to hear the words they say, "Come and help us, come and teach us Turn our darkness into day." Seem to see the appealing faces Of the women of those lands. Calling us to help and save them, Holding toward us their brown hands.

Will you help them, sisters, brothers? You have all and they have none, You were saved from that dread darkness, By the gift of God's own son. There are workers grandly striving That these precious souls may live; Many give their lives to service, Is there nothing you can give?

OUR BURDENS.

Somewhere we have read a fable that when God st created the hirds, he made them without wings, th gorgeous plumage and the gift of song; they uld shine and sing, but not soar. Then he made ngs and commanded the birds to go and take up ese burdens and bear them. At first this seemed nost impossible, the wings seemed a heavy load t as they carried them over their shoulders and ded them over their hearts, lo! they grew fastburdens became pinions, to bear them towards

Our duties are our burdens, let us bear them eerfully, and soon they will grow lighter, and ove to be the wings by which we ascend to heav-Christ's yoke is easy and his burden is light, d even the cross but prepares us for the heavenly

A TRAVELER standing by a cathedral expressed admiration of its beauty. "Yes," said a laborer heard him, "it is a fine building, and took us my a year to finish." "What had you to do with said the traveler. "I mixed the mortar, sir," s the proud reply. He had a share in the grand rk. We, too, may share in building up human iety into a holy temple in the Lord, and we may oice in our work even if we can do but little.

We should think of our missionaries at the front representing not only Christ, but ourselves diely appointed and commissioned to the same vice. We should follow them so closely with ing sympathy, and sustain them so generously h our gifts, that they would seem never to lose sound of our footsteps; and they would never reason to lose faith in us who have sent them h .- L. F. Berry.

HE WELL OF SALVATION.—An old Hindu wor-Ped many idols and washed in many streams, sking even the water in which he had first thed a Brahman's dirty feet, hoping he would find peace; but nothing satisfied his soul. ling about it he said, "I at last heard of the waof salvation, furnished by Jesus Christ, and I to that and found that it was a well of water nging up unto everlasting life."

土 Sunday A School 土

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.-Matt.9: 35 to 10:8.

(Lesson for June 3, 1900.)

GOLDEN TEXT.-It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you .- Matt. 10:20.

In this lesson we have the recital of the names of the twelve who were sent forth to do the work of the Master. Their instructions follow. They were not to go among the Gentiles, nor to the Samaritans, who were composed of both Jews and Gentiles, and the reason seems to have been that they were not yet ready for Christian instruction. The lost sheep of the house of Israel were to be the special recipients of the attention of the twelve.

The lesson tells us some things that are well to be remembered. One of them is the fact that Christ paid so much attention to the physical needs of humanity. He taught, but he also healed. A considerable part of the account of the deeds of Christ on earth consists in telling what he did for physical suffering. He instructs the twelve to do likewise, which doubtless they did. In the consideration of this part of the Scriptures the question of the perpetuity of this command and power to heal the sick is a pertinent one.

There are no limitations to God's powers, and none to his duly accredited ambassadors working along the lines of what he would have done. But there are metes and bounds to the judgment of man, and he is liable to err. The power to carry into effect the order of a principle is one thing, and the assertion of the judgment of the agent, without knowledge of the principal's will is another, and naturally it will often fail of approval. This question of the gift of healing has always been a troublesome one among Christians, and has been bitterly disputed, pro and con, and it is not nearer a positive settlement than it ever was. It will be noted by the reader that the services of the twelve were to be generous and gratuitous. They had received in abundance, and they were made the recipients of the help of the Master without charge. This they were to remember and act similarly in their relations with others. The same instruction comes down to us, and he who would dispense the word of the Lord for hire would do well to read carefully the instructions to the twelve originally sent out. As no disciple, that is, a learner, is required to pay for what he learns of the will of God toward his salvation, so no apostle, that is, a teacher, is to demand pay for his mediumship in proclaiming the truth. It is a strange commentary on modern methods of religion that this emphatic feature of the original instructions should have been so modified or forgotten as to be practically inoperative in the majority of instances. This does not, however, release the helped from assisting the helper but it should be a gratuity without the taint of compul-

The reader will observe in the presentation of the lesson in the Quarterly that no attention is paid to the break in the chapters. This is in accordance with the method in which the original Scriptures were prepared—that is, they were without chapter and verses, reading straight along from the beginning to the end. The division into chapters and verses is a comparatively recent invention, and is intended for a ready system of reference. The universality of the innovation has so impressed itself on the thought of the learner that he sometimes conceives of the originals in the same way. Such, however, is not the case. In the case of the cities and villages referred to in the lesson it should be remembered that in Bible times people as a rule lived in towns and cities, and wherever there was a wall about a collection of dwellings it was called a city, altogether independent of its numerical standing. People kept well together in those days as a matter of protection, while the open country is everywhere spoken of in the Bible as the wilder-

IT has been calculated that missionaries on the foreign field bring in three times as many converts as ministers at home aided by Christian influence, workers, and literature, while the offerings of native Christians in mission churches now amount to upward of \$550,000.

Worky kills more people than work. Don't worry, played? Then why judge people by their looks?

For * the * Wee * Folk

"THE MAY BASKET."

BY THE "KITTEN."

LITTLE people, how many of you ever received a May basket?

As a rule the last night in April is known as Maybasket night.

All of the boys and girls in our large cities are to be seen scampering in the dusk of early nightfall with their tiny baskets filled with flowers and sweets for some favorite friend or sweetheart as the case may be.

These young folks who have baskets to hang go stealthily up to the front door of the favored one and carefully concealing themselves they hang the basket on the door knob, or set it where it can easily be discovered; then ringing the door bell the donor waits for the consequences.

Sometimes he will be crafty enough to catch the recipient and before she is aware, has stolen a kiss and is gone before she can find who the saucy intruder is. This is the joky side of the question. But we also have a better side to present.

Oftentimes there are sick people or very poor folk in our neighborhood, then the May basket turns out to be a huge bundle of good things to relieve hunger and sickness.

Do you think you would like to hang a May basket? Let us all hang a May basket on some one's door who needs our help, and God will pour out his abundant blessing upon us for an act of mercy.

DAVID.

BY M.

The article entitled, "Can Animals Talk?" in our paper, made me want to tell you about our David. Although you would never know it from the name, David is a bronze turkey hen. She and her brother Goliath were hatched in an incubator along with some chickens.

David and Goliath, "Golly" for short, were given the front lawn as a special inducement to make them live. We soon learned to distinguish their talk and to know what they were doing. They insisted that the aster bed was the proper place to go in swimming, dusting, and although they knew it was forbidden could never resist telling just how nice that cool moist bed was.

When twilight deepened they would climb to the shoulders of the head of the house, take off his glasses, pinch his ears, and all the time coax to be put to bed. This they did until they got too heavy to hold.

By and by Mrs. David hatched some poults of her own and then she began to grow selfish. She had her coop under an apple tree at the end of the lawn but spent the most of her time running stray chickens out of the yard. She never went out herself, although all gates might be open. During the summer she found three snakes in the grass.

Like some people she likes flattery and all one needs to do is to point to a chicken saying "David that's a nice hen," when the feathers go up the back of her neck and biddy has to fice for her life.

She took her three little turks down to the railroad one day when they were half grown, to see the train. Of course David thought the train would turn out for her, but it did not. Instead it killed two of the little ones and threw David up a fifteen foot bank. The track men told us of the accident so we went to bring them home. We found the little turk crying over his dead brothers and David hurt so she could not walk.

She has never gone near the place since but to this day she has no use of one leg from the hip. If you were to come here she would soon tell you that you were a stranger and not wanted by her, any-

She has proven herself so intelligent that we have decided she never shall be killed and eaten if we can help it.

The editor of THE INCLENOOK is well acquainted with David and can vouch for her knowing how to

Do we judge a check by the penmanship dis-

HOW MOVINO PICTURES ARE MADE.

PROBABLY few Inglenookers understand how moving pictures are made, and not many have seen them. If you will imagine a stereopticon view showing the writer of this article at his desk, operating a typewriter, with every motion reproduced, life size, and recognizable by any acquaintance, you will have the idea. The picture is not only a photographic reproduction of the subject, but it moves as he did at the time of taking the picture. There is no motion too fast for the machine, and it is so thoroughly life-like that it may well excite the wonder of the beholder.

Briefly stated, the pictures are taken with a special camera, the shutter of which is operated by electrical motors. Inside is a strip or roll of photographic film, say one hundred and fifty feet long, and two and a half inches wide. It may be longer or shorter than this. It rolls out of a light-proof compartment into a similarly constructed one, and it is so geared that it stops when the shutter is open and moves on when it is closed, stopping again when an exposure is made. About forty exposures can be taken each second, and it can be seen that it works very rapidly. The whole business is a bulky and costly affair. It weighs about five hundred

There is one drawback to the affair, and that is when the roll of film is exhausted the picture taking stops till another is inserted in place. Thus it comes that for any continuous act to be shown by the picture process described here not more than a minute of time must elapse. It must all be crowded into that time, although a great deal can be done in a minute if it is all arranged for beforehand. Clear sunlight is necessary for the best working of the camera, and it is the case that certain companies operate theatrical performances on the roof of some suitable building. At these not a word is spoken, but all is gone through with exactly as it is done on the stage, and the story has to be such that it translates itself in words. All sorts of funny scenes are thus caught by the camera, and if they are of such a character to be appreciated by the public to whom they are exhibited they never fail to make a hit. As far as the picture is concerned there need be no occasion for it to be humorous. A baptism could be as well shown as a horse race. The rapidity with which the pictures are taken shows every motion, each on a separate photograph, at the rate of forty a minute, and when they are rapidly shown on a screen through a stereopticon, life size, they travel so fast that the eye can not separate the several movements and the pictures seem to be moving. Practically that is what they are doing, and the effect is wonderful. Thus a picture of an approaching express train shows the engine and cars coming on at full speed, passing and disappearing exactly as it does in fact. Where the pictures are prepared for exhibition purposes it is usually some humorous tableau that is set up and which tells its own story without words. Thus a man is shown in a library. The maid comes in to clean up, and the man catches her and proceeds to kiss her, and at the moment his wife comes in at the other door and sees the whole proceeding. To the average audience there are no words needed in the way of explanation. For a while, during the war with Spain, patriotic scenes were all the go. But any scene can be shown once it can be photographed, and the limits of the discovery it is hard to foretell.

THE OTHER DAY.

THE other day we had occasion to go to Chicago. It was not an unusual trip for us to take. It lasts about an hour, and the through trains run rapidly. Town after town is passed, and they are pretty close together. The day was a pleasant one, and the birds were singing and the trees waving in a gentle breeze. The passengers were like those of all similar trains, some reading, others watching the landscape flitting by, and there was no noise or confusion. Suddenly there was a chug and a grinding of the air brakes. That always means something, though most of the passengers did not notice it. The train slowed up and stopped at a considerable distance from the station. That meant some thing more, and then it began to back. That meant something sickening. Presently it stopped at the

edge of the village. There in the middle of the road lay a bunched up

something. It was just opposite, and we stepped out and walked over. Horror! It was a little boy about eight years old knocked out of all semblance to a human being. A freight had passed a moment before, and he stepped off the track to the one on which the express was running, and he could not hear it and did not see it. He probably had no thought of what came. It was as a cannon ball might strike a fly. Every bone in his body was broken. A crowd gathers quickly under such circumstances, and a bare-headed woman came running. She was of the Italian laborer class and she took one look and shrieked aloud in her foreign speech. She raved, knelt down, arose, ran around in the crowd, called the boy's name again and again. Not a word did I understand, but the eloquence of woe is alike in all languages, and everybody understood. Somebody brought a sheet, and it was slipped under the body. A stalwart laborer took him up in his arms and started homeward with the red spots growing on the white sheet. The mother followed with one hand clutched in her coarse black hair, still calling her boy's name. And then the train started for the city again. There wasn't a laugh or a frivolous thing on the rest of the way in. All had looked on sudden death, and had ringing in their ears the despairing cry of the darkeyed, swart-haired mother from far Italy.

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOOK reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent people, mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled means of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are approved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.00 an inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued insertions. \$1.00 per inch, first and each succeeding time. THE INGLENOOK is the only organ of the church carrying advertisements.

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CHICAGO, I

Vol. II.

ELGIN, ILL., MAY 26, 1900.

No. 21.

THE FUTURE OF LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirit of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy screnest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind, In the resplendence of that glorious sphere, And larger movements of the unfettered mind, Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light, Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the eky;
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in the calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

THE BROTHER WHO SLEPT.

This is a story of a good brother of the Catholie church who got himself into trouble asking, too many questions. The caption would indicate that it referred to some later brother who had a habit of dropping off when he went to church, but it came about long enough before there was a Brethren church. It happened down in dreamy Mexico, and the writer saw the brother's grave, that is, it was pointed out to him as the resting place of Brother Anselm, and as I was expected to believe the story you are also expected to do so.

Back in the good or had old times when the Hoy Catholic church had its own way in everything
down in the land where it is always two o'elock in
the afternoon, there were a good many convents
extered all over the country. They were peopled
by fat priests who did the praying and surrounded
by simple-minded Indians who did the work, and
lid it for the good of their souls. The convents
ere in charge of some head brother who was the
emporal father of all the others, and sometimes he
was a jolly good fellow, and again he was an austie man, on the surface, at least.

Among the subordinate brothers of the content was one, Anselm. He was a middle-aged nan, and having little to do and being of an elet his superiors in office do all his thinking, he should have done, under the circumstance of him into trouble. It doesn't do to ask too many as frowned on in those days. But instigated by the elevite the superior on a matter of faith, a question of theology in which he had no business what the found that good old man in his study

reading a rare old edition of one of the Fathers, and absorbed in his subject. After he had read a while, and meditated more, he became aware of Brother Anselm's presence, and he bade him proceed with what he wanted. Brother Anselm said that he had come for information. The Superior was all graciousness, as information was one of his strong points. So encouraged Anselm was emboldened to state his trouble by saying that he had lost much sleep, and needed rest, over the question whether eternity could be measured. Brother Anselm would like to know. Nothing was easier to the Superior and he confidently informed him that under no conceivable circumstances could eternity be measured.

And now Brother Anselm, doubtless instigated by the devil, proceeded to entrap the Superior and earn trouble for himself. He again asked whether time was a part of the eternity that followed. He was answered without hesitation that time was certainly a part of eternity. Then Anselm asked whether time could be measured. He was answered benignantly that it certainly could be. Whereupon Anselm sprung this question on his spiritual head. He asked how it was that if a part of a thing could be measured that the whole of it could not be, how it came that a thing without beginning or ending could be measured at all, as the Superior had said that time was a part of eternity, and that time could be measured, why was it that no part of eternity could be measured?

The Superior bowed his head a moment and then he spoke up: "Thou perverse son of the Evil One. Why do you come here with thy doubt and thy questions, disturbing holy men in their meditations? For forty days shalt thou do penance helping the cook. Go." And Anselm went out with a heavy heart. Forty days of scraping pots, and mopping the floors, all because the Superior could not answer a plain question! It was hard indeed.

Down in the kitchen he was received with silence and set to work scrubbing. After he had finished that work he was given a basket and told to go to the Indian village, a short distance away, and get some lettuce for supper. He started and in due time got what he went for. Trudging homeward he met a couple of Indian maidens, and he stopped to talk to them. See how underhandedly the enemy works. Instead of going about his business he stopped to talk with women. He even patted one of them on the head in a fatherly sort of way. It was a wonder that he was not snatched away instantly. But a worse thing awaited him.

On the way to the convent he felt drowsy, and as it was a long time till sundown he was tempted to take a nap under a tree. So he slept, a little, as he thought, but when he woke up the stars were shining overhead. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, and moreover the basket had disappeared. There was nothing to do but to go on to the convent and explain matters as best he could and take whatever punishment he had imposed on him, and he had no doubt but that it would be a heavy one. Arriving at the convent gate he noticed that the rope attached to the bell was strangely frazzled out since he left that afternoon, but he gave it a good pull and awaited results.

Presently a youngish man that Anselm had never seen came shuffling to the gate, demanding what was wanted at that unseemly hour. Anselm explained. The young man demurred, but finally let him enter. Anselm thought that he might as well go to the Superior and set matters right and get his punishment at once. So he sought the well known it?"

door, and entered. In place of the Superior he had entrapped with his questions on time and eternity was a man he had never seen. He stated his defeetion and begged pardon. He admitted that he was overcome by the Evil One, and he told all about the Indian girl business. The grave and reverend listener put his hand to his head in deep thought. Then he arose, went to the records, took down a very old volume, and turning the pages carefully read how that, two hundred years before, to the very day, one, Brother Anselm, had gone on a journey to the village for lettuce and was never heard from again. There was a further brief note that it was clear that the enemy had carried him off bodily as a punishment for meddling with questions that did not concern him. It all dawned on Anselm in a moment. For asking questions about time and eternity he had slept two hundred years, instead of his nap that he had contemplated. He went back to his cell, and in the morning took up his duties again, but he was never known to ask another question again. In due time he died and was buried in the corner where the writer was shown his grave, and was also informed that the tree under which he slept could also be seen had it not been cut down some two hundred and fifty years ago. All of which I was expected to believe and so are you. And remembering Anselm's nap don't ask too many questions.

On a summer's evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and further down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was erossing the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey that it would make in 1,000 years would be as nothing alongside its distance.- Youth's Companion.

ROBERT FRANK, the well-known artist, is a self-made man, and not until he had become self-sup-porting did he have a chance to pursue the regular studies which most people have in earlier life. When he began drawing for a living, his workmanship was so excellent that he had no trouble in securing orders. One day he delivered some sketches to an employer who said, "By the by, Frank, I want a picture drawn in a great hurry. It is a novel thing, a boxing kangaroo."

"Ja, wohl," answered the artist, "I will have it ready to-morrow for you."

"You know what a kangaroo is, of course?"

Frank must have been thinking of an ostrich, because he answered with a complacent smile:

"Ja, gewisslich. It is a long, tall thing mit lots of feddars." And "Feddars" has been his nick-name ever since.

A LEARNED minister was in the habit of preaching above the heads of his village hearers.

The squire of his parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of the shepherd was.

"To feed his flock, of course," was the reply.
"Ought he then," said the squire, "to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?"

A TRIP TO MECCA.

Mecca is the holy city of Islam, and is forbidden to Christians. There are several pilgrimages made each year to this religious center, and thousands and thousands of devotees make the trip. A Christian would be torn to pieces if he were known to be such. Yet several such persons familiar with the language and the religious customs of the people have safely made the dangerous trip. Speaking of a part of his experience a writer in the Wide World Magazine says:

Our preparations were quickly made. I procured a mule for myself and a donkey for my companion. A second mule carried our scanty effects.

Never shall I forget the spectacle that presented itself as the monstrous caravan set out in the direction of Mecca. Altogether there could not have been fewer than 3,000 souls in this wondrous medley, in which were represented almost all the nations of the Orient from Bosnia to Malaga, and from Tunisia to Nigeria, Persia, Algeria, Arabia, India, Afghanistan, Syria, Bokhara-all were represented in that marvelous throng. There were women and children, too; and every individual was riding either a mule, a donkey, or a camel. You may imagine, then, for yourself what a wonderful array of peoples set out on that eventful morning, from the unclean town of Jeddah. Most of the animals were decorated in a very quaint way. In some cases artificial flowers were sewn all round the saddlewhich, by the way, was usually stuffed with straw so stiff and sharp that it penetrated through the saddle-cloth, with very painful results to the rider.

Then, again, the animals' tails were decorated with large paper flowers; and 1 should be afraid to tell you how many little bells were hanging round the neck of each beast. Finally, each mount was provided with a single large bell weighing at least four pounds. So you see that sound as well as sight was remarkable in this carayan. The first few hours of our journey found me in high spirits. I was delighted and interested in the novelty of our situation, and the anticipation of new sensations to come. After a time, however, I felt so uncomfortable in my saddle that I got off and walked. Later on, the constant uproar made by men and beasts gave me a violent headache, and long before we reached Mecca 1 was heartily sick of my picturesque fellow pilgrims.

After four days' travel we reached the outskirts of the city, and received a great ovation from another huge body of pilgrims who were there encamped. They told us there was no accommodation of any kind inside the city, so great was the crowd of pilgrims.

"So," thought 1 to myself, as '1 surveyed the strange city before me, "this is the pilgrimage to Mecca, is it? Well, even 1 never believed that the thing could be done so easily and simply. Here 1 am safe and sound, and without having encountered the least danger!"

When I looked upon the thousands of fanatics around me, however, I did not feel quite so secure; I realized in a moment that one incautious word might mean death. I think I felt my first tremor of nervousness when I noticed that many keen-eyed Arabs had their eyes fixed upon me, particularly when they saw me gesticulating in absent-minded moments.

Never shall 1 forget entering the Great Mosque with my priest friends of the pilgrimship. I hung back at first and pretended I felt unworthy, but was urged on, and at length gave way, entering with about a hundred other grave sheiks. Presently it began to dawn upon me that I was looked upon as a high Hadji or priest, and this impression was confirmed when I came to make my ablutions. These peculiar ablutions, by the way, worried me excessively, partly because they were a great trouble, but mainly because I feared some incautious act might betray me. I trembled when I reflected there must be many things in the arcana of Islam of which I was ignorant, but on pondering these things I came to the conclusion that it would be safer for me to assume a silent demeanor and one of great religious fervor, rather than give the priests an opportunity of talking to me.

Accordingly, I perpetually chanted verses from the Koran and pious ejaculations generally. The

famous formula of Islam was ever on my lips. Moreover, the moment 1 heard the name of the Prophet 1 would burst out into benediction both varied and voluble. I was getting on extremely well, and could see 1 was making a most favorable impression upon the high dignitaries present. Each morning they invited me to a special prayer or reunion of the high Moslem priesthood—a function which took us one solid hour to get through. I was indeed getting deeper and deeper involved in spite of my desperate efforts to court obscurity. In my anxiety I had overdone it, in fact. I felt it a terrible ordeal when I was compelled to posture like an important priest and not as a mere novice.

Many times I made grievous mistakes in the middle of a prayer, but always had sufficient presence of mind so to act that the aberration was attributed solely to a sudden access of religious fervor. Whenever I blundered I would raise tremulous eyes to heaven and positively roar out prayers and ejaculations, with a fervor which was not altogether spurious—inasmuch as I really found myself in a position which called for all the prayers I could utter.

It is quaint at this distance of time to reflect upon the effect of this ruse. The priests near me would point me out quietly and murmur softly: "Ya Allah ziaretho Kaboullah," Oh God, accept his pilgrimage!—obviously under the impression that my soul was being lifted up in a kind of ecstasy.

A WAR STORY.

THE following true story was told the writer by the leaders in the matter, and as it is interesting in several ways it is reproduced for the first time for the benefit of our Inglenook folk. Down in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee and North Carolina, during the war of the Rebellion, the population was pretty well divided between the two sides. There was a peculiar condition in the North Carolina sections. There might be soldiers on either side from neighboring houses, and it has been known that members of the same household chose different sides. There was never very much open fighting, but there were four years of the worst kind of bushwhacking, in which the neighbors laid in wait for each other, and potted one another without compunction. Naturally a bitter enmity sprung up, and it is not all over to this day.

There was a union man by the name of Williams, we will say, and he was also a local preacher of the mountain type, with a wonderful gift of prayer. It was he that told me the story, and the dead earnestness of the man was plainly seen. He saw not the slightest humor in the story, and told it to me as an instance of the efficacy of prayer. It seems that he had been using the pulpit to score his rebel neighbors, and they declared that they would kill him when they caught him. And one day, after a particularly vituperative sermon on the preceding Sunday, in which he consigned the whole rebellion to a very warm place, they actually did catch him, red handed, with a gun in his hands. He was out bushwhacking and there was no denial either made or attempted.

It was a bad arrangement for the preacher. There were five of the enemy, and only one of him and the five were a specially bad lot. They told him frankly that they were going to shoot him, and he had no earthly doubt but that they would. Then the preacher's instinct asserted itself, and he asked the last favor of praying before they shot him. It was all so perfectly natural and eminently praiseworthy that it was at once assented to without question. The mountaineer is naturally a religious man, and he respects the work of the church. Well, Williams got down on his knees and the others uncovered their heads. Instead of praying for himself he let loose in general terms about the rebellion and its leaders and then he got around to the five before him. He told the Lord, calling them by name, of all the mean things each had done, and now they were about to round out their many crimes with the murder of an innocent servant of the Most High. He never said a word about himself, but prayed for his captors, and the few neighbors in the vicinity will tell you to this day that he could have been heard for half a mile in every direction. He went over the lot collectively and individually, and when he had consigned the whole of them to the lowest and hottest part of the pit and

prayed for their miserable souls till he was hoars; he arose and said that he was ready to be killed. His captors were greatly affected by the prayer, and "guessed he mout go."

So Williams started off without a word. Now the mountain man is not what he calls "a jokehed man" and his mind works a little slowly. In a moment they concluded that they had been played with, and they agreed to kill him anyhow. He was in sight, and they called on him to stop. Williams only walked the faster, and then they cried that if he didn't stop they would shoot, whereupon the preacher broke into a run while they shot. He got away all right enough. The writer asked him why he didn't go back. He replied, "Well, sub, I prayed an' I prayed, and the pra'r wuz answered and I'm that kind of a man that I don't want to bother the Lawd too much about sich a little thing an' I thought I'd bettah help myself while I could "

The neighbors will tell you of the happening to this day, and there isn't a glint of humor in their tecital of the preacher's combining his legs with his prayers. After all it isn't such a bad idea, in fad it is good theology all through.

HOW IRISH HELP IS HIRED.

A CORRESPONDENT from Donegal, Ireland, in an interesting letter tells how the working girls of leeland are hired. He says: The girls range them selves in rows in the hiring market, and stand there the day long, while the big farmers and wives pass along the lines and view each girl at every angle to judge if she is strong enough for the heavy work their hired girl must do, and they question her as to her ability to make "tubs" for cattle, to lift and carry weighty tubs and pots, to cook for the family, and to feed the pigs, and-most important of allwhat wages she expects a half year. According to her size and strength, she may ask anything from \$16 to \$25. Her intending employer ridicules the idea of " a light, wee bit of a cutty like you" asking so much, offers her far less than she is really worth to her, haggles, goes off and comes back, and find ly employs her, after succeeding in bringing dom her price.

Before closing the bargain, she, in turn, inquire how many mouths are in the household, how many cattle, how many pigs, how far a Catholic chapel a from the place, and, as her employer is generally Presbyterian, insists on being allowed to attend mass every Sunday-or, in some rare cases, every alternate Sunday. All this arranged, she mount the car with the farmer and his wife, stows her little bundle in the "well" of the car, and is driven off her new home. And in this new home, though sh is all alone among a strange people of a strang faith, she is strong and self-reliant and unfeating She has been taught how to lean upon God's and in spirit, night and morning, she joins prayers with the prayers of the poor mother who home is pleading fervently for her. And the knows well that at the end of the rosary even night, the whole household join the mother in " Pater-and-Ave for little Mary, who is amongst black, i. c., the utter stranger; that God and Virgin may watch over, guard, guide and prol her, and fetch her back safe in soul to our hung hearts."

STUDYING OWLS.

Some of your readers might like to know of new way to study owls. Some friends went a shooting a day or two ago. One shot at a wounded the wing of a big Virginia horned of the was advised to kill the bird, but would not so. He was going to study the bird alray, so he put big bird down behind him in the blind.

Soon a duck came flying along, and he stooped low in shooting he sat on the owl. The owl liking this way of being studied, fastened its continuous to his back and refused all attempts to make it go, and the more they tried to get him off the higher the pinched, and from the howling of the main would appear as if the owl was studying the main studying the main studying the owl.

The hird had to be killed before he would late and although it may be some time before the can sit down, he knows more about owls that did.

It's too late to spare when all is spent.

Nature & Study

SAVING THE BIG TREES.

In reading a history of the world one is struck by the destruction accomplished by each successive nation that rose to greatness. Not only was human life sacrificed wantonly, but every victorious army made it a special point to destroy the structures reared by the conquered.

History tells us of great cities like Babylon and Carthage, which have been utterly swept from the face of the earth, and thousands of smaller cities have shared the same fate.

It is not unnatural that a fierce soldiery should have despoiled a city of its treasures of gold and silver and gems of art, but it is impossible to imagine why they should have been allowed to level palaces and hovels, alike, and reduce all to one general min. It must have been from sheer love of destructiveness.

The day has gone by for such wanton exhibitions of power, but the destructive taint still lingers in civilized man. Americans possess it in a marked degree, and there being no towns to destroy, it is exhibited in attacks on nature.

The buffalo has been exterminated, game of all kind is ruthlessly slaughtered, the innocent birds are killed wholesale, natural scenery is defaced or ruined, rivers are polluted and great forests are given over to the axe. Everywhere, the effort is to destroy, either for gain or out of mere wantonness, and never to replace. It is only of late years that the law has been invoked to check this willful waste. In 1852 a hunter, named Dowd, discovered a grove of giant trees in Calaveras, California, and when he gave a description of them he was denounced as a falsifier. Since then other groves have been discovered, the largest being in Mariposa

The Calaveras groves attract rather more visitors than the others, because they are a little more accessible. Ten trees in the larger groves are thirty feet in diameter. One of the fallen giants is forty feet in diameter and is estimated to have been four hundred and fifty feet high. It was the hoary monarch of the grove and died of old age, say about two thousand five hundred years. A hollow trunk talled the "Horseback Ride," seventy five feet long, gets its name from the fact that a man may ride through it upright on horseback. Just after the discovery of the grove one of the largest trees, nincty-two feet in circumference, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-two days in cutting through it with large augers. On the stump, which was planed off nearly to the smoothness of a ball-room door, there have been dancing parties and theatrical performances. For a time a newspaper called The Big Tree Bulletin was printed there.

In all there are about twenty of these groups of big trees on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, but eight of them, three in Mariposa, two in Calaveras, one in Tuolumne and two in Tulare, are most important and best known. Botanists call the mammoth tree the Sequoia gigantea, and it is related to the redwoods that grow to an enormous size on the Coast Range but no redwood was ever seen that was comparable in size with the big trees of the Sierra Nevada.

It is now proposed that the United States shall buy the groves in Calaveras County, and make a national park of them. In no other way can they be saved. If left in private hands they will eventually be cut down, for firewood, if nothing else, as the ordinary American has no respect for antiquity, either in nature's glories or the monuments of man.

A MUSEUM OF SKELETONS.

ORDINARY readers have very little knowledge of covernment departments outside of the State, War, Yavy, Treasury and Post Office, and are not aware heaven is being done in a scientific way for the benefit of this and succeeding generations. Especially is this true in anthropology, under which head comes a collection of skulls and skeletons. Some of these specimens are not duplicated elsewhere in the world.

There is one very notable collection of nineteen skulls from Peru, which illustrate prehistoric trephining. The bodies from which they were obtry beneath dry sand-mostly in a sitting posture, with the knees under the chin. Instead of decaying, they became completely desiccated and were thus preserved. Some were entirely naked, and others swathed in skins or matting, which covered alternate layers of leaves, grass and seaweed. A few of the mummies had false heads, with long tresses of human hair or vegetable fiber as a substitute. They are from three hundred to one thousand years old. The skulls show plain evidences of surgical operations, large pieces of bone having been removed from some of them, and in about onehalf of the cases it is evident that the patients recovered.

During the last few years the government has dug up some very queer human remains in various places. From a prehistoric mound in Alabama was obtained a skull that was completely filled with snail shells, though for what purpose cannot be imagined. Near Chillicothe, Ohio, were unearthed several skeletons wearing copper masks-another unique discovery in archæology. Most remarkable of all was a human skull of iron-not produced by artifice, but so made by nature. It was found imbedded in a mass of iron ore, and evidently it was inclosed in that way originally by some accident. In the course of centuries the bone was disintegrated gradually by the action of water, each particle being replaced by a particle of iron, until at length the skull was no longer bone, but metal. Its structure in the iron is perfect in every detail, save that the top of the head and the lower jaw are miss-

Recently the National Museum has been enriched by Dr. Becker, of the Geological Survey, who has brought from the Philippines two skeletons of dwarfs belonging to the curious aboriginal race of that archipelago known as Ætas, or more familiarly as Little Niggers. They are the first of their kind ever fetched to this country, and are considered very interesting, inasmuch as they represent the lowest existing type of osseous framework. Though adult, the capacity of the skulls is only about three-fourths of that of an average American cranium, and the arm bones are so long that the owners must have been able to touch their own knees with the tips of their fingers when standing erect. The eye-holes are notably long, and other characteristics, particularly the formation of the jaws, are very monkey-like. Even the feet are different from ours, the big toe being more developed and the three outer toes of each foot so modified as to turn inward, like those of some monkeys.

The Ætas, together with the Kalangs of Java and the pygmies of Central Africa, are the lowest human beings on the face of the earth, approaching most nearly to the theoretical type of the Missing Link. They were the earliest inhabitants of Polynesia, and remnants of them still linger in some of the larger islands in that part of the world. The men average only four feet eight inches in height, and both sexes have a strikingly ape-like appearance. Their wool is black, their heads seem too large for their bodies, and their jaws project beyond their noses, while their faces are wrinkled in deep lines like those of monkeys.

They live wild in the forests, much after the manner of monkeys, sowing no plant, subsisting on wild fruits mainly, and indulging in no intercourse with more civilized human beings. A sort of traffic they carry on in gold, precious stones, rare plants, and birds' skins, which one may purchase from them by depositing in a recognized spot little mirrors or other articles which they covet. These articles they will take away in secret, replacing them with their own merchandise.

HOSPITALS FOR ANIMALS.

AT Bombay and Ahmedabad also there are famous hospitals for brutes, the former munificently endowed by Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, though the Parsees have one of their own. It must be admitted that neither travelers nor residents speak well of them for the most part. Those who know India might not accept these reports with implicit faith. But it seems too likely that benevolent natives may be content with providing shelter and food, indifferent to all else. It would be consistent with other imperfections of their character.

We are told that the great hospital enriched by Tained were buried centuries ago in a rainless coun-

discased. There is no pretense of treatment, scarcely of supervision. Consequently all suffer from mange, and the dogs spend their time in fighting. They are covered with open wounds, and, in short, the spectacle is horrible. One odd detail, funny though disgusting, must be mentioned. The subscribers are mostly Jains-the small but wealthy remnant of the old Indian Buddhists. Insects must not be overlooked, of course, in a charitable institution which they support. So an apartment is allotted to this variety of creature. But to provide them with food is not so easy, since dogs or other animals shut in their "ward" would suffer-which is not to be endured. But man is a free agent, and if he be willing to suffer for a compensation the insects may be fed without sin. So once a month or thereabouts some wretched outcast is hired for a sum of money and drink, bhang or opium at discretion. Drugged to insensibility, he passes a night in the chamber.

But there is one such hospital at least admirably managed, as all agree—that at Sodepur, by Calcutta. No neglect there; the society of wealthy Hindus who founded it some thirteen years ago keep it under supervision. There is a veterinary surgeon, well qualified and well paid, with a sufficient staff, and no less than eighty servants. At the beginning of this year they had in charge 129 bulls, 307 cows, 171 calves, 72 horses, 13 water buffaloes, 69 sheep, 15 goats, 141 pigeons, 44 cocks, 4 cats, 3 monkeys and five dogs-979 inmates. Our dogs' home makes a poor show beside this grand foundationnot less well conducted either, as is alleged. Perhaps its excellence may be due to European teaching and example in other departments; the immeasurable charity of the east flourishes anew under the occidental impulse.

Another pleasing instance should be cited. By Bhurtpoor Grant Duff observed a piece of woodland inclosed-they told him that it belonged to the maharajah. "He is a great sportsman, I suppose?" said Grant Duff. "No," they answered, "his highness thinks it wrong to take the life of any creature. But when he sees cattle ill or past work he buys them and puts them in that inclosure to end their days." And they quoted Jehanghir: "A monarch should care for the beasts of the field, for they and even the birds receive their due at the foot of the throne." Jehanghir was a drunken tyrant, but it is not impossible that he said this.

BEES FOR PETS.

THERE are few people in the heart of London who keep bees, but the Baden-Powells stand absolutely alone in having an aplary in their drawingroom. Baden-Powell, it will be remembered, has distinguished himself in many ways in the present South African war. In the Baden-Powells' drawingroom, surrounded by costly works of art and priceless bric-a-brac, standing on ornamental alabaster pedestals close to a great organ which takes up all one wall of a lofty room overlooking Hyde Park, are two large straw beehives, with glass windows that allow the bees to be seen at work within,

Of course the bees do not fly about the room, but they escape into the outside world through a pipe leading out of a window. Wooden models of various objects, such as a bicycle, for instance, are placed in their hive and the bees build their honeycomb upon them in the exact shape required.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON HORNETS.

A HORNET is the smartest bug that flies. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everybody who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a fellow he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen. One day a hornet stung my pa, my pa is a preacher, on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

"Is this what you call expeditious transportation?" sarcastically inquired the passenger who, by reason of the strike at the power-house, had been an hour and a half traveling a distance of five or six miles.

"No, sir," replied the sleepy conductor. "This



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHRES PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN.

READERS of this paper have noticed the series of articles, by some of the prominent men and women of the church, telling what they would do had they their lives to go over again. The results are interesting. Not one of them knew what the other was writing, or what line of advice was being given out. There are certain things that most of them agree upon, and these are that they would have a better education, and they would accumulate a library. All oppose the tobacco habit, and recommend total abstinence. They agree that they would join the church earlier than they did, and would try to live a godly life in early youth and endeavor to keep it up. They are practically a unit in saying that they would honor their parents. The advice is all very good, and the boy or girl who heeds what has been said by these earnest men and women will be on the right track.

Not one of them recommended money getting as a thing to strive after. Every person who has attained to middle age, on reviewing his life history, sees much that is susceptible of improvement were the chance to come. It is the testimony of everybody, and it is a wise young person who profits by the experience of others. There are two ways of learning, one by the experience of others, and the other by making the same blunders they did by not heeding directions. Unfortunately the latter is the commoner method.

KEEPING PETS.

Many a person without cruelty in their hearts often find it hard to resist the temptation to put a captured animal into captivity. The sentiment is often a good one. There is every promise of care and pleuty of food, and sometimes, though rarely, the bird or beast adapts itself to its new surroundings. But in the vast majority of cases it is the height and depth of cruelty to the captive. Deprived of liberty, confined in close quarters, and submitted to mistaken kindness, life is only a long drawn out misery.

It is better to allow the bird or animal thrown into our hands go free, as God intended it should be. But there is also a way of making friends with the animal creation in which there is no harm. Not all can do it, but some have a wonderful skill at it. It consists in so relating ourselves to them that they have no dread of us. Doing them no harm, letting them see that you mean nothing wrong, and once their confidence is gained there is no limit to their association made possible with kindness.

THE BOY WHO WINS.

EVERY boy wants to succeed in life, and the feeling is a most commendable one, but not every boy knows how it should be taken hold of to succeed in winning. No worse thing can take possession of a boy or girl, than the lack of ability to hold on to a thing once begun. In the very start it should be remembered that the selection of the line of work in which it is intended to succeed is a very important matter. The world is full of people in places for which they are unfitted. They struggle along as best they can, and all their lives they are only mediocrities. They are square pegs in round holes and round pegs in square holes. They don't seem to fit. Now the first thing to do in a life business,

or in anything in which we wish to engage, is to first ascertain whether or not we have the requisite ability and liking for the work to enable us to carry it out as it should be done. Of course much of this cannot be determined without a trial, but a good deal of it can be.

As a rule the boy who wins is the one who first fully qualifies himself, and then sticks to it. One is as important as the other. Without qualification no person can hope for continuous success, and unless one stays by his work there is no hope whatever for his getting along. He who is continually shifting and changing in his choice of work never succeeds. He becomes a jack of all trades and master of none, a tinker and a cobbler, but never a skilled workman at anything. The thing to do is to start out right, thoroughly qualify yourself, and then stay by the work till success comes, as it is sure to do to those who hang on and work.

GIVE THE BIRDS A CHANCE.

No boy, or man either, should ever injure a bird or a bird's nest, unless there is some excellent reason for so doing. Nothing should ever be killed out of sheer, wanton ability to do so, but on the other hand it is a good idea to protect the helpless of the animal creation about us as far as lies in our power. The only bird that may be outlawed is the hawk, and possibly the English sparrow. Every other bird should be protected and encouraged.

Where there is an effort to encourage birds, and they are not scared away, there is a remarkable degree of familiarity born of the confidence that help and not harm begets. They come to the very door, and often enter the house. There is nothing more destructive of bird life than the little tiger called the cat. Those who keep cats will not likely have birds for company. It is just as well to forego the cat, unless, indeed, it is one of those felines that stays at the barn and does not venture to the house.

A good way to encourage the presence of birds is to furnish them houses in which to build. It does not take a very good workman to make a bird box, and if it is well made it will last for years. The wrens and the sparrows will likely have a war over them, with the wrens the winner in the end, and the bluehirds and chippies will stay right by the house if left alone. That is the main secret of encouraging bird friendships. Provide a place for them and let them alone.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Cruelty to Animals.

PLACED on the earth with man are the animals. They have, for the most part, been made subject to him. Denied equal intelligence they have been made captive, tamed, and taught to work for him, according to their several ability. They have certain moral rights, and one of them is that they are not to be abused simply because man is the stronger party in their relations one to the other. Yet the instinct to hurt something simply because of ability to do so seems to he deeply implanted in human nature. Children, especially, are naturally cruel. Some of them never get over it, and they grow up to be bad men and women. Show me the man who is needlessly cruel to animals that can not help themselves and I will show you a bad man, one with whom I want little or nothing to do.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast. And he is also merciful to all animals of every kind. The boy or man-who throws a stone at a bird and kills it is guilty of bird murder. Somewhere or somehow he will be held to account for it. The way to look at these things is to regard the helpless as being under our care, that we are to protect them as long as they are harmless, and that as their guardians we are to act justly toward them. It is hard to conceive of Christ going out of his way to kill a song bird. Animals soon get to know their friends. They understand kindness, and some of them seem to appreciate it. Indeed it is not infrequently the case that animals die shortly after their friend has passed over, really dying of grief. Never raise a ble."

harmful hand against a helpless and harmless and mal that may come your way. Rather help 11 Not a bird falls to the ground without the Masters notice. Will he not notice its murderer, and will he not notice its helper? Remember the Golden Rule in dealing with all animals. It pays, and more than that, it is right, and no question about if

GET "ONTO" YOUR JOB.

A nov came to me the other day with a great complaint that he was willing, in fact anxious, to work, but that everywhere he went everybody was against him and wouldn't give him a fair chance. asked him why he thought so, and he explained that at the last place where he worked there were several other boys who began to "pick on him" the very first morning he was there. He explained that they picked on him by whispering to each other then looking at him or pointing toward him and laughing. Then he said they would ask him ques. tions, and no matter what he replied they would laugh.

1 asked bim: "Did you do your work well?" "Yes, I guess so," said he, "for the boss gave mea big apple and asked me how I liked everything when he went out the first night,"

"Why did you leave? "I inquired, "Well," said the boy, "yuh see I couldn't stand it to have those boys pickin' on me and laffin' at me, so I quit at the end of the second day."

The trouble with that boy was that he wasn't "onto his job." He was hired to do a certain kind of work and the other boys in the shop had nothing to do with the matter. He made the mistake of think ing that the friendship and admiration of those boys were of more importance to him than the friendship and kindness of his employer. He should have done his work regardless of the laugh or sneers of the other boys, and if they tried to in terfere with him in the proper performance of his work, then he should have punched their noses. Had that boy just kept clearly in mind the fact that he was employed by the boss and not by the boss and that the boys could not give him a better job or make him lose the one he had, then he would not have cared what the other boys said, or how much they laughed. If you are sure that you are "hold ing down your job" to the satisfaction of your em ployer you can afford to stand good-naturedly al the gibes and sneers that are directed toward you.

They tell a pretty good story about a Chicago minister, who, in order to get around among h people to better advantage, bought himself a hors Not knowing anything about a horse himself! asked the dealer for a good, quiet animal, and the dealer had just what he wanted. The minister of ticed that the horse was exceptionally quiet, and bragged about it a good deal. One day the pread er's father came to see him, and fiving in the coul try, as he did, he knew something about horses.

"See here, Frank," said he, "this horse of you is a pretty old animal, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Frank, "but it is well not to be to proud in these things, you know. The Savior 100 a worse animal than this."

The old man looked the horse over again, examining his teeth, and sizing him up generally, who

"It is a treasure, you have, Frank,-it is the very same horse, the very same one."

An oculist's opinion on the amount of daniel that is done to the eyes of the community for negligence in the very simple matter of keepis eyeglasses and spectacles clean is quoted thus the Household; "I am shocked to see the number persons, intelligent men and women, who should know better, who spend their lives behind gro eyeglasses. Lawyers, writers, students, schoolgi and schoolboys and eye taxers of various sorts use glasses rarely use them clean.

"To keep the pebbles in good wearing condition over should ! they should be cleaned about once an hour. is not so good a cleansing agent as alcohol, and handle making handkerchief should give place to a piece of the paper. Chamois is useful also, and either is better than the linen handkerchief.

"The amount of injury done to the world's at the wo sight through cloudy glasses is almost incaled ble."

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

THE STUDY OF BOOKKEEPING.

BY JAMES MOORE.

The time to begin the study of the art of keeping accounts is in early life after the acquirement of as liberal an education as may be within reach of the prospective learner. From fifteen to twenty years is a good time, and it is best learned in a school where a specialty of the work is made. It is a profession that is attained equally well by men and women, in fact it is the case that often women are preferred in certain lines of business, it being claimed that they are neater and more reliable than men. Three things are absolutely essential, and they are legibility of penmanship, accuracy and rapidity of manual and mental action. The bookkeeper who can not write a readable hand stands a poor chance of employment, while if not accurate and quick he is of no use to his employers. It would be well for those contemplating the work to learn to write legibly, this not meaning that flourishes are wanted, but a legibility that is beyond a question. And this legibility should apply to figures as well as letters.

It should be remembered by the would-be student that what is learned in the commercial school is simply the principles that underlie the art, and they are not many nor are they difficult of acquirement. But it is only the principles of the work that the school teaches, while when the learner has secured a position he will be called on to adapt himself to the requirements of the business in which he is engaged. It will readily be understood that the books of a mercantile house will not be dealing with the same methods and matter as a bank or a railroad. In fact the books are kept in an entirely different way, and each business must be learned. At the bottom of all of it, however, are the principles that are taught in the Commercial College or the business school. The length of time that should be taken to learn these principles at a good school will vary according to the ability of the learner, but three month's application should be sufficient for the mastery of the principles of the

It will be very much to the advantage of the accountant if he can attend to the correspondence of the House or Company that employs him, and this means that he will have to be the possessor of the ability to dictate correctly and grammatically to a stenographer. This work is really a part of the head accountant's business in all large houses or corporations. All this can best be learned in the school devoted to the specialties of the art, though there are very many expert and thoroughly reliable accountants who have never seen the inside of a business school. And it should be remembered by the reader that no matter what course of elementary and preparatory instruction the learner may have taken, after all, only the experience in the actual work of the business can make him a proficient. The best thing to do after securing the preliminary theoretical knowledge is to enter some business house, even in a subordinate and underpaid capacity to the end of learning the practical side of things connected with the profession.

The pay of a bookkeeper varies widely according to the character of the business. If in an ordinary mercantile house he gets ten dollars a week he will be about up to the average. In a bank, or a rail-road office, or with some great corporation, the salary may run into the thousands of dollars. It is dependent on conditions that vary with the business. However, at the bottom of all of it lies the elementary principles that are essential to entering the calling at all.

One very profitable part of the business is that of expert accountant, or the work of the man who is employed to straighten out a set of books that have been so badly kept that they are useless in the closing out or clearing up of the business. It is often the case that accounts are so badly kept, or so carelessly done that when it comes to a matter of noraveling them the ordinary accountant is unequal to the task. This is where the expert is employed, and his pay is greatly in excess of the ordinary man's salary. It may be ten dollars a day, or it

may rise as high as a hundred dollars a day. Where there are large interests at stake, as the closing up of a valuable estate, it will be readily seen that the expert is the only man who has the ability to set matters right. This expert knowledge can be had only by actual practice in the work itself as it is done in the world of business. It can not be taught in the schools, and it is not attempted.

Not a great deal of difficulty attaches to getting a position. Some students, after graduation, drop right into a place, and others have to wait. There is a good deal in the matter of personal acquaintance and recommendation in securing employment. Once had the retention of the place is only a matter of proficiency and satisfaction to the employer. It is one of the few lines of work in which women succeed as well or better than men in the ordinary practice of the profession.

AN IDEAL LIFE.

A FEW days ago, in the little town of Palmer, Mass., Miss Sarah E. Bradford, a lineal descendant of the colonial Governor Bradford, died in the sixty-ninth year of her age. She was unknown outside the limits of the town where she was born, and yet few women have accomplished more good or led more useful or ideal lives. After her death the motto which she had adopted as the rule of her life was found upon her mantel. It read: "I shall pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings, let me do it now; let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

This was the rule of her life. The Bradford house became the synonym for generous hospitality to the unfortunate. It was a home for the poorer students at the academy, and it is said that there never was a time in her life, nor in that of her mother, who died recently in her one hundreth year, when some lone or unfortunate person was not enrolled in the Bradford family. Her charities were not confined to her own household. She assisted all the really needy who came in her way, looked up the poor of the town and cared for them, and contributed freely to the church and to education. She was a person of scholarly tastes and culture, and when not engaged in helpfulness to others, which was the rule of her life, she was devoted to study. Her life passed along quietly, helpfully, and beautifully to its close, and the close was equally beautiful, without suffering and without a murmur.

She never spoke of her charities nor advertised her hospitality, and yet hundreds who had been the recipients of her kindly help knew her and loved her. She knew little of the fashions or excitements of society, did not belong to any clubs, never prepared a paper in her life, and never was in a cultured tea fight. She was not a twentieth century woman, only an old-fashioned nineteenth century woman. She was a plain, simple New England spinster, with a strong sense of duty and a great love of beauty, and bound to enjoy both because she could not "pass this way again," and help others to enjoy life also. And what she did she never talked about. And thus Sarah Bradford led her ideal life, and the many whom she had helped, and who found their own lives brighter and more beautiful because she had lived, mourn her departure.

THE MATTER OF TEMPERATURE.

Ask any schoolboy and he will tell you that the farther North you go the colder it gets, and on the other hand, the farther South the warmer it becomes. This is true only in general terms. Up in the Arctic regions, in the brief summer, the mosquitoes are so had as to become a very annoying element of life. Then, going South, say to Texas, there is no doubt of the heat and its long continued, enervating effects. On going a thousand miles farther South, nearing the Equator, it should be much warmer than in Texas according to the books. Now the actual facts are that in Mexico City, which is about a thousand miles south of Texas, it never is as warm as it gets in the Lone Star State. The reason is that the elevation makes up for the proximity to the Equator. It is never as hot in Mexico as it is in Philadelphia, and it is never as cold. It is also true that in the tropics, geographically considered, one could and would freeze to death any

night in the year, on the mountains, if not sufficiently protected. Some of the effects of altitude on temperature can be seen in the State of Vera Cruz. On the coast, at Vera Cruz City, it is only ten feet above the sea level, and it is hot, hotter, hottest, in the summer. Just a few hours' ride by rail is the volcano of Orizaba, and eternal snows cover it. It is the altitude that does it.

A HUGE CLOCK.

PHILADELPHIA has one of the three great clocks of the world. It is located in the tower of the Municipal Building. It has four dials, each twentyfive feet in diameter, these dials, including the frame work and glass, weighing forty thousand pounds. The total weight of the four faces of the clock is eighty thousand pounds. The clock is operated by compressed air. The time-indicating device is a marvel of mechanism. There is a separate driving mechanism for each dial. The hands are made of sheet copper, the long one measuring twelve feet and the short one nine feet. A pneumatic service turns on or off six hundred electric lights, illuminating the dials at night. Since January 1, 1899, when the clock was put in operation, it has kept nearly perfect time.

Many of the great fighters and men of action, after perils on land and sea and heroic deeds that live in history, found commonplace ends. It seems curious that a General should go through dozens of battles unseathed and then choke to death on a peach stone. It seems wrong that a man should endure the dangers of an adventurous life and then become the victim of a folding-bed. But all these things happen, and it was hardly necessary for the papers of the country to poke so much good-natured fun at Captain Sigsbee, who, after being blown up in the Maine and having a conspicuous part in a war with a foreign country, met his first mishap with a Brooklyn trolley car. Of course, we understand that the Brooklyn trolley car is a peculiarly aggressive and murderous specimen of its kind, but there is no reason why it should not have had more respect for such a hero as Captain Sigsbee. After all, the things that really happen are the things we never expect. The pert, freckled, snub-nosed girl, who never knew her lessons, in after years marries a millionaire, while the lovely, modest belle of the village, who stood well in her classes and sang in the choir, is drudging away, wondering at Fate. The good boy, who everybody in the neighborhood knew would be either a preacher or President of the United States, is still clerking in the dry goods store, while the mischievous kid, who everybody expected would land in the penitentiary, is in Congress. So it goes. The girls marry other fellows and the boys marry the other girls. The things we expect people to do they do not do, and the things that we never look for simply come around to show how little we know about Fate.

Somebody started the legend that when the cricket sings on the hearth there will be plenty of food in the cupboard and good luck will attend the family. However that may be, the house cricket-the kind that loves to begin tuning up his fairy fiddle at about the time you are trying to go to sleep- is never a grumbler against evil fortune. He seems ever to be cheerful and lively. His eyes are always bright, and he is satisfied with a crumb, provided he can get plenty of water to drink. You may be sure that the cricket which seems never to leave the corner or the nook where you hear him sing daily wanders abroad at night in search of something to drink. Often he is a regular toper, and house crickets often lose their lives through leaping into a pan of water, or milk, or soup, or sirup in their greediness for something to drink. Sometimes the house cricket gets restless and instead of hopping around like a level-headed insect and being contented he spreads his stubby wings and flies out of the window and into the great world of summer night. He doesn't whirr along like a beetle, or flutter like a butterfly, but he flies much after the manner of a goldfinch-opening and shutting his wings leisurely and constantly rising and falling as he flies. The cricket's cheery rasping is a call for Mistress Cricket to come home. Mistress Cricket, unlike the ladies of the human species, is no talker.

Good Reading

ALMOND BLOSSOM'S FRIENDLY JOSS.

The world blushes pink some seasons of the year, all in almond blossoms. It is in February, and that in the part of the world that Sum See's mother came from

Therefore, when little Miss Sum See was born they called her Almond Blossom, with true Chinese symbolism.

The fact that she was born in Pell street, New York City, was nothing against her name. Only she never would remind you of an almond blossom. Rather of a yellow crocus, or, say, a black-eyed Susan.

When Sum See was eight years old she lost her mother, and they took her away where Sum See could not follow. That was how she came to ask Hip Sing how to reach her.

"Hush!" said Hip Sing, bending over his shoemending, "that is not for you to ask. She has sped away to the Land of Silver Shadows, perpetual sunbeams, and where it overflows with tea."

This sounded beneficent, but was unsatisfactory from a topographical point of view.

"Have they taken her to the josshouse?" asked Sum See quietly.

"Well, not exactly," answered Hip Sing, "but there sits he who knows."

Sum had stayed late to talk to the man who sewed shoes, and she looked at him reflectively under her threadlike brows.

"Yes?" she said calmly.

Sum See folded her small, tea-colored claws and leaned against the wall of the house. The two queues, braided fantastically with blue and white cord, luoked funny, standing out from her little round head in an inquiring state of mind.

"Where the shadows are of pink and the darkness is of silver has your mother gone—peace to her," said Hip, dismissing the subject.

"That would be a nice place to go, I think," urged Almond Blossom, deprecatingly.

"Not in haste; not in haste," answered the aged man, with a thrust of his awl into the leather before him.

"How do they go?" asked Sum.

"Did you not see the red chariot and hear the screaming of the flutes?"

Sum See got up quietly and ran away when she had asked all she could about her mother, and in the morning she went to the josshouse alone with an offering of two grimy little wooden birds and a dish of papier mache ducks that See had brought her one day.

She climbed the dusty stairs laboriously, and the door was open into the main room of the josshouse, which is the Chinese temple, and she entered undismayed to consult with the man who presides there.

She found him in, scated upon his cross legs and smiling kindly at her,

"How do you do?" said Sum See in English.

The joss smiled harder than ever, which was natural, as he was made all of wood and painted a dark brown.

She was so interested in the prayer over the place where they burned the offerings that she did not notice the Chinaman who came in, looked around the room to see if there were any at the shrine, and who then went out and shut the door and locked it.

It was the close of the great offering week, and the shrineroom that Almond Blossom was in was not to be opened for several days.

"Tell me," she said to the Joss, "I wish to go to the land of Ceaseless Shine and Diamond Stars—do you know the way?"

The kindly Joss only smiled, of course.

"Ah, you are dumb!" said Sum. "Poor thing! I have a neighbor boy, a dwarf, who is deaf and dumb. You are like him."

Again the Joss smiled happily.

Presently she went over to the door by which she had come, and found it locked. She had, indeed, started on the way to the Land of Silver Shadows, and there was no turning back.

It was pleasant at first, for there were the dolls on the shrine—the lesser gods—and Sum could play with them without fear, because of the smile of the main functionary.

Sum noticed after several hours [two] things-

namely: That their room had not got beyond the chimney pots, and that she was hungry.

She had had a small bowl of rice and pork that noon in her own home, but now it was getting dark outside, and she knew that they were getting into the Land of Silver Shades and Star Beams.

So she sat still and wondered why she could not get out and what she should eat for dinner. And then she went around and consulted the Joss. There he sat, as if made of chocolate creams, and smiled. Below him was a covered board, and Almond Blossom lifted the end of the cloth that was draped over it, and there found duck roasted, jars of potted fish, and sweet cakes—all her favorite dishes.

She knew then that she was in Magic Land, and she smiled back at the brown man and ate ravenously.

The night passed by, Almond Blossom sleeping profoundly in the robes of the exalted few, and then, replacing them in the morning, she began another day of weary waiting for the opening of the temple door.

At Almond Blossom's home you can understand the excitement. They mourned her as dead and thought the angry devils had spirited her away. They gave up searching for her after awhile, and when the fourth day came her tea sets and wooden dolls were put away, and the family shrine, lighted with seven tapers, for her years.

When the fifth day came they had found her there when the josshouse was opened for airing and worship of the smiling man who sat there.

They would have been horrified at the familiarity of Sum See with his Greatness if they could have known, but she said nothing of her conclaves with the Ruler of the Destinies of the Faithful Followers, and as she looked fat and well they said nothing.

The food for the departed spirit had disappeared, and it was well that the religious miracle should be told of. They did not know that Sum See had eaten it all, and that she had burned the leavings in a pan in the oven where she had first seen the cat.

Her restoration to her fond family was taken as another part of the miracle, but no questions were asked, and Almond Blossom did not explain.

THE INDIANS OF MEXICO.

MENTION the word Indian and the reader or hearer thinks of the wild red men of the West. The Indian of the countries south of the Rio Grande are neither wild nor yet are they red. They are town dwellers, and their color is nearer black than red. They are divided into many tribes and speak many languages, the strange part about it being that these languages are not interchangeable. The fact that an Indian speaks the language of his tribe does not by any means indicate that he can speak a word of the language of the people over the hill. The common speech is the Spanish, the language of the Mexican proper. When Cortez conquered the country he and his immediate people were pure Spaniards. Intermarrying the Spaniard with the native Indian made the Mexican. There are few pure Spaniards in Mexico, while the native Indians, of pure blood, constitute at least threefourths of the entire population of the country.

The Indian lives in houses of his own building, and they are grouped into towns in the center of their reservation of land which is held in common, and parcelled out, year by year, by the head man among them. Each Indian gets all he wants to cultivate, and what he raises is his own. The crop consists of our ordinary garden vegetables, and the seedsmen of the United States are in the cities with most wonderful pictures of their vegetables and fruits. An Indian sees a picture of a tomato as big as his head, and he wants that seed. If what he really gets is as large as a walnut he is satisfied.

As a rule the Mexican Indian is a very ingenious fellow. With the commonest tools, sometimes wholly of his own make, he can manufacture almost anything you ask for. Some of the finest work in the world in the way of pottery, feather work, drawn work, and the like, is the product of the native who has had no instruction other than what he has seen going on around him. None of these Indians ever-originate anything. They are copyists.

They love their homes, and never leave them for any considerable length of time. There is nothing that will precipitate trouble in Mexico quicker than

letting out the word that the government intends taking their lands from them. It has been the cause of many a war. The native is a devoted Catholic, and is a convert from Aztec heathenism. A good many of them at heart cling to the old god, yet. At the time of the Conquest, several hundred years ago, the way the Indians flocked to the alleged Christian faith was a wonder to even the priests themselves. On inquiry it was learned from the Indians that for a considerable time they had been discontented with their own gods, and were contemplating getting others. Those the Spaniards had to offer, the images, etc., were so much better than what they could make that they simply and naturally adopted them.

SIXTEEN AND ONE-HALF POUNDS OF FRUIT CON. SUMED BY FOURTEEN-YEAR-DLD NEGRO.

GEORGE Day, a fourteen-year-old negro, has the most remarkable appetite and eating capacity that ever went on record in Indiana. In four hours this rapacious youth ate seventy-two bananas, thirty-six oranges, and three pounds of nuts. Moreover, he says he is willing to try it again.

Young Day belongs in Henderson, Ky., but he has been in Evansville several weeks. The other night he was hungry and had no money. He was passing the fruit store of Giuseppe Corso, at the corner of Main and Eighth Streets. All at once a thought struck him to break into the stand. He secured a stepladder and was soon in the stand helping himself. Once inside the boy could not get out again and after he had eaten all he cared to he threw himself on the floor and was soon fast asleep.

When the Italian opened his stand he found the colored lad sleeping soundly. He called an officer and had the boy arrested. The boy when arraigned in the police court, admitted that he had broken into the fruit store and eaten as much as he wanted because he was hungry and had no money. He laughed as he told his story and it was a hard matter for any one in the court room to keep from laughing at the way he addressed the court. Asked if he had eaten seventy-two bananas and thirty-six oranges the boy said:

"Yes, sah. I et 'em all right. I et the orange and bananas an' nuts, an' dat's all I did eat."

The court was astonished at the quantity of fault the boy had got away with, and did a little figuring on the matter, with the following result:

If he took only the juice of thirty-six oranges he would have probably two and one-half pounds of liquid in his stomach. If he swallowed the pulp he would have five pounds.

If he are seventy-two bananas, each weighing three ounces, he put into his stomach 216 ounces, or thirteen and one-half pounds avoirdupois.

In the three pounds of nuts there were probably one-half of a pound of kernels. To recapitulate here is what the boy ate:

 Oranges
 2½ pounds

 Bananas
 13½ pounds

 Nuts
 ½ pounds

 Total weight
 16½ pounds

This negro boy weighs ninety pounds. He consumed a quantity of food equal to almost one-fifth of his own weight. The court decided his case was one for the grand jury's consideration.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

Once upon a time many hundred years ago the Danes made war upon the Scots and invaded the country. One dark night, as they were marching upon an encampment of sleeping Scots one of the number trod upon a thistle. The pain was so sudden and intense that the man gave a loud of this awakened the slumbering Scots, who sprang to arms and defeated the assailants. In gratitude the deliverance the Scots made the thistle their per tional emblem.

"What appears to be the matter with your be ther?" inquired the doctor, as he hastily put be clothes on.

"He's got the plumbago," replied the boy think that's what maw says it is."

"Pain in the small of the back, I presume," the doctor.

"No, sir; he ain't got no small of the back."

paw weighs 284 pounds."

ooo The o Circle ooo

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OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE.

Some of the new readers of The Inglenook do not know very much about Our Missionary Reading Circle, so we give this brief history.

How IT ORIGINATED.—A few young people met at a social gathering. One of them remarked, "I wish I knew more about missions, I don't know anything about them; what shall I read?" One spoke of a book on missions, some one else suggested another, and so they decided to read a numer of books which would give them a better knowledge of the work.

LOCAL CIRCLES.—The idea spread quickly. Bro. Wilbur Stover, who is now in India, placed his ame at the head of the list, and then organized Circles wherever he went. A local secretary was appointed who would do all he could to encourage others to join; a set of books was bought, each member paying a little; meetings were held, at which the books were read and studied. We follow the same plan now. Will you begin a Circle in your locality?

Courses of Reading.— First is the Missionary course, then we have a Religious course which is very well adapted to the needs of our boys and girls, and lastly an Advanced course. If you prefer to read a few books out of the Missionary course, and some others out of the Religious course, thus choosing your books, it may make the reading more enjoyable for you. When you have read eight books we will send you a certificate. These books should all have a place in our Sunday-school libraries.

"How Can I Become a Member?"—By paying twenty cents as a membership fee. This fee is necessary to keep up the running expenses of the Circle, such as postage, stationery, etc. The officers get no pay for their time or services. We have over twelve hundred members now, and over a hundred local secretaries.

Our Future.—We hope to have District secretaries, and a Circle meeting held in each District in connection with Ministerial or Sunday-school meetiogs. We hope to do much good in His name. We urge the boys and girls to join our Circle. For any information or circulars, address, Our Missionary Reading Circle, Covington, Ohio.

At the ocean side, where cliffs jut out to the waves, certain mollusks may be found sticking tightly to the rocks. Each mollusk clings so tenatiously that the concussion of the waves cannot smite it off. The secret of its hold is that the mollusk is empty. If it were filled either with flesh or with air it would drop off immediately. This beautifully illustrates the condition of every sincere, humble, conscientious believer who has been emptied of self, and therefore clings, by a Divine law of adhesion, closely to the Rock of Ages. If he should become puffed up with pride and self-conceit, or gorged with fleshly indulgence, he would way.

A holiness sermon will get a soul under conviction; it will show what the conditions are in order to get justified, and will let in all the light that is necessary to get sanctified. Why not then make every sermon a holiness sermon and every meeting a holiness meeting? That would soon settle the basis question, and folks would call it a holiness church.

That is not the best sermon that makes the hear-trs go away talking to one another and praising the preacher, but that which makes them go away the Watchman.

The best means of preserving true tranquility of a true is to have no choice or will of our own; and even were we entitled to the foremost place, to be sassigned to us.

* INASSUCCH as ye have done it unto one of the east of these my brethren, ye have done it unto

Sunday A School

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST, -Mark 6: 14-29.

(Lesson for June 10, 1900)

GOLDEN TEXT. - Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but he filled with the Spirit. - Eph. 5:18.

This lesson tells the story of man's perfidy, woman's jealousy, and the moral and spiritual ruin the use of intoxicants and bad company involve. It also shows that human nature is the same under all skies, and at all times. The story tells itself, but let us relate it in our own way. It seems that John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, was not a man to mince words. When he saw a wrong he reproved the sinner, no matter who it was or where it might have happened. The shepherd in his hut, or the king in the castle of Machaerus, were all one to him if a rebuke was needed. This was the indirect cause of the beheading of the Baptist.

Herod the king had married his brother's wife, Herodias, contrary to the law, and this led John to openly reprove them for their action. It earned for him the fear of the king and the malignant hatred of the woman. Herod was probably afraid of John on account of his following among the people, while the woman hated with all the intensity of a courtesan the man who openly rebuked her action. She only bided her time.

On Herod's birthday there was a feast and a large number of people were present. Wine probably flowed at the gathering, and presently a girl, the daughter of Herodias, came in and danced for the guests. It was a bad place for a young girl, and the guests who admired her dancing were probably a coarse lot. But Herod, to show his appreciation of the entertainment, made a rash offer to give her anything that she should ask for, even to half the kingdom. To enforce his position he swore to it. The girl did not know what she wanted and she went out to ask her mother, Herodias, who had the grudge against John. This was a bad woman's chance, and she was quick to catch up with it. "Ask for the head of John the Baptist on a large platter," said the wily woman. The request was made by the girl, and it seems that the king was now sorry for his rashness in promising, but he was a weak man, morally, and fearing the comment of his guests ordered that it be done.

Accordingly the order was given and John, being in prison, was called on by the executioner and was promptly beheaded with a sword, and the gory head placed on a charger, as the word is translated, and brought in to the daughter, who immediately gave it to her mother. Thus was an innocent man the victim, to the death, of a wicked and designing woman.

A good woman is beyond all price, and a thoroughly bad one is about the worst human being on earth. She embodies all that is evil, all that is destructive and as she stopped at nothing in Herod's time so she stops at nothing now. Women are either better or worse than men. Herod was bad enough, but he stopped at putting John in prison, while the woman hesitated not at suggesting murder.

The times were evil. The coarseness of the age was a natural result of a weakened religion and the lack of culture that has slowly evolved in the centuries that have passed. The king was willing to break the law in his social relations, and the woman was equally reprehensible. Her daughter was willing to make a show of herself before a lot of feasting, carousing people, and in the heat of the moment the king swore to what he knew not. This was the woman's chance, and she capped the climax with a tragedy that has come down to us full of lessons of care and thought about where we are, with whom, and what we promise. Probably nobody thought in the incipiency of the feast that it would mark a tragedy. All the elements were present. The unthinking king, the vindictive woman, the man she hated at hand in jail, the flushed and applanding crowd, the chance to do wrong, and then the murder. As it has happened so it will be again. Let all remember that portion of the Lord's prayer where we ask to be delivered from temptation, to be led, but not in the ways of evil.

A MAN may be a living Churchman but a dead Christian.—J. C. Ryle.

For + the + Wee + Folk

A BOY'S SISTER.

My sister Ruth's the bestest baby Whatever lived, I bet, And I ain't never seen no one As smart as she is yet. Why she knows everything almost, But mamma says that she Can't never be the president And that seems strange to me. Once when pa thought I wasn't near He talked to manima then, And told her how he hates to be The slave of other men, And how he wished that he was rich For all our sakes, and I Don't know what made me do it, But I had to go and cry. Then baby's hand went up to him, He hugged her tight and said: "Why, Mary, no, I'm not a slave, What put that in my head? I'm a king, the happiest king That ever held his sway, And only God can take my throne And little realm away."

EIGHT GOOD RIDDLES.

FEET have they, but they walk not—stoves. Eyes have they, but they see not—potatoes. Teeth have they, but they chew not—saws. Noses have they, but they smell not—teapots. Mouths have they, but they taste not—rivers. Hands have they, but they handle not—clocks. Ears have they, but they hear not—cornstalks, Tongues have they, but they talk not—wagons.

ALL SATAN'S FAULT.

MOTHER—So you have been at the jam again, Adolphus.

Son-The cupboard door came open of itself, mother, and I thought—

Mother--Why didn't you say, "Get thee behind me, Satan?"

Son-So I did, mother, and he went and pushed me right in.

MRS. BRISKE-Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?

Little Johnny (stopping his play)—Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this paper, and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs. Briske—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby!

"IMPROVE each moment, boys," said the teacher. "Remember that time flies."

"Well, I can't understand it," exclaimed one little fellow.

"What is it you can't understand?" asked the teacher.

"Why," replied the youthful philosopher, "yesterday we read about the footprints of time. I don't see how time can make footprints if it flies."

THE Parson—"How did you get that black eye, Tommy?"

Tommy-" Fighting, sir."

The Parson—"I'm sorry to hear that. Don't you know that it is wrong to fight?"

Tommy -" Yes, sir. That's what I told your kid when he licked me yesterday."

- "Wnyr are animals, mamma?" asked four-yearold Nellie.
- "Oh, anything that goes on legs, I suppose," replied her mother.
- "Then my stockings must be animals, aren't they mamma?" queried Nellie.

LITTLE Bessie (reading)—" 'Nature unadorned is adorned the most.' Now I wonder what that means?"

Little Harry—"Oh, I guess it means that a broiled chicken is nicer than one with feathers on."

"My muzzer says I'se tut a tooth, But somehow I tan't see Why muzzer doesn't tell ze truth, An' say ze tooth tut me."

WOODCHUCK MAN OF MAINE.

"If I don't wake up before the bluebirds come," said Cyrus Brown on the evening of Dec. 13, 1899, "burn a match under my nose and stick a needle in my arms. I want to be out in the woods by the time the sap gets to running."

Mr. Brown is known locally as the "woodchuck man," so called because he has slept continuously through the winter months for the past eleven years, beginning his long nap before the middle of December and coming out about March 20. He is nearly seventy years old, and until he was hit in the head by a falling limb while working in the woods in the winter of 1888, he had been a very robust man. He was felling logs on a lot some distance from camp, and when he did not come in to supper men went out and found him lying senseless under a fallen limb with a scalp wound on the top of his head.

After lying in a comatose condition for three days, he was wrapped in warm blankets and put in a hogshead filled with straw to be carried fifty miles to the nearest railroad station. Everybody expected that he would be dead when he reached home, but there was no apparent change in his condition. He remained in a death-like sleep all winter. About once a week he took a half pint of brandy and four raw eggs and then fell asleep again as if it was the only thing for him to do. The doctors who visited him tried many experiments, in hope of waking him up, but without any success. ' A coffin was ordered, and the burial robes were made ready when his body heat began to go up. It rose two or three degrees during the day, and fell back a degree or less in the night, but, though the gain was small, it was in the right direction, so the family postponed the funeral and waited.

After the animal heat in his body had reached seventy degrees pulsations were felt in his wrists, and his chest rose and fell from twelve to fifteen times an hour, indicating that respiration had set in. The coffin was put out of sight, and on March 21 the sick man opened his eyes and called for food, He are a hearty meal, slept three days longer, and then got up and went about his work as if nothing had happened. Every year since then he has dropped off to sleep at the beginning of settled cold weather and has not awakened until the early spring birds come north. In the warm weather he seems as active and vigorous as he ever was, although his memory has failed of late, and at times he complains of headaches. The doctors give no name to the malady, but say it is due to a torpid condition of the body which is allied to the hibernation of animals. For want of a better title the people have named him the woodchuck man.

FALLING BULLETS.

FALLING bullets kill many men, even when they are lying sheltered behind trenches. If a bullet is fired in the air it falls with as much force as it goes up. But, curiously, there is a certain limit of height beyond which a bullet gains no more falling force; the reason being that when the motion is very rapid the resistance of the air balances the attraction of gravity. In the siege of Sebastapol—and, in fact, during every campaign—a great many men were killed by falling bullets. And the terrific force with which they come down is shown by a case in which the bullet entered the shoulder of a cavalryman, passed down through his body and penetrated several inches into his horse's back.

A curious instance occurred not long ago in India. While a native was cleaning boots in the open air he was seen to drop dead without a cry. On examining him, they found that a bullet had entered the top of his head. No shot had been heard, and the person who fired it must have been a very long way off.

PLANT NOVELTIES.

WHEN the seed catalogues reach the buyer long months after they have been wrapped and directed one of the first things that strike the eye of the reader is the glowing description of the novelties in the flower and fruit line. It is well to invest in a few of them, perhaps, but for the main crop it is a great deal better to stick to some old stand-by that you are familiar with. While it must be remembered that all the standard varieties of both fruit and

flowers were once novelties themselves it is just as well to allow others to determine the real value of most of the flaming novelties of the catalogues. The descriptions appended to some of these show a gift of language that would enable the possessor to distinguish himself in the world of letters were his attention directed to that end. But between the description and the accomplished fact in your own garden is a long and a hard road to travel, and it is just as well in the majority of instances to await results at the hands of more adventurous experimenters.

THERE is something about the occupation of a diver that strongly appeals to the imagination of most people. Many men, such as miners, get a living by more dangerous work, but they are in their own element. Twenty or thirty feet below the surface of water, in semi-darkness, dependent upon a rickety pump for the breath of life, a diver's existence is a precarious one.

One can hardly realize the horror and weirdness of deep sea diving, and no class of men are so superstitious as divers. It is a trade that takes the life out of a man, and divers are a set of grave, sober-faced men with whom smiling is almost a lost art. It is seldom that a diver will talk about his profession; his association with the dead and the drowned secrets of the sea, as in the course of his daily toil he stumbles upon them, make him as secretive as the cavernous occan itself. Occasionally, however, one will talk, and the stories he tells, of horror, of death, of weird uncannny silence, and then again of the most beautiful surroundings, where fishes of exquisite coloring swim through submarine forests, and the whole seems a panoramic view conjured up from the virgin field of a man's imagination.

THE Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when the famine stalks abroad, the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food-or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under the trees and awaits the coming of death. The majority of the victims are women and children. Once that famine knocks at the door, these helpless beings are doomed. Their supportfather or brother, or other male relative-unable to further earn his miserable three cents a day, begins by selling his cow; then come the few silver trinkets of the women, then the wooden parts of their wretched dwellings, then their clothing, then-when hope has already fled-half dead, tottering along in agony, they drag themselves to the nearest relief station. On they go, beneath a pitiless sun, dropping exhausted. Three-quarters of all those who start thus for succor die-the balance live until another visitation plays further havoc with them and theirs. Twenty million human beings died from hunger in 1897. No one knows what the fearful record will be for 1900.

In our morning paper we find a telegram from London, that while over sixty-one millions of people in India are affected by the famine, only about four millions are receiving any relief. Is this necessary? We answer, "No." There is food enough in the world to supply all. When by the progress of humane education these wars are stopped, and the innumerable millions of dollars now squandered on great armies and navies and fortifications and terrible inventions to destroy life can be devoted to humane purposes, there will be no more famines, and for every man, woman and child and dumb creature in man's service there will be enough to eat.

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CHICAGO, I

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JUNE 2, 1900.

No. 22.

LOVE AND LAUGHTER.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone; This grand old earth must borrow its mirth, It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer. Sigh, it is lost on the air; The echoes bound to a joyful sound, But shrink from voicing care,

Be glad, and your friends are many. Be sad, and you lose them all; There are none to decline your nectared wine, But alone you must drink life's gall.

There is room in the halls of pleasure For a long and lordly train: But, one by one, we must all file on Through the narrow aisles of pain,

Feast, and your halls are crowded: Fast, and the world goes by: Succeed and give, 'twill help you live; But no one can help you die,

Rejoice, and men will seek you: Grieve, and they turn and go-They want full measure for all your pleasure, But they do not want your woe.

NINETEEN YEARS OLD.

Is she had lived a day or two longer on this arth, and in our present form of existence, she had ompleted her nineteenth year, as we recognize me. She was always more or less frail, and it was not expected that she would grow up stout and strong, and as she lay in her cradle, in the very room where she was lying so quiet and still, the ther day, those who saw her went away feeling that it would soon be that she had gone home. But he pitying gods gave her nineteen beautiful years, and then called her back.

She was never like other children. She was too much like a beautiful, ghostly visitor, from the world unseen, tarrying awhile in the clay. It was s the Carrara statue in miniature set beside the lay images of the mound builder. Quiet, such people are always quiet, thoughtful, whom the gods ove are always so, she grew up with the birds and he flowers. All seemed to recognize the weakness the vessel that held the ever-living spark, and he very house dog singled her out and looked into er eyes at times as though he would say someing, he knew not what, or how. And so passed ne years of dolls and playthings,

As some fruit bitten to the heart colors quickly nd Ialls to the ground so she early came to the and of bright shadows where the brook and the er meet, where the playthings of children are regotten in the dreams of early womanhood. hat she saw was never known, for she never said. Mayhap it was the picture of the mail-clad, plumed ight, riding slowly over the hill, the very embod-Tent of brute strength, coming to claim her and ar her away to his eastle. The vine seeks the ak for support, the forest flower blooms best closto the rock. But it was all as dreams are and

She grew more thoughtful as she watched the s come again, and she seemed weaker, but she ade no complaint of either pain or suffering. built in the rose bush as the year before, lilles of the valley unsheathed under the winthe lilacs reddened and withered and she grew weaker and weaker. Everybody knew it was ng, or rather that she was going, though noso one night when the bird had his head under his wing, and the little ones in fur were rolled in a ball in their lowly homes the Angel came and called and she went, silently and quickly. When the sunrise touched the tree tops, and those who were left looked, all they saw was the tenantless house in which she had dwelt. And they cried aloud and moaned and mourned.

As she lay in her coffin in the darkened room surrounded with pure white roses, and beautiful puritan lilies it was a mummery and a mockery over a deserted dwelling. Children came in quietly, hat in hand, open mouthed and silent, looked in wondering awe, and then went out and forgot. The ghoul of an undertaker saw that all was in order. The great, strong man, at the graveside intoned the lines:

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the Cross are sanctified,"

and the assembled friends wailed out the song of the living over the clay vessel, broken at their feet.



RAMA, AN INDIAN BOY.

And then they went home silently, each thinking his own thoughts. When the earth had run another race around the sun the grass was struggling to hide the yellow clay of the narrow mound in the place set aside for the repository of worn-out clothes of souls that liad passed, there was a pure white stone on which the hand of the graver had carved the word "Died," followed by the legend of dates. It was the best they or any of us could have done. But is the view correct? I think not.

As the delicate forest bloom has its life crushed out by the heavy footfall of the night prowling beast, only to bloom again, so the spirit of her who was with us nineteen beautiful years did not die, but passed from our sight and hearing. There is no such thing as death as the beast dies. We change and pass from one existence to another, as we pass from room to room, closing the door behind us, but knowing all that is doing in the company we have left back of us. The veil that hangs between us and them is impenetrable to our eyes, and elusive to our touch, but parts readily to their hand. And do they ever re-enter the vacated world? Who said, and least of all she gave no sign. And word, or seen as we see in noonday glare those who

have passed. And yet, and yet. Mayhap our eyes are too dim, our ears too dull to see or hear the spirit of her who has passed the veil and has come again from time to time to look as a mother looks on a child asleep and hearing and seeing not.

Who may safely say that in our quiet hours, when we say we are thinking of the past, forgetful of all around us, some near and dear disembodied soul. unseen, unheard and intangible, may not be hovering near, beckoning and whispering in a language we do not understand, and then when we wake we say we have been dreaming. There is no better word for it, but what is a dream? And who knows that those who have passed have gone away at all? The best that we can do is to plant the rose over the mound, sit by it quietly, and looking to the west where our sun will set, think of the east where it rises for us, back of the cross crowned hill of Calvary and wait till we know as St. Paul puts it, even as we are known. And God be with all of us.

CHOCOLATE FIENDS.

"THE manufacture of chocolate," said J. R. Anso, , of Brazil, " is a great industry. Of all the chocolate beans imported into the United States twothirds go to one firm in Boston, and the other third is distributed among the other manufacturers. The chocolates sold are of various grades. The Caracas chocolate is supposed to be the best.

"If you take the various grades, technically known as the Caracas, the French, the German and so on, and take a piece of each and place them in a pan of water and allow them to dissolve, any expert will tell you which is the best chocolate. The better grades will leave no sediment. The others will. This is explained by the fact that in the cheaper grades the shell is ground up and used as a 'filler.' The lighter the chocolate the better the grade. The cheaper grades are dark owing to the ground up shell.

" It is a queer thing about chocolate consumption. There are chocolate fiends, just as there are opium fiends, tobacco slaves and liquor slaves. I cannot tell you why it is, but if people begin to eat chocolate the habit grows upon them. I don't think any amount of chocolate hurts any person. Of course the cheaper grades of chocolate have a large percentage of sugar in them, and sugar is to a certain extent injurious, but for the chocolate itself I don't think any one eats enough to hurt him materially. In contradistinction to the exhibaration of alcoholic drinks chocolate seems to be a soother. Persons who are nervous and irritable find it a food that in a way calms and soothes and satisfies them. It is queer, but it is the truth. The consumption of chocolate is increasing enormously in the United States,"

RAMA, AN INDIAN BOY.

OUR missionaries in India are saving the children. Here is one of the starving ones. See the hopeless expression on the face. We who are well fed know nothing of the pangs of hunger, to say nothing of starvation. Our Brethren have sent nearly \$20,-000 to help save the children.

TWENTY people can gain money for one who can use it, and the vital question for individual and nation is never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?'

Correspondence

ABOUT SIBERIA.

A GREAT many people are of the opinion that Siberia is all a wonderfully cold and desolate country, the home of the exile, and the political criminal. The following extract from the letter of an American engineer employed in that country puts a different light on the people and their homes. Other interesting things are told:

The climate of the country is not bad. In fact, it is quite hot from May to September, inclusive, while the cold comes from November to March, inclusive. When I outfitted at St. Petersburg I was idvised to take along plenty of furs, and did so. When I reached Siberia I found the men wearing pongee silk suits, and watermelons were being raised. I was also advised to take along a good supply of provisions, yet I found good eating houses at almost every station. It can best be described by calling it a pioneer country, settled principally by young Russians. You do not see the Eskimo from the North or the Tartar from the South. The people seemed more prosperous, more rugged and happier than any other people in European or Asiatic Russia. Russia wants to colonize this vast virgin district, and is constantly striving to induce people to go out there from the crowded centers. The railways built and projected will give them a market for the things they raise, and in time Russia will be able to care for her own. There will be no famine when it becomes possible to move foodstuffs at a reasonable cost.

Whole villages are shipped bodily out to Siberia and emigrants are given a certain amount of money, fifty rubles, a fur coat, or shuba, and a ticket out and back, so that they may go, examine, and report to their friends upon the country. Besides this, every prisoner, for no matter what trivial offense, is sent to Siberia, and not only goes himself, but has to take his family along, a new way of colonizing a country. They are sent for trivial offenses only a short distance out into the country, but for more serious crimes their destination is further, and for murder, or crimes of as serious nature, they are shipped to Kamskatka, and have to work in the salt mines. The most serious thing a man can do in Russia is to engage in a treasonable enterprise against the government; for that and that alone they are sentenced to capital punishment. As before stated, the government is making every effort to colonize Siberia. For example, a chateau near Moscow was burnt down, having been set on fire by some incendiaries, who were known to be peasants of-two villages upon the estate. Curiously enough, these peasants were protesting against the introduction of American farming machinery, lately introduced into that district. The authorities were unable to determine who the guilty ones were, so they shipped both villages bag and baggage to Siberia. Prisoners upon arrival in Siberia are not locked in prisons, but are turned loose, and only have to report at stated periods to the Governor of the district. Consequently, you constantly see them walking from place to place, or working in mines-many mines depend entirely upon these men for labor,

The houses in every village upon the main street facing the road, have little windows with shelves, about six feet above the ground, and on this shelf they place whatever food they have to spare. This is a custom handed down from a former period to aid escaped prisoners, the shelves being placed at that height so as to prevent dogs from getting at the food.

Mery and Samarkand, which, by the way, means "face of the earth," were the centers of civilization in Central Asia at the time of Alexander the Great, After leaving Mery we went on to and saw both the ancient and modern cities. The latter is now a flourishing city of 400,000 people. When the Russians took the place it was probably the greatest slave market in the world, and it is said that the soldiers of the Czar released 400,000 slaves in Bokhara and Kiva. Bokhara was the home of the raiders, who swept south among the Persians and north and east among the Mongolians, and it is of record that 20,000 slaves, principally women and children, have been driven in at one time. The effect of that traffic is still to be seen in the faces of the people who walk the streets of Bokhara, for they bear the cast of the Persian and Mongolian. Bokhara had

its black hole, too, and I stood upon the great, flat stone that now caps it. Like the other black holes, it was a great underground chamber where the luckless prisoner was east to die. The most interesting place in Bokhara is the execution tower. I had heard of it before, but the matter had slipped from my mind, and it was from the Ameer himself that I sought information about it. It is a finely constructed stone tower, and its height of 250 feet makes it imposing. I asked the Ameer what it was when it caught my eye, and he explained that it was the execution tower. The prisoner condemned to death, he explained, was compelled to walk to the top and then step off. He went to a sheer plunge of 250 fect to the stone flagging below, and if he survived the flight through the air his life was crushed out at the bottom. I expressed the opinion that it was a horrible punishment, but he seemed to think it quite as good as any other method, and added that it made a "fine sight." He had a couple of prisoners condemned to die a week later, and, with true Oriental hospitality, said that he would have them killed at once so I might see just how the thing was done. With all the respect that I could summon, I begged that he let the law take its course. The Russian Government has long contemplated doing away with the tower of death, and one of these days that method of execution will be abolished.

I have had special opportunities for seeing and studying Russia, and I do not hesitate to pronounce her future a wonderful one. She has a wealth of untouched territory that is rich in minerals and still richer in its agricultural possibilities. She has problems of transportation and harmonizing of populations, but the genius of her people is meeting these obstacles, and one by one they are being solved. When the task is done I hesitate to even guess at her possibilities.

BASEL.

BY G. J. FERCKEN.

We present to the readers of The Inglenook an idea of Basel (in French Bale), one of the richest, oldest and most venerable cities of Switzerland. The ancient called it "The Golden City," because it was the principal entrance to the Swiss Alps.

Basel ought to be of great interest to the members of the Brethren church, as out of the eight pious souls who, about two hundred years ago "rekindled in Germany the dying embers of Primitive Christianity, one was a Swiss and a native of Basel—Andrew Bony by name!

In the very interesting "History of the German Baptist Brethren in Europe and America," by M. G. Brumbaugh, we are also told that Christian Libe, native of Epstein in Germany, ordained an elder and missionary, "pressed into Switzerland and preached the religion he loved in the city of Basel. He was arrested and asked to renounce his faith. This he refused to do. He was sent to the galleys, and had to work the galling oars by the side of criminals, for two years. He was then ransomed and came to Creyfelt where he was under the senior eldership of John Naas. This was about 1722."

Basel is situated north of Switzerland, on the German frontier. Its climate is mild, and the suburbs crowded with gardens are rich in flowers and southern fruits.

Owing to her splendid situation, the city is becoming more and more an industrial center, and the spirit of enterprise, joined to the energy, perseverance and genius of her inhabitants, is worthy of notice. It is more especially her industry in silks, introduced more than two centuries ago, together with other auxiliary trades, which represent her enormous capital and insure the existence of her thriving population.

The attraction of the city is entranced by the picturesque aspect of her outskirts whose tranquil, screne, cheerful and healthy nature, its varied and splendid sites, present attractions always new. The conformation of the mountains, hills and valleys of the neighboring Jura presents an interest altogether particular.

The old, celebrated Rhine rolls down its blue and green surges, dividing the city in two unequal parts, which old solid bridges join together.

Basel is from an economical point of view the richest city in Switzerland. With her population of 85,000 inhabitants, it has, it is popularly recorded,

one hundred twenty millionaires, besides a well-s and well-to-do middle class. Moreover, she can show in all the branches of intellectual culture, and art and sciences, a long list of eminent men who cupy for the most part the first rank in their specialty. She is also reputed for her numerous as important works of charity and benevolence when have acquired a development which could not have been reached in other centuries.

Basel has a very interesting cathedral wherein an buried the ashes of the reformer Œcolampádius.

CIRCUS FUN IN THE SOUTH.

"In the North," said the old circus man, "the sire to get into the tent by crawling under the case vas is confined to the small boy. But in the Source the entire colored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an opportunity to get in free. And to crawl under the canvas seems to them to be the easiest way. Me and women tramp around and around the tent look ing for an unguarded point. We always put extra canvasmen on watch when we go to the South with our show. I have witnessed more than one amo ing and exciting incident growing out of this desp of the negro to get into the circus without buying: ticket. They go literally circus-mad when the show comes to town, and they won't do a tap a work until it leaves. One reason why they don't step up to the ticket wagon and hand out their cois that they never have any. There may be other reasons, but I have never inquired further into the subject.

"I was with old Adam Forepaugh one fall whe he took his show to the South for an extended so son. Two new canvasmen nearly precipitated riot for us at Lexington, Ky. They had been hire for the special purpose of keeping negroes he crawling under the tent, and they saw an opportunt to make a little money for themselves one side. They were able to work out their schen through the fact that they were favorably stations for it. One was at the outside at the connection be tween the main tent and the menagerie, and the other on the inside, within the connection.

"Among the vast crowd of negroes bangs; about the show was a large number who had conto town expecting to get in for ten or twenty-freents. The outside canvasman gave out a quict that if any one had any change in his pockets, giving it to the right person he could get into a show at cut rates. They began to crowd around the touch the touch the forty-five. He accepted all tendo the told them that he would have to put them one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Justice soon as a black head would appear under the convast he would grab it, drag the rest of the personning it inside and shove him out of the obside of the narrow connection. From here it was long way around to the man who got the more If one of the dupes found his way back, which uncertain, and wanted his money returned her promptly shoved under the canvas again and as promptly kicked out on the other side. It was kind of an endless chain.

"Why didn't the two men let them stay Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and i saw an unusual number of negroes in the ten would at once have made the rounds to find at they were getting in. That was why. The s was about half over that night when an uncare racket started at the connection. A minute of passed and we saw two canvasmen running for around the hippodrome track with an angry ye crowd of negroes after them. The audience joyed it immensely. Thought it was part of show. We knew different. A lot of us jumpe and headed the negroes off. That gave the car men time to escape. After we learned the call it we regretted our interference. We lost promising canvasmen at Lexington."

It was a belief among the Egyptians this third finger of the left hand was connected with heart by means of a slender nerve. From the lief came the custom of wearing the wedders on that finger.

WE are all more or less imitators, unconsorperhaps, but all the same imitators.

Nature Study -

THE HOMING INSTINCT.

THE homing instinct develops in young animals almost as early as the desire for food. In the wild state it is a necessity, since without it the young could never keep in touch with herd or pack. Even after centuries of domestication, it is still acute. Witness this tale of little pigs. They were under a month old when their owner decided to move. He wanted to fat and kill their mothers, so offered the lot of forty at a bargain price. A neighbor five miles away bought the pigs, put them n a big box, hoisted the box on a wagon and hauled it home. There the pigs were put in a close pen, fed with milk and mush for two weeks, then given the range of a small lot adjacent to the pen. Three mornings later every one was missing. A mall hole carefully rooted under the gate was the sole explanation of their disappearance. Their buyer searched high and low for them, sending wen to adjacent farms, but could not find them. That afternoon the original owner sent word he had found thirty-nine of the forty standing squealing at is gate when he awoke. The buyer going to relaim the strays, found the missing fortieth pig lyng exhausted by the roadside, but still struggling writhe along on the trail of its mates.

Upon the same Middle Tennessee plantation a our year old mare was bought from an Ohio drove. The drove had been brought down on stock cars o the county town, seven miles away. The mare eemed perfectly content in her new surroundings, o after a week or two she was allowed to pasture ith other stock. For a day she was happy, razing and frolicking with the rest. Toward noon the second day a watcher saw her suddenly fling p her head, cock one ear forward, one back, as hough listening intently to a far-off call, then start a swinging gallop for the pasture fence, clear it ith one flying leap, cross a field of young corn, ike the boundary fence, a much stiffer one, and go way due north. Nothing more was seen or heard her for three months. Then, by a singular nance, she was discovered, impounded as an estray, ore than half way across the State of Kentucky. he had swum a considerable river to get so far, nd had been taken up, through breaking into a asture to graze. She was going home straight as ecrow flies, making no account whatever of the ends and turns in the route by which she had been

Among fowls, domestic turkeys are the most perstent homers. This same plantation's mistress and that out in a way at once odd and provoking. he raised a brood of fourteen, which turned out to ontain thirteen gobblers. They were fine, lusty, onze-brown fellows, although this was in the year den bronze turkeys, so called, were unknown. e gave away seven out of thirteen to as many ighbors, to put at the head of their breeding cks. As a consequence almost every day for six eeks she had to go out and help to separate her n turkeys from some other flock. Each of the ft-gobblers came back home, not once but many nes, with his harem at his heels.

Cats are proverbial homers. Southern negroes we many entertaining superstitions connected th their transfer. In moving they say it is the rst luck in the world to take along the cat. It is o very bad luck to give away a cat, unless its t are greased, and allowed to make marks on the reshold it goes over. They say, further, the hompropensity can be destroyed by putting butter pussy's feet before they touch anything in her whome, Black walnuts, which it is nearly as d luck to move as cats, may be made to serve as luck antidotes by cracking them carefully, and her tying a necklace of shells on the cat, or putthem upon her feet for boots. It is lucky to the gift of a cat, and luckier still to have one to you of its own motion. A gift-cat ought be taken home in a bag securely tied, so none of luck will escape.

Notwithstanding this was done in the case of a toise shell tabby, she came home over a distance fifteen miles. She took all summer to do it in. road home led through pleasant woods and never very far from a clear creek. At various between June, when she vanished from her

her old one, tabby was seen skittering through the woods with a bird in her mouth, or sunning herself luxuriously high in some safe tree crotch. The first nipping frost brought her to the familiar door, meowing, and looking up at her old master quite as though she had never left it.

"PARKING" A HORSE.

" PARKING 'a horse," said a veteran trainer "is teaching him to execute those pretty, prancing steps and caracoles that lend so much grace and spirit to a thoroughbred under the saddle. It comes natural to some horses to do all that when they are slightly checked up, and in such a case it is simply the expression of a superabundance of fire and vitality, but most of them have to be taught. When an animal is properly 'parked' a gentle pull on the rein and a touch of the knee will set him dancing in the daintiest, prettiest fashion imaginable. He seems aquiver with life and seems ready at a word to fly away like an arrow from a bow. It is a graceful and highly effective performance and will easily add ten or fifteen per cent to the value of any fancy saddle nag. There is a great difference between 'parking,' as the term is used technically, and mere fidgeting or jumping about through excess of nervousness and 'go.' Any high-strung animal hates to be pulled up, but the mincing minuet that makes a horse a perfect picture and incidentally sets off the rider to immense advantage is usually, as I said before, a matter of education.

"The training is by no means an easy job, either. It is generally supposed that horses are among the most intelligent of animals, but that isn't so. They are among the most stupid, and their brain is relatively very much smaller than that of a dog. Some simply won't learn and we have to give them up as a bad job. It would be idle to persist after a few failures. In doing tricks it is always necessary for a horse to receive a cue in the shape of a visible sign or touch. I never yet knew one that could be depended upon to obey simply a spoken command. The command is usually given, but it is for the benefit of the spectator. The private sign is what the animal really notices.

THE USEFUL TOAD.

THAT the toad is beneficial to the farmer, and particularly to the gardener, is admitted by every one who has observed its habits. Additional facts have been secured by recent observations at the Massachusetts experiment station, which show the toad's food is composed of insects and spiders, about eighty per cent of which are directly injurious to cultivated crops, or in other ways obnoxious

The toad feeds on worms, snails, sow bugs, common greenhouse pests and the many-legged worms which damage greenhouse and garden plots. It feeds to some extent on grasshoppers and crickets, and destroys large numbers of ants. It consumes a considerable number of May beetles, rose chasers, click beetles or adults of the wireworm, potato beetles and cucumber beetles. It is a prime destroyer of cutworms and armyworms.

To all agriculturists the toad renders conspicuous service, but the gardeners and greenhouse owners may make this animal of special value. Every gardener should aim to keep a colony of toads among his growing crops, and the practice of collecting and transferring them to the gardens is a commendable onc.

LITTLE CRABS IN OYSTERS.

"THE demand for that little southern delicacy, the oyster crab, is always larger than the supply, and I have all I can do to obtain the fifty or sixty gallons which are daily required for flavoring stews and making omelets in the leading hotels, restaurants and clubs of this city," said a wholesale fish dealer in New York to a Washington Star writer, "Our northern oysters do not contain the little dainties, so I am obliged to buy them from the ovster shuckers along the York, Rappahannock and other southern rivers. The Chesapeake Bay shore ovstermen send us some also.

"The little crab found in the oyster is not, as commonly supposed by two-thirds of the oyster-eathome, and November, when she reappeared at distinct species. It is a messmate of and caterer to the moral standard of those who tend them.

the wants of the oyster, being, therefore, a benefit instead of a detriment to the latter. In return for the oyster's kindness in protecting it against its enemies, the little crab catches and crushes food which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster. A singular thing in connection with them is that all found inside of the oyster are females. The male of the same variety has a hard shell.

"When I first came to this city I was a very green country boy. I had heard a good deal about Fulton market oysters, so I went there and ordered a stew. I had eaten about half of it, when I was disgusted to find what I then called a little red bug in it. I kicked up a fuss, and they had an awful time conciliating me. It took me some years to realize that I was in error in calling the titbit a

FINE SPECIMENS OF THE FRENCH VEGETABLE GROWN IN CALIFORNIA AND THE SOUTH.

A comparatively new vegetable, which is finding more and more favor in the eyes of housewives, is the burr or globe artichoke, or what is more commonly known in the shops as the French artichoke. It is a native of the countries about the Mediterranean, where it is grown extensively, and where it thrives in the open air. To a less extent it is grown in gardens in Central Europe and England. Only lately has it been introduced to this country, although in Louisiana a similar variety has been cultivated by the Creole gardeners for several years. Being sensitive to severe cold, plants require winter protection in all Northern regions.

The vegetable is a perennial, with stems three to four feet high, and large pinnatified leaves, two or three feet long. The leaves are whitish green above and cottony on the lower surface, their bases extending in wings down the stems. The flower head, the portion caten, is very large, something like that of a sunflower, but with blue florets. In the cultivated plant the base of the flower head and the bases of the enveloping scales are quite fleshy, and the ripe heads are not dissimilar in appearance to pine cones. The French artichoke has been one of the sought-after novelties among lovers of good things to cat for several seasons. At first the vegetable was received here from New York importers, who secured the offerings from French growers at a heavy expense. The cost upon reaching Kansas City was so great that dealers were obliged to ask an almost prohibitive price and few could afford the delicacy. This season, however, California growers have shipped in a few crates on special orders and the artichokes have given as good satisfaction as those imported from France. The first arrivals commanded twenty-five cents apiece, but at present they may be had for fifteen cents.

BIG SPIDER WEB.

CEYLOX is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island and places his trap-not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter-across the chasms and fissures in rocks, says Our Fellow-Creatures

The supporting guys of this gigantic net, which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length, as conditions and circumstances may require, made of a series of twisted webs, the whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or a blue-

Some extra fine skeletons of small birds, lizards, snakes, etc., have been found in those webs, with every vestige of flesh picked from them. The owner and maker of these queer silk traps is a spider with a body averaging four and one-half inches in width and six inches in length and with legs nine to twelve inches from body to terminal claw.

THE warden of the jail at Chicago is about to set the female prisoners to work cultivating roses. He believes that eventually their cultivation will raise



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois,

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO CAN'T.

In all sections of the country there are bright boys and girls who look with longing eyes toward the college, and in their dreams they imagine what they would do if they only had the chance. They are so situated that it will never come to them. But they long for an education that seems utterly beyond their reach. Now shall these people, and they are many, be debarred from becoming scholars? Not so. It is entirely within the reach of every reader to secure for himself or herself a most valuable education. It will lack the completeness of a course at school, and it will not be so well proportioned as what would be had at a college, but it is an education, and with it you may do wonders.

The start is to be made by systematic reading and study. It would be well to consult some person of undoubted qualification as an adviser, and then take hold. It takes time, not only a long time, but time out of each day, and that time must not be used for other purposes. If you find that impossible the matter might as well be abandoned. It takes time to read and study, and nothing else can be done to advantage while it is going on. An hour a day will work wonders in the long run. But it must be an hour given to study. Work and play are not to be mixed with it.

Now suppose we suggest a book, and let it be "Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico." This is a book that can be had anywhere, and in the new does not cost much, while every good second-hand bookstore has it. Now once it is in your possession, and the time set for reading, and resolutely adhered to, it would be a good thing to first ascertain what the Conquest actually was in general terms, then, after learning something about the personality of the author, read it carefully and thoughtfully. If there is anybody with whom you can talk about what you have read so much the better. Now the facts are that a Spaniard named Cortez, with about six hundred followers, set sail from Cuba over three hundred years ago and conquered a nation of ten or twelve millions, parcelled out the country to suit himself, and laid the foundations of what is now the country of Mexico. This is the Conquest, and Prescott tells the story in as interesting a manner as a novelist tells a tale. In fact it is hardly history, but rather a romance.

'After mastering the Conquest there are hundreds of thousands of other books to read and study, and life is not long enough to know even the names of them. But taking the acknowledged best the time rapidly approaches when the reader is something more and more of a scholar, and getting to be a thinker. Then there are the magazines, and they are legion, and in them is current literature of the highest order. Read all that you can buy or borrow of them.

Never say can't. Tell the truth about yourself and say that you haven't continuity of purpose, are too lazy, or anything but "can't." All wisdom lies in open palm for those who are willing to reach out for it.

ATTAINING PERFECTION.

Many a young person is heard to say that if he can not be a good Christian he is not going to be one at all. Now let us consider this situation a little. The feeling is a commendable one, in a certain sense, but it is also an impossible accomplishment. It is frequently asserted because it is not known to

the person what really is involved in a godly life. In the first place Christianity, that is, living like Christ would have us do, is one thing, and the church is another.. The church is a mighty help, in fact it is the ordained help in the matter, and it is an essential to success. Christianity has its rules of conduct, and so has the church. Nobody ever fell into the perfect accord with all of them at once: On the other hand it requires a continuance toward perfectedness. It is a school in which the learner has his rate of progress altogether within his own control, but nobody, not even the disciples, ever became full-fledged and perfected Christians over night. Belief and conviction may come in a flash, but perfection comes not in a single trial. As well might the boy say that unless he can build a good and perfect house at once he is not going to take hold of tools wherewith it is done.

Character building is a growth. It is like the building of a house. Tier on tier of brick go to make up the perfect edifice. It is a work of from day to day, and not an instantaneous creation.

Nobody ever lived who did not make mistakes of either head or heart, or both. Otherwise he would be perfect. That is impossible. Church membership is not for the perfect, or the perfected. It is a place and a condition that is an ever available help for the failures and the mistakes that we all make. It is a union of the strong and the weak that the latter may be helped by the former. And it is often the case that he who thinks he is the weaker is really the spiritual athlete. Take courage and come forth on the side of the Lord. With all your weaknesses, and your past and prospective failures, the church is the place in which to grow strong by helping to strengthen the weak.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

One often hears talk about the good old times, the days of the long ago, when everything was better than it is now, and the people were honest, and all things were in much better shape than now. The actual facts are that the so-called good old times, all put together, wouldn't make half as good a time as we are having to-day.

If we were to go back just a hundred years we would search in vain for a railroad, a thing undreamed of at that time. There was neither telegraph nor telephone, and as for an electric light, people at that time did not know what even kerosene was. They burned tallow candles, and thought it a wonderful thing when somebody invented the fat lamp. There were no steamboats or trolley cars, not even horse cars. Nobody had a common iron plow in those days, and they used a piece of timber shod with iron in its place. There was not a kitchen stove in existence, and nobody had ever heard of a match to light the fire with.

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely, and as it has been so it will be. A hundred years to come things will have changed much more than they have in the century past and gone. It will be remarkable, of course, and it is impossible to conceive what may happen. That which is deemed impossible now will be things understood and worked by children then.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Judging Others.

When we are so constituted that we are able to see into the hearts of people and know their motives, we may, possibly, be in a position to act as judge, but not before then. Are we therefore denied an opinion on the merits of a case that may come before us for consideration? Not necessarily so, but we are to be very chary of expressing it. It is only when we know that we are entitled to speak from and by authority. But the fact is that so many of us are in the habit of giving a judicial opinion on what is not testimony. How can anybody correctly judge a case on hearing but one side? It takes a wise man to render a correct verdict when he has both sides

before him. And how is it possible to render a solutely just decision when we have no facts as the motives that prevailed?

There is one thing that we should ever remember and that is that only God is all-knowing and absolutely just. We are enjoined to leave matters his hands. What are we that we should set our selves up in judgment in anything but purely he man and visible defects? Which of us can see in the heart? And there is this thing further to be member, and that is God judges us and others from the motives that control us. It is true that we have no other way of deciding than by acts, and this bring us to a full stop when we come to setting ourselve up as judges in matters it is not possible for us to know with any degree of correctness.

Therefore, when we hear that which should not be, let us be careful of expressing an opinion Swift to hear and slow to speak against should be the rule.

A DECAYING CHURCH.

A FAMOUS artist was once asked to paint a ni ture of a Decaying Church. To the astonishmen of many, instead of putting on the canvas and tottering ruin, the artist painted a stately edifice of modern grandeur. Through the open portals coul be seen the richly carved pulpit, the magnificent gan and the beautiful stained-glass windows. within the grand entrance, guarded on eithers by a "pillar of the church" in spotless apparel an glittering jewelry, was an "offering plate" of good workmanship, for the offerings of the fashional worshipers. But-and here the artist's concention of a Decaying Church was revealed-right about the "offering-plate" suspended from a nail in the wall, there hung a square box, very simply painted and bearing the legend, "Collection for Foreign Missions," but right over the slot, through which certain contributions ought to have gone, he ha painted a huge cobweb! He was right in thinking that it is a sure sign of decay when Christians coas to work for the spread of the Gospel, as an unided fied contemporary wisely observes after citing the above instance.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF.

The young man who would succeed in life me have great confidence in his own ability to achieve success. This is a foundation stone, and without his building will either never go up, or will topp. The men who have achieved results in life have men who believe in themselves, men of land hope and of optimistic views. Despair never may a victory. Confidence must always precede action. A young man can never accomplish anything in the world till he is thoroughly convinced that he can

Pessimists have never done anything exception of the stumbling-blocks in others' way. It is the charge ful, hopeful man—the man who believes the world is growing brighter and better—that is of value the world; not the man who fears failure, the world; not the man who fears failure. As a said, "The thing I feared has come upon to the very attitude or habitual condition of the world has a great deal to do with his successive the importance of taking a hopeful view things.

A BILL OF \$330,000 A DAY.

According to the last report of the Secretary War the army of the United States consistor 7.540 officers and 171,646 enlisted men. The Congress in what it supposed to be a month generosity allowed a little over \$70,000,000 for expenses, but those who knew the facts under perfectly that much more money would be quired, so we have not been very much surprise find in the Urgency Deficiency Bill of the pl Congress the somewhat respectable sum of St 949 for the support of the army. This, min is an addition to \$75,247,811 already allowed for current year. In other words, we are paying \$330,000 a day, or \$1,375 an hour, or \$229 a for our present army organization and its exp in the various parts of the world. The flatters feature in the whole case is that the politicist trying to hide the fact that we are maintain large army, and if we are to pursue our f plans the size of it may have to be increased

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

RAILROAD ENGINEERING.

WE find in the Saturday Evening Post an article on this subject, and it is so much in line with what THE INGLENOOK is doing that we reproduce a considerable part of it here for the information of our readers who are following this column. The article is written by William J. McQueen, an engineer on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Upon the subject of education for engineers a volume might be written and not exhaust the subject. To begin with, no engineer can know too much, and the more knowledge a beginner has the better it is for him. A college education is better than a grammar-school training, and a theoretical education along technical lines is better than a collegiate education without that feature. Many of the best engineers in the country are making or have made up the deficiencies in their early training by taking special courses of instruction in mechanical branches after they were already far advanced in their calling. I am now completing a course in theoretical mechanics, and if I should see any signs of a prospective change in motive power from steam to electricity I would at once fit myself to be a practical electrical engineer. That is the rade I have set my son to learn. Of course a beginner who has an education in these branches is better fitted, everything else being equal, to sucreed in the railroad business than one who has not. But this need not discourage a man, as there is always time for study, and no man is too old to learn. Theory, however, is not everything, as I have tried to show. It must be coupled with practical expenence to accomplish the best results, and this experience can only be acquired as I have acquired it and as thousands of other men have acquired it—by years of hard and patient work on the deck of a lo-

Any young man with a common school educauon, good health and habits, intelligence, industry and ambition may become a locomotive engineer, provided he is willing to faithfully serve his apprenticeship. An experienced man often earns as much as two thousand dollars a year and, as a rule, he works only half the week. This gives him an abundance of time for study, rest and social enjoyment. His income is decidedly larger than many professional men receive, his working hours are half as long and his place is his for life, unless he deliberately throws his chances away or is the victim of some unavoidable circumstance. Not only is his future secure in his own vocation, but the higher branches of the service are open to him, provided he fits himself to fill them. There are many engineers who have become master mechanics, division superintendents, superintendents of motive power, and some have gone even higher. Angus Sinclair, the author and editor, acquired the foundation of his npe knowledge while working as fireman, engineer and master mechanic. There he received the practical training which, coupled with his theoretical knowledge, has made him a world-famed authority in his special lines. Promotion depends almost wholly upon the man. Study, thorough and constant care for the interest and welfare of the road and of its patrons, industry and intelligent self-rehance are the keynotes of success. But how to begin? The usual way to become an

engineer is to secure employment as a fireman. This is done by filling out an application blank urnished by the division superintendent of motive Power. There are few shrewder judges of men than the officers who pass upon applicants for places in he operating branches of railroads. This is necesarily the case. The lives of hundreds of passensers and scores of train hands are at the mercy of the humblest employee of this service. Most of the men perform their tasks without direct supervi-Upon their fidelity, intelligence and experithe safety of the road depends. No stronger lustration can be given of the care with which besinners are chosen than the fact that less than ten per cent of the men who enter the service as firemen fail to become engineers.

The chance of securing work rests largely upon the first impression made by the applicant. If a roung man is clean in person and neat in dress, is

physically sound, writes a plain hand, shows evidences of a fair education, and if his references are acceptable, he is generally put upon the waiting list. There have been times when a young man has had to wait for months and even a year after going on the waiting list before he has been put to work, but owing to the present activity in railroad circles, the successful applicant to-day seldom waits longer than three months, and oftentimes he is successful in obtaining employment within a few weeks.

Before a fireman becomes an engineer he should be thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles of his trade. He should know the engine from tender to pilot. He should be able to run the maehine in case of an emergency quite as well as the engineer himself. Indeed he must be able to do this or he would not be fitted for promotion. If much depends on the care given by the fireman to his work, much more depends on the thoroughness of the engineer. A conscientious engineer is in the round-house long enough before he starts out, to examine thoroughly every detail of his locomotive. He must do this himself and not trust to any one else. No detail should be too small to escape his attention. It takes me from an hour to an hour and a half to do this work every day that I take my engine out, and never, in the twenty-two years of my service, have I delegated it to an assistant.

Prevention is better than cure many times over. A large percentage of railroad accidents results from a failure to minutely inspect locomotives before the trip has begun. Every minute of the engineer's time is occupied when he is once on the road. He must see that the water in the boiler is at a proper height, that he has, sufficient air to apply the brakes, that he has steam enough not only to run the engine but to keep the cars warm. He must watch every grade crossing and sound the whistle and he must be constantly on the alert for the block signals. On the Hudson River Division we have four hundred of these signals and they must be rigidly obeyed, for disobedience may mean disaster. When any part of the equipment fails to work'repairs must be made with as little detention to the service as possible, and the engineer who thoroughly understands his work is the one who succeeds in this emergency. To prevent these failures, however, he should ever be alert to detect anything wrong with the machinery the instant it oc-

The pay is fully as high, if not higher, than that paid to other classes of skilled labor. A switch engineer on the best roads gets about \$100 the month; a freight engineer from \$140 to \$150, and a passenger engineer from \$150 to \$175.

Switch engineers work ten hours the day every day in the week, with one hour for dinner.

Freight engineers work ten hours the day, the week through.

Local passenger engineers average eight hours work the day, with three Sundays off each month.

Through passenger engineers average from fourteen to sixteen hours every other day. Their working time includes the lay-off at the end of the single trip at the other end of the run.

There are other and immediate rewards offered to the conscientious and studious engineer than promotion in other departments. For instance, the railroad company shows particular favor to the bestinformed engineers, and that in itself is as gratifying as an increase in pay would be. Suppose a superintendent of motive power contemplates making a test of the efficiency of certain kinds of coal, special grades of oil, recent inventions in tools or new devices in engine construction. He details an engineer on whom he can rely to conduct the experiment. Upon the result of this engineer's test the alteration may be adopted or rejected. When a railroad plans a new train service, the run is divided between the most reliable engineers on the line, and the schedule of time is fixed in accordance with the time they make on that trial trip. The management trusts its best men, and this confidence is a remuneration to be prized as much as a pecuniary reward.

HOW THE BIBLE WAS MADE.

In our last article under this caption we told something of the conditions that existed at the time of our Savior's presence on the earth. We learned that Matthew, one of the people who knew Christ, and who was one of his most devoted followers, the world is 3,064.

wrote a book, or what would have heen called a book in those days, and his object was to rescue the name of the Master from ignominy. In the few years that had passed there was much misunderstanding, and it was to remove this, and to set matters straight that what is known to us as the Gospel of Matthew was written.

He wrote it in all probability in the language of his people, which was a form of Hebrew, that used by the people of Matthew's time. It is said that there was a copy of this gospel in Greek, and that Matthew translated it from his original. Be that as it may, let us consider how it was done. In all probability it was written on a species of papyrus, a poor quality of paper made from a plant. The pen used was a reed, and the edition limited to one original copy. No doubt but that this was copied by those who desired an edition of their own. The church would want a copy, and possibly others had a private copy of their own. Owning a book in those days meant something. In any event, when Matthew had finished his last word the first book of the New Testament was completed. We are apt to look on the earlier Christians as being better equipped for work than we are, while the facts are that not one of the churches for hundreds of years after the time of Christ was as well fixed in the matter of literature as the poorest church in the United States at present. No one had the whole Bible as we have it, and it did not exist at all for a long time after the crucifixion. Reference is had, now, to the New Testament of course.

Other churches would have copies of these books, and in time there would be quite a number of them scattered around. There were also other books written on the subject of Christianity, but they were not recognized as authoritative by the churches of that day. They were not regarded as canonical. The word canon means an established rule of measurement or authority. A book in those early days of the church might be true enough, but for some reason satisfactory to the churches was not regarded as a canon, or, in other words, it was not one of the canonical books. Matthew's book was always regarded as canonical. There were Christians who read Matthew's book, and they knew as much about the matter as he did, and their choice was to accept Matthew's account as authoritative and final. If some bright boy or girl asks how this is known we may answer in two ways, one that of the internal evidence, and the other through the so-called Fathers of the church. The Fathers of the early Christian church were men who lived somewhat later than the time of Christ and who wrote books themselves, histories as a rule, and these writers never disputed the genuineness or the canonical character of the book. It was accepted by all as what it purported being.

When Paul would found a church and went on his way to another field of labor he often wrote a letter back to the church, and this epistle would be read and cherished by the members who loved him and who were trying to carry out the mission of the Master. Thus there was a church at Ephesus, and Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians is nothing more than his letter to the church there, and it is just the same as though he had founded a church in Elgin, and thereafter wrote a letter of advice and instruction called the Epistle of Paul to Elgin. It is tolerably certain that Paul wrote more letters than are pre served and which have come down to us. But nothing is omitted in what we have. It is also a dream of scholars that there may yet turn up a fifth Gospel. The four Gospels are Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. There may be another. Who knows? In some Christian home in the buried cities of the plains destroyed by the eruption of volcanoes there may yet be hidden a fifth Gospel awaiting the hand of man to turn it to the light.

But how did all these books by these different people get together, in the shape in which we find them in the New Testament? Later we will tell that.

(To be Continued.)

WORTH KNOWING.

No fewer than 112 families of injurious insects vex farmers.

The Tartarian alphabet contains 202 letters, being the longest in the world.

The number of languages and dialects spoken in the world is 3,064.

Good Reading

ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

We sometimes hear it said that one person is as good as another, and while this is true in the abstract it is susceptible of considerable modification in fact. However we may stand before the Searcher of all hearts it is a certainty that, in this world, there is a vast difference between people. This difference is not an artificial one. It really exists. There is no place where it is more manifest than in the management of the passenger business of an ocean steamship.

In the cabin of an ocean liner is everything that money can buy or ingenuity suggest to render travel sumptuous and pleasant. The fittings of an ocean steamship are really much better and more expensive than those of the first-class hotel on land. The whole ship is lighted with electricity, the ingenuity of the cabinet maker and the upholsterer has been exhausted in providing costly and splendid surroundings, no page is left unturned to make the ship a veritable floating palace. Unfurnished a ship of the first class will cost about two millions of dollars, and the running expenses are about fifteen hundred dollars a day. They burn from five hundred to six hundred tons of coal each day they are at sea, and they can carry over twelve hundred passengers. The table fare is superior to that of the best hotels on land, and the discomfort of the trip is reduced to a minimum, being at its best, simply the exchange of a first-class hotel on land for a better one on water. Some of the best liners have libraries, restaurants, rooms for children to play in with their nurses, and they are stocked with toys and are in charge of a stewardess who does all that is possible to render the trip pleasant to the little ones. Sometimes a huge pipe organ makes music for the cabin passengers.

The suites of apartments are furnished in a style that commends itself to the most fastidious. The social life is without formality, and friendships are formed on the shortest notice, continuing throughout the voyage, and probably to be as quickly forgotten in the future. There are not the same hampering methods and formalities observed at sea that there are on land. People are thrown together unavoidably close and they make the best of it.

Down in the steerage is where the emigrant is carried and cared for. The steerage is usually between decks, and is the place patronized by the average emigrant. The reasons are that the expenses of the trip are not half as great, and for that reason the luxuries are not so numerous. In fact they are conspicuous by reason of their absence. There are several apartments for the single men, the single women, and the married couples. These are equipped with berths six and one-half feet long by two and one-half feet wide. Each passenger is furnished with a clean straw mattress, and a heavy, rough blanket. The mattress is burned in port, and the blanket is thoroughly cleansed for the next trip. Each passenger is provided with the necessary table matters, such as a heavy plate, knife, fork, etc., and these he is expected to keep clean himself. The emigrant gets three meals a day, in all probability better in quality and greater in quantity than he has ever had before, or is likely to have again for a long time after he has left the ship. As a rule the emigrant class enjoy themselves in a higher degree than the cabin passengers do.

The cabin passengers are either on business, or pleasure bound, and they take matters quietly and coolly. The steerage people are coming over as a life change, and it is a much more serious matter with them. But they get the most possible out of it, and as there is a considerable degree of musical ability always present with these people, especially with the Italians and the Germans, there is considerable music and dancing. Many a match has been fixed up between couples who walked aboard the vessel entire strangers, and walked off together at the end of the week's voyage engaged to be married. They had a community of interests, an enforce companionship on the voyage, and the result is but natural.

Very often seasickness characterizes the voyage, very seldom, indeed, failing to get in its work, and then there is a sorry lot in the steerage. Nobody who has not had the experience knows the deathly, don't care feeling, that this ailment induces. A

woman sat on a seat, the picture of misery, limp as a rag, and on her lap reposed the head of a man deathly sick. A sympathetic fellow passenger asked her whether her husband was very sick. "Husband," the woman said, "I never saw the man before."

A sea voyage used to be considered a great thing, but it has become so common now that it is not a matter of more interest that a man has been in Europe than that he has been to California and back. Take it all around there is really less danger and more comfort on a sea voyage than there is on land for the same length of time.

HOUSEHOLD HABITS OF THE TRANSVAAL LEADER'S SPOUSE.

WALTER BROWNE, writing in Leslie's Weekly of Oom Paul's wife, says:

"On occasions when Mrs. Kruger has guests she wears her very best Sunday gown. She puts it on just before she announces 'Dinner is served.' She does this at the last moment, because before that she has been adding pinches of salt to the stew and last dustings of pepper to the soup. Then one of her daughters remains in the kitchen, while the first lady of the Transvaal, just as the scorching African sun is going to rest, takes a second or two to wash off and don her single holiday gown.

"When she appears in time for dinner her smiling face is rosy with its recent scrubbing. Over her best gown is a clean, large, white apron and she looks as prim as need be.

"For there is a touch of vanity in Tante Kruger. She always tidies up a bit for visitors. She is not in the least handsome, but she has wide open black eyes, a frank and kindly face and a wonderfully fresh complexion for one of her years.

"Oom Paul's little household is astir every morning at 5 o'clock. It is a little household now, for out of the sixteen children which, between washing, cleaning and sewing the model housewife, has brought into the world, only seven are still living. These seven are already married and comfortably settled in and around Pretoria, where their father and mother live. She has had in the field thirty-three grandsons, two of whom have been killed; four sons, six sons-in-law and numerous other relatives.

"What serves for the Krugers' official home is a little two-story cottage. In the parlor is a nice, neat set of black horse-hair furniture, which Tante has made do ever since she became Oom Paul's wife. There are two much-cherished and spotlessly white marble topped tables which came with it. The halls and walls of the little cottage are scrupulously clean. Once every year, when the hottest weather is over, they are whitewashed from top to bottom."

AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our western cities, says an exchange. It was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for traveling and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward asked sympathetically:

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?"

The lad looked up brightly and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.

· YOUR CHANCES AND LINCOLN'S.

Now, is there an American boy, between Maine and California, who has not advantages equal to those of Abraham Lincoln? His parents were poor, ignorant and obscure. His early home was a hovel with a dirt floor and a leaky roof. His companions were no more favored than he. His schools were the crudest known in his time. From boy-

hood his days were spent in hard work. His study, ing was done by night, and his thinking by day while his hands were busy. What was there in his early surroundings that furnished food for his ambitions? What made him hope and strive for some thing better? He hardly knew there was anything better. What was there in himself or in his surroundings that gave a hint of the marvelons career of the man?

Lincoln, as a boy, was always honest, truthful, and loyal to his employer. The very fibre of the man, through and through, was sincere. One of the first things that drew the attention of people to Lincoln as a boy was the fact that he could be trusted. As he grew in years the friends he made found that he could be trusted, and gradually he was advanced to larger and larger responsibilities. He lacked polish and the culture of the schools, but his simple, direct, always-to-be-relied-on honesty his sterling character made him a trusted leader in the most momentous crisis of his country's history

THE name cowbird points to its intimate association with our domestic cattle, the birds and the cattle apparently deriving advantages from the association. Coues describes its habits of accompany. ing trains entirely across the western plains, going into camp at night with the animals, perching and foraging upon their backs, apparently feeding upon the flies and other vermin which infested them This habit could hardly be acquired after the introduction of our domestic animals. It was evidently acquired while wandering herds of buffalo, deer and similar animals afforded the only opportunity for such associations, and established such vaguar tramp habits as were incompatible with domestic and parental duties. If, like honest birds, they up dertook to build nests and establish homes, the would be carried far away from them, their ego must be dropped far from their nests, and the inco bation of the eggs and the proper care of the your rendered impossible. Thus the nesting instinct and tramp habits would be in constant antagonism birds far from home would occasionally simply de posit their eggs in the nests of other birds, and, " evil communications corrupt good manners," the vicious habits of the tramp would become in the end dominant, and the birds that abandoned all & tempt to discharge parental duties would alone sur vive.

SITTING at our desk Monday afternoon we observed a black dog with very long, pendant ears and long silky hair start to come across the street, a couple of rods cast of our office. When he had reached a point about one-third the distance across he found the mud becoming too soft and deep for comfortable navigation. He stopped, looked ahed a moment at the sea of mud before him, the turned and went back to the sidewalk. He the trotted west till he reached the paved street, directly opposite our office, then came across dry shot and clean, and trotted back east to his home.

What different would a man have done? But would ascribe the man's action to reason. We not give the dog the same credit?

Fact is we have met lots of men whose thinker were not half as good as a dog's.

Besides being the most prominent negro into country and one of the foremost educators of day Booker T. Washington is a capital story-tell. One of his yarns concerns a member of the "powhite trash," who endeavored to cross a stream means of a ferry owned by a black man. "Town Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross. It hain't got no money." Uncle Mose scratched head. "Doan' you got no money 't all?" haven't a cent." "But it done cost you but haven't a cent." "But it done cost you but haven't a cent." "But it done cost you but haven't a cent." "Uncle Mose, "ter cross de fent "I know," said the white man, "but I haven't "I know," said the white man, "but I haven't "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. "From what's got no three cents am jes' ex well off or side er de river as on de other."

Whenever money is the principal object of with either man or nation it is both got ill and specifill, and does harm both in the getting and specific but when it is not the principal object it and all of the er things will be well got and well spent.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS -W. B. Slover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belleloslaine, Ohio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, North Manchester, Ind., loslaine, Ohio, Secretary and Vice-President; Mrs. Lizzie O, Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Teasurer. Circle Covington, Ohio.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SISTER O. S. PRATT, from Outlook, Washington, says, "I have been reading about your Circle, and think it a movement in the right direction. We ought to read it more than we do. I will be pleased to have two young sisters read these books, therefore I send their names and membership fee for

Bro. W. M. Steele, our Secretary at Yellow Creek, Pa, is at work. He sends in six names for the Cir-

Sister Eda Senger, of Franklin Grove, Ill., who is an Secretary at that place, says, "I enclose one promise eard; I'm sorry that I do not have more names to send. Our Circle members here are making progress in their reading."

Sister Lovenia S. Andes, our Secretary at Lancaster City, Pa., writes the following, "I take pleasure in sending you the promise cards of seven new members of our Circle. We now number ten members here in Lancaster. The members are taking it up slowly, but it requires only a little time and patience on my part, as a good work usually requires some time and effort. I am sure that all who take up the Missionary Course will not regret having done so, as the books are so interesting, instructive and elevating. I hope that every member of the Circle will make an honest effort to get others to join, so that our number may be greatly increased by the close of this century."

We heartily welcome every one of these new members into the Circle, and we hope that each one will induce another one to join, so that we may steadily increase in numbers.

1266, Lily B. Shearer, Outlook, Yakima Co., Wash.
1267, Lulu B. Berry, Outlook, Yakima Co., Wash.
1268, Nettie Steele,
1269, Etta Burkett, Yellow Creek, Pa.
1270, Calvin Steele, Yellow Creek, Pa.
1271, W. M. Steele, Yellow Creek, Pa.
1272, Ocy Steele,
1273. J. R. Burkett, Yellow Creek, Pa.
1274. Mary L. George,
1275. Annie Felker, West Lemon St., Lancaster, Pa.
1276, Fannie Evans, 419 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.
1257. Minnie Shaffner,Lancaster, Pa.
1278, Sadie K. Imler,Lancaster, Pa.
1270, F. H. Imler, Lancaster, Pa.
1280, J. W. Myer, Lancaster, Pa.
1281, Mary M. Myer, Lancaster, Pa.

NEW GUINEA.

Some one has called this "the darkest island in the world." There is only a narrow fringe of mission stations along the coast, so the natives are heathens. And James Chalmers says, "They are telling us that we have to take civilization first, and then Christianity. I have been twenty-eight years among the natives, nine of them spent among the wildest savages of the South Pacific, and I have never yet seen civilization civilize a man."

Grains of gold were found in the sand of all the iwers of New Guinea, as well as

"Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand."

The landscapes, abounding in luxuriant vegetation, were adorned with the feathery fronds of the stately palm, and walls of green mangrove forests. There were countless numbers of parrots, cockations, the bird of paradise and pigeons, all remarkable for their gorgeous plumage.

In marriage, woman takes the initiative, and when she sends for the man and a "love marriage" ollows, no trouble is given to the authorities. Women esteem it a privilege to do hard work. They would look with scorn upon one who would embroider a doily, or make some delicate lace.

They all believe in the deathlessness of the soul and they love the story of the resurrection, often saying "This, indeed, is what we need."

The removal of a cataract from the eye requires skillful oculist, and is a delicate operation that remove a small particle from the eye of another must be sure that he himself has perfect vision, or great jury will result.

♣ Sunday A School ♣

GENUINENESS OF OUR INSPIRED BOOKS.

THE Christian may rest in perfect assurance, and on evidence of the highest and most incontestable character, that the books of the Bible, which claim to be the inspired revelation of God to man, are the genuine writings of the men whose names they bear. No ancient writings have one-quarter of the proof which the manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures can claim. The writings, for instance, of Herodotus have been found in less than twenty manuscript copies in various ancient libraries, evidently about eight hundred years old; and yet scholars accept without question their genuineness. But we find no less than six hundred manuscript copies of the Greek New Testament, some of them more than sixteen hundred years old; and more than twice as many of the Hebrew Scriptures-nearly two thousand in all-and these not eight hundred years old. These have not been found in one place, or under circumstances which could render it possible for them to have been designedly copied from each other, but some of them are from the Vatican, some from Alexandria, some from Mount Sinai, some from Syria. Some of these were written in the tenth century, some in the ninth, some in the eighth, some as early as the third and fourth, and some of the Hebrew copies are evidently older than the Christian era.

All these manuscripts substantially agree, although they have never met before, and it is manifest that they must have been copied from a still more ancient volume. We find also numerous editions of the same old volume in various languages. From Russia comes a Slavonic version 1,000 years old. From Egypt comes a Coptic version 1,200 years old. From Ethiopia comes an Ethiopic version 1,300 years old. From Persia comes an Armenian version over 1,000 years old. From Italy comes the Latin or Vulgate version, 1,400 years old. From Africa comes the Hexapla of Origen, 1,500 years old. From Syria comes the Peshito, or Syriac version, 1,800 years old. From Rabbinical libraries there came the Targums, or Paraphrases of the Bible, still older. From Alexandria comes the old Septuagint or Greek version of the Old Testament, 285 years older than the Christian era.

All these manuscripts substantially agree. The first volume contains the same thirty-nine books written by the same twenty-nine authors, whose lives covered a period of 1,000 years. The second volume contains the same twenty-seven books, written by the same ten men. The variations between the different copies are so slight as not to affect any essential fact or doctrine. Where in all literature is there a parallel to such a volume? Who can doubt that these ancient writings are what they claim to be, the veritable writings of Moses and David, Isaiah and Ezra, Paul and John, Matthew and Peter?

God does the best for us even while we sleep; and we should not be impatient if results are not obtained as soon as we would like, but knowing that God will give the increase we must

"Learn to labor and to wait."

THE seed will not grow if it is kept in the granary, neither will the Word of God grow and multiply if it is kept out of the heart; but if planted in the heart it will, all unseen and silently, grow and bring forth fruit.

LEARN the wisdom and the duty of sowing the seed, and faithfully looking after the field in which it is planted, that nothing occur to check its growth, and of patiently waiting for the full fruit of your labor.

Parnon is ready, peace is ready, comfort is ready, the church is ready, angels are ready, living water is ready, bread of life is ready, heaven is ready for all who will accept the gracious invitation.

"When you see a man with a great deal of religtion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it that he keeps a small stock of it within."— Spurgeon.

MEN are not only invited but urged to come to Christ; for the Gospel presents great blessings and uses strong persuasives to induce an acceptance.

For * the * Wee * Folk

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother, she's so good to me. Ef I was good as I could be, I couldn't be as good. No, sir; Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad, She loves me when I'm good or bad, An', what's the funniest thing, she says She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me. That don't hurt, but it hurts to see Her cry. Nen I cry, an' nen We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews My little coat and Sunday clothes. An' when my parcomes home to tea She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said, An' grabs me up au' pats my head. An' I hug her an' hug my pa An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

THE LIFE STORY OF A GRIZZLY.

HE was born over a score of years ago, away up in the wildest part of the wild West, on the head of the Little Piney, above where the Palette Ranch is now.

His mother was just an ordinary Silver-tip, loving the quiet life that all bears prefer, minding her own business and doing her duty by her family, asking no favors of any one, excepting to let her alone.

It was July before she took her remarkable family down the Little Piney to the Graybull, and showed them what strawberries were, and where to find them.

Notwithstanding their Mother's deep conviction, the cubs were not remarkably big or bright; yet they were a remarkable family, for there were four of them, and it is not often a Grizzly Mother can boast of more than two.

The woolly-coated little creatures were having a fine time, and reveled in the lovely mountain summer and the abundance of good things. Their Mother turned over each log and flat stone they came to, and the moment it was lifted they all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs to lick up the ants and grubs there hidden.

It never once occurred to them that Mammy's strength might fail sometime, and let the great rock drop just as they got under it; nor would any one have thought so that might have chanced to see that huge arm and that shoulder sliding about under the great yellow robe she wore. No, no; that arm could never fail. The little ones were quite right. So they hustled and tumbled one another at each fresh log in their haste to be first, and squealed little squeals, and growled little growls, as if each was a pig, a pup, and a kitten all rolled into one.

They were well acquainted with the common little brown ants that harbor under logs in the uplands, but now they came for the first time on one of the hills of the great, fat, luscious Wood-ant, and they all crowded around to lick up those that ran out. But they soon found that they were licking up more cactus-prickles and sand than ants, till their Mother said in Grizzly, "Let me show you how."

She knocked off the top of the hill, then laid her great paw flat on it for a few moments, and as the angry ants swarmed on to it she licked them up with one lick, and got a good rich mouthful to crunch, without a grain of sand or a cactus-stinger in it. The cubs soon learned. Each put up both his little brown paws, so that there was a ring of paws all around the ant hill, and there they sat, like children playing "hands," and each licked first the right and then the left paw, or one cuffed his brother's ear for licking a paw that was not his own, till the ant hill was cleared out and they were ready for a change.

JUNIOR PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, help us to remember that thou seest us at all times, and that even our thoughts are known to thee. Grant, therefore, that we may always strive to please thee, and to be thy faithful servants at all times. For Jesus' sake.

THE MANUFACTURE OF TOY BALLOONS.

The bulk of the toy balloons seen in this country are imported. Americans have proved successful manufacturers of India rubber tires and belts, of blankets, druggist's goods and the more important articles of the trade, and yet all efforts to make the toy balloon profitably have failed. The records of the capital and business ambition that from time to time has been culisted in the crusade are numerous, but to-day only individual makers working on a small scale are to be found, and one factory is just getting on its feet and supplying a limited quanti-

"It's ticklish business making these balloons, a risk both to the health and the pocket," said the head of a company that makes the greater portion of the rubber dolls, balls, baby rattles and durable playthings scattered broadcast over the country.

"The extreme thinness and flexibility of the balloon is the trouble. To get the sheet rubber into that condition and yet preserve its strength requires skill unlike that in any other branch of the rubber industry unless it be the coating of waterproof cloths. The fumes and resolvents used in the process are injurious to the workmen. Then the dyes, the brilliant purples, yellows and greens have to be applied, and to persons of certain constitution work at the trade is suicide. Even the superintendents who do not come in constant or immediate contact with the rubber have been known to fail in health. And chemists are now occupied with experiments in their private laboratories, looking to the possible simplifying of the process or the rendering it less unwholesome.

"The charm of the balloons is their transparency, and unless they are as delicate as a bubble, they will not eatch and hold the light or be buoyant. The squawkers and funny faced toys made to blow up and sing are constructed like the balloon, but made of thicker texture. All are troublesome to make, and for awhile yet their manufacture will be confined to those countries where labor is cheap."

"There's money in toy balloons, but I wouldn't touch them if somebody gave me a factory," said a dealer in leeches and essences, who imports the balloons as a side issue. "These from Paris are the hest made. The factories are well beyond the barriers of the city, and every solitary man and boy in the rubber rooms has to show a doctor's certificate at stated intervals testifying that he is sound in health from head to toe. Even a defective tooth would endanger his safety, and yet those fellows work for much less pay than skilled labor of the same sort would command here.

"There is a regular colony of India rubber workers. The knowledge of the trade is handed down from father to son, or from uncle to nephew; the mere mechanical work after it is cut and shaped is taken home piecemeal to be done by the wives and children. Little tots seven and eight years old fasten in the wooden mouthpieces and tie in the handles to the balloons, and the shaping, whittling, and painting of these wooden handles is also a home industry. There are no laws preventing the little folks working in France, as in this country, besides the work is done at home under the mother's supervision. The work of an entire family will not amount in wages to more than three or four francs a day, but the peasant workers do not look for large gains. They are not as restlessly ambitious as the Americans, and as long as they can have their simple wants supplied for that money they are content. The workmen in the rubber rooms are familiar with the risk they run. They take care and use precautions against inoculation. When a comrade sickens and dies they take it as a matter of course, and they are in themselves a stolid example of the survival of the fittest.

UNCLE JOHN EXPLAINS TO BOB.

UNCLE JOHN was going to town in the big wagon, and Bob was going along. Now Bob was a good boy and he liked to be around with his Uncle John, who never failed to talk to him about things he wanted to know, and he did it in such a clear way that he always made himself understood. Now it so happened that not long before a man had asked Bob how the Brethren church was organized, and he didn't know what to tell him. So he made up his mind that, after they got started, he would ask, so

that if he was ever called on he could tell all about

"Uncle John, I would like to ask you a question." "All right, Bobbie," said the good-natured Un-

cle John, "go ahead." "I wish you would tell me how the Brethren

church is organized."

"Why, that is a pretty big question, or rather it will take a pretty big answer, but I'll try. What is it you want to know about it? "

"Why, just what I said. How is our church organized? What are its forms of government?"

"Well, in the first place there is the local church. You know what I mean?"

Bob said that he did, and had in mind the local church at home.

" Now suppose that there was a church in Elgin, where the INGLENOOR comes from, and that when they were all together, once or twice a year, they numbered, say two hundred and fifty. But about a hundred of them lived at a town ten miles away and in course of time that side church had built a house and had a local elder, and the usual equipment of deacons, etc., and on consultation with the Elgin church decided to set up in business, so to speak, for itself, on account of not having to go so far to the love feast and the general councils. If it was satisfactory it could be declared a separate organization. This would leave two churches where there had been only one before. Each might have several little side places of meeting, and these little places would be under the watch care of the nearest church where they had an elder. There now, you have two churches.'

"I see," said Bob, "then the organized church with an elder in charge, is the unit of general organization, is it?"

"Yes, that's right. Now then it is advisable for a number of the churches nearest to each other to form what is called a District. Questions come up sometimes in the individual churches about which they may want some advice, and then when the District' Meeting takes place, which is once a year, the questions, queries they are called, come up there for discussion. These Districts are arranged with reference to the geographical distribution of the churches composing them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do," said Bob, "there is a lot of churches combine in order to help each other in the decision of matters affecting the faith or the workings

of the body at large."

"That's right, and this second division is called a State District, and when they meet it is called a District Meeting. The time of that meeting is set, and before it the local churches of the District hold their councils and elect delegates, two of them if they want to, and these delegates take up the queries to their State District Meeting. Sometimes there isn't any and that is the better way."

"Why?" asked Bob.

"Because it shows that they are getting along all right and have no differences to settle. If there is a query it is talked over at the District Meeting, and decided there or sent back, if it is not of general interest."

"But what do they do if they can't settle it at the District Meeting?"

"Well, once a year there is a Big Meeting, as it used to be called, or the Annual Meeting or General Conference, and there are delegates sent up to this from the churches at large and from all the District Meetings, and what the District Meetings want the minds of the others about comes up at the Annual Meeting and is there decided one way or the other. And that settles it, as a rule. As a general thing a whole lot of people go to the Annual Meeting, though really but a comparative few take

actual part in it. All are interested, for what h done there affects every member."

"Then the church's organization is, first, the cal church, then the combination of the nearest of them into State Districts, and the General Confer ence of the whole body. But it seems to me that there is a better way -"

"See here, Bobbie. How old are you?"

"Why, I am just past sixteen. Why do you

"Oh nothing, only that before you get to dis cussing a better plan of church government you should have a beard. Suppose that you tarry a Jericho awhile before you give advice. See?"

Bob didn't understand the last question, and he didn't ask any further questions. He had learned all he started out to know,-how the Brethren church is organized, and he is ready for the new stranger that asks him. But he is puzzled about the Jericho reference.

Advertising Column.

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CHICAGO, III

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JUNE 9, 1900.

No. 23.

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY."

THE seasons come, the seasons go,
The crocus dies, the roses blow;
The quiet, sunny summer noon
To winter's cold shall change full soon.
Say not "Alas!"
For all things pass.

This day thy feet may firmly tread Where they who loved thee once lie dead; The child who clings to thy strong hand To-morrow in thy place shall stand.

Say not "Alas!" For thou must pass.

But when the phantom, Death, draws near, Breathe thou no sigh and shed no tear; Look upward with unfailing trust To him who knoweth thou art dust.

Say not "Alas!"

For Death shall pass.

THE OLD-FASHIONEO SPELLING SCHOOL.

When the Inglenook man was younger, away back, he taught school. There was nothing out of the ordinary in that. Lots of people still teach school. But we had spelling schools in those days, and they have about gone out of date. And what we did and how we did it is pretty nearly a lost art. As a rule it was on Thursday nights that we had our spellings. Now many of our older people know all about them, but some of the younger ones know nothing about the old-time spelling school. So we will hunt around in the lumber room of our memory and call up some of the good old days, or rather the nights, for nobody ever heard of a spelling being held in daytime. Of course it could be held in daylight, but it wouldn't be orthodox.

The schoolhouse stood on the edge of an interminable woods. The nearest house was a good dissance away, and if the night was clear and the moon shining, and the roads not too bad, there was a crowd. If there was good sleighing there would be jam. The house had been swept, and the "candlesticks" were a lot of blocks of wood in the center of which a tallow dip was set in an auger hole. It was not desired that there should be any very brilliant ght. What went on sub-rosa, or rather, sub-desk, acceded little light. When the crowd had all gathred the teacher announced that the performances were about to begin. He was a slender youth, with brown curly hair, and a fuzz of a mustache that was s black as villainous dye could make it. Christaore's hair dye, I think it was called. It was partly necessity, otherwise that love of a mustache could not have been seen at all, at least not after dark. He had a copy of the old United States Speller in his hand, and after invoking order with several open and numerous implied threats of what would happen there was any disorder, two persons were named

These two took their places in the corners of the coom, and the choosing began. Turn about, one ter another, was chosen, and as the name was called they would go out and stand up beside the aptains. The first one always chose the best spell-trand in my school that was a man, named Lew Rankin. He was a long, gangling, peak-nosed man of about thirty, and about all the good he was on carth consisted in the fact that he could spell every to be chosen. Then came the others till at the last, beted, the poorest were called out. Nobody ever then, after all were out, the teacher took

the book, and at it we went. The rule was to give out a word on one side, and then turn to the other side. Whoever missed sat down and the rest of the class edged up and filled the vacancy. At first, for about the first round, the simplest words were pronounced,-baker, maker, taker, etc. Then longer ones were given out, and then harder ones. In the back of that old speller was a string of really hard words, and when we got into that people held their breath and Lew Rankin shone out in his glory. Nine times out of ten he was the last one on his feet and his side won, of course, and it would likely have been the case that he would have been the master speller of the countryside, had not the "professor" once played a trick on him. A new speller had come into the teacher's possession, and it was one entirely new, one that not even Lew Rankin had ever heard of. In the back part of the book was a list of words that were out of the ordinary. Now in order to fully understand the duplicity and wickedness of the teacher it should be remembered that there was a girl, we will call her Katie, who was not a very good speller, but she liked the teacher, and hesitated not to show it, either. And the teacher liked Katie. Well, on one of the moonlit trips over the hill to see Katie the new speller was produced, and with two heads pretty close together a review of the hard words was made. It was said by Katie that she didn't believe that even Lew Rankin could spell a certain one. Then it was all set up by the conspirators. The very next night was Thursday's spelling school, and it was so arranged that at the last, after nearly all the rest had been spelled down that word was to be sprung on Lew and it was also so fixed that Katie would get it.

"Sil-hoo-et," the teacher announced to Rankin. "Wot?" said he. "Sil-hoo-et." "What wuz it?" "Sil-hoo-et, a profile portrait in black." As expected Lew had never heard of the word. The crowd held its breath, the house was perfectly quiet, and Lew was distinctly disturbed. Katie, opposite, was blinking first at Lew, then at the teacher, standing on one foot, then on the other, flushed and expectant. Lew began Sill-hoo- "Next" shouted the teacher, and Katie rung out at the top of her voice "Silhouette." Rankin slumped down in the nearest seat, with a distinctly bellicose shake of his head, and recess was announced. At recess there was a good deal of confusion. Then it was settled about going home with each other, and after a good long intermission the whole routine was gone over again, and about half past nine we dismissed, put ont the lights, and for a quarter of an hour one could hear the calls over the hills, as the crowd wended homeward. It was a healthy, primitive lot, with no bad thoughts and no evil hearts or deeds. But Katie had to tell her big brother about the case, and he blabbed it to his girl, who published it in the neighborhood, and Lew Rankin expressed his intention of disfiguring somebody when he had a good chance. But it never came. He went to war and was killed, and Katie married a butcher, and died, and oh, for a repetition of the old times when all the skies were blue and all fields green.

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN IT?

GRIGGS was the head bookkeeper at the factory. Under him were half a dozen assistants, and they naturally came to know him pretty well. He was a very positive man, and a good deal of a pessimist. One of his notions was that when a certain disaster took place it was followed in a short time by two

others in quick succession. So when he read that a man was run down in the vicinity of Chicago he told the office people that in a short time two others would meet a similar fate. Pressed to locate the mishaps, all he could say was that it would be somewhere near the first happening.

"You see, it is this way," he said, and he went on to explain, "There is some unknown law that governs these things, and it is especially applicable to evils."

"Then it does not happen in the case of good luck?" the junior accountant asked. "Not so apt to. It always is repeated three times in the case of a serious mishap. It usually comes so soon afterwards as to cause remark about the apparent coincidence. It is not accidental, however; it is the result of a positive and fixed law."

"Then," continued the assistant, "you are sure that there will be two other people run down and killed in a few days?"

"That's just it," said Griggs, "you can depend on it."

The next morning Griggs read in the daily that came to the office of a man being killed on the track again, and he called the attention of his audience to it. He took it as a matter of course, and he asserted that he was as sure as he lived that another day or two would complete the trio. The very next day he was compelled by stress of business to leave for Chicago. He enjoined the office people to save the several issues of the daily that came to the factory. He wanted to verify to his companions the truth of his theory.

"The trouble the old man will be in if there is not somebody killed pretty soon is a dreadful thing. He will not know what to do with his 'law' if it has its exceptions, a thing he does not allow."

"Well," said the other, "in case it does happen it will not prove anything except that Griggs is a successful bluffer."

Griggs was to have returned the next day, but heing delayed, telegraphed that he would not return till the day thereafter. "He is waiting for his third dead man," said the office boy, who had been an interested listener to what had been said by the men on the law of accidents. The next morning the damp daily was thrown in at the office door, and after reading it carelessly for five minutes the office was startled by an exclamation, "Listen, all of you." he said:

"Englewood.—Yesterday early in the evening the neighborhood of the C. C. & O. Ry. crossing was shocked to learn of the instant killing of a man by the lightning express. No details have been received, other than that the body of the unfortunate was horribly mangled, and from papers in his possession it was learned that his name was Chas. H. Griggs.

So it was settled that the law held, in that instance, at least.

A MAN saw for the first time a schoolgirl go through her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and compassion for some time, he asked a boy if she had fits. "No," replied the boy, "them's gymnastics." "Ah, how sad!" said the man. "How long's she had 'em?"

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Correspondence

HUNTING THE LABRADOR SEAL.

Our in the north Atlantic, around a monster ice floe like a great circular table, fifteen Newfoundland scaling steamers have been the last fortnight or more enjoying a gory feast like nothing else in this world. Their crews have been engaged in a hunt which shows up to date a total of 286,000 seals as their combined "bag." It is really a battue, a slaughter, rather than a hunt, and this analysis of it is confirmed by a glance at the 5,000 men who take part in it when they return to port after the round-

up of the game is completed.

The seal fishery is not nearly so well known as that of Bering Sea, chiefly because it is left to the undisputed control of the Newfoundlanders, and there is therefore no international side to it and no disputes, arbitration tribunals and warships as guards. The Bering Sea seal is valued for its fur and is killed in rookeries along the shore. The Labrador seal is hunted for its skin and fat on the ice floes which pass along this coast in spring. This seal lives about the Grand Banks in January and moves north then to meet the ice, on which it breeds. About March 1 the female brings forth her young; never more than one "pup." Being covered with hair, they are called "white coats." Their skin, prepared and stuffed, forms an attractive ornament in almost every Newfoundland house. The mothers fish to feed them, and each returns to its own pup, though there may be hundreds of thousands of young seals on the same ice. The white fur turns brown after about a month, when the young seals take to the water. It is only by repeated efforts they learn to swim.

They are in their prime about March 15. They increase in weight by about six pounds every day. Then they are near the northern part of this island, and on March 10 our sealers start to hunt them. The fishery is carried on by a fleet of twenty steamers, fifteen of which grapple with the northern floes and the herds thereon, while the remaining five pursue a minor herd which enters the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the Straits of Belle Isle, the general conduct of the industry being the same in both cases. The ships are stanch, built expressly for the work, their sides being planked with greenheart or ironwood and their bows well protected with heavy iron bands. No ships affoat encounter such dangers, and the manner in which these have withstood the stress of storm and floe is best testified to by the fact that the Thetis, Bear, Proteus, Neptune, Falcon, Kite, Hope and Diana have in their turn conveyed Greely and Peary to and from the arctic regions with the American expeditions which these explorers led.

The fishery is most exciting. Its perils are many, but its prizes are great. Success for the men means many dollars; for the shippers, social prominence and a small fortune; for the owners, a rich harvest. The demand for herths is very great. It is not unusual for men to walk So or 100 miles looking for one. Consequently the captains can choose the best, and no man in the world ever had a finer, more stalwart body of men than the 5,000 seal hunters who start from this port every spring.

The food, too, is none of the daintiest. Hardtack, pork, butter and tea are the staples, with occasionally "duff," a mixture of flour, water and pork lat. Usually the older and more experienced men provide themselves with delicacies, such as coffee; higher-grade tea, sugar, etc. If the ship gets among the seals the men cook the hearts, kidneys, flippers, and fare sumptuously. When traveling about the ice they frequently fall through holes and get wet. They take off and wring the dripping garments, then don them again and trust to the natural heat of the body to dry them.

Before leaving for the fishery each captain, watches the weather, for his is a difficult task. He has a wide ocean before him, with an immense body of seals somewhere on it, and an error of judgment may cause him to miss them, or he may run into a floe and a cold "snap" coming on he frozen up for the whole season. If he is fortunate enough to strike the "patch," as the body of seals is called, he is well repaid. The intensest excitement prevails on board at such a time. The men are divided into watches, and the ship, being forced as near the seals as possible, the men clamber on to the ice. thing and all the priests were willing that he should

Each carries a long rope and a staff or club called a "bat." This is used to kill the seal, a blow on the nose giving it the quictus. As soon as he kills the seal the hunter "sculps" it. The seal is turned on its back, a cut is made from head to tail and the carcass is separated from the fatty mass with a few more cuts and discarded. The skin and fat, termed the " pelt," weigh about fifty pounds.

The hunter then cuts two or three holes in the pelt and "reeves" his hauling rope through them. Then he kills four or five more seals, treats them the same way, till the whole resemble an overgrown sausage, and then starts to drag the mass over the ice to the steamer. If the ice is open he jumps from one piece to another, and when a channel is too broad he pushes his "tow" into the water, and, using it to step on, skips across. The men are very expert in this, but to avoid risks they usually go in pairs. If the ice be sufficiently open for the ship to steam through the "pelts" are heaped together, one of the ship's flags is stuck on top and the vessel steams along and takes them aboard.

Two or three days suffice to kill enough seals to load a steamer. The ice fields are now covered with crimson patches, gory carcasses are everywhere, grimy, blood-covered men are dragging their "tows" alongside, coal is being thrown overboard, for each steamer is filled with coal, so that if she fails to strike the "patch" she may be able to cruise about; and seal fat being more valuable than coal, the latter is got rid of. Pelts are hauled aboard and thrown into the pounds in the hold, the bustle and excitement are intense and all are working their best, to fill the ship and get home as soon as possible. And filled she is, even the decks being covered with pelts to the height of the bulwarks, and then the flags are hoisted, hearty cheers are given and the vessel sails for home, so deeply laden that it seems wonderful it can ever reach land. In port the skins are salted and exported to England, where they are used for boots, shoes and gloves. The fat is converted into oil, which is also sent to England, where it is used in lighthouses, as a lubricant and for soaps.

FROM INDIA.

THE following are folklore stories told in India. The first is by Wilbur Stover, of Bulsar, India, and the other is contributed to Inglenook by a native, Balubhia J. Pandya, of the same place. They are interesting because they show the turn of the Indian mind for stories.

PORTUGUESE IN INDIA.

There are not a few Portuguese in India, descendants of those who settled here about two hundred years ago. Some of them speak English quite well, and others speak quite brokenly. They have European customs, are usually very dark complexioned, and are practically all Roman Catholics.

Many of these Portuguese are cooks by profession. It was in a Catholic parsonage near by a Catholic church that the head priest, or "father," had given the order to his cook to kill a pig for breakfast, and then had gone to conduct the early morning mass. After a while the cook came in to inquire how the "father" would have the pig served. None of the priests present would presume to say. The father was at the mass. The priests said among themselves, "We might have it roasted, but if father wished it otherwise, then what?" One said, "I simply will not assume any responsibility in such an important matter." Another said, "And I will not." And another said, "Nor yet will 1." Then as they were about to take a fresh supply of tobacco all round, one called attention to the beautiful color of his meerschaum pipe, but the cook cut short all discussion as to the beauty or merits of their different pipes, by insisting that he would not prepare breakfast without definite orders. "For," he said, "the holy father will get more angry at me if I get it without an order than he would at you if you gave the order." And all agreed that " father ' wouldn't make it pleasant for any of them if breakfast were not ready by the time mass was concluded.

Sympathy for the cook increased. Presently one priest younger than the rest struck a happy thought as he said, "I say, De Souza, put on this my black cloak and go in and ask the father what he wishes. You will not be observed." De Souza was the cook's name. He was willing to try almost any-

The father was intoning his Te Dens Volume with the long-drawn accent on bis, Do, do do do do, si la si do. De Souza, "the priest," walked abo the altar, among the long candles, crosses, and als fixtures, having entered by the side door for priest When the opportunity came, he faced the fating and as if responding to the Te Deum, said, "What will—you—have, for—breakfast?" with the Jose drawn accent on "break."

It was as if a part of the performance. The z. dience thought it was Latin and did not expect, understand it. The father appreciated the situaling and in like manner responded at once, "Make. stew, curry—and—rice, and—hoil—the—rest," will especially long-drawn accent on "boil." Do-si la. The cook crossed himself and made genufie tions which he had become familiar with, having seen it done so often while he stood on his knees the congregation. Then he disappeared through the side door.

Breakfast was on time, and all the priests new happy. But next Sunday many of the congregation asked, "Where is that clever young priest who as peared for so short a time last Sunday? Welooks for him to-day." But, De Souza the cook had or temporarily entered the priesthood, and the acr Sunday he stayed in the cook house.

A BRAHMIN WOMAN AND A WEASEL.

In ancient times, there was a Brahmin lady at had no children; she tamed a weasel and loved lias a child instead. She fed and dressed hime though he were her child. After a time, she be came the mother of a boy but still she seemed: love the weasel none the less. She believed the her good fortune in giving birth to a son was duc! the presence of the weasel.

One day she went to bring water, leaving & child asleep in his little cradle. The weasel wash ing near by. After a short time a large snake are crawling near to the bed. The weaselis a natur enemy of snakes, and seeing this one, it bounts upon it, seized it by the neck, shook it, and bis and tore it till pieces were lying all over the for The weasel's head was smeared with blood.

Presently the mother of the child returned a first of all, seeing the blood-covered mangoose, sa posed that it had betrayed its trust and killed child. The anger of the woman knew no bour. She threw her vessel of water from off her hi down upon the mangoose, shouting, "Thousand ful sinner, thou hast killed my dear one." Wi bound she went into the house and found ber's sound asleep, and large pieces of snake lying round the bed. Now she recognized what she done. The mangoose had saved the life of child, and she had killed it in return. She wast ceedingly sorry and as the story goes, she mil vow that she would go into a jungle and spends rest of her days in sorrow and shame. She home taking the dead mangoose with her, but si she got beyond the limits of her village, she mdold woman who inquired where she was going why she looked so gloomy. The Brahmin told her the whole story, and the old woman goddess as believed by all in those days-bree life into the animal and made it alive again. returned home with her mangoose and lived in piness.

From this story springs the custom in lad worshiping the mangoose on the ninth day of tenth month Shrawan of the Hindu year. 00 day women adore weasels and the goddess of sels made of clay. Perhaps, as far as conje goes, to secure their favor in saving their chill They observe that day and regard it wholly ligious austerity.

The good-natured queen of Saxony, who upon little children—she has never had any own—was walking in the park at Dresden she is well known. Meeting a nurse in chart two little children, she stopped to admire the babies. The following dialogue was then he

The queen—"They are twins, are they not Nurse-" Yes, please, your majesty."

"I suppose their papa is proud of them?"

"This little "This little boy's papa is, but that little by

"But I thought you said they were twins" pa died a month ago." "Your majesty said they were, and I don't it right to contradict the queen."

Nature & Study

THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH.

BY DANIEL HAYS.

In my boyhood days I was frequently charmed by the sweet notes of a bird concealed in the leaves mong the topmost boughs of the trees. I often listened to his song, and looked long and earnestly o get a glimpse of the bird whose voice was so melodious; but I looked in vain. I fancied such a bird must be beautiful. He sang mostly in the early morn when the poetic feeling best comes on and he heart beats in response to nature dressed in all her loveliness. The impressions of youth last brough life. That song and tree, that bird and flowing stream, all bright with sunny dew, and fragrant with flowers, we carry them with us ever.

Years passed on, and again I was in the woods where the wood thrush sang, and the foliage of the wees was so dense as to shut out at noontide the solendor of the orb of day. The song of birds was hushed in the silence of nature. A hand softer than a mother's touches the brow, and we feel at home. The bird of my boyhood was now on the leaf-covered ground, hopping from place to place as a robin would hop in search of food for its young. It was only a modest, plain bird. Its motion on the ground was for all the world like the common redpreast, yet not near so portly in form, and with less russet in the color of its plumage. Now and then it would gain some overhanging bough without any audible motion of its wings. It seemed to be a bird that drank its sweetest joys in shades and shadows, and silence, and softness. This part of his career is intensely musical. What is more inspiring than sience and solitude? It is the poet's dream, and out of it is evolved all the poetry and music of the uni-

The song of the wood thrush is a sweet melody varying in richness and intensity—now loud—now soft and full with intonations that echo from "over the hills and far away." Perched in the top of some lofty tree, after a soft shower in springtime, and while the sun is sinking in the western sky, he sings his song of Ju-bi-lee, with utterance so variable, so rich and full as to be altogether wonderful. Then with a few muffled yet tender notes, he takes wing, and passes down through the labyrinths of tangled boughs into the deep obscurities of the wood. Our yearning hearts follow him into those leafy recesses, and we wonder where he received the touch of his musical nature. It is a pleasure to know that the songs of birds, the music of nature, swell as sacred song, has a heart service reaching down and within, enkindling the finer sensibilities of our nature. What head can harbor wicked thoughts whose heart and lips are attuned to melody and praise? Music is the gift of God, and the Purest and highest strain is the harmony of a holy le. He whose life is in accord with the life of God has touched a chord that vibrates with the harmony of the universe.

WHAT SOME YOUNG PEOPLE MIGHT DO.

BY MRS. FLORA E. TEAGUE.

A FEW years ago an experimental farmer and orticulturist found himself the much interested faher of six fine, bright, sturdy boys. How shall I olerest my boys and make good men of them? was he question that seemed always to be in his mind. the father being a boy himself among his boys and laving a loving, interested, and intelligent wife to d him, usually found attractive means that seemed both to interest and educate his sons.

First of all, a tool-house was built, and so well aranged for comfort was it that it was a "drawing" lace either in winter or summer. Next, was the assing of small fruits. This included hauling to sarkets, shipping, selling, etc. Then a hennery as added and this afforded a change again and ssa financial success. And so the work and the oyment of the pleasant home went on. The venings were spent in reading the best selected coles, papers, and magazines the father was able to rchase. When weary of reading, various forms

music were engaged in, until the boys became exengaged in, until the boys because in demand at picnics, celebrations, te, throughout the country.

Among the other attractive novelties was the

taken in regard to the growth, the character, the propagation, the flowering, and seedtime of weeds, their injury to the farmer and so on. A blank book was provided in which a record was kept of the ahove, and jewelers' small vials were secured to contain the seeds of these plants. In a short time a fair sized collection was secured, besides an invaluable stock of information on the subject. Thus, this home grew to be an unusually attractive one not only to the boys but to many others. In fact, it was a model home. The wonder is that there are not more such. How many other, boys might become interested if once directed into pleasant lines of investigation and labor. If father does not possess the ingenuity and tact, a bright boy might lead off. Secure the assistance of others and reap the pleasure that comes through knowledge gained. In this way you can lay the foundation for men of worth in the future.

There is an excellent suggestion in the above article. We mean the reference to securing a lot of little bottles and making a collection of seeds. There is a great deal to be learned in the seeds. ing a collection of seeds. There is a great deal to be learned in so floing. In this connection will our readers please do the Editor of The INGLENOOK a favor? You know the common horseradish plant, the root of which is grated and used as a condiment. What we want is a little of the seed of this plant. The root is not wanted, but the seed. There is none in Elgin. Please postal card us whether you will furnish it.—ED.

KNOWING WILD DUCKS.

Seem to Feel Safe Within the Busy Haunts of Men.

"IT is one of the peculiarities of the wild game fowl that when we meet them, shotgun in hand, out on the waters of the inland lakes of the State, we have to make use of all manner of trickery to get near enough to them to secure a shot."

Thus spoke an old sportsman to the Milwaukee Sentinel man, standing on Grand Avenue bridge and pointing with index finger to a little patch of open water in the rear of a store on West Water Street, where a pair of wild ducks were swimming about as unconcerned as if they were in the wooded fastnesses of northern Wisconsin, instead of in the midst of a city of 300,000 inhabitants.

" How do you account for the difference between the wild duck in the wilderness and the wild duck in the midst of civilization?" the sportsman was

"I don't account for it. I only know that if you try to get near those two ducks swimming over there, if they were out on the Horicon marsh, for example, you would have to rig up a lot of bushes in the bow of your boat and paddle with the greatest care in order to get within a gunshot, and even then chances would be against you. It may be instinct that is the cause of their being so brave right here in the midst of a teeming population. We cannot suppose they are familiar with the city ordinances and that they know the policemen are under instructions to arrest any one who fires a gun in the city. They don't even know that the law against shooting ducks in the State is in force, for they would still fly away if they were on Pewaukee lake instead of Milwaukee river.

"The rough weather sometimes drives the ducks up into Milwaukee river. For example, this was the case when the ice came over to this shore. You see, it is just this way: The wild duck lives on fish and worms, and unless he takes a journey to his winter resort in the south he has to depend on the lake for his foraging during the real cold weather when all the interior lakes and marshes are frozen up solid. He cannot dig worms out of the frozen ground, can he? No. Then he has to dive down into the bottom of the lake for them, with an opportunity to capture a small fish on his downward journey. When the ice comes to this shore and extends 'way out into deep water his little game is blocked, as he cannot go down far enough to reach his diet of worms. In that case he is forced to appease his hunger in the rivers that run through the city, which are kept open by the fire tugs and other boats, which gives him an opportunity for satisfying the 'inner duck.' But whether his duckship has been driven to the necessity of foraging in the river so often that he knows it to be safe, or whether his hunger has led him to take desperate chances, I don't know.

"Some of the fishermen who drop their nets down sixty or seventy feet out in the lake tell me it is not an uncommon thing to catch wild geese in them. The geese go down to a great depth after dy of weeds about the farm. Close watch was A duck, when it is wounded, will also go down to

the bottom of the lake and travel for some distance before it will come to the surface. I have lost many a duck that I have wounded through this pe-

A STRANGE RACE.

A STRANGE race of people, with manners and customs stranger still, lives near the coast of San Blas, Colombia, South America. To the few traders who visit the spot for cocoanuts and vegetable ivory they are known as the San Blas Indians. Of their origin and history but little can be discovered, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

One thing is certain, that although friendly to the government of the United States and to the foreigners who may enter or find themselves weatherbound in the harbor of San Blas, there is no record of their having ever been conquered or subjugated by any other tribe.

Although inclined to be friendly, they look with most jealous eyes upon any effort to cultivate a closer acquaintance than the necessities of trade require. No matter how many vessels may lie at anchor in the harbor or how much trading may have been carried on during the day, every white man at sundown must go on board his ship, or at least leave the territory of the tribe until the following morning.

The maidens of this peculiar tribe are quite attractive, and many a jack tar has risked his life in the effort to win or capture a dusky bride. Love, as in other lands, occasionally overcomes all obstacles, but if the unfortunate girl is caught or returns to her people the punishment is death.

The young mate of an English bark lying in the harbor became enamored of a girl, whose home was near the beach. The mate's attentions were persistent, and his love was secretly returned.

One night, just before the ship was to sail, the Indian maiden secreted her sailor boy in the thickets until after dark, when they stole a canoe and started to paddle out to the vessel. But an awful tropical storm arose, which caused the eloping couple to lose their bearings, and only with difficulty did they manage to keep affoat. When morning dawned they were washed ashore, almost exhausted. The enraged Indians seized both and made them captives, condemning the girl to immediate death.

The captain of the bark, anticipating trouble, sent a boat's crew ashore with a rescue party. A demand was made for the prisoner, whereupon the mate was released, but the girl was held for the death sentence.

Finding arguments useless, the desperate youth, with a few sailors, at his back, made a rush to rescue his sweetheart, and had almost accomplished it when he was struck down by a spear thrust from the hand of the girl's father.

A NEWFOUNDLAND'S REVENGE.

A LARGE Newfoundland dog belonging to a physician gives evidence of the intelligence generally alleged of the canine race. He is the mail carrier for the household, and is deeply impressed with the confidence reposed in his fidelity in the performance of his duty. This fidelity seems to be recognized by his canine neighbors, and one of them, at least, has shown a mean disposition to take advantage of it, and to annoy the Newfoundland when thus engaged. This teasing poodle is of spotless white. Gyp never attempted to molest the big Newfoundland when the latter was free to prevent it. Nor did he ever molest his giant neighbor but twice when he was carrying his master's mail. The first time the Newfoundland treated Gyp's jumping up and snapping at his tail with dignified contempt. This emboldened Gyp to repeat the indignity the next morning, as the Newfoundland was returning home with a large bundle of letters in his mouth.

The Newfoundland never paused in his errand. He laid the package of letters on his master's desk and then turned back in the direction of the post office There was in his movements, as well as in his intelligent face, an air of quiet determination. As he reached the place where Gyp was standing, fresh from his morning toilet, he seized the spotless poodle by the neck, and carried it across the sidewalk to the gutter, filled with muddy water. The Newfoundland dipped the poodle into the dirty water twice, then deposited the mud-bedraggled and humiliated dog upon the sidewalk and returned to his home quietly, without so much as a backward look at his victim.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, III., as Second-class Matter.

THE NEW WOMAN.

THE new woman is a tailor-made product, and she plays golf and things. She usually wants to vote, and she tries to be in the forefront along with men. The Inglenook has been asked what it thinks of her. In answer to this perfectly legitimate query the Editor wishes to say that he does not assume to direct what some millions of people, with whom he has no business whatever, shall do or shall not do. That is their affair. Still, THE IN-GLENOOK has some ideas of its own, and that is its affair. And it does not take kindly to the ultra New Woman. The Old Woman is good enough for this end of humanity. A man who has been out hustling for a living all day comes home wanting something more than stories about golf and progressive euchre. In fact he prefers a well-constructed potpie, or a big dish of old-fashioned apple dumplings. Remember, THE INGLENOOK is not pretending to set the pace of the coming generation of young women. It is simply telling its preferences. By the same token the head of the paper knows enough about his kind to enable him to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred men think as he does.

To see a young woman trying to be a man is pretty nearly as bad as for a man to put on a frock and go about squawking like an old hen. There are plenty of foolish women, however, who like the Miss Nancy sort of young men, who, it has been noticed, never amount to much in the actual workings of this big, round world of ours. If there are any INGLENOOK girl readers who are bitten with the New Woman idea, let such remember that it is easier, and much better to be what God made them, -true women. A Dunkard girl, with Dunkard ideas, and not ashamed of the fraternity or its methods, and who lives it out; is worth a whole bunch of New Women, tied up like asparagus and sold in the market for ten cents. Imagine Mary, the one who went to the tomb early in the morning, playing golf and running a pink tea.

DO DREAMS COME TRUE?

It is a little hard to define a dream in intelligent terms. It is something that we all know about, and it is not a matter of question whether animals dream, for some of them certainly do. Nearly everybody has seen a dog fidgeting and has heard him growling in his sleep; dreaming, beyond a doubt.

The mind is a wonderful thing. It has never been explained, nor is it likely to be ever fully understood. Associated with the body, as it inseparably is, it is also to a certain extent independent of it. To a large extent it is controllable, but it also acts without our intention or direction. Sometimes, like a machine, it runs wild, and again it is controllable, or at other times, when the body is asleep and perfectly helpless, it sets out on journeys of its own. and when we wake we remember. Now does it act intelligently on these excursions? Not always does it do so, and then, again, the concensus of human experience is that it sometimes does do so. In other words the dream is realized. It would appear to the writer that minds reach out to others and influence them and are influenced by others. What this connection is, and how it operates is not exactly known. But that it is a fact is beyond a doubt. It has passed into a proverb. How often are we thinking of a person we can not see, and when we answer eyes. The heavy laden were at rest at last.

the knock at the door, there he is! It is not accidental. The mathematical chances of its being accidental are too few to allow that as a reason. There is something more to it.

If this is true, and it is, altogether independent of our will, why may not the mind reach out to harmonious facts while the body is at rest in so-called sleep? Why may it not be influenced by others? It certainly is. And sometimes dreams do come true. But the whole business is so little understood, and so wrapped, in deep mystery, that our knowledge of the fact can do us no good, for it can not be used in any known way.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Be Courteous.

THE Christian is a courteous man, that is, he is a gentle, polite man. It is not meant by this that he is to be superficially, and ultra polite, but that he is to be courteous because it is his duty. It is his duty, because, being the child of a king, he may rightly be expected to preserve royal manners with both equals and inferiors.

There are many teachings in the Book relating to courtesy and politeness. The man or woman who is rough in speech or manner does not seem to be possessed of the spirit of the foundation of all Christian virtues. What is that? It is love, kindliness of feeling, and it should be constantly exercised toward all with whom we come in contact. There is no doubt but that Christ, Paul, and all the other saints were pleasant and courteous people. Good nature is not in and of itself Christianity, but it is a very large part of it.

It pays to be courteous, though this is not the best reason for its exercise. It should be done because it is right. When a thing is right that settles it. A boy or girl who is polite will win a way where others less courteous will assuredly fail. A man may not be a Christian without being courteous, but he may be courteous without being a Christian. One is the form without the substance. The other is the fact and its expression in our actions.

It can't be learned out of a book. Don't attempt it that way. If you feel kindly toward people show it in the best way you know, only show it. That is being courteous. As we deal with others around us so shall we be dealt with here and hereafter.

THE PATHOS OF LIFE.

A life story of unusual pathos is revealed by a double suicide which occurred in New York City a few days ago. Martin Arnow, sixty-six years of age, and his wife, Sophia, two years his junior, bad been married and had lived together happily forty years. Martin had been an insurance collector, but of late years age and infirmity had so weakened him that he could not attend to business. Reverse followed reverse until at last the couple found themselves heavily, in debt and in the last extremity of poverty. They were childless, and, so far as known, neither of them had a relative to whom they could appeal. When the last hope had expired, and even the pang of hunger could not be appeased, the wife said to ber husband, "I am ready. Let us go." A tube was affixed to the gas burner and the two were found dead sitting in rocking chairs face to face. In the wife's lap was a Bible opened to the text, upon which her finger rested, "Come unto me, all ve that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," which apparently had been the consolation of each before setting off on the dark journey together.

That their death was deliberately planned was shown by letters left to their creditors and one to the undertaker, in which, to save him all trouble, the age of each was stated. Upon a table near the chairs the husband had placed his grave clothes and the wife her wedding dress in which she had been married forty years before. They had placed their house in readiness for death's coming by sweeping the floors, dusting the scanty furniture, and giving food and water to the birds. Then, when all was ready, the two took their departure from life sitting near together and looking into each other's sad

In some States suicide is regarded as a crime, and an ineffectual attempt at self-destruction is pur ished by the law. Nearly all people regard either in the light of a crime or as an exhibition moral cowardice or mental weakness. In view the pathos of the end of these two unfortunate their loneliness, friendlessness, and hopelessness, is hard to affix such a stigma upon them. The had been overcome in the struggle of life by tre mendous odds. The future was without a ray a hope, for the thought of the poorhouse was une durable to them. They had not strength enough lest even to struggle. When the wife said 1 ac ready. Let us go," the husband well knew the meaning of these words, and together they were where is rest. No blame can attach to these the unfortunates, but what of the social conditions que der which such a pathetic tragedy could be enacked

"Near a whole city full Wasn't it pitiful?

The above is an editorial from a Chicago paper It tells its own story, and it is sad enough. It s reproduced here to show a side of life that is never known where THE INGLENOOK is found. If the people had been members of our beloved fraternm and had only asked help it would surely have been given, quietly and unostentatiously, and the term and sad end would have been averted. The Dust ard church may not make so much noise in the world as some other organizations, but its people never need seek death because the wolf is at the door. The workings of some of the common practices among us are so familiar that it is hardle conceive of such unrelieved misery.

Under the heading of "A New Industry" anes change calls attention to the utilization of the tail found in so many places. Our INGLENOOR red ers where the plant is common would do well! make a note of this fact. The heads are doubtle picked when ripe, dried, and stripped into fuzz.

A new and profitable industry has sprung a around the banks of any of the ponds and salt late in this part of the State. The common cattal which grows in profusion in the marshy ground near the water's edge, has become a valuable artic of commerce and sells at the lake for a centpound. The cattails have largely superseded mit. cotton and hair for mattresses and upholstery & are said to be admirable substitutes, while they of far less than the materials mentioned. The b who gather the once worthless weeds are paid cent a pound for them, and since the 1st of Ma over ten tons of the commodity have been gather and paid for at Syracuse or Turkey Lake. The mand far exceeds the supply and is increasing.

THE New York Times tells an incident that show how large ocean steamships have become: "Ocean little immigrant boy about seven years old, nas for four days on the voyage over. He left mother and started in quest of adventure about big ship, but upon growing tired was unable to his way back to her. Instead of asking some on show him where to go, or telling that he was the young truant decided to continue his expl tions indefinitely. When found, he was sleep an empty coal box down among the engines. of the crew took him to the captain, who deta six stewards to search for his mother. They to her with some difficulty, and discovered that's too, had been lost, having started out to look ber son and not being able to get to her own pr the ship again."

A North Omaha Sunday-school superinted always conducts the lesson review in his so He spends about five minutes in explaining the

"Now, has any one a question to ask?" son, and then asks: Last Sunday he explained the lesson as welling at the lesson and the lesson and the lesson are welling at the lesson and the lesson are the lesson and the lesson are the l dwelling at length on its chief thoughts, and so up with the usual question:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?" A member of the boys' junior class raise

"Well, what is your question?" asked these

"Please, sir, are we going to have a pice summer?"

Methods of Procedure in Callings for Life Work.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

BY WILLIAM VON PLEES.

AMONG the professions in which there are many openings for young men of artistic, mechanical or chemical tastes, is "photo-engraving."

There is about this profession something very sascinating in the various manipulations of the several processes. The average youth seems to take to this art with a zeal that is surprising after seeing the same person as a printer's devil, for in a great many instances photo-engravers have arisen from

To be sure, there is some drudgery, in what profession is there none? The first step for our youth is sweeping out, and in this he must be an adept, the very least possible dust must be made, for dust is the great arch-enemy of the photo-engraver. Washing the glass and polishing the zinc and copper, on which the hair line of a scratch or the least pin hole must not show, are operations the young disciple first becomes acquainted with.

The writer has watched boys polishing with might and main whose great ambition seemed to be to get that steel-like polish to his zincs and make his first negative, which sometimes a good-natured foreman will allow if he sees his young help takes enough interest.

In most engraving shops the rule has been to charge a sum, varying from \$150 to \$200 on entering to leara. This seems like a large sum, but it is a profession that is as yet not crowded, and the wages are high compared to most other branches, being from \$15 to \$30 and even \$40 a week.

The highest position in the art being photography, and good photographers are always in demand, it must not be thought that because you have dabbled in amateur photography, have handled a "Vive," a "Cyclone" or other dry plate outfit, that you can go straight into a photo-engraving shop and snap pictures. You can not, the process is entirely different, it is the wet-plate process, and there are also other conditions not met with in the ordinary photographic art.

Generally speaking the photo-engraver is very calous and keeps his formulas and trade secrets in his vest pocket book, and newcomers in a shop are looked on with a wary eye.

The head of one of America's largest establishments told the writer that he at one time hired an upper room of a building and with a pair of opera glasses spied on a rival establishment, that he might find out some things he was very desirous of

In general the photo-engraver does not do all the processes, the boys do the glass cleaning and polshing, next is the printer, then the etcher, the router, mounter and the photographer, over all, the

Sometimes a young man stays at one particular branch, perhaps becomes a router or an etcher because he takes a liking to this particular work, the wages of which is generally from \$18 to \$20 a

Judging from the way in which photo-engraving has advanced within the last two or three years, it is still in its infancy and much has yet to be accomplished in the way of perfection.

It is only within the past two years that photography in natural colors has become a possibility. Not one in ten process workers knows the how of the three color process, as it is technically known.

The writer's advice to a boy, wanting to make a start, would be to enter the establishment of some large daily paper, first as a printer's "devil," and after getting an insight into the ways of the printer, and he will find this knowledge gained of considerable benefit hereafter, then ask his superiors for a transfer into the engraving department which, if there happens to be a vacancy, and he has also gained the good graces of those over him, he is more than likely to get or be given the first opening, after which he is on the first round of the ladder and has his own way to hew.

If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of the land would rise nearly 250

A MORNING WALK.

LET us take a walk this bright spring morning. The sun is just coming over the eastern hills, and everything is new again wherever the rosy dawn has east her shimmer of red and gold. See the picture in the east. Never since the world began has there been just such a combination of colors. Other sunrises there have been, and others will be, but never again just this disposition of cloudland and color scheme. And never, for one single moment, is it exactly alike. Fleeting, slitting, changeful, and then lost in the rising glare of the day god, each sunrise is a beauty and a glory.

And the landscape is glorious each new-born daylight. What! See nothing? Look at the bank by the roadside. Every geometric spider web is strung with tiny pearls. Every little flower is tipped with a dew drop distilled from the night air and they are hung on the tips of the petals of every flower that springs from the grassy bed. Through the hedge row glimmers the stream, like a silver ribbon in the morning light, and every leaf is a-flutter and all the birds are singing. The underworld of insect and crawly things are starting out on raids of conquest or search of mates. The hedge is a vast forest to these little folk, and it is a wonder to those of us with eyes to see things. The warbler with the drab dress and the voice of a flute has her nest and her children five hid in the leaves where we may look in on the family if we disturb nothing. But it is a life of dread for the mother bird. Over in the field is a tall, dead tree. Perched on its very top is a big, brown bird, motionless, but with the eyes of a telescope, and the heart of a murderer. He sweeps the sky and the field. A speck comes across, and from it a morning song. A lift and a lurch and the big bird sweeps like a shot after the singer. There is a wild moment, a pitiful bird shriek, a passing thought, who knows not, of the sleeping ones in the nest, and the little thing is gone. And back in the hedge, on the morrow, will be five little dead. If the morning has its glories it also has its tragedies. Why it is not a scene of ineffable peace is not within the province of man's knowledge.

We will walk down to the edge of the wood and gather a few wild flowers of the morning. On the old fence rails note the brown, clinging lichens. If we look carefully within the tiny cups that spot them here and there we shall see what resembles, for all the world, a diminutive bird's nest full of colored eggs. They are the spores of the lichens and it is not hard to believe the stories of the fairies and the robbing of the lichen nests of the eggs for playthings for their children. Here are the wild pinks and some other flowering plants. Hold a moment! Wait 'till that dainty little blue-winged butterfly has had its fill of dew, and flimsily flutters away. Now! And from the foliage buzzes a big, fat, complaining bumblebee, that drones its flight over the field to the nest under the tussock. He was caught out late last night and stayed with the pinks and the moon.

So with the blooms in your hand and lightness in our hearts we will go homeward and watch the rising of the children of fur and feather on our way. It is not a thing that is past and unreturning. Tomorrow it will all come again in different dress, but always the same new world, whether in sunrise color, dull rainfall, or winter's sleep or snows. This is a world of beauty and living is divine if we only

GREATEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

THE United States government is making rapid progress toward that point where it may rightfully claim supremacy for its war armament both on land and sea. The final tests of the battleship Kearsarge have proved this vessel to be superior to anything afloat, so far as its battery equipment is concerned. A new breech-loading rifle in process of construction at the Watervliet arsenal, Watervliet, N. Y., when completed, will be the most powerful piece of ordnance in the world, says Leslie's Weekly.

The weight of this enormous instrument of death, without its carriage, will be 126 tons; its length will be 49 feet 6 inches; the diameter of the breech 6 fect 2 inches; the size of the bore 16 inches. It will throw a projectile weighing 2,370 pounds with a muzzle velocity of 2,300 feet per second, and its total muzzle energy will be 88,000 foot-tons. To ty each year fully £2,000,000.

fire the gun will require a powder charge of 1,060 pounds, costing about \$265. Each projectile will cost about \$600, making the total cost of firing the gun not less than \$865. The gun has a theoretical range of 20.76 miles, to attain which the projectile will have to rise to a height of about five miles. The gun will be erected on the fortification at Romer Shoals, one of the outer defenses of New York harbor. It is expected that it will be put in place some time during 1900.

One of the last steps in the construction of the gun is when the outer steel jacket is about to descend to its place over the tube. This jacket itself weighs about 80,000 pounds and when fitted in its place on the tube will appear as an integral part of the gun. The jacket slides into position as smoothly as a glove and shrinks there with a grip on the tube of some 10,000 pounds or more to the square inch. It is an exceedingly delicate point in the process and any mishap or miscalculation at this juncture would mean a loss of thousands of dollars and possibly months of delay.

The above is a sample of the wastefulness of war and warlike preparations. Every time the gun is fired enough money is thrown away to send a missionary to the ends of the earth, or to run a school for a year. As long as people do these things we may well wonder whether we are really civilized or Christianized yet.

MR. SANKEY'S DENIAL OF HIS DEATH.

Several years ago two gentlemen entered a train leaving Chicago, one with a ticket for New York and the other for a town in Ohio. The car being full, these two travelers shared the same seat. Soon they fell into conversation. The Ohio man spoke of the great work of Moody and Sankey.

"I regret," he said, "that I never had the opportunity of hearing Sankey sing before he died."

"Yes?" responded the other; "but how do you know that Sankey is dead?"

"I saw it in the papers."

"Then I suppose it must be true."

"Did you ever hear him sing?"

"Yes; a number of times."

"Then you must have heard Moody."

"Yes, I have heard Moody, too."

"Tell me-what sort of people are they, any-

"Well, sir, in my opinion, they are just common people like you and me, and nothing more."

"Do you really think so? Well, some day I may see Moody yet; but I shall never hear Sankey."

Just then the engine whistle blew, and the Ohio man began to get his baggage together.

"I think it would be hardly right," said the passenger bound for New York, "for me to let you go without first saying that I am one of the gentlemen whom we have been discussing. My name is Sankey."

Astonishment gave way in a moment to a merry twinkle of the eye. An index finger was forcefully leveled against the New Yorker's nose: "Now look here, young man, you can't come that kind of a game on me! Sankey is dead! Good-by!"

Some years ago Mr. Bliss, Mr. Sankey's intimate friend and collaborator of the Gospel Hymns, lost his life in a Western railroad wreck. In certain quarters the two names became confused in connec tion-with the accident, and hence the rumor of Mr. Sankey's death.

STRANGE MONEY.

CHOCOLATE is still used as money in certain parts of the interior of South America, as also are cocoanuts and eggs. According to Prescott the money of the Aztecs consisted of quills full of gold dust and bags of chocolate grains. Before the introduction of coined money into Greece, skewers or spikes of iron and copper were used, six being a drachm or handful. The small, hard shell known as the cowrie is still used in parts of India and Africa in place of coin. Whales' teeth are used by the Fijians, red feathers by some of the South Sea islanders, and salt in parts of Abyssinia. In parts of India cakes of tea and in China pieces of silk pass as currency. Oxen still form the circulating medium among many of the Zulus and Kaffirs.

The entertainment of royalty costs British socie-

Good Reading

THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

"Do I like babies?" slowly replied the girl with the meditative eyes. "Well, I used to like babies, but I find by experience that they are much like fruit cake-a little baby goes a long way. Until two weeks ago I kissed all babies on sight and called them darlings, but I don't do that any more.

"I have a friend who has twin girls two years old. I went around to see if I might take the twins out for an airing one afternoon last week. Having considerable objection to wheeling a baby coach I insisted on the twins walking.

"Better take the maid," suggested the mother.

"'Oh, no,' I said, carelessly; "I'll get along all right. I'll just take hold of their hands.'

""Very well, she replied with a slight smile.

"They looked like two handsomely dressed French dolls when the maid brought them to me ready for the walk. Their faces were positively angelic, blue eyes, you know, with a dreamy, far-away expression in them and flaxen hair that curled,

"They look angelic, I said. 'They seem too good to live.'

"I never worry about them on that account,' said the mother, with that little smile.

"Each baby clutched a finger I extended to her, and we started. People cast admiring glances at the two little children in their dainty spotless white coats and bonnets as they toddled beside me. We were a dozen squares from the house, when suddenly the twins looked at each other; it seemed to me as if they winked at each other, and they seemed struck by the same thought all at once. Simultaneously they dropped my fingers and sped away in opposite directions. How their little legs did fly; I started in pursuit and caught one, bringing her back to the sidewalk, for the street was crowded with teams. I found that the other was half a block away in another direction. So I left the first baby to catch the second and returned breathless to get a glimpse of the first twin eating orange peel in some one's back yard. This was Mary. I told Margaret to stand still until I returned, but returned with Mary to find Margaret sitting on the curb taking off her shoes.

"I picked Mary up, when without the slightest reason that I could see the two flew at each other and began to fight. They both fell down and rolled about the muddy pavement, mauling each other. I separated them with difficulty and stood them on their feet. Off they rushed again in opposite directions. I caught Mary on some one's porch, trying to ring the bell, while Margaret had disappeared around the corner of a house. People were standing on the corners laughing, and in every house families were at windows, having a good time over my troubles. I was warm and red with embarrassment.

"Getting those blessed twins together again, we came to a yard that had recently been spaded for a lawn. Both babies made a rush for it and stuffed handfuls of red mud in their mouths. While I was getting the dirt away from one of them, the other wallowed at my feet. You can imagine how those white frocks looked by this time. One rushed at the other and tore a bow from her sister's bonnet. This accomplished, she fell flat on the ground and thrust it up at me, yelling: 'Take! Take!' There was nothing for me to do now but to carry them, for they refused to budge from the dirt. I took a 30pound baby under each arm and started for home. One began pulling hairpins from under my hat and throwing them away, while the other tore at my collar with muddy fingers. Then they tried to tear off my hat, but I resisted that. They kicked out their legs behind, and yelled lustily, but I hastened along.

"Ridiculous! I was the most ridiculous sight you can imagine when I turned a corner and met face to face a man in whom I am exceedingly interested. I cut him dead, though he stopped. Their mother gave a gasp when she saw her babies. You could not have told whether they were white or colored, and their coats descended to the cook-lady's children that very day. This is why I've lost my taste for angel children," concluded the meditative girl. "That man hasn't called since."

THE MAN WHO WAS A GOD.

In the nature of things it can not be the lot of

States, and there are other high places that are hard to reach. Few there are who have attained the position of a god, but the writer knew just such a man, not that he wanted the place, but that he had the honor thrust on him. He was an Irishman that the writer met in a little sea-coast town down in Central America. He was as peculiar looking a person as one would want to see anywhere. He was tall, broad shouldered, and his complexion was a dead white interspersed with a varied assortment of deep colored freckles. His hair was a bright red, and he would be a noticeable man anywhere. He was a graduate of an English university, and had a rollicking way of telling a thing that was simply irresistible.

Now some of the interior tribes of that country are very superstitious and have never adopted the Christian religion, even in the diluted form presented by the native Catholicism, and the people inherited the once common tradition that there would come a fair god out of the East to rule over them. This belief is very common among the remote and uncivilized tribes, and it was a prime article of faith in the Aztec religion when Cortez appeared on the scene. Thus it came that when the Irishman, who was prospecting for gold, wandered into their collection of jacals, or huts, he was immediately recognized as the fair god they had been expecting for centuries. In one sense they were not far out of the way, for he was unlike anything they had ever seen before, or, for that matter, unlike anyone anybody else had ever seen. So they concluded that as he had condescended to come among them out of the whole lot of Indian tribes it would be a good thing to hold on to him. His Irish-Spanish, and their Indian-Spanish was the only bond in common in their communication. He soon caught on, and understood that he was regarded as a god while he remained peaceably, but that if he attempted to leave that was a sign that he was an impostor, and he would likely get the worst of it.

They built him a house, and set him up in business. That is they furnished the occasional bunch of bananas, and he had several young men and women to wait on him. He was quick witted, and as he was consulted about everything he soon made some happy hits in the way of suggestion that fixed him in the heads and hearts of the people. He said that there was no money in it, but that it was not such a bad job, after all, but it had its drawbacks. Ordinary matters he could regulate satisfactorily, but his people got to requiring too much, and there was trouble ahead. Among other things they held him responsible for the weather, and in a very dry time there was a good deal of trouble. In a protracted drouth he was waited on and informed, quietly, but firmly that there must be an end of this nonsense, and that if rain did not come pretty soon there would be a vacancy declared.

He told them that it was necessary to have at least three incantations in the forest, alone. This they agreed to, but insisted that at least one of them accompany him, as a sort of guarantee of good faith. He assented, and the next night went with his guard a long distance to the north, built a fire and executed a Highland fling around it, while he roared out a Greek chorus. Then they returned. The next night he went farther away in another direction, and the seance was repeated. The third night he told them that he must be absolutely alone, and that then the rain would be sure to come. They assented and he started in the direction of the coast, and used his legs to such advantage that he got " off entirely," as he put it.

That night there came up one of the terrible tropical storms, and the rains fell, and the wind blew till trees were uprooted and the village was nearly washed out of existence. The Indians were appalled. Some of the older ones declared afterward they saw him riding around among the clouds with an awful visage. They have never ceased to regret their rashness, and as for the Irishman, he says that while the job had its advantages there were also drawbacks that rendered it undesirable on the whole.

WAS A FRIEND IN NEED.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing many people to be the President of the United house to another, he found himself penniless and primitive modes will all be done away with

homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankmen for two nights. For two days he had not eater

On the third morning he was standing on Lon don bridge, looking gloomily into the black water when the editor of a newspaper who knew high passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked a him, and came back.

"Oh, Murray," he cried, "you are just the man! want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly.

"I want an article on—on Columbus for to-mor. row. Birthday article. Nothing labored-no do dates. Something light, fanciful-you understand Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance, thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand.

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That man saved my life."

Of almsgiving, as of the giving of advice, may be said:

lts value all depends upon The way in which it's done.

A FLOATING SNAIL.

THERE is a small snail which is so fond of the se that it never comes to land, and it builds such capital boat for itself and its eggs that while large ships are sinking and steamers are unable to face the storm it tosses about in perfect safety, says the Philadelphia Press.

The little snail is of a violet color and is therefore called Ianthina. It has a small shell and there projects from the under part of the body a long, tongue like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air companments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away it cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatchthe soonest are placed in the center and the lightest adnewest on the sides of the raft. The lanthina fill its own air compartments by getting a globule of at underneath its head, the body is then curved done ward beneath the raft, and, the head being tilted at one side, the air rushes in and fills the spaces. feeds on a beautiful little jelly fish, which has a di raft-like form with a pretty little sail upon it, an they congregate in multitudes when the sea is cale

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the north western coast of France, and when they are handle they give out a violet dye.

RICE PAPER.

THE rice paper tree, one of the most interest of the flora of China, has recently been successful experimented with in Florida, where it now flow ishes, with other sub-tropical and oriental species trees and shrubs, says the St. Louis Republic. Wh first transplanted in American soil the experimental expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that would be unable to stand the winters. All the fears have vanished, however, and it is now theut versal opinion that it is as well adapted to thed mate of this country as to that of the famed Flot ery Kingdom.

It is a small tree, growing to a height of less the fifteen feet, with a trunk or stem from three to fi inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in colaccording to season, are large, soft and downy form somewhat resembling that noticed in those the castor-bean plant. The celebrated rice pa the product of this queer tree, is formed of slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length

The Chinese workmen apply the blade of as straight knife to these cylinders, and, turning the round either by rude machinery or by hand, design ously pare the pith from circumference to con This operation makes a roll of extra-quality f the scroll being of equal thickness throughout a cylinder has thus been pared it is unfolked. weights are placed upon it until the surface is dered uniformly smooth throughout its to

It is altogether probable that if rice paper make length. becomes an industry in the United States to

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS - W. B. Stover, Hulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belleontaine, Ohio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind.,
fice-Piesident, Mrs. Lizze D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and
fice-Piesident, Mrs. Lizze D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and
fire-surer Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading
fressurer, Covington, Ohio.

VISIBLE RESULTS.

Miss Elkins' class of young girls was not as much interested in missions as they had been. Elsie Deems, who had lately joined the class, did not believe that the heathen "need as much attention as is given them in these days. They are well enough off as they are," and as the girls listened curiously, she added, "'ignorance is bliss' you know, now what is the use of teaching them?" Another time she remarked to her teacher who was urging them to give more to foreign missions, "I do not see why you want us to double our contributions; it seems to me like pouring water through a sieve; there is nothing to show for it. We never have any visible results, worth speaking of."

Miss Elkins answered, "Can we not leave the results with God? He will bring in the sheaves in his own harvest time."

But the girls were much impressed by the views of Elsie, and Miss Elkins thought and prayed over the matter. She also mentioned it when writing to her friend, a missionary, lately returned from the East. "What can I do to arouse their interest in foreign missions?" she asked.

A long time elapsed before she received any reply to this letter; but one evening she found a postd card awaiting her. On it was written:

Dear Friend:-Call at the express office for a package on Thursday morning.

She thought very little about it, supposing it would contain "some curios collected in her travels. It is very kind of her, I am sure.'

On Thursday morning she went to the office and inquired for a package, but there was none there. Thinking it will come later in the day, she walked around the depot, into the waiting-room, where she was warmly welcomed by the conductor and baggage master, who appeared relieved by her coming. 'Here is what you are looking for," said the conductor, very cheerfully.

Miss Elkins stopped short, a picture of astonishment and dismay. "Why, what in the world?" she

"She belongs to you," said the conductor, "You can read what is on the tag," and then he left, and Miss Elkins looked at her. What she saw, was a young girl, evidently about sixteen years of age; small, but rather graceful, with glittering black eyes, and dark, swarthy skin. She was curiously robed and could not speak English, at least she did not reply to any questions, although she at once drew close to Miss Elkins, as if to claim her protection. "And here I was looking for a box of curios, shells, or fossils," she thought, ruefully. "Whatever am I to do with her?"

There was no luggage of any sort, so together they went to her home. The strange girl seemed at her ease, although she spoke very little, in broken

The evening mail brought a letter in which the missionary explained that she had brought this child with her from a mission school in Syria. She was a peasant, an orphan, and had been shamefully abused. Now they were going to educate her, and then let her go among her own people to teach the Gospel. "I want you to keep her a few weeks," the letter ran; "perhaps your girls will become acquainted with Mao and so learn more about 'visible Then the teacher understood that this was the answer to her letter.

Mao proved an easy charge. She was kind and helpful, and the girls became very fond of her. But it was in the did the But it was in the Sunday school that she did the most good. In the class she gave this simple testimony: "I was cast out in misery and filth, and received no help from the idols I tried to love; then esus came to me and my heart grew so happy."

At the close of the school hour she sang in her native Syriac tongue, the hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea."

Those strange guttural words sung to the old familiar tune melted all hearts; and without any orther effort, the largest collection ever raised in hat Sunday school was given to foreign missions.

And neither Elsic Deems, nor any of the girls who assembled at the station to see Mao off, ever referred again to "visible results" of foreign mis-

L. D. R.

🚣 Sunday 🖫 School 📥

THE BIBLES OF HEATHENDOM.

THE largest Bible known is a Hebrew Bible in the Vatican, in manuscript, weighing three hundred and twenty pounds, for which the Venetian Jews once offered Pope Julius II. its weight in gold, or about sixty-two thousand pounds sterling. And yet the substance of all this book is found in two simple precepts on which " hang all the law and the prophets." (Matt. 22: 35-40.) And the whole book, combined with the New Testament, can now be found in legible printed form weighing only one and one-eighth ounces. And this book is a collection of sixty-six different volumes, all of which can be read in one hundred and eighty hours, an average time of less than three hours to a book.

Compare these little simple tracts with the "Saered Books of the East," of which the learned Max Muller has edited some fifty octavo volumes. In an article in the Nineteenth Century this eminent scholar writes concerning these cumbrous volumes as follows:

"The sacred books of the Buddhists are perfectly appalling in their bulk. They are called the Tripitaka, the Three Baskets, and were originally written in Pali, a vernacular form of Sanskrit. They have been translated into many languages, such as Chinese, Thibetan, and Manchu. They have also been written and published in various alphabets, not only in Devanagari, but in Singhalese, Burmese, and Siamese letters. The copy in nineteen volumes lately presented to the University of Oxford by the King of Siam contains the Pali text written in Siamese letters, but the language is always the same; it is the Pali or the vulgar tongue, as it was supposed to have been spoken by Buddha himself about five hundred B. C. After having been preserved for centuries by oral tradition, it was reduced for the first time to writing under King Vattagamani in eighty-eight-seventy-six B. C., the time when the truly literary period of India may be said to begin. But besides this Pali Canon there is another in Sanskrit, and there are books in the Sanskrit Canon which are not to be found in the Pali Canon, and vice versa.

"According to a tradition current among the southern as well as the northern Buddhists, the original Canon consisted of eighty-four thousand books, eighty-two thousand being ascribed to Buddha himself and two thousand to his disciples. Book, however, seems to have meant here no more than treatise or topic.

"But as a matter of fact, the Pali Canon consists, according to R. Spence Hardy, of two hundred seventy-five thousand two hundred and fifty-eight stanzas, and its commentary of three hundred sixtyone thousand five hundred and fifty stanzas, each stanza reckoned at thirty-two syllables. This would give us eight million eight hundred and eight thousand syllables for the text and eleven million five hundred sixty-nine thousand six hundred syllables for the commentary. This is, of course, an enormous amount; the question is only whether R. Spence Hardy and his assistants, who are responsible for these statements, counted rightly. Professor Rhys Davis, by taking the average of words in ten leaves, arrives at much smaller sums, namely, at one million seven hundred fifty-two thousand eight hundred words for the Pali Canon, which in an English translation, as he says, would amount to about twice that number, or three million five hundred and five thousand words. Even this would be ample for a Bible; it would make the Buddhist Bible nearly five times as large as our own; but it seems to me that R. Spence Hardy's account is more likely to be correct. Professor Rhys Davis, by adopting the same plan of reckoning, brings the number of words in the Bible to about nine hundred thousand. We found it given at seven hundred seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-two. But who shall decide?

"The Kanjur consists of a hundred volumes in folio, the Tanjur of two hundred and twenty-five volumes, each volume weighing between four and five pounds. This collection, published by command of the Emperor of China, sells for six hundred and thirty pounds sterling. A copy of it is found at the India office. The Buriates, a Mongohan tribe converted to Buddhism, bartered seven thousand oxen for one copy of the Kanjur, and the same tribe paid twelve thousand silver rubles for a complete copy of both Kanjur and Tanjur.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE ROBINS.

" Mamma, mamma!" whispered the little girl at the window; "come softly! I think they are building a nest!" There was a light step, a rustle of silken skirts, and a lady stood by the chair. She, too, looked out, not at the birds, but way beyond through the apple-boughs. "They?" she asked, dreamily; "who, dear love?"

"The robins," answered the child. "You are too high, mamma! Be soft! Right here, do you see? The dearest husband and wife, and he has the reddest breast, and they have been talking so! Listen, mamma, just hear!" In her excitement she spoke so fast that the mate-robin heard, and stopped short, with a long straw in his bill, which was to serve as a foundation for his house. "Oh!" breathed the little girl, with a long sigh of relief, "he is going to stay, after all. I thought I had scared him away."

"Mamma, mamma, there will be nestlings now, and the old birds will teach them to fly. I have longed to see it all my life, but I could not go to them, you know, and so they have come to me."

The mother noted the faint tinge on the cheek, the bright look in the eye, and blessed the robins in her heart.

"Yes, they have come to you, my bird-like to like-and you shall see them fly."

But birdlings do not grow in a day, and the child watched from the great wheel-chair with patience born of suffering and a life of pain-watched until five round eggs lay in the nest, tinted with heaven's own blue.

At last-oh, the joy of it!-the blue shells broke, and five strange, soft things, with great eyes and yellow bills, nestled under the mother-wings-nestled and cuddled until the wings would hardly cover them, and the nest seemed all too small.

The little girl rested on pillows now, in the wheelchair; her mother lifted her when she looked down into the nest.

"Mamma, how long will it be before the robins fly?" she asked.

At last the wheel-chair stood alone by the window. The little girl lay very still within the curtained bed.

"I must not miss it," she whispered, morning and night. "You will watch, mamma, dear, will you not, and wake me-when-the birdlings-fly?"

The answer was always the same: "I am watching, my own, I am watching! Lie still for a while and rest!"

The times for resting grew longer and the times for waking short.

"Is it sunset?" she asked. "Take me up, mamma. I have not said good-night to the robins in so very long." Tenderly the mother lifted her, while the sweet breath of the meadow came up on the breeze, and the leaves were quivering in the golden light. The red-breasted robin was winging his way home; the brown mother was crooning a slumber song to her nest. The child stretched out her hands, the radiance glorifying face and hair. "Good-night, good-night, my birdlings! Mamma, see how the sun goes down! 'Twill be so beautiful-to-morrow —I think they will not stay!" The head drooped wearrly on the pillow that night. "You will wake me - so early -- mamma, dear! "

And in the early morning One, long-awaited, came, and two went out into the sunrise, into the hush of the sweet young day-leaving a void in the old white house that nothing on earth could fill.

"Jounny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of 'em," was the triumphant reply.

A morner of twins one night heard a series of giggles proceeding from the neighborhood of the children's hed. "What are you laughing at?" she said. "O, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins, "only you have given me two baths, and Alice none

"You never saw my hands as dirty as yours," said a mother to her little girl. "No, but grandmother did," was the reply.

A STEAMSHIP'S SUPPLIES.

FEW people have any correct idea of the amount of material it takes to feed the crew and passengers on a first-class steamship's voyage across the ocean. A writer in McChure gives the following which will aid in the comprehension of the subject:

Numerically, the largest of the three departments into which the operation of the biggest steamship is divided is the one employed in looking after the wants of passengers. It is presided over by the purser, who, with the chief steward, is directly at the head of 200 men. This number includes nearly a hundred dining-room stewards, half a hundred bedroom stewards, nine stewardesses to look after the wants of women passengers, cooks, scullions, and galley employees of all sorts, storekeepers, linenkeepers and half a dozen bootblacks.

The list of stores required for a single voyage reads like the requisition sheet for an army. Here are a few of the items, copied from the order-book of the chief steward: 31,000 pounds of fresh meat (beef, mutton, and lamb), 2,000 head of chickens and ducks, 1,000 head of game (varied according to season), 25 tons of potatoes-tons, mind you!-150 barrels of flour, 6,000 pounds of ham and bacon, 10,-000 eggs, 6,400 pounds of sugar.

These seem immense quantities; but they are, in most of the items named, the supplies for a single voyage, and this at a season of the year when travel is not at its height. With such things as fresh meat, poultry, game, eggs, and potatoes it is not practicable to stock for more than one voyage; but of salt meats, flour, and such supplies an overplus is carried, to guard against want in case the ship should be delayed. In the ordinary way, it is as certain as human ingenuity can make it that the "Oceanic's" voyage will end on the sixth day after it began; but on any voyage she could remain at sea for twentyfive days before an actual famine would begin.

In the old days it was customary to carry along a number of cows to supply the passengers with fresh milk. To supply the "Oceanic" with dairy products in this way, at least with any such abundance as now prevails, would be to turn her into a cattleship. Her cold storage compartments contain, at the beginning of each voyage, 3,000 quarts of milk and cream, 5,000 pounds of butter, and 3,000 pounds of ice-cream.

No less than twenty meals are served each day on the "Oceanic." There are three full meals-breakfast, luncheon, and dinner-for the first cabin, for the second cabin, for the steerage, for the officers, and for the crew. In addition to these, the first and second cabin folk have bouillon in the morning, tea in the afternoon, and supper at night, if they care to impose so great a strain upon their stomachs.

To serve so many meals a day to so many people naturally requires an immense number of dishes. There are 2,500 of each of the several varieties of plates, cups, and saucers most in use on the "Oceanic"; and of silver knives, forks, and spoons there are 1,500 each. In the course of a voyage about 3,-000 pieces of china are broken. The washing of so many dishes is, of itself, a considerable business. For the most part it is done by machinery. Large baskets full of the heavier dishes are lowered into tanks of boiling water, which cleanses them thoroughly. But they are all wiped by hand; and the silver and the more fragile china are washed by hand, a task that keeps fifteen men busy through the entire day.

The "Oceanic's" laundry-bag accumulates 50,000 pieces in the course of a voyage. The laundry work is not done on board; on the ship's arrival at Liverpool, the pieces are sent to the company's general laundry there-a large establishment in which a force of eighty-five washerwomen and scamstresses are kept busy in washing and keeping in repair the linen of all the ships in the company's fleet.

A SUBMERGED FOREST.

Many years ago, even so far back that the traditions of the oldest Siwash extend not thereto, there was some vast upheaval of mother earth on the shores of Lake Samamish that sent a portion of the big Newcastle hill sliding down into the lake, with its tall evergreen forest intact, and there it is to this day. About this time of the year the waters of the lake are at their lowest, and then the tops of the tallest of these big submerged trees are out of the water, but never more than ten or twelve inches.

Unfortunately for the curiosity seeker and traveling public generally the submerged forest is on the opposite side of the lake from the railroad and the station of Monohon, and very few people ever see the phenomenon unless they take the time and pains necessary to reach it.

Sam Coombs, the pioneer, has just been over to view the submerged forest, and he is very enthosiastic concerning its beauties and mystery. He talks Chinook fluently, but with all his quizzing of the red-skinned inhabitants he has never learned anything that will throw any light on the history of the forest under water. The waters of the lake are very deep, and the bluffs back of the beach very precipitous, so that the only explanation of the freak is that either by an earthquake or some other means a great slide has been started in early times, and it went down as a mass until it found lodgment at the bottom of the lake. At this time one can see down into the glassy, mirror-like depths of the lake for thirty feet or more. Near the banks the forest trees are interlaced at various angles and in confusion, but further out in the deep water they stand straight, crect, and limbless and barkless, 100 feet tall. They are not petrified in the sense of being turned to stone, but they are preserved and appear to have stood there for ages. They are three feet through, some of them, and so firm in texture as to be scarcely affected by a knife blade. The great slide extended for some distance, and it would now be a dangerous piece of work for a steamer to attempt passage over the tops of these tall trees. Even now the water along shore is very deep, and a ten-foot pole would sink perpendicularly out of sight ten feet from shore line.

All over this country are found strata of blue clay, which in the winter season are very treacherous, and, given the least bit of opportunity will slide away, carrying everything above with them. This is the theory of the submerged forest of Lake Samamish. It probably was growing above one of these blue earth strata, and heavy rains, or probably an earthquake, set it moving. The quantity of earth carried down was so great that the positions of the trees on the portion carried away were little affected. It is hardly to be believed that the earth suddenly sank down at this point and became a portion of the beautiful lake.

Few such places exist. There is a place in the famous Tumwater Canon, on the line of the Great Northern, near Leavenworth, which is in some respects similar. At some early time a portion of the great mountain side came rushing down and buried itself at the bottom of the canon. Now there is a considerable lake, and in the center stand tall, limbless trees, different in species from those growing along the canon.

At Green Lake, near Georgetown, Colo.,-a lake which is 10,000 feet above sea level—is a submerged forest of pine trees, some hundred feet tall, but not so numerous as in Lake Samamish. This same theory explains their presence as given above.

FINGAL'S CAVE is a grotto on the southwest coast of the Island of Staffa, about seven miles off the west coast of Mull, Scotland. It is 212 feet in length, 33 feet wide at the entrance and narrows to 22 feet at the further end. At the opening it is 60 feet high, and the walls meet in a beautiful arch above basaltic pillars, which flank it on both sides. The floor of the cave is the sea, and at low tide the water is twenty feet deep. There are many stalactites of various beautiful tints between the pillars of dark gray basalt. The cave can be readily entered by small boats, except at extreme high tide. It is supposed to take its name from Fingal, the legendary hero of Gaelic poetry.

Advertising Column

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Vol. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JUNE 16, 1900.

No. 24.

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

They have no place in storied page,
Nor rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with a perished age,
They died and made no sign.
But work that shall find its wages yet.
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were the mourners and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

Oh, seek them not where sleep the dead.
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen in their silent grave—
It may be the sand of a deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;

For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell— They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till theirs were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost sight;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And the silent strifes for the right
Angels shall court them and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to hattle and die.
—Edwin Arnold.

THE CLIFF PEOPLE.

THERE are cliff dwellers in the western and southwestern part of the United States, and their history and their lives form a very interesting study. It is not clear as to where they came from, as they have no records or reliable legends, but it is regarded as pretty sure that they are a remnant of some prehistoric race that sought their present method of living as a matter of protection.

It appears that in some remote geological age, when the country was mainly under water, the rocky precipices along what was then the beach, were subjected to the action of the waves and the storms, and were washed out in holes, crevices and ledges of fantastic shape and varying size. When the waters subsided in the course of time the cliffs remained. This will account for the cliffs and caves, as they are sometimes called.

Now if we imagine a race of people living farther north, a peaceable people, set upon and harried to death by a more warlike and stronger tribe or tribes, resulting in the retreat of the weaker ones, and their settling in these inaccessible places we will have the people accounted for. In all probability something of this kind happened. The dwellings and the people now in existence are in all probabilty very much the same as their progenitors. If ou imagine a precipitous cliff of bare stone, the ace of which is worn out into shelves, holes and caverns you will have the idea correctly before you. Now if, on one of these shelves, you figure in your nind a small stone house, rudely constructed, with only three sides built up, the wall of the cliff forming the rear, you will have a picture of a cliff dwell-If the ledge is large enough, which is someomes the case, there will be two or more dwellings, relations and the natural accretion of grown up population, that wanted separate homes, having built them. In some places the roof overhangs the floor of the dwelling, and in order to get to the next terace it is necessary to climb a notched pole that places at an angle of forty-five degrees. In some places the fall is only a few hundred feet if one ent over, and in others, one that the Inglenook nan knows, the explorer who lost his grip would turn end over end twenty-six hundred feet before he "lit" at the bottom. The winding paths in other places are very narrow and tortuous. Inside the houses one finds only the fewest and most necessary things. A fireplace in the center of the room, some artistic native pottery in which the cooking is done, and a few great earthen jars for corn and water, and there you are.

As to the people they are not very large or athletic, smoked and scraggy and very timid and apelike in body. They are a frightened people, and suspicious of strangers. This they have inherited from their ancestors who, when the war party came after them, cooned it up into their homes as fast as they could and there they were safe as long as the food and water supply held out. The attacking party apparently did not stay long enough to starve them out, probably because there was no food sup-



Deacon Romabhai Standing at the Door of his Bungalow or House, at Bulsar, India The only Indian Official in the Church.

ply at the bottom, and nothing to loot in case they did get them. So outside of the mere fun of savagery, killing something, there was nothing to gain by besieging the place.

The food supply for the most part seemed to have been corn, which is a native American grain. This they raised in little patches at the bottom of the cliff, or wherever they could, and it was nothing but what would be called nubbins at this day. Once ripened, shucked and shelled and packed up the hill and stored in great earthen jars the owner was safe for the season. Occasionally game or other wild animals were added to the larder, and if there was no raid they were happy.

The dwellings are so high in places that from the ravine at the bottom nothing at all can be seen. But with a good glass the houses can be made out, and people like specks on the wall are seen moving about. They are a timid uncommunicative lot, and not overjoyed to see strangers about their homes, Various stories are told of them and their treatment of strangers, but the writer went among them alone, as far as he wanted to climb, and had no trouble. He had a Winchester along in ease of an accident, but there was not the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of the natives, though it was clear that nobody wanted to adopt him.

In a religious way they are sun worshipers if they are anything, and some of their festivals and great days are very interesting ceremonials. The writer saw none of these, but others have, and the accounts make very good reading. As a people they are nothing but a lot of human mud wasps, and it is not at all likely that they will ever be civilized in the sense of becoming like earth dwellers.

QUEER HOMES OF BIRDS.

In a sleepy old village in England there is a quaint little stone church which has stood for more than one century. It is a great place for feathered songsters, and many birds attend service every Sunday during the summer. One Sabbath the vicar on going up to the reading desk was astonished to see that under one cover of the open Bible was a newly constructed nest, in which reposed a robin redbreast.

Early in the week she and her mate must have settled on this place as a congenial home and during the days following had worked might and main to get things in shape for housekeeping. The vicar could not bear to disturb the robins, and so he procured another Bible, allowing the pious birds to reside in their chosen home for the rest of the season. Another pair of robins started nest building between the antlers of a stuffed stag's head, which was placed in the main hall of a country home. Unfortunately for these birds they littered up the hall so with straw and dried leaves that the fastidious housekeeper banished them and they had to seek a home elsewhere.

Still another robin tried housekeeping in a disused tea kettle, which had been flung out in a corner of the garden.

Birds who shirk their natural duties are quite as apt to suffer as their human brethren.

The cuckoo makes no nest of her own, but watching her chance, lays her relatively small eggs in the nest of a more industrious member of the bird family. Once a mother cuckoo managed to insert an egg in the nest of a redstart which was in a small hole in a wall. The aperture was large enough for the redstarts to go in and out of, but when the baby cuckoo burst from its shell and was strong enough to try and shift for himself, he found he was too big to get out and so was a prisoner for life. His foster parents fed him till they thought he was old enough to earn his own living and then they left him, so the poor cuckoo, through the laziness of his mamma, perished miserably.

Perhaps the most absurd place for a nest ever discovered was in a cannon box, located at an army post. A sparrow was the hird to make her choice, and though the cannon was fired twice a day, it did not deter her from bringing up a healthy family of young sparrows, none of whom seemed to mind a home which was even noisier than a New York flat!

I am indebted to an English correspondent for the following anecdote:

"In the year 1888 a pair of great tilts built in a wooden letter box which stood in the road in the village of Rowfant, Sussex, into which letters, etc., were posted, and which was cleared daily. Unfortunately one of the birds was killed by a boy, and the nest was not finished. In 1889 a pair completed it and laid seven eggs, and were sitting, but one day an unusual number of postcards were dropped in, nearly filling the box, and causing the birds to desert it, when the nest with the eggs was removed. In 1890 a pair built a new nest, the hen laid seven eggs and succeeded in rearing five young, although the letters continued to be posted daily, and when taken out were often found lying on the back of the sitting bird, who never left the nest. The birds went in and out by the slit for the letters."

It is a good thing that the Editor's head is hard and fast where it always was else the many words of praise for the Inglenook, heard at North Manchester, had turned it, sure. Thanks to all.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

ANTONY AND CLEOPATR 4.

BY ANNA LESH.

Almost twenty centuries ago, when Egypt was a powerful country, when the lotus, the type of immortality, bloomed, and the paper reed flourished by the banks of the Nile, the events took place which Shakespeare records in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra.

Fulvia, Antony's wife dying, he marries Octavia, but the wife and three children are finally deserted for the fickle Cleopatra.

Though Antony was brave and generous, yet his habits were selfishly luxuriant; an effeminate man, he was a hardy soldier, and making princes his vassals shows his pride and imperiousness; drinking and jesting with his soldiers, yet he had a noble dignity of countenance. His forehead was large, nose aquiline, long beard, and something the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures of Hercules. Tradition says Antony was a descendant of

Cleopatra was the widow of King Ptolemy; though now past thirty she enslaves the affections of Antony, as she had those of Casar. Her beauty was not so remarkable, as her manners were fascinating and irresistible. Their first meeting was when she was commanded to meet him, and answer accusations of assisting Caesar in his war against Antony. The messenger sees the wonderful beauty and fascination of Cleopatra, and advises her to go in her best attire. She takes his advice; and Shakespeare here gives us a glimpse of grand, Oriental splendor in his gorgeous description of her appearance on the river Cydnus. Her accomplishments were very great. She was able to speak most languages, and with her soft melodious voice, and her vivacity, she was extremely winning. She was used to every luxury wealth could command, and she and Antony went to Alexandria, there passing their time in feasting and revelry, and establishing a society of their friends known as the "Inimitable Livers." Later they formed another society, called "The Companions in Death," admitting their immediate adherents.

Antony might have been conqueror of the civilized world considering his great power. But his judgment and valor being subdued he flees disgracefully before Ciesar. He felt the humiliation, and it finally resulted in his ruin, and the suicide of both him and Cleopatra. For risking all in one last battle, but deserted by his fleet and cavalry, he was defeated, and in a room in the palace in Alexandria, he falls on his sword, but lives to meet Cleopatra and then soon expires. As she would have been taken captive to Rome, which her proud spirit could not endure, she seeks death in the easiest manner and dies by an aspic's bite. She said:

> "Come, mortal wretch With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie.

As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, O Antony!

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS ETIQUETTE.

"It is considered most improper for a native woman in the South Sea islands to expose her ankles," said Miss Theodora Crosby, the author of "With the South Sea Islanders," who spent several years as a missionary in that field.

"They are not particular about clothing their bodies, indeed seldom wear any covering above the waist unless you dignify string upon string of beads. buttons and shells as such; to show the ankles, however, is most immodest. The children, both girls and boys, run about absolutely nude, or at most with a fringe about their waists, but when once a girl is put on the marriageable list, her mat skirt must reach so low that her ankles will not be exposed to view.

"It is also improper for a woman to go fishing with any man other than her husband. She may go in bathing with members of the opposite sex as often as she pleases, she may sleep in the same room, but she must not go fishing with them. I remember how we of the mission shocked their sense of propriety. We went fishing with the men and thought nothing of it, but we refused to go bathing

and long-sleeved waists. I am sure they thought us as immodest as we thought them.

"The character and status of the women being an accurate indication of the degree of civilization which a people have attained would not put the South Sea islanders very high up in the scale. And yet the descent of rank through the female line gives the women a place of importance which it is hard at first to understand, realizing the inescapable social degradation of the sex. As a queen or regent she may have almost unlimited power, but she cannot eat even with the humblest man. A woman must not cat of the food prepared in the same oven as a man's, nor of many viands superstitiously reserved for the male sex. At birth she is more unwelcomed than her brother, and more liable to be thrust alive into the grave. As a child she must eat no food that has chanced to touch her father's dish. As a wife she is subject to her husband's will and is cast off when no longer pleasing. Curiously enough, however, the men cook the food while on many of the islands the women accompany their husbands to battle.

"Marital engagements are made by parents or friends, generally on the side of the woman, but quite often by both parties. As among the Eskimo and some other people there is no wedding cercmony, though the groom sometimes throws a piece. of kapa about the bride and a nuptial feast is spread. Marriage tenure is very uncertain, depending, so far as I have learned, on the will of the husband. But while such a relation lasts, so far as I know, there is no such thing as infidelity on either side.

"Their religion, if it may be called such, is spiritism. They have no idols, no temples, no priests. They do obeisance to certain trees, rocks or slabs of coral, into which they suppose their spirits have entered. These ghosts or spirit stones are generally from one to three feet high. Small stones are laid around in a circle about two feet from the larger stone and inside of this the ground is covered with white pebbles. They are placed near and sometimes in the house. They have a special dialect which is used in speaking of or to their rulers or chiefs and in their worship. So different is this from the language used by the common people that it is easy to ascertain who the chiefs are, even among strangers. They have a peculiar little custom of wishing to change names. It is their greatest token of friendship and confidence. But what would an American woman do with a South Sea Island woman's name? Certainly not use it as her

"The women of Gilbert island dress their hair to stand straight out as a protection against the sun. The Marshall Islanders tie their locks in knots on the tops of their heads and ornament them with feathers and flowers. The Mortlock men wear their hair in rolls on the back of their necks, while the women let it fall in ringlets on either side of their face. In most of the islands the curious custom of slitting the lobe of the ear prevails among both men and women. This hole is sometimes enormously stretched and a wooden cylinder or tortoise shell is placed in it. In this cylinder or shell ornaments or valuables are carried, sometimes of two or three pounds weight in each car. You can readily imagine it does not, in our eyes, add to the beauty of the women, though it does in theirs. Girls are often praised because these holes are of unusual size.-Lafayette McLares.

HORRORS OF ASHANTI.

The African Country Which Has Risen Against its British Rulers.

THE present trouble in Ashanti - sometimes spelled Ashantee or Sianti-West Africa, is a sequel to the wars of 1874 and 1895, in which Kings Cophetua and Prempeh, respectively, were whipped into submission by the British, whom it is said they attacked at the instigation of French traders.

Prempeh, the successor of Cophetua, was ordered to pay a heavy indemnity in gold, and an attempt was made to secure the golden stool or throne chair of the kings of Ashanti in default of part payment of the required indemnity. Prempeh succeeded in hiding this valuable seat, and British agents are alleged to have kept up a still hunt for it until the first week of the present month, when they learned with them. We wore short skirts and high-necked of its whereabouts and made an attempt to get pos-

session of it, precipitating a rising for which the Governor, Sir Frederick Mitchell Hodgson, wal poorly prepared. While the natives are besieging Kumassi, the capital, British troops are being hur. ried forward to disperse the savage warriors, to whom the golden stool is a sacred emblem.

Until recent years the horrible practice of human sacrifice was so well established in Ashanti (hat a ruler could have his subjects butchered simply because he took a fancy to do so. The English have made strenuous efforts to bring the natives into some sort of civilization, but, as there are some 3. 000,000 of them, the task has not been an easy one.

The King of Ashanti is said to have 3,333 wives, and he is so effeminate himself that a stranger is never certain of his sex until formally introduced Yet this King caused the most atrocious crimes to be committed, just because his fancy dictated. At one time a town possessed three different places of execution. The one for private execution was at the palace: the second, for public decapitation, was on the parade ground; and the third, for fetich sacrifices, was in the sacred village of Bantama.

One of the horrible instruments of butchery was the execution bowl—a large basin of brass, some five feet in diameter, ornamented with four small lions and a number of round knobs all around its rim, except at one part, where there is a space for the victim's neck to rest on the edge. The blood of the victims was allowed to putrefy in the bowl, and, leaves and certain herbs being added, it was considered a very valuable fetich medicine.

Any great function was seized upon as an excuse for human sacrifices. The King went every quarter to pay his devotions to the shades of his ancestors at Bantama, and this demanded the death of twenty men over the great bowl. On the death of any great personage two of the household slaves were at once killed on the threshold of the door in order to attend their master immediately in his new life, and his grave was afterward lined with the bodies of more slaves, who were to form his retinue in the spirit world. It was thought all the better if, during the burial, one of the attendant mourners could be stunned by a club, dropped, still breathing, into the grave before it was filled in. In the case of a great lady dying, slave girls were the victims.

Death penalties were dealt out upon the slightest provocation. If a man found a nugget of gold or anything else of value and did not carry it at once to the King, he was liable to decapitation. The lust for blood seemed to grow upon the people, and at public executions tortures were resorted to in order to satisfy the spectators.

There were two ways to escape execution wheat once a man was selected. One was to repeat the "King's oath," a certain formula of words, before they could gag him; the other was to break loose from his captors and run as far as the Bantamae Kumassi cross roads. If he could reach this point before being overtaken he was allowed to go free In order to guard against their prisoners getting of by either of these methods the executioners used it spring on the intended victim from behind, an while one bound his hands behind his back another drove a knife through both his cheeks, which effect tually prevented him from opening his mouth speak, and in this horrible condition he had ! await his turn for execution. When the time came the executioners, mad with blood, would make rush for him and force him upon the bowl. The one of them, using a large kind of a butcher's knik would cut into the spine and so carve the head of

The contract made between the King and the English government in 1874 contained a claus which provided for the abolition of the custom, b sacrifices were made until the expedition of 18 was undertaken. The objects of this expedited were, besides putting an end to human sacrifice, h wipe out slave-trading and raiding, to insure peace and security for the neighboring tribes, and 10 10 tle the country and protect the development trade. The expedition ended in the downfall of the Ashanti King.

Engraving companies have sometimes made to tracts with small countries to furnish them with certain amount of stamps free of cost provided for designs are ordered in a few months of a general The engravers repay themselves by selling a selling a selling quantity to dealers at high prices. This explanation why some countries have changed their stamps

Nature & Study -

INCIDENTS OF A WOMAN DOCTOR'S WORK IN CHINA.

CHINA has an ingenious, intelligent and industrious people. Education is spurred on by emoluments of office, open to every child in the empire who wins literary distinction. The literate are the aristocracy. In the face of all their antipathy to foreigners, foreign civilization and enterprise are rapidly transforming the port cities. There is an eager demand for English and the western sciences, which are taught in our universities there.

Nevertheless, because of an alien on the throne, a spirit of rebellion permeates the entire empire. The great secret organization, known as the "Vegetarians," is taking advantage of this unrest, and, by rapine and murder, making the empire an easy prey to the greed of the more civilized nations.

The debasing effects of idolatry are universal. The condition of her women alone measures her strength. There is no compulsory human sacrifice, but a widow may voluntarily commit suicide. To

Achildless widow, dressed in scarlet and gold. in a richly decorated chair, was carried through the streets, to invite the public to see her hang herself. She hoped by this sacrifice to secure eternal happiness. Hundreds of both sexes, in holiday attire, attended the woman. She ascended the scaffold, welcomed the crowd, then partook of a repast prepared for her. An infant was placed upon the table and she caressed and adorned it with a necklace she had worn herself. The woman then took a basket containing rice, herbs and flowers, and while scattering them among the crowd, made a short address, thanking them for their attendance. A salute of bombards announced the arrival of the time of the execution. The victim ascertained the fitness of the noose by deliberately placing her head into it, then, withdrawing her head, bade a final adieu, readjusted the noose, threw a red handkerthief over her head, and the supports were taken away. With extraordinary self-possession the dying woman clasped her hands before her and continued to hold them out toward the people until the convulsions of strangulation lessened.

If a woman is the mother of sons, is faithful to the idols and patiently endures all suffering the Chinese believe she may be reborn into the soul of a man. Herein lies her only hope of heaven. She has no redress, however grievous the wrong done her, but to take her own life. But if she does this for any reason except as a sacrifice on account of herwidowhood, she is denied a coffin at burial, cannot be reincarnated as a man, but must go through elemity a naked, hungry, homeless wanderer. Hard indeed must be the life which drives her to

Another case: On account of brutal treatment by her husband a woman attempted to take her life by cutting her throat. Nine days afterwards she was brought to me, delirious from pain and starvation, The wound was one with sloughing edges, nearly dividing the trachea and esophagus, two and onehalf inches in length and one and one-fourth inches n width. On either side the carotid arterics and ^{ugular} veins were exposed.

Again I was called to see a woman whom the meslenger said had "cut off her tongue with a pair of scissors." I found her in almost a state of collapse from loss of blood and I had to ligate the lingual attery before 1 could suture the wound.

But the children are the principal sufferers by heathenism. Foot binding is begun when a child is four or five years old. It takes two strong women hold the child and for the first nine months the ittle sufferer rarely sleeps save from exhaustion. If the work is scientifically done no bad results follow; unskillful operators bandage the foot gangrene is he result. I have had to amputate toes, sometimes the entire foot, of a child. Foot binding is a badge of birth and social distinction. This idea is held by male children. One little girl about seven years old brought to me with gangrenous toes. Before the was put under the influence of chloroform she very anxious to know whether I would cut off ter feet or not. 1 drew from her that the reason for lot wanting to lose her feet was that they might be

cause they know nothing of the human body, believing it to be sacrilege to cut or mar the remains after death. They have many remedies, a few of which are efficiently and wisely used, but there is no science in Chinese medicine. They administer insects of various kinds; finger nails and tiger's teeth are sometimes given and all sorts of foul decoctions. It is believed that disease is communicated by evil spirits. Often the first thing given a newborn babe is a dose of cinnabar, to purge it of evil spirits. Sometimes, because of an overdose, the child is poisoned. I have had a few such brought to me with almost every joint in the body displaced.

The largest part of Chinese medicine consists of sorcery, incantations and sacrifices to idols. I was called to see a woman sick unto death. I told her husband I could do nothing for her, but I was importuned to stay all day and far into the night, just to do what I could to alleviate suffering. About to P. M. I heard the voices of many people in the open court outside. My Chinese assistant said: "Do not be troubled; this is a great idolatrous family and very wealthy; they have called a sorcerer." looking out I saw at least a hundred people gathered about a man, who looked a demon incarnate. He was nude to the waist, his long black hair disheveled, frothing at the mouth and running hither and you about the court. Suddenly he sat down and began to speak. I listened eagerly, hoping he would advise the family to dismiss me, but to my dismay his first words were: "The woman will live if you keep the foreign doctor." I knew then I must remain until they chose to let me go, for "was not this the voice of the gods?" Soon the sorcerer came in with a pan of live coals and passed them over my head and over the head of the dying woman in order to exorcise any evil spirit which might possess either my patient or myself. The family finally permitted me to go with the assurance that they realized I was called too late, but had done all that could be done. The Chinese have all the qualities of mind and heart which make up a noble nature when enlightened by Christianity. They have only good will toward Americans. The name of my country and my title as physician were safe passports for me even in troublous times .- Katie Corey Ford, M. D.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

A GREAT many artificial mounds are found all over the country, from the northern lakes all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. Probably in the vicinity of the homes of Inglenook readers there are these curious mounds and hills made by the hands of a forgotten people. There is a natural wonder attaches to these productions, and many have been the surmises relative to those who built them.

The best authorities agree on certain points relative to the builders, and among these points of concordance is the almost certain fact that the red Indian found in the time of the discovery of this country was not the same class of men as those who built the mounds. They antedated the red man's coming, and it may have been that our Indians drove them out. There has been no record left as to what became of them. When it comes to the consideration of the question as to where they came from the answers are confusing. No two of the writers agree on the matter. Some say they were the emigrants from the Central American vanished races, others that the red Indian drove them out, and that the mound builders are the progenitors of the Yucatan city builders. Others take the view that they are native, people of the soil. The facts are that all we know about where they came from, or what became of them is simply guess work. It is certain, however, that they were a different sort of man from our Indians. They, the mound builders, were far in advance of the common Indian in every way, perhaps, save the qualities of the warrior. The mound building man understood agriculture in a limited sort of way, and he was a metal worker and understood the art of weaving cloth. The red Indian knew little or none of these things.

If any Inglenooker has access to a mound where he can excavate, and if he cares to do it, he should cut straight through it, from side to side, with a shovel, as he might cut down an apple. He will probably find, about half way down, a strata of baked earth, possibly where something was sacrificed, and a little lower, he will, in all probability find human The Chinese are entirely ignorant of surgery, be find, if he works carefully, examining every shovelful of earth, some images, possibly a pipe or two and similar rough manufactures of stone or metal. All that he will get will not repay the labor viewed from a money point of view, but if he has the instincts of an antiquary or archæologist, he will be amply repaid.

The mound builders were a stationary people, possessed of none of the wandering instinct of the wilder red man. They built towns, cultivated the ground, and mined the minerals at hand. True all this was done in a very primitive sort of way, but it is more than the later red man did at all. The meaning of it is that the mound builders were much farther advanced in the arts than the common Indian of to-day. That they were of a different race is also shown in the shape of their skulls, which conform to nothing so much as the Central American type of prehistoric man.

There will be found different kinds of mounds, some of which were intended as places of sepulture, others as temples or places for religious rites, while the largest of them, often shaped like huge animals, were fortifications for common defense. The likeliest place to find human remains is in the smaller, circular mounds. It is a pity that there is no record of these people, who they were, where they came from and what become of them. But so it is. All that is related concerning their origin or disappearance is the merest conjecture.

MADE MONEY BY SELLING BEETLES.

It may interest American boys to know that two boys paid their way through college by selling a rare kind of Tiger Beetle. It seems that beetles of this species are very rare; and at the time of which we write, the spring of 1878, a single specimen sold at twenty-five dollars. There was a great demand for them on the part of scientists and museums. Professor Snow, of the Kansas University, Lawrence, Kans., told two of his students that he believed these beetles could be found in Western Kansas, and the three set forth on an expedition to find them. In Wallace County, so many beetles of this species were captured, that each of the young men sold his one-third interest in the collection to Professor Snow for enough money to pay his way through college. Professor Snow then had one thousand beetles of this rare species in his possession. He sold enough of them to make good his payment to the students and reimburse himself for the expenses of the expedition, and by exchanging the remainder he obtained a collection of nine thousand species of North American beetles, the largest collection, it is said, in the world. He still has a number of the rare species, and they are said to be the only available ones in the world for collectors.

It is said that numerous expeditions have been made to Wallace County since, but no further traces of this rare member of the beetle family have been found. This particular species have no eyes and no wings, and have to feel their way, feeding on insects in the dusk of morning and evening.

STRAINS THEY SUFFERED.

For exercise in expression the teacher daily asks her scholars to describe some of the happenings of the day at home. Little Minnie, loquitur: "When my papa went to go down into the woodshed the other evening, where it was dark, he slipped on the stair and strained his foot, and now he can't walk."

Here another little girl was evidently reminded of something and she raised her hand and fluttered it to get the teacher's attention.

"Well?" suggested the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, when our cow came home from pasture last night she slipped in the mud right in front of the house and strained her milk, but she is able to walk just the same."

A RAT's tail is a wonderful thing. The great naturalist Cuvier says that there are more muscles in this curious appendage than are to be found in that part of the human anatomy which is most admired for its ingenious structure—namely, the hand. To the rat, in fact, its tail serves as a sort of hand, by means of which the animal is enabled to crawl along narrow ledges or other difficult passages, using it to balance with or to gain a hold. It is prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys. By means of it the little beast can jump up heights otherwise inaccessible, employing it as a projectile spring.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenook, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois,

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

No doubt but that there are many readers of the INGLENOOK who would be glad of an opportunity of doing good to others if the door seemed open and available. Unfortunately we are so constituted that we are continually seeking some great thing to do, forgetting the little things that lie so close about us that we do not see them. Allow us to suggest something in which all may have the pleasure of taking a part.

All over the country are prisons and poorhouses. In one is kept the criminal class, and in the other the unfortunates in the race in life. It is not within the province of the Christian to go back into elementary details too closely. The sick at heart and the poor are around us, and that is enough. They are to be helped. How may it be done? Well, one good way, and a very acceptable one, we will tell. Take a Home, or a Retreat, or whatever you may elect to call it, and there are men and women who, for one reason and another, are to be cared for. Disguise it as we may there is a feeling among the inmates that is not a pleasant one. They do not say anything. What's the use? Things are as they are and it is too late to change them. Many men and women are sitting around, day after day, the great world having run away from them, and left them stranded, and some of them at the least, feel it keenly. All that they have in the world that they may call their own you could put in your pockets. Life is not very rosy in its outlook for them, and there is often a feeling that the milk of human kindness is dried up. Now here is where you may come in and start the door of the kingdom of heaven ajar for yourself.

Send us fifty cents, saying whether you want the INGLENOOK sent to poorhouse or prison, to either man or woman, and we will do the rest, and notify them and you of what has been done. If you have not the money your Sunday-school class might contribute it, together, and the result will be the same in the end. You'll not get your name in the INGLENOOK, but the Recording Angel will not fail to see it and note it down.

MISPRINTS IN BIBLES.

The earliest known book printed from movable metal types was a Bible published by Gutenberg at Metz in 1450. From that day to this it has been the chief product of the press. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that among the almost countless editions some are found which contain curious typographical mistakes. The printer of early days did not give careful attention to detail, and the proofreading of our forefathers was anything but accurate.

One of the most noted of early Bibles was nick-named the Bug Bible (1551), from its rendering of Psalm 12: 5: "Afraid of bugs by night." Our present version reads: "Terrors by night." The Geneva version is sometimes called the Breeches Bible, as it causes Genesis 3:7 to read: "Making themselves breeches out of figleaves." This translation of the Scriptures was the result of the labors of the English exiles who had taken refuge in Geneva. It was the English family Bible through the reign of Elizabeth, and until supplanted by the present authorized edition of James I.

In 1562 appeared the Peacemaker's Bible, so named from a typographical error in Matthew 5:9,

which reads, "Blessed are the placemakers," a phrase which has a racy flavor entirely at variance with the character of the readers of this curious old edition. Memories of Alice in "Wonderland" are renewed when the somewhat unfamiliar word "treacle" is applied to a Bible. This is the case with an edition of 1650, in which Jeremiah 8: 22 reads, "Is there no treacle, halm, in Gilead?"

The same text, issued in 1609, substitutes "rosin" for treacle. Two years later the He-and-She Bibles were printed. They were so called from their rendering of Ruth 3:15, the first giving it, "He went into the city," and the second substituting "she" for "he."

A more serious error occurred in 1631, when the Wicked Bible was published. The printer omitted the negative in the seventh commandment, and was promptly fined £300, a sum which meant more then than it does now. In 1717 the Vinegar Bible was printed. The heading of the 20th chapter of Luke is called, "The parable of the vinegar," vineyard.

Cotton Mather somewhere tells of a Bible printed prior to 1702 which makes King David exclaim: "Printers (princes) persecute him without cause" (Psalm 19: 161), a phrase giving additional proof of David's skill at prophecy. In the first year of this century the Murderer's Bible made its appearance. The error indicated by the title occurs in the Book of Jude, the word "murderers" being used for "murmurers."

The Standing Fishes Bible prints Ezekiel 52: 10 in this way: "And it shall come to pass that the fishes will stand on it," and so on. The Wife-Hater Bible of 1810 aroused considerable criticism. The twenty-sixth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Luke was amended to read: "If any man come to me and hate not his father . . . yea, and his wife also," etc. The Ears-to-Ear Bible of the same year was so called from its rendering of Matthew 13: 43: "Who has ears to ear, let him ear."

Then followed in 1823, the Rebekah's Camels Bible, in which it is said: "Rebekah arose and her camels" (Genesis 24:61). The error which gave the first octavo Bible printed for the Bible society its curious name of the To-Remain Bible arose from an interesting chain of circumstances.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON has written an article for the New York World offering some good advice to the boys who are about to finish their schooldays. He says that in choosing a career no boy should be misled by the cry that the professions and higher walks of life are overcrowded. He says it is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the lower walks of industry are immeasurably more overcrowded. The best thing for the young man to do is to decide that the whole world is more or less overcrowded, but that ability backed by persistent industry can make a place for itself anywhere. Mr. Eggleston advises the boys to measure their capacities without fear or favor, to find out what they can do best in a world that insists on capacity as the measure of reward, and then to equip themselves for that work as well as they can. The rest will take care of itself. Though one might qualify this advice with various "ifs" and "buts," it is fundamentally correct.

WHAT WAS THE ANSWER?

It happened the other day on the cars. We, that is the INGLENOOK, were seated just behind a middle-aged couple, apparently in the better walks of life. We couldn't help hearing, and he said: "Both of us are getting older, and we have to travel the road alone as it now is. We have known each other for a long time. What do you say to our traveling the balance of the journey together?" Just then the brakeman stood in the aisle, and bawled out the statement that all passengers for a certain point should get in the rear car, and by the time he was through with his story she had finished and they gathered up their traps and went back together. Now we are not a bit curious, and it is none of our business, but what did she say?

OUR SHORT SERMON

Text: Seeking the Best.

The preacher knows a man who is so constituted that he is continually seeking the best that is in the people that he meets, and he has hosts and hosts of friends. That way is a good one, and it is thoroughly Christian. What is the usual method? It is not to say all the little mean things that we know about the people we talk about, and then compromise with our consciences by saying, in a weak son of way, something favorable at the end of our comment? When people visit us we do not fix up a plate of rotten apples, and then putting one little sound apple on the side offer it to the guest. But every time we unkindly criticise our absent friends it is nothing but offering rotten apples. It is better, if we have nothing good to offer to give nothing at all.

Everybody has some good in him, and it is our duty to notice and talk about that. When he comes to hear it he readily recognizes our love and our charity and it helps him. He knows, further, that he is safe in our hands in his absence. Like begets like, confidence breeds confidence, and love is the father and mother of children fair to look upon. Once St. Paul wrote a letter to the church at Corinth, and in it he mentions it, and if you will hunt it up and obey it you will be loved by everybody. It begins, "And now abideth faith, hope and love," and at the end of the chapter he says that love is the greatest of all.

After this, when you are tempted to retail some tempting bit of evil, or at the least, undesirable gossip, think of rotten apples, and put the thing away from you, clear out of mind. In taking a walk not usually go up and down the back alleys, but we view the lawns and the flowers. So when we take a talk let us keep to the windward of evil and see the best side of the absent. The outside looks better than the seamy side. See to it that you turn nobody inside out.

CHILDREN AND DIRT.

The mother who would have her children healthy must not be afraid to have them occasionally duty. While cleanliness is akin to godliness, there is a clean dirt that comes from contact with the sweed earth that is wholesome. Have the little ones bathed frequently, insist that they come to meals with immaculate hands and faces, but, between meals have them so dressed that they are free to run and romp as they will.

An over-careful mother of an only child complained to a physician that her baby was pale and delicate. He asked to see the child and the nurse brought in the two-year-old from the veranda where he had been seated on a rug, looking at picture-book. His dainty nainsook frock was spotless, as were also the pink kid boots and silk socks

"What that child needs is wholesome dirt," was the physician's verdict. "Put a giugham frock and plain shoes on him and turn him loose on the laws or in the fresh earth. If he is not rosy and happy in a month, let me know."

At the expiration of the prescribed time the baby was transformed. The eyes that had been heavy were bright, the skin had acquired a healthful glow the arms and legs were plump, and the langual tired little patient had become a rollicking boy tired little patient had become a rollicking boy. The freedom, fresh air and clean dirt had, in month's time, wrought a greater change in the month's system than all the skill of the medical for the rollicking to the medical for the rollicking to the system.

Mothers who take their little school boys are girls away for vacation should let them romp at mill out of doors, fish in the brook, ride on the hay are wear strong shoes and clothing of which they not be too careful. A child is much happier if trammeled by too many "don'ts." And the moth trammeled by too many "don'ts." And the moth cer is happier if she need not say "don't" extend hour in the day.

Owing to the absence of the Editor from the office, while attending the Conference, the article "How the Bible was Made" will not appear to next week.

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

Katie Burkhardt and her brother Bob are two young people ing in the central part of the United States, and both are ing in the church. She is fifteen, and he is a little over The hoy is out on a tour with his Uncle John, and the tother and sister are corresponding. Their father has kindly consecuted to allow their letters to appear in the Inglenook, and it will pay the reader to follow them. It will do no good pask which of the Burkhardts they are.]

NORTH MANCHESTER, INDIANA, June 6, 1900.

Thear Sister Katie:-1 BAVE been at the Annual Meeting with Uncle John. We did not expect to be here, but it happened so, and I am going to write you a letter telling what I saw. It was the biggest Conference that ever met, and I tell you, Katie, there was a crowd of people. It was held in a natural grove of large ires, and as you have never been at a Big Meeting, is some of the old folks call it, I want to tell you something of what it was like.

The meeting proper began on Tuesday, but the people had been coming in for a week beforehand, and the biggest crowd of all was on the Sunday before the opening of the Conference. The reason of this ras that the railroads ran cheap excursions from ever so far, and then all the country people in that part of Indiana were there. How many do you suppose were present on Sunday? I heard it differeatly estimated, and none of them put it at fewer than 25,000 people, and others said, it was twice as many. Anyhow it was a big crowd. Most of them rent home at night, and when the meeting opened here were not more than probably 10,000 people mesent. The weather for the first few days was as hough it were made to order.

All kinds of people were on the grounds, from he little tot to the man who was over one hundred rears old. I was introduced to him. He could talk nd walk around all by himself, but he looked what Aunt Hannah calls "doncey," that is, he was not arong, and seemed as though a little would topple im over. Then there were the usual peanut stands outside of the grounds, and the people selling this indthat. But they had to do it outside, though they got as close to the gate as they could. If they had one in the police would have run them out. Some hieves were there, too, and people in cases lost heir pocketbooks at their hands. A good many somen were robbed. You see they are all like you, hey haven't any pockets, and somehow never seem blave a place to put things, and the thieves in the rowd just reached around and took it out of their bands. One woman raised quite a fuss when she ound out she was robbed. She said she would tnow her pocketbook anywhere. When asked that she lost she said that she had in it two hairpins, a wooden toothpick, half a row of pins, a recept for lemon pies, another receipt for freckles, thread, a package of samples, a lock of hair, piece of poetry, a ten cent piece and three penles. She just wanted to see the thief, but she

I'll tell you how the meeting is organized. You now the State Districts, like the Northern District Illinois? Well, each of these Districts, at their meetings, elects a delegate to represent them, and ey give a certificate that they are the right ones. hen they all come together, a few days before the meeting, they organize and elect the officers. The est office is that of Moderator, and it was Bro. D L. Miller, of Mt. Morris, Ill., and he was a good ne, some said he was the best they ever had. The shole of the District delegates make what the church trows as the Standing Committee, that is, it conwes in existence all through that one Conference. there is another lot of delegates, that is, if our one church had two hundred members or over, it bald elect two of its number, even sisters, to repreentit, and if it had between one and two hundred t could elect but one. If all the Districts are reprethere are forty-two of them, and they, with he ones from the churches, make a pretty big dowd. It is these delegates that do all the voting. two-thirds of them agree on a thing it is carried, they are closer divided when it comes to a the question is lost. Anybody belonging to church can talk within the limit of the rules, t is only the delegates who do the voting. that the majority were nearly all gray but be be be there is no reason why you and I should or be among them as far as our rights are controed, if our church would vote us in.

regular work of the Conference. The schools, the Circle, the Missions and the Sunday-school workers meet and talk together, and the social side is very prominent. In fact there are a good many people who come for no other purpose than that of meeting their friends. Lots of people come in just before the opening of the regular work of the Conference, and go home the day it opens. They wanted to see their friends and when they have done that they go home. It is all very pleasant.

There was a long shed, as long as from our house to the, barn, where they had what was called the lunch counter. There they sold lemonade, pies, sandwiches, and the like. They sold an awful lot of stuff. On Sunday the whole of that big crowd had to have something to eat, and they cleaned up everything in sight. A little further over was the dining room, another big shed building. Here they cooked the meals the people ate, three times a day, and when the places were all full, say at breakfast, there were over eight hundred people seated. There were several tables, that is, after one big crowd had finished, the things were arranged immediately for another lot, and the crowd around the outside, waiting to get in was very large and compact.

The people all jammed up close together, and in the crowd the pickpockets got in their work. What had they to eat? Well, when I was at breakfast once they had ham, good bread, butter, pickles, applebutter, fried bread and either tea or coffee. There was lots of it, and it was all right, but it wasn't done the way Ma does it at home. It didn't taste the same, and I guess it wasn't the same, but it was the best they could do.

Where the meeting was held was a great big shed, roofed over, and open all around. Boards were arranged on the ground, and on these, and just around the building as many as five or six thousand persons could be in sight or hearing. They called this house the "Tabbernickel." At least I heard some of them call it that. Then there were buildings for the post office, the baggage, the lodging committee. and the Messenger and INGLENOOK people. There was a whole lot of tents around the edge, on one side, and a good many people camped out. That is a pretty good way, but I had a better one. I had a room with the Editor of the Inglenook, and it was at a very good place in town. But oh how the most of them laid around, on the floors, in beds, under them, in barns and everywhere you could think of, They were packed in like sardines in a box, and they were glad of the chance to get in at all.

Everybody was good natured, and the crowd not in the tabernacle kept circling around, weaving through, and stopping here and there to talk. You have heard it said, Katie, that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and I believe that there was one of each kind at the Conference. As a rule the members looked and dressed pretty much alike, but there were a good many different kinds of bonnets. There was one I saw that a girl had on, and around it on the inside was a lot of cheap artificial flowers. It was enough to make our "old baldface" laugh, though nobody did laugh, because perhaps people have more politeness than horses. It was funny, though. I wish they were all alike, for there were some faces there that were prettier than pictures, and some of them were unconsciously aristocratic and cultured. A woman never looks better than when she is fixed up neat, clean, and plain. Some of them never learn it, though.

I saw something that made me sorry. Two old brothers met, near where I was sitting, and they began talking in German. The voice of one of them sounded as though there were tears in it, and then the other actually cried. They stood a little while in silence, and then one of them said, "It will only be a little while till we are all together again." I didn't know what it was about and I asked a man by me what it meant. He understood German, and he said that since the last Conference they had not met, and in the meantime their wives had both died, and they were telling each other of it. Then I understood. Then the crowd in the tabernacle began to sing.

I tell you, sister Katie, you ought to have heard the singing. I don't know that it was artistic singing, but when five thousand people sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," all together, it sounds like the sweep and roar of a storm at sea when you are a great many exercises outside of the the from the beach. Overhead the sky was as blue as blue could be, the sun was making shadows on the ground through the trees, and the rise and fall of the voices sounded like the waves of an ocean of melody. Then, when they were done, some old brother led in prayer, and the whole house was hushed and those outside uncovered their heads and when he had finished the Lord's Prayer a mighty Amen swept over the vast multitude. It was grand, Katie, and I wish you had been with me. At night the grounds were lit by electricity, and the evening being cool and pleasant the crowds were enormous. The older people went to the tabernacle, or the various churches in the town where there was preaching, and a good many of the younger brethren and sisters got acquainted and were walking around in couples just as though they had always known each other. I don't know what they were all talking about but I overheard two of them near me say that they never had such a good time, and it seemed as if they had met in some other world, and that they might meet in another yet. Then he said that perhaps they had better keep pretty close together in this for fear they would get separated then. They began singing inside, and I didn't hear what followed. That night when I was in bed I told the INGLENOOK Editor about it, and he just laughed and said that sort of thing was what kept the church together and growing.

I musn't forget to tell you something about North Manchester. It is a beautiful town. On the residence streets of the city there are neat cottages surrounded by trees and flowers, and there is usually a lawn, and as the streets are very wide the grass grows clear down to the actual road in the middle, and in some places they run a lawn mower through this street grass, thus making their lawns extend from the house, across the pavement and gutter clear out into the street till it comes to the narrow driveway. It is beautiful. The people are all glad to have us come, and glad when it is over, just the same that all those who were here and who have gone away are glad themselves. It is a good thing, this Annual Meeting business, but it is also a good thing that it comes but once a year. There was one thing that impressed me, and that was the fact that the people who were at this meeting will never again all meet on earth. When I was coming up the track the last time, I looked back and said as I saw the vast crowd in the woods, Never again, Never again! and Katie, would you believe it, just then a whistle in the distance sounded, and it said almost as plain as I could, "Not again,-Not ag-a-i-n."

Now, Katie, Dear, I must close. You write to Elgin, Ill., as I am going there, and will then tell you what I see when I get there. Give my love to all, and write as soon as you get this.

Your own dear brother,

Вов.

P. S.—See that my rabbits are attended to. It would be just like a girl to neglect them.

INCOME OF A SLEEPING CAR.

THE income or earning capacity of a sleeping car is considerable. Take the run from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles. Every road in the United States pays three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a sleeper, and contracts to return said car in as good shape as it is received, and to pay for all damages. The journey on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in twenty-four hours, therefore the car earns \$30 a day for travel.

If it is full, which is generally the case, receipts from berths, sections and state rooms amount to \$185, making a total revenue of \$215 a day. Out of this must come the wages of the porter and conductor-the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, soap, ice, etc., the whole amounting to but a small sum.

Then there are the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refitting and repainting. Set these charges down at ten per cent, and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each; we have its carnings at over \$30,000 annually. Some cars earn a great deal more.

Nothing conveys a more inaccurate idea of a whole truth than a part of a truth so prominently brought forth as to throw the other parts into shadow. This is the art of caricature, and by the happy use of that art you might caricature Apollo Belvidere.-Bulwer Lytton.

Good Reading

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEED A CITY.

CHICAGO is a great city in point of population, and in many other ways. It is often a wonder how all the swarming multitudes of people get enough to eat, but when we face the figures of what goes there it is a wonder who eats it all. For the information of INGLENOOKERS we submit the following:

The daily demand for apples, including those put in cold storage and those shipped on country orders, average about 24,000 barrels and about 18,000 bushels that are shipped in bulk. Perhaps the actual city consumption is not over 2,500 barrels a day.

Strawberries in quantity from California begin to reach here in January. Then Florida starts in and shipping follows the advancing season and winds up with the last receipts from Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. During the height of the season the receipts are from thirty to forty cars a day, each with 500 cases of sixteen to twenty-four quarts to the case. Nearly all of these berries are consumed in Chicago. That is to say, Chicago and vicinity gets away with 250,000 boxes of strawberries every day when they are plentiful and cheap.

From Oct. 1 to April 1 the local and adjacent territorial cansumption of eranberries is not far from 800 barrels a day. They are cheap and make a favorite sauce for all kinds and conditions of people.

It takes of bananas fully 2,000 bunches a day to satisfy Chicago and Chicago's out-of-town customers. These come mostly from Central America and the West Indies.

Crabapples, sour and bitter as they are, find buyers in their season for fully 600 bushels a day.

Domestic grapes—meaning other than the Pacific coast variety—are received in Chicago at the rate of thirty cars a day, of 2,500 baskets each, eight pounds to the basket, between Aug. 1 and Nov. 1, Of these fifteen cars are consumed in Chicago. Between Nov. 1 and Aug. 1 the local consumption is about five cars a day.

Fully 1,000 bushels of domestic cherries are sold daily for local consumption in their season. They come in crates and baskets and go largely into cans and jars for winter use.

Blueberries come in between Aug. 1 and Nov. 1 at the rate of 1,250 cases of sixteen quarts to the case a day and go to Chicago consumers.

Watermelons reach here from the south early in the season and the movement winds up with the Wisconsin growth. During July and August the average daily receipts are ten cars of 1,000 melons each, or not far from 600,000 in all.

Musk and similar melons come in packages of one dozen to two dozen to the package and it requires five cars with 250 packages to the car per day to supply the local and suburban demand. That would make the total daily receipts fully 22,000 melons.

Irish and sweet potatoes are consumed in large quantities. The average daily demand for Irish potatoes is not far from 15,000 bushels, and 32,000 barrels of sweet potatoes are drawn from all directions to the limit of the market to stand the cost of transportation. Sweet potatoes mostly come from south of the Ohio river, but large quantities are raised in the regions immediately north of that line.

Onions are a great favorite, it would seem. The daily consumption is quite 3,000 bushels.

Garlie has many friends in Chicago. It goes by the pound and the daily demand is for about 3,000 pounds. "People from hot countries are the largest buyers," says a dealer.

Cauliflower is a great favorite. At least the daily demand calls for 20,000 heads for local consumption.

The city takes about 1,000 pounds of mushrooms every day when it can get them. Large quantities come from St. Louis.

During April and May the receipts of pieplant are ten cars a day and five of them are consumed in Chicago.

Carrots and beets are consumed in the city at the rate of 2,000 bushels daily.

The average daily consumption of turnips in the city is 4,800 bushels, and that every day in the year.

Spinach finds local and near-by consumers who

take 4,000 hampers of one bushel to the hamper daily during the spring months.

The people hereabouts like parsley well enough to consume 100 barrels daily. There are 150 large bunches, composed of twelve small bunches, to the barrel.

String beans and peas find takers for 1,800 bushels each day in the season.

During its season and when prices are reasonable the daily receipts of celery are 50,000 dozen bunches, but large quantities are reshipped to the country.

In the table item of lettuce it takes 1,500 boxes daily to supply the local demand, in addition to what hothouses sell direct to customers.

Cucumbers are liked. It requires 1,000,000 daily to supply the local demand. Very many people, especially those from "hot countries," eat them as Americans eat apples—without seasoning and with the rind.

The tomato is a great favorite in Chicago. It takes 12,000 crates of one-half bushel to the crate to supply the daily demand.

In the matter of cabbage Chicago consumes about one-half of the daily receipts of 38,000 heads.

The sweet corn season opens in the south about June 1 and ends in the northern States in October, and during that time Chicago receives 1,000,000 ears daily.

The many other kinds of vegetables come in large quantities and there is always a demand for them.

The average monthly receipts of butter are not far from 6,170,280 pounds, and of eggs, 8,558,460 dozen, but there are not figures obtainable to show the local consumption.

SCENTING CRIMINALS.

So infinitesimally slight are some of the clews that have led to the arrest and ultimate conviction of notable criminals that one may not be surprised to learn that by the distinguishing and ineffaceable odor of certain perfumes and scents murderers and thieves have ere now been brought to book for their misdemeanors.

Probably the queerest case in this connection is that of a notorious burglar who was arrested in Paris a few months back solely because be had a partiality for eucalyptus. The facts are these: An elderly lady awoke one night to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was in the act of being robbed by a burly and closely masked man. The lady had the self-control to feign sleep and make a mental note of the fact that there was one distinguishing feature of the marauder. This was the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded his garments.

As soon as he had effected his departure the woman rose and summoned a policeman to her assistance by calling loudly from her bedroom window. However, her efforts were in vain, for on the arrival of the police it was found that the burglar had disappeared with the lady's jewels. Nor was the man captured for a considerable period. Then, one afternoon, there came to the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker in a small way of business a gentlemanly-looking man who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry.

Now, the pawnbroker had been supplied with a list of the articles stolen on the occasion, and at once saw that the trinkets the present customer was intending to pledge were none of those that had been taken from the lady's jewel box. But he had read the story of the burglary and recalled the remarks of the lady anent the odor pervading the thief's clothes.

Now, this man's garments also smelled of the fragrant oil. One would hardly have considered this similarity such as to warrant the apprehension of the pledger, but pawnbrokers are a venturesome set of men, and the one referred to called a policeman and gave the customer in charge. Nor did he err in doing so, for the man proved to be a notorious burglar, and, indeed, the thief of the gems. The articles he was on the point of pledging were the result of another burglary, and the chances are that the misdemeanant would have continuously evaded capture but for the fact that, being strangely frightened by the universal epidemic—influenza—he had resorted to a liberal use of eucalyptus oil.

An even odder case in point is one which hails engaged an assistant, and now the two are from India. A merchant returning to his home and they confess that they are making good mo

from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spike nard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. The unfortunate fellow never reached his home, for on the way hither he was attacked by a gang of poisoners, who killed him, and after thioxing his body into a river carried off his goods, in cluding the flask of scent. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police when the strong odor of the costly scent was detected in their abode, the half-empty flask being eventually unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms of the house. The discovery led to the execution of three members of the gang.

THE THINGS WE IMPORT.

Nor all of America's imports are ordinary, every, day things. Some are weird and wonderful, and others, commonplace in themselves, come from places that seem to us unusual. We take coal from New Castle, N. S. W.; rags from Antwerp, matches from Belgium; cigars from Bombay; photographic plates and canned lobsters from Cape Town; fire crackers from Canton, the amount for the last quarter of 1899 being in value \$84,000; wild orchide from Barranquilla, Colombia, and butterflies from Santa Marta, Colombia.

Among the queer things that come in from Canada are bicycle lamps, diamonds, steel rails, lumber from logs cut in Maine and taken to St. John, N. B. to be dressed; cattle switches, theatrical scenery, gas liquor, cattle tails, jewclers' sweepings, tenderloins, tea siftings, green willow cuttings and frogilegs.

From Cairo we get real Egyptian cigaretts while rosaries come from Angers, in France. A large amount of paper for photographic purpose comes from Grenoble, France, and from Diesdes while \$500 worth of snails got in from Have Someone brought in a pair of andirons from Lyous That city also supplies a good deal of macaroni Mistletoe comes from Nantes, and rat traps from St. Etienne.

Berlin sends to us human hair and ready-mad clothing. Slate pencils come from Coburg, old nober shoes from Konigsburg and from Lubeck. We take pencil sharpeners and snowshoes from Manheim and also a little soot. For goose liver pies we are indebted to Neustadt. Human skeletons, prepared and ready for use, come from Solingen.

Brimstone to the value of nearly \$375,000 come from Gargenti, Italy, and also from Palema whence we import donkeys and orange peel. Free Japan we get their national drink, sake, which cases headaches, and menthol to make the headled better. We also get toothpicks from Japan as from Portugal as well. Fogherns come from Statenger, Norway. Oatmeal, supposed to be associated with Scotland, really comes in large quantité from Dublin.

PACKING TRUNKS AS A PROFESSION.

A NEW way of making a living has been late found. It is by trunk packing. Some say this is trade known only in Chicago, and whether the fix be so or not, there is little doubt that it originate in that city. One young woman who is following successfully at one of the great hotels is confident that when she began it, two years ago, there was other professional trunk packer in this country. She means, of course, no other domestic trunk packer.

Beginning about two years ago a number young women have gone in the trunk-packing be ness. Two find almost constant employment at a of the best-patronized hotels. One of them said that two years ago a wealthy New York land had been staying a number of weeks at the ho and had been much in Chicago society, were many trunks, and the most of these had be opened and their contents, mostly handsome tumes, taken out and temporarily placed in cle One morning there was a summons by telegraph this family to return immediately to New I The madam called on the manager to find some to help her do her packing in a hurry. Hese the young woman who is now regularly business of packing women's trunks at this same tel. Months since she had so much to do that engaged an assistant, and now the two are part

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICESS.—W B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1996. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Fresident, Mrs. Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading President, Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Trainer, Covington, Ohio.

SIX WORDS.

Sax little words lay claim to me each passing day lought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may. Ought-that is the law God on my heart has written. De mark for which, my soul is with strong yearning smitten, Must—that is the bound set either side the way y nature and the world so that I shall not stray, Can-that measures out the power intrusted me, plaction, knowledge, art, skill and dexterity, Will-no higher crown on human head can rest; Tis freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed. Date is the device which on the seal you read, by Freedom's open door a bolt for time of need, May among them all hovers uncertainly; be moment must at last decide what it shall be, ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may, hesix lay claim, to me each hour of every day. that which I ought to do, thust, can, will, dare, and may!

HOW THE PRESIDENT OF THE JAPANESE DIET BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

THE Sunday School Times gives an account of the eligious experience of the Hon. Kenkichi Kataoka. n 1871, in company with a number of other Japanseyouths, he went to England and America to study Western civilization. During the early part of their ip they had a missionary for guide and interpreter, hose kindness, modesty and faithfulness they geatly appreciated. The effects of Christianity en in the homes, the schools and benevolent instiations of America were the second influence toward Christianity which he received. He was greatly impressed by the fact that men like Gladstone were ot only sincere believers in Christianity "but that he strength of their faith was in direct proportion the nobility of their character."

When he returned to Japan he was something of ueformer. He delighted to astonish the people by Western customs. He welcomed missionaries, and as baptized as a Christian. He felt that Chrisanity would be "good for the country."

A little later he was suspected of plotting against e state, and as a consequence soon found himself prison. This proved a blessing to him, he learned pray in faith, and trust all to God.

After he was free he was put forward as a candiate for the Diet; some of his friends advised him ocover up his Christianity. This he resolutely reused to do, saying that he "would rather go to hurch than to the Diet." L. D. R.

HOW HE WON THEM.

BISHOP WHIPPLE says that when he went into the est to preach he was exceedingly anxious to reach disans and railway operatives, of whom there were mdreds in Chicago. He called upon William cAlpine, the chief engineer of the Galena railway, ad asked his advice as to the best way of approachg the employees of the road.

"How much do you know about a steam engine?" id McAlpine. 'Nothing."

Then," said McAlpine, "read 'Lardner's Raily Economy' until you are able to ask an engineer suestion about a locomotive, and he will not think

The clergyman had the practical sense to see the stice of that advice. So he "read up" and in due went to the roundhouse of the Galena raily, where he found a number of engineers standing a locomotive which the firemen were cleaning. saw that it was a Taunton engine, with inside unections, and asked at a venture: Which do you like best, inside or outside con-

This brought out information about steam heaters Variable exhausts, and in half an hour he had med more than his book had ever taught him. hen he said good-by he added:

Boys, where do you go to church? I have a free Metropolitan hall, where I shall be glad Red to go to you." The following Sunday every man was in church.

FAITB in God will move mountains. All money ado is to make a tunnel through them.

♣ Sunday A School ♣

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHINESE.

Ngo foo choy t'ien Yuen yee meng sing Yee kwok lum gak Yee jee tak sing Choy tay yok t'ien Sor sooey jee leung Kom yat ch'ih ngo Ngo ming yen foo Kao ming ngo foo Mat pai ngo se Jing ngo ch'ut ok Yukwok k'uen wing Gar ye so yau Lum gap sy sy Ku so yuin yar

Our Father which is in heaven Hallowed he thy name Thy kingdom come Thy will be done On earth as it is in heaven Give us this day Our daily bread Forgive us our debts As we forgive our debtors Lead us not into temptation But deliver us from evil Kingdom, power, and glory Be thine For ever and ever Amen.

TO CATCH THE TALKATIVE SCHOLAR.

How to deal with the boy who keeps up a side conversation during the lesson time is a problem many a teacher is trying to solve. In a certain class of young men, the teacher was not a very good one. She knew it from the inattention of some members of the class. Every Sunday there would be talkers on the edge of the class who got nothing out of the lesson, while the teacher went home with a heartache. But not content with dealing largely in unavailing heartaches, she used every means she could contrive to make her teaching absorbing. One of these means was the following simple plan: When the teacher studied her lesson, she wrote down a number of questions, not too difficult, and yet with an endeavor not to make them too childish, out of regard to the young manhood of the class. A copy of these questions was made and cut into strips, which were drawn by the pupils, who were expected to be responsible for the answers to the slips which they drew, when, in the course of the lesson, those questions were asked. This put a part of the responsibility of answering the questions upon each member of the class individually, instead of leaving all the answers to be given by one or two. The plan worked admirably. It was most discouraging to a comfortable side conversation, on the part of pupils, to feel that at any time the answer to the slip the talker held might be called for. Then, even if all the slips held by that talker were satisfactorily disposed of, it takes two to hold even a side conversation, and it was not often that all the slips of two people were answered early in the lesson. Then, too, it helped the teacher to have the lesson crystallized. The temptation to "just branch" was minimized when there were certain points to be touched by questions which must be reached by the end of the hour. Of course, this is only a makeshift in teaching, but even a makeshift seems sometimes necessary in a teacher's work. The sure way, of course, to hold the interest of a class, is to be interesting, but there are many teachers who have not this gift. This plan helped one,-it might help another.

In your effort to be frank do not go around telling people of their faults, for the gentle person refrains from criticism, and it is just as easy to be frank about telling a person of his good qualities. One little act of deceit usually requires several others to brace it up; so lack of frankness at one time may lead one into many untruths thereafter. Be frank when you speak, but be discreet in speech. Holding one's tongue is a rare virtue and avoids much trouble.

A KIND-HEARTED clergyman was lately compelled to dismiss a clever gardener, who used to purloin his fruit and vegetables. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a character, and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."

THE clamorous are always the most subjected to censure; and if we refuse charity to others we ought to be very sure that we can do without it ourselves.

THE hypocrite would not seem to be religious, if religion was not the best thing for a man to possess.

"Hypocrisy is the shell after the kernel is eaten out."—Bartol.

For + the + Wee + Folk

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

MAMMA said: "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea." I knew I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along, tiptoe, And stood a moment to take a peep,-And there was grandmother fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake: I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at her door or softly call: But I hadn't the heart for that at all,-She looked so sweet and so quiet there, Lying back in her old armchair, With her dear white hair, and a little smile, That means she is loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise. I knew she was dreaming of httle boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven,-she told me so.

I went up close, and didn't speak One word, but I gave her, on her cheek, The softest bit of a little kiss, Just in a whisper, and then said this:-"Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me, And said: "Why pet, I have just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face." I never told her 'twas only me; I took her hand and we went to tea.

DON AND THE GEESE.

Don didn't know much about the queer ways of barnyard fowls, and thought he might have just the same fun with them that he had with his kitten. He was particularly interested in a flock of geese, seeing every day that they took the same walk down the hill in the same straight line, following their leader to the pond to get a drink. There was one lame goose, and he observed that the others would get ahead of the poor cripple. Then the leader would make a loud noise, a command to halt, and the whole flock would stand still until the lame goose came up to them. This was done several times before they reached the pond.

"Aren't they polite and kind old geese?" said little Don.

"Yes, indeed," said Guy; "they do that every day."

Don took a great fancy to the geese, and one day he found a goose in charge of some young goslings; they were such pretty little things, with their soft downy feathers, that Don wanted to catch one of them, not to hurt it, no, indeed! only to look at the little thing in his own hands. So he started off in chase of them, never minding the warning of the old gander, who told him he'd "better clear out." But Don didn't understand gander talk; he thought it was only screaming. He wanted a gosling, and he meant to have one. Racing after them down the hill, his foot tripped over a stone, and down he fell. In a moment the gander was on his back, beating poor Don with wings about his head and face, and John Stokes, hearing his cries, had to drive off the gander and release the little boy.

"You mustn't do that again, Don," said the man, "for the ganders are very cross when they're taking care of the young goslings."

"I don't think I will," said the child, terribly frightened and not a little hurt.

Don was a subdued little fellow for a few days, and had to stay rather more in the house than usual, but Rose and Guy kept by his side, and Martha gave them peas to shell and beans to string, and rewarded each of them when the work was done with a nice bun or a ripe peach.

> A DEAR little lassie is learning to write, Learning to write with a pen; With patient endeavor she copies the words Over and over again. She brings all her copies for Mamma to see. Saying lovingly, "This one is best That says, 'I love Mamma;' for that is so true I practice it more than the rest.'

Boy-" Pa, what is a hero?"

"A hero is a man who tries to read a newspaper in the same room with a boy about your size," replied the papa.

"Bobby, you must not play with that little Dickey Jones; he isn't a good boy.'

"All right, ma; I can't play with him, anyway; that's what his mother told him about me."

HIDDEN WAR FUNDS.

Whilst we in this country are so placed as to know where every penny voted for war purposes comes from, says an English writer, we stand almost alone amongst the great nations of the world in this particular, for some of the mightiest peoples have to keep not only hidden funds all ready for a possible war, but a considerable portion of this is laid by in hard cash.

It is estimated by the cooler-headed section of financiers that in Europe alone, and chiefly distributed between Germany, Austria, Russia and France a sum of quite \$2,000,000,000 is always lying to hand in reserve in this way, most of it being actually contained in "war chests."

Spandau, a small place within easy reach of Berlin, is where Germany keeps her war chest, and it is pretty openly declared in regard to it that it is in amount kept at about the level of the "compensation " that Germany obtained from France in cash, \$1,000,000,000.

A species of fort, hedged with complicated fortifications in its turn, built since the war of 1870, of steel, stone and cement, forms Spandau's strong room, and every man of the extensive guard holding it is an ex-noncommissioned officer of the army, who is sworn in a solemn ceremony to secrecy as to even the nature of his duties, never to speak of the arrangements of the fort,

The governor of the fort is always a general officer, and is appointed for life, but even he, according to German officers, has never see the treasure, and could give no sort of guide as to getting at it, even if he had done so; his subordinates are so told off in sections that they know nothing of the general inner topography of the fort, and not a soul of them has ever seen any man bring or take away portions of the treasure.

The emperor and the imperial chancellor alone hold the full secret, and the governor does not know that, whilst the treasure is normally surrounded by water to prevent all chance of blasting and undermining, he can at any time, by the touching of a secret lever, render the whole strong room for many hours an unquenchable furnace of fire.

It is impossible without instant arrest for any man, by day or night, to even approach within a considerable distance of the fort at Spandau. Not even to the governor, who must live without family ties about him in Spandau itself, is allowed any visitor.

Much more is known of the actual Russian strong box itself, though it is kept in the mystery and gloom of the fortress of Kronstadt. This vault is one of the largest in the world; it does not rest on solid rock, but on piers of steel, and sentries command every part of its exterior, sides, bottom and

All the custodians are sworn to remain at their posts during the term of their lives, and they neither know nor are known by, even by sight, the other habitants of the huge fortress.

Only three men in the world know how to move the doors, one being the American designer and another the czar, while the third is the life treasurer, specially appointed, and who has never left the confines of Kronstadt since his appointment.

Those in a position to know assert that the French war chest contains a larger sum than the secret funds of the Germans and the Russians put together; but, having regard to what has previously occurred when the mob have broken loose, even the place where the war chest is kept has never been revealed to any one save the president, the minister of finance and the actual custodian.

CHECKING NOSEBLEED.

NOSEBLEED is so common in childhood that little account is ordinarily made of it. Where it occurs repeatedly without apparent provocation, however, effort should be made not only to check the immediate attacks, but to ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is well known that heart disease, congestion of the liver and other conditions affected by or affecting the circulation of the blood, predispose to nosebleed, and considerable anxiety is frequently felt lest the nosebleed of childhood may be the result of serious constitutional causes. Most commonly the cause is local,

The best means of checking the immediate attack is pressure with the finger on the upper lip, just be-

low the nostrils. A small pad of absorbent cotton or a piece of handkerchief may be placed inside the lip and tightly pressed against the gum from without, thus compressing the two small arteries of the upper lip that supply the nose. These can ordinarily be felt pulsating in this locality.

If the bleeding is profuse or prolonged, the child should be placed in a restful position, but with the head elevated, while ice may be held to the forehead or the back of the neck. To decrease still further the blood pressure within the vessels of the nose a mustard foot bath is of service. In the meantime blowing the nose must be avoided. Plugging the nostrils both in front and back is a last resort to keep the sufferer from actual peril.

THE DOG CATCHER.

THE most despised man in any community is the dog catcher. In Chicago nearly everyone is ready all the time to pour vials of wrath upon his head. The necessity for taking up dogs whose masters do not comply with the law is admitted. There are those who believe that the master and the dog should be carted off together. But, anyway, there is something in the average human heart that takes kindly to dogs. The feeling is, when a dog is rounded up by the catcher, that somehow the dog is in no way to blame for being without a license to live and that the catcher is exercising brutal authority which makes most men feel much like giving him a sound

Human nature is the same everywhere and the dog catcher is as cordially despised here as elsewhere, which makes his occupation one of baseness in the estimation of the public and sometimes one full of peril. That is because a dog is a dog and one dog is as good as another dog when he lies helpless in the meshes of the catcher's cruel net. Human sympathy reaches to great lengths when the helpless are imposed upon, nor does it stop to inquire whether the oppressed is man or beast.

It is an old saying that dumb brutes have more of the divine spark in them than brutal humans have.

WHY SAY "COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES"?

THE concluding exercises of a college term are called "Commencement Exercises" because to the graduate they mark the "commencement" of independent life, while at college the student is under tutelage, but when the course is finished he is supposed to think and act for himself and be guided by his own experience; hence, for him, it is in reality a "commencement" of a new existence. Schools of a lower grade of instruction adopt the term to give an air of importance to their exercises.

Others say the term is employed because at that time the year is finished, the highest class go out of existence as such, the students of the new Freshman class are received, and therefore the exercises mark the commencement of a new year though a vacation may now intervene before actual study. In this sense it is applicable to the closing exercises of schools generally.

Still others say that these exercises used to be literally at the beginning of the college year.

A western philosopher argues that the brown jug ought not to be condemned, because a fisherman who fell from his boat into the Missouri River a few days ago would have been drowned but for an empty jug, to the handle of which he clung until help arrived. We admit that this is a strong argument in favor of the jug, but there is another way of looking at it. If the fisherman hadn't had the jug perhaps he wooldn't have fallen into the river.

Advertising Column

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No. 25.

WE TWO.

WE two make home of any place we go; We two find joy in any kind of weather; Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow, If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow, What matters it, if we two are together! We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare; In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure: We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care, And win to smiles the set lips of despair. For us life always moves with filting measure; We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn; Each day holds something of an unknown glory. We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone; Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on, And thrums upon his harp new song or story-We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth; We do not need to wait for realms eternal. We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth, And pain for us is always tove's rebirth. Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal; We two, we two, we live in love eternal.

AN OLD TIME INDUSTRY.

Not many Inglenook readers ever saw a raft ping down the river. It is literally almost a ing of the past. About forty or fifty years ago was a great industry, one in which millions of oney were locked up, and out of which millions ere made. That day has passed and it will nevreturn. The reason is evident. The timber as been cut away, and the railroads do the rest. the writer's boyhood along the Susquehanna ay day in the spring dozens of rafts could be en floating down the river. It was a sight too ommon to provoke a remark.

Away up in the northern part of the State was immense forest of pines. Some of the trees ere monsters in girth and height. Into this forst the lumbermen penetrated and in the winter ut down these trees, and either hauled them ith oxen or worked them into the creeks and mans awaiting the spring freshets that would enole them to float them out into the river there to take them up into raft form and float them down the market. Every raft had been bought and it as the local sawmills that did the buying, the men only delivered the raft. In the woods lere were many men employed, and they were fed ad lodged in a building erected for the purpose. be boarding place lacked mahogany furniture and t glass, but it had a professional cook, and as the alwart lumbermen had appetites, born of hard uside work in the dead of winter, there was no scount on the table. The baked beans, the pies d gangerbread that these people could eat, and en sleep like a log all night, were something aderful. The food was good, ample, and well oked. Some of the camps weren't just Sunday thools, and some of them were not so bad. It deanded altogether on the class of men that hapand to be camped together.

lothe spring when the logs had been rafted each thad a long oar at either end, and when the time ne off they went down the river. It sounds easy ough to read about it, but it was hard work most the time. With each raft was a pilot, a man who the river from one end to the other. He od at the front end, and by a motion of his hand etted the two men at the other end, and they ped their long oar and swung the ungainly mass

of logs around this way and that, as directed by the pilot. There are many dams on the river, and in each one of these is a shute, or narrow place through which the shaft had to pass. If there was any miscalculation and the end of the shaft cornered, or saddlebagged, it broke up, and the logs and the men on it went through the narrow space where the water ran as fast as a mill race, faster, in fact. There were sunken rocks, islands, narrow courses, rapids, all of which the pilot knew, and long enough before there was any apparent need for it the raft was straightened out to meet the coming conditions.

When night came it was customary to tie up in front of some river town and go to the hotel. When the wind blew the rafts could not be navigated, and it has happened that when there was a day or so of exceptionally high wind as many as three hundred rafts would be fied up in front of a little town, the population of which, in times of peace, was only five hundred people. One can imagine what it would be like around the two hotels where extra hundreds of waiting men were quartered.



The above represents the Bungalow of House in which our Missionaries or ladia live. It shows the Children helping put on the Koel.

The bars did a wonderful business, and the times were lively enough to suit the most exacting. Some of the rafts had a bouse on them, constructed of rough boards, and fitted with bunks. This condition, while it might suit a boy, was not viewed with favor by the raftsmen at large. It kept them away from better food, and better beds at the hotels.

The stopping of a raft for the night, or to tie up, was not the easiest thing in the world. A great, long, heavy raft acquired a momentum that would snap an inch rope like a string if it was fastened all at once. The way was for someone to leap on shore, take the rope, and wrapping it around the hitching post, which might be a tree, let the raft slip, snubbing it a little more each moment, till the whole mass rested along the shore. It is easier told than done,

When the end of the journey was reached, the men were paid off, and they either walked home, or went back on the cars. This would only be a couple of hundred miles in the case of the Susquehanna, but when an ark or raft went down the Mississippi to New Orleans, the trip back, over the return trail, was some fifteen hundred miles, through a comparative wilderness. The men of those days, the lumbermen and raftsmen, were a hardy lot. They were rough, some of them wicked, but all big hearted. If a man went over where there was a certainty that he could get out of the river himself, all he got was a good laugh. But if there was a prospect of his losing his life, the man nearest went right in after him, no matter where it was.

The day of the raft has passed. A few of them go down each spring, but where there is one now a hundred went years ago. In the first place the magnificent forests, that took centuries to make, are cut off, and then it is easier to erect a sawmill in the woods, and railroad the cut lumber out into the market, and that is the way that it is done now.

A NEW THREE CENT PIECE.

Soon the United States mint will be turning out a new coin, or rather, an old coin in a new form, the present Congress having anthorized the coinage of a nickel three cent piece. The little silver three cent pieces were a nuisance on account of their size and are about out of circulation, and the nickel coin of the same value so nearly resembled the dime in size and appearance as to be a nuisance also and has also been almost entirely withdrawn from circulation. To overcome these difficulties an idea has

been borrowed from the Orientals and a nickel coin about the size of the one cent piece will be issued, which will have a hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter in the center, so that the coin can be readily recognized by both the senses of sight and touch. The new coin will be a useful one, as it will obviate, the use of such a great number of pennies in business transactions.

WHAT IS A FURLOUGH?

"What is a furlough?" asked a teacher.

"It means a horse," was the reply of Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a horse."

"Indeed it does," said Mary, "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school and we'll see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier riding a horse. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough,"

HOW NICHOLAS I. RESENTED THE MISTREATMENT OF A BEGGAR.

Rough and haish as he was, Nicholas L, ezar of Russia, had a measure of chivalry in his disposition. While driving through the streets of St. Petersburg on one occasion he caught sight of an officer of his household in the act of upsetting an old beggar woman, whose hands were raised in a prayer for alm's. The official was quite unmindful of the august witness of his act and was rather pleased when, a few hours later, he was summoned to the imperial presence. Nicholas soon undeceived him, and in the presence of a dozen courtiers cut him to the quick with his indignant reproof. "Enough!" said Nicholas, finally; "you will walk up and down that corridor all night, and every time you turn you will say, in a loud voice, 'I am a puppy! I am a puppy!'"

Good manners are the settled medium of social, as specie is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both, and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt.—Chesterfield.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS. •

HOME, JUNE 18, 1900.

Dearest Bobbie:-

I had your good letter brought over to me by Roop's folks who had been to town and brought out our mail. We are all well, and there is very little that is new here. There is nobody sick that I know, and we were all glad to hear that you were well, though you did not say so.

The last Sunday we all went to the Hill meetinghouse to preaching. There was a strange brother there, and he did the preaching, and it was different from what we usually have. I'll tell you about it. The day was hot and the house was full. It was so hot that everybody was fanning, and it was uncomfortable all around. The strange man who was there came in late, and he sat down behind the table, and everybody knew he was going to preach. But when he got up he said that he had not expected to speak, and that he had rather someone else had done it and then he began to talk. He talked and he talked and he talked. After he had talked about three-quarters of an hour, and I didn't know what it was about, he said that there was one more thought, and then he talked half an hour about that, and then he said "finally," and we all thought that relief had come, but he went back over a good deal of what he had said, but he did quit at last. Our minister never preaches more than so that the service is all over by an hour, but this brother made it pretty near two hours. Ma said on the road home that she knew the chicken in the stove would be burned to a crisp, and it was. Pa said that the preacher was a good man, anyhow, and then he stopped.

The other day I was down at the gate swinging on it, and along comes Deacon Mack. He had a brand new silver-mounted harness on his fast horse, and he stopped. He said, "Good morning, Katie,' and I said good morning too. Then he said, "How's your Paw and your Maw?" 1 said, "They're all right." Then he said, "Katie, don't you think that is a pretty gay dress you've got on?' "Why is it?" I said. "Well, look at the spots all over it," said he, " it's pretty lively for a young sister." That's the dress, Bobbie dear, that you got on the remnant counter for me when you sold your calf. Said 1, "Well, maybe it is. Spots seem to break out in different places with different people." "How," said he. "Well," said I, "some wear them on their dresses and some put them on their horses." He laughed a little sort of laugh, and said he would be late if he didn't go, and he must have been in a hurry, for he hit the horse a cut, and away he went with the dust aflying. At supper 1 told Ma, and she said, "Why, Katic, you musn't be sassy to people." Pa said he thought he heard a noise and went out a little, and then he came back.

Aunt Hannah was over last week and we were all glad to have her here and she told some funny stories and helped Ma all she could. It is a real pleasure to have her come around. Instead of sitting in the front room she just takes hold and helps in the work all she can. There's something funny about Aunt Hannah. She never says anything bad about anybody. Once I tried to see whether or not I could get her interested in something that had been talked about in the neighborhood. So I told her the whole story as bad as I knew how, and she just sat there knitting. When I was through I asked her what she thought about it. She said, "Katic, dear, how are your flowers doing this year?" Never a word about that bad story. I didn't say how the flowers were, but I went out, and Ma said that I was getting sunburned, I was so red in the face. But it wasn't the sun. It was something else. You don't catch me talking scandal again.

You remember that little white hen that stole her nest down in the meadow. Well, she came up to the house the other day and she had with her thirteen little peeps, each one with stripes down its back, just like a ground squirrel. Ma had said that hen was to be mine, and I asked whether the little ones were to be mine too. She said yes, if I would divide with you. But how are we going to divide the odd one?

Tell me all about that silver plating factory at Elgin. You will see so much that is new to me and

you are to tell it all. Write soon. With much Your sister, love.

KATIE. P. S.-You needn't bother about your rabbits not

being fed. They're looking better than when you were tending to them. Don't you forget what I told you about eating with your knife.

DANGER OF CLOUDBURSTS.

CLOUDBURSTS are sometimes destructive of life as well as of property. They come up so suddenly that it is almost impossible to escape if the wayfarer is caught in the bed of the creek. Campers in the mountain regions usually select the high ground above the creek rather than pitch their tents close heside the gently rippling water which may become a roaring torrent while they sleep, sweeping them to destruction before they know that danger is near, says Ainslee's Magazine. It was from neglect of this precaution that many lives were lost in a cloudburst near Morrison, Colo., in the spring of 1897.

Some people were camping along the borders of the stream, and, as it was just after dark, and had been raining heavily, they had sought the shelter of their tents. Suddenly they heard the awful and peculiar roar of the approaching cloudburst. It grew louder every second. Realizing what had happened, the unfortunate campers-men, women and children-rushed from their tents and tried to reach the higher ground. In the confusion and darkness, some turned the wrong way, and were soon struggling in mad torrents, battling with tree trunks and wrecks of cabins and immense masses of moving stone in the bosom of the flood. Thirteen lives went out in that dire night. The bodies found later showed the marks of buffeting with the debris in the flood of waters, and it is believed that few, if any, of the unfortunates lost their lives by actual

Occasionally the sudden downpour of rain will be precipitated on a soft, yielding soil, and instead of taking the form of a cloudburst with a wave of water carrying everything before it the whole surface of the ground will take on the consistency of molasses and roll slowly but irresistibly down the water courses. This happened in Chalk canyon, near Mount Princeton, in Colorado, three years ago. Chalk cliffs are a peculiar formation at the head of the canyon, the so-called "chalk" being of a lime nature, which, after being dissolved in water, quickly hardens again like cement.

A cloudburst began high up on the sides of the mountain, washed away tons of material from the cliffs and rolled the mass slowly over the railroad tracks like the pour of lava from Vesuvius. The tracks were covered to a depth of six feet. A gang of workmen was put to work on the deposit, but it oozed in on the tracks as fast as the men shoveled it out. Finally all work was suspended and the overflow hardened so quickly that a track was built over it. Within six hours of the breaking of the storm trains were running over the deposit. So hard did the "chalk" become that the railroad has never penetrated to the old tracks, and in the excavating that was done in relaying the tracks permanently, dynamite had to be used.

CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

INTEREST in the new gold fields of Cape Nome is so great at the present time that a really authoritative account of the conditions which exist there, such as is furnished by Consul Smith of Victoria, will be welcomed, says the Scientific American. He wrote under date of Dec. 21, 1899, and stated that there was every indication that there would be a great rush to Cape Nome the present spring and summer. The distance from Victoria to Cape Nome is 2,500 miles, and is covered entirely by wa-

Transportation companies have booked large numbers of passengers, and it has been computed that 65,000 persons desire to go to Cape Nome as soon as possible. A number of returning miners called at the consulate at Victoria and exhibited specimens of gold, saying they were dug on the beach near the water's edge. Men with only hand shovels, and the simplest and rudest of pans, cleared from \$50 to \$100 and even \$300 per day, and sometimes a "clean up" of from \$1,000 to \$1,500 has been reported.

Nuggets worth \$300 to \$400 were found near An- year of widowhood.

vil creck, and it is believed that between \$300,000 to \$400,000 was taken out of Snow gulch last sun. mer. One man, it is said, took \$190,000, while an other claims still more than that. According to their statements the gold does not extend to a great depth, five or six feet being as low as any have yet found "paying dirt." By the decision of Commissioner Hermann no land below ordinary high tide can be disposed of to individuals or corporations, but is open to the public to operate on; the right to dig in these lands is as free as the right to fish in the adjacent waters, so anybody may wash gold out of the sand between high and low water. Anxiety is expressed regarding the establishment of a port of entry at Cape Nome.

Captains all agree that there is practically no anchorage or harbor at the cape itself, but at Pon Clarence, distant only a few miles, there is a safe and commodious harbor. The market quotations for provisions are high, beef selling from 75 cents to 81 per pound; flour, \$10 a hundredweight; butter, \$12 pound; coal, \$57 a ton, and lumber \$250 per 1,000 feet. .The ruling prices of the restaurants are extremely high; a steak with coffee, bread, cheese and pic would be about \$5.

An ordinary two-story dwelling of eight rooms rents for \$200 a month; for the delivery of heavy freight, by horse team and wagon, Sio per hour is charged; the price of a shave is SI, and it costs the same amount to have a white shirt laundered Longshoremen have been paid \$2 an hour for their labor, and carpenters receive \$1.50 an hour. From these figures it will be seen that, while it may be comparatively easy to obtain considerable quantities of gold, the mere cost of staying at Cape Nome is enormous. Probably with an increased number of steamers the prices may be decreased.

KLONDIKE'S RICHEST WOMAN.

MRS. DANVERS is probably the richest woman either in Klondike or at Cape Nome. She has made every dime of her \$150,000 or \$175,000 in the last four years, and with her knowledge of Alaskan mining ways and business methods she is going to increase her wealth during the next few years. She is at Dawson City. Her husband was a steam engineer in the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company, and she and her husband lived at SL Michael two summer seasons, returning to Sitka, Alaska, in the winter. Mr. Danvers was killed in an accident on the steamer Weare at Circle City in 1896, and Mrs. Danvers was left practically penniless at St. Michael.

Starting up the Yukon for Circle City, to get the body of her husband, she heard of the finding of gold on the Klondike creek. Dawson then consist ed of rude shanties and Ladue's saw mill.

She decided to stop at Dawson and earn her live ing by cooking and mending for the miners wh were flocking there from all the Yukon river camps Her enthusiasm was infectious. She got \$1,30 worth of pine lumber on credit from the saw mil for a boarding house, and she had credit at the met chandise store for food.

Her boarding house was a success from the day it opened for business. She had three rooms twell feet square, and on each of the four walls of thes rooms were five pine bunks in tiers. These were furnished with dry moss and blankets. Mrs. Dan vers had altogether sixty such bunks. Her charge for sleeping there was \$1 a night, or \$5 a week For a year or more none was ever vacant. After few months she added a few more, and they, to were always occupied.

Her meals generally consisted of stewed draw fruit, dry codfish, herring, salt pork, bacon, bred oatmeal and occasionally butter and eggs. She St for each meal, and she had more than 100 pc0 at a meal many and many a time. She was only the first in that gold-crazy and impetuous p tion at Dawson that saw possibilities in reales investments. She bought several acres of a land for \$1,000 and sold it a few months later at teen times what she paid for it. She started original bakery in Dawson, and made thousand dollars there. Then she conceived an idea of a team express. team express company to deliver merchandise and mining supplies to the men round about son. She took to the men round about the me son. She took two partners into her scheme at company was organized that has been highly for

Mrs. Danvers has been sending regularly pare capital down to a Seattle bank. She det spare capital down to a Seattle bank. more than 200 offers of marriage during her

Nature & Study

RAT CATCHING ON SHIPS.

CHATTING with some friends, the captain of a big freight steamer taking on cargo at this port told some queer stories about rats. "I have the ship cleaned out by professional rat catchers whenever we touch at Liverpool," he said, "and between times we try to keep them down by trapping. But it's bard work. We don't dare to use poison. If we did, the hold would soon be full of dead rats, and the stench would breed a fever. Our traps are of the wire cage pattern, and considerable craft has to be used in setting them, for a ship rat is a very cunning heast, and he will steer clear of decoys that his landlubber brothers walk into with their eyes wide open. If we simply baited the traps in the ordinary way and left them about in the hold, we wouldn't catch a dozen in a year. Our plan is

"On the first night we open the trap-doors and tie them in that position with bits of string, so they can't possibly spring shut. Then we put scraps of old cheese inside and leave them until the following evening. That's to reassure the rats that the strange wire contrivances are perfectly harmless and that they may enter with a certainty of getting out again. Next night we renew the bait and take off the strings, and, as a general thing, we catch all that the cages will hold. I have seen them so full that it seemed impossible to get another rat inside, which is pretty good evidence, as I take it, that hey can't communicate with each other and give the alarm. There is nothing new about the trick I describe; it is practiced on all big ships when the rats get too bad.

"As long as the creatures have enough water to drink," continued the captain, lighting a fresh cigar, they don't give the crew any particular trouble and keep out of sight down in the bowels of the ship. But thirst makes them desperate, and then they become an unmitigated nuisance and will go boldly anywhere in search of a drink. I have known them to invade the forecastle in such numbers that they drove the sailors to the deck, and at other times I have seen several hundred make a combined rush for a water barrel.

"It would surprise most people unaccustomed to searfaring life to know that water is usually kept in the hold of cargo ships especially for the rats. It's done to keep them below, and if for any reason the supply runs short there is sure to be trouble. I said ust now that when the creatures were thirsty they would go anywhere, and I mean it to the letter. They will climb the rigging like monkeys, and it is acommon thing for them to go clear up to the topils looking for the rainwater that accumulates in the bight or fold of furled canvas.

"Last time I was in port I saw a green sailor get the scare of his life. He had gone aloft to shake out the topgallant sail, and as he did so four enormous rats sprang out and ran up one arm, across his shoulders and down the other side. He was so startled that he let loose all holds and would cerlainly have fallen to the deck if he hadn't providentially caught on the footline. Many of the fo'castle hands make pets of rats during a long voyge, and it is astonishing how easily they can be tamed and made to perform tricks. When a prolessional catcher comes aboard for a general raid, there is always a frantic rounding up of these pets to get them out of harm's way until after the battle is

HUNTING THE OSTRICH.

IT is not commonly known that there are almost and many ostriches in South America as in Africa, ond yet the annual export of feathers from the ormer country to the United States alone is in the deighborhood of nineteen tons, representing in money \$41,647.

The "rhea," or South American ostrich, differs tom the African bird in having its head and neck completely feathered, in being tailless, and having bree toes instead of two. It may be found in large numbers in the Argentine and the Uruguay republics, and in the country extending from Bolive Paragraph Paraguay, and Brazil as far south as the Straits of Magellan. Its home is on the "pampas," or Pains; sometimes on open ground, and more often near cover of grass and stunted undergrowth. Since the birds are wild and wary and their feathers are in demand, methods have been adopted to catch them, and these methods are at the same time a business and the most exciting sort of sport.

A powerful horse, in condition to stand hard riding and long abstinence from water, is the first consideration in ostrich hunting. The course is both annoying and dangerous, for, though the chase is on level ground, with no fences to fear, the rhea takes at once to the "pajas," or high grass. This is not only a hindrance in itself, but conceals innumerable holes, made by groundhogs and moles, that are a constant menace to life and limb. Yet, on a clear day in the bracing South American climate, with plenty of game speeding before over a country with an undulation like the ocean, no more exhilarating sport than the chase of the South American ostrich could be asked for. The most effective hunt is that followed by the Indians, or Gauchos. They use the "bolas," or balls-three pieces of stone, lead, or heavy hardwood, made round and covered with rawhide. These balls are attached to thongs of the same material, which are joined together in the center. . When all is ready the Indians mount their horses and approach the game in a large semi-circle, riding against the wind, for the ostrich is keen of scent, and once he suspects the presence of a man is off like lightning.

When birds are sighted the riders swing the bolas round their heads with great rapidity, their horses all the while going at full gallop, and when within range hurl them at the game, entangling its legs, wings, or necks, and tripping it, or stunning it if hit on the head or any sensitive spot. It is wonderful to see the natives rise in their saddles when at full speed, swing the balls, and hit the mark, sometimes at a distance of eighty yards. If one bird is brought down the rest seem to become panic-stricken, and instead of escaping, remain near their fallen companion. In this way a score of them may be killed in one spot.

To the man who loves hunting, for sake of the chase alone, horses and greyhounds appeal more. It is a sportsmanlike race, where the game has a chance for its life. It is very like fox hunting, except that the ostrich is swifter, if anything, and employs even more dodges than a fox. For instance, when the hunters are pressing close on the game and it would seem that the dogs were about to eapture it, the bird takes advantage of the least breath of air, raises one wing slightly, using it as a sail, and running slantwise against the breeze, vanishes from sight like a leaf in a whirlwind. If by any chance the breeze dies out and the hunters again feel sure of their ostrich, the latter doubles like a fox, and so quickly and suddenly that the dogs pass beyond, making the hunt long drawn out, difficult, and exciting.

Though game laws have been passed prohibiting the killing of ostriches during the breeding season, little if any attention is paid to them. It is estimated that from 300,000 to 500,000 birds are slaughtered annually—a number which has not only thinned out the species to a great extent, but promises in time to extinguish it altogether. The only remedy for this in a country where law is ineffective would be to establish ostrich farms similar to those in Africa and California.

Nor is the ostrich hunted for its feathers alone. Its flesh is agreeable, somewhat resembling mutton, and an omelet made of the eggs, or rather several omelets made of one egg, possess a delicious flavor. Consequently egg hunting is almost as much of a sport as ostrich hunting. Several hens lay in one nest, which sometimes holds from twelve to twentyfive eggs. The cock often hatches the eggs, and if disturbed during the operation becomes very dangerous, not hesitating to attack with his legs a man on horseback.

LEATHER FROM FISH SKIN.

THE United States fish commission recently has been getting together a collection of leathers made from the skins of fishes and other aquatic animals. It is not only of interest to the curiosity seeker, but it is intended to have a very practical value, showing incidentally what may be done with the outer coats of many creatures whose hides are commonly esteemed worthless. Already the world's supply of leather derived from land animals does not equal the demand, so that the utmost efforts are being sparrow, gobbling the ant up.

made to discover or manufacture some sort of available substitute, but hitherto nobody seems to have thought of utilizing the material afforded by creatures that live in the water.

Several kinds of fishes have skins that make excellent leather for some purposes. For example, salmon hide serves so well in this way that the Eskimos of Alaska make waterproof shirts and boots out of it-in fact, even whole suits of clothes. They also cut jackets out of codfish skins, which are very serviceable garments. Already frogskins are coming into use for the mounting of books where an exceptionally delicate material for fine bindings is required.

Whaleskin would make an admirable leather for some purposes, and it is a shame to think of the countless thousands of hides of these cetaceans that have been thrown away since the fishery for them began. Porpoise leather is even now employed for razor strops, being considered a very superior material. Seal leather, dyed in a number of different colors, is included in the fish commission's collection.

Hair seals are still enormously plentiful in the North Atlantic and other seas, and it is not difficult to kill them, so that they afford a very promising source of leather supply. Walrus leather has come into the market recently, but it will hardly amount to much commercially, inasmuch as the animals are being rapidly exterminated.

Another kind of leather now coming into the market is that of the sea elephant. Up to within a few years ago a species of sea elephant was found on the Pacific coast, ranging as far north as Lower California, but it has been entirely exterminated. A related species occurs in antarctic seas, chiefly on Kerguelen island, and it was driven likewise almost to the point of extermination a dozen years back. So few of them were left that it became unprofitable to go after them, and so they had a chance to increase in numbers.

GIANT TURTLES ARE SCARCE.

THE surviving giant turtles of the early tertiary peroid, the remnant of the huge beasts that roamed the earth ages before mammals were known, have almost disappeared from the southern Pacific, where they existed in great numbers early in the present century.

"I have assisted in the capture of many of these great turtles," said Captain Walker W. Baxter, now in New York on his way from London to his New Zealand home, "on the Chatham islands, where they were once so plentiful, but they are now going the way of your buffalo and Indians. The Chatham group belongs to our New Zealand colony, and I first knew it when I was quite a young boy, away back in 1833, when the native Morioris were conquered by the Maoris of New Zealand. The Morioris were a large tribe in those days, but were far outnumbered by the giant turtles that occupied their islands and were preyed on by them. Now they are reduced to too souls or less all told, and the turtles are even less numerous; that is, the big

"At least 10,000,000 of these great turtles have been destroyed in the last 100 years. The natives have lived on them, sailors have carried them off by shiploads and the wild black cats that live in the lava crevices have destroyed them. The old ones, the giant ones, the mighty ones that weighed from 800 to 1,000 pounds each, have disappeared, and their descendants, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, alone are left, and soon they will be gone and their place will mark another missing link.

"Sixty years ago there was no trouble in finding a turtle on the Chatham islands weighing 500 pounds, and I have captured several that went over 800 pounds. A year ago I searched for several days and the largest one I saw weighed only thirtytwo pounds. They live no telling how long if they are not killed by man or the black cats, and they apparently grow as long as they live. Now they have no opportunity to get any considerable growth, and soon will be known only in books and on museum shelves."

"HULLO?" said the sparrow to the ant, "who are you?" "I'm afraid I'm your ant," said the ant. "I'm afraid you are right. Come inside," said the



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRI THREE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgio, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, III., as Second-class Matter.

GOOD MANNERS.

CULTIVATE politeness and good manners, boys and girls. It will take you through many a time when brusqueness and boorishness will keep you out. There may be no more in pleasant speech and graceful action than there is in an air cushion, but then, they are like the same cushion, very desirable at times. Good manners go a long ways in determining the opinion people may have of you. A polite and pleasant boy or girl will get through this world much better and easier than the youth who is the opposite. Especially is this true in any capacity of service. An employer does not want the work of anyone whose manner is such as to drive his customers away.

The way to learn politeness is to continually practice it till it becomes perfectly natural, and requires no thought. It is that something, outside of the mero forms, that can not be learned out of a book. It must be a part of the life of him who practices it to be a success. Good breeding, or good manners, and they are pretty much the same thing, can not be put on and taken off like a garment. They must be worn continually to be a success and herein is where so many fail. The little courtesies and observances of the well bred are too often absent from the home in the relations between members of the family. Many a boy and girl, too, are rude and unpleasant in their home life. Hard words, quarreling, and unpleasantness are rife the whole day long. No real politeness ever roots in such soil.

The way to do is to practice the courtesies and amenities of life in our personal and social relations with each other in the privacy of home. Once begun and adhered to it becomes a part of our natures and it is not necessary for the possessor to think whether or not he is in good form when occasion arises.

ABNORMAL PRIDE.

UNDER the heading of the "The Ruling Passion" a Chicago daily prints the following on the pride that follows after the grave. What must be the condition of mind in those who think that tinselry and folly help them before God? Most people are willing to stop at the grave with their vanity, but there are others who believe in carrying it across, if they can.

The "ruling passion strong in death" has rarely been more clearly exemplified than in the case of the Countess de Castiglione, an Italian woman, equally famous for her beauty and her vanity, who died recently. Her will stipulated that her body was "to be beautifully clad with the raiment in a box bearing on a brass plate the inscription . Clothing for my burial." When the box was opened the burial trousseau was found to consist of a black and white striped plush dressing gown, a necklace of black and white pearls, with a crystal locket, a rosary, a Lourdes silver medal, and two bracelets, one of onyx and pearls, the other in black enamel with brilliants. She also directed that her arms, hands and feet, which were unusually handsome, should be left bare, and that the body to which she was so attached "was not to be profaned with the scalpel of any quack, any sawbones, any dentist, or any prover of certain death."

The ghastly toilet business of death was not confined to her own person. The Countess had four tiny terriers, Tote, Zig, Jondoya, and Casino, and these unfortunate dogs she decided should accom-

bodies were to be embalmed and placed in the coffin on four little satin cushions found in the box. They were to wear their winter costumes of black, white, and violet, upon which was embroidered the Countess' cipher, and their enameled collars painted with roses and cypresses. The provisions of the will were faithfully executed. The four little beasts, which would much rather have remained above ground, were sacrificed to their mistress' vanity and, appareled in all their trivial splendor, accompanied her on her journey to the old boatman, who must have smiled grimly as he paddled the unique crowd across the river to the realm of shades. It is to be hoped the familiar sign, "no dogs allowed," was not hung on his skiff.

The ruling passion of devotion to finery is not confined to Countesses. The story is still told of a poor old cobbler in a Michigan village who when his wife died had her coffin placed on end without the lid and photographed by a traveling artist. He had his wife arrayed in her Sunday best gown, a bonnet with huge roses on her head, her handglass fastened to one hand, and a showy red and white open parasol in the other, and thus singularly accontered the deceased woman's picture was taken. It was not even necessary for the artist to admonish her to "look pleasant." She had a pleasant expression and the afflicted cobbler fairly beamed with pleasure. The artist himself was delighted. The sun never shone more brightly. Everything was pleasant. The picture was not only a touching tribute to the old lady's humble vanity but a solace to the old man, for even in death his wife had everything she liked in this life.

So when Pope celebrated the coquettish Countess of Coventry in his verse, whose last words to her maid were,

> "Betty, lend these cheeks a little red; Sure, one must not look frightful when one's dead,"

he only gave expression to a common passion of human nature which sometimes is so strong that it outlives life. And yet how soon Countesses and cobblers' wives grow indistinguishable!

> "Golden lads and girls all must As chimney sweepers come to dust."

THE DUNKARD BONNET.

News comes of the open rebellion of the women of the Dunkard church against the regulation head gear prescribed by the church law.

Everybody will remember to have seen the little "Tunker bonnet," concerning which Ben, S. Parker, of Indiana, has sung. When it frames a pretty and youthful face it is a most fetching accessory. But the women of the Dunkard sect have tired of the preaching concerning the "vain and foolish fashions of the world" and there is no easement because it is preached by meek-faced elders in shad-bellied coats. They have looked longingly at the feathered and flowered and beribboned creations of their sisters out of the church and have

One may regret to witness the passing of the sensible Dunkard bonnet, which sits like a benediction on the head of its modest owner, but if the sisters have made up their minds respecting this matter the brethren may well despair of being able to change their minds.

THE above clipping from an lowa daily paper, sent us by a sensible Inglennok sister, shows how little the outside world knows of the facts among us. Will any little girl who chafes under the restrictions of the bonnet please read over and over again the Editor's regret? There may be two sides to the question, but it will be a bad day when the "benediction" leaves the head of its "modest owner." Will the News Editor please remember that the benediction, the bonnet and the modesty are still with us, and likely to remain, which is as it should

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Don't Worry,

THE man or woman who is a Christian has every reason to be happy. They are children of a king, sure of their inheritance, and that they should go through this life complaining and worrying over evils that are present or expected, is a great mistake. Worrying never helped anything, but it has made countless thousands unhappy. Can't help it, did you say? Not if you keep so everlastingly at it that it has become a habit. But there is a much better way, and it is to regard the inevitable and pany her on her journey across the Styx. Their the certain philosophically, and beyond the una-

voidable necessities of preparation never give trouble a second thought. There is a good deal of hard sense in the proverb about not crossing bridges til we come to them.

A pretty good way is to organize a Don't Worry Club of one, and elect yourself president and then be an example to all the members. Thousands of years agone Israel's royal singer wrote a poem and in it he said that even though he walked in the val. ley of the shadow of death he would fear no evil That's it. To fear no evil is to do no worrying. To be going around continually fussing over things that can't be helped is a veritable pin scratch under the shirt to all around who have to listen. Quitit, stop it, find a better way. There's nothing so bad that it might not be worse. Think of that side of things.

Don't worry. It is unpleasant, hinders good thought and action, and never does any good Think of the bright side of things. There's sun. shine in God's world. Hunt it up. Don't worry, for God is in heaven and the world's all right,

DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH.

While the person who has united with the church should have the tenderest nurture, yet, on the other hand, he should not expect too much at the hands of the older members of the congregation. He should remember, first, that they are very fallible, and may neglect their duty, and miss the mark in many ways.

Then he should also bear in mind that most of them are busy people, having many cares and duties devolving upon them, so that they cannot always bestow upon others the attention that may be expected.

No person who unites with the church should expect too much of his fellow-members. He should at least try to take care of himself and his own spinitual interests, and should not beguile himself with the expectation of being coddled and petted. Itis the duty of all rather to minister to others than to be ministered unto.

Epirons have their troubles. One of these mon who presides over the destinies of a western paper is mourning the loss of two subscribers. One wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers, says the Norwalk Hour. The answer went forward by mail, but by accident the Editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled."

And the man with grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

Dorothy has a baby brother who has recently been ill with the coming through of his first teeth I think he has the baldest head I ever saw on an in fant. It has caused Dorothy great anxiety. She stood at the mother's knee one day, gently patting the little head.

"Be careful, Dorothy," said the mother, "You know poor little brother is sick. He is cutting hi

Dorothy patted the bald head reflectively. "Mamma," she said, "is it going to make him

sick when he cuts his hair?"

Can a man use two or more languages with equal facility and accuracy? The Ingle NOOK thinks no One language, and that one learned in childhood, all that any man ever uses with case and certaint It is the language in which we habitually do o thinking that we use the best. Of course there all people who onderstand a number of languages, by after all it is the language of youth that is easiest and the surest in either speech or writing

THE INGLENOOK is grateful for the many kindle expressions of interest in the work and words commendation for the paper. Of criticism has been practically none of serious character. I publication is continually widening and broader in its field of operation. Every day since it states without cover operation. without exception, has brought subscribers kind words to the desk of the management.

THE BELGIAN HARE.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

THE Belgian hare ranges in color from a reddish frown to black. The color generally adopted by American breeders, is called "Rufus Red." No one appears to know why the color is given such a The hares of this color are a reddish brown except that the end of each hair is tipped with black. The black tipping of the hair is called wicking," and it gives a sprinkling of black on the otherwise brown color, somewhat resembling the color of our common wild rabbits. Then there are lancy colors, such as the "golden fawn," the "silver fawn," and the jet black. In the golden fawn, the black ticking has been eliminated by breeding, and the color is a golden hue. In the silver fawn he ticking is also absent, and the hares are a beauful silvery fawn color. While the rufus red is the nost common color, and many people have nothing lse, the other colors are becoming more popular mong fanciers. The weight of a full-grown Belgiin is from seven to twelve pounds. At three nonths old they are about the size of the common

Growing the Belgian hare for market seems desned to become an important industry. At present he meat sells in the butcher shops of cities at wenty-five cents a pound, and its production costs tss than poultry meat, where proper arrangements re had. The high market price is because of the earcity of hares, and the superior excellence of the neat, which is claimed to rival frog legs. The writcannot vouch for the superiority of the meat, but is the universal claim; that such is the case, and if o, there is hardly a limit to the proportions the inustry may assume in America. They do well aised in close quarters,' and every back yard may a veritable park for the hares. They produce om four to six litters a year, summer and winter, hen housed, and their food is the commonest sort stuff found on every farm. Shelled oats and over hay is a favorite ration, and hard breadcrusts e delicacies. They are admirable pets, and beome quite tame. My seven year old girl feeds us, and when she goes in among them she cries, Get away, get away, I'll stèp on you."

If the recent interest in Belgian hare culture connues, it will surpass poultry raising, as being both ore fascinating and more profitable. Just now ware raised for market, because the demand for reeders keeps the price away above what the maret pays. A full-grown pair of hares will sell for om \$20 to \$40, depending on their excellence. ery superior stock may sell for hundreds of dolis per pair, but the INGLENOOK readers are not intrested in those yet. Young hares can often be ought for \$4 apiece, and they will do just as well get a start from, if you are willing to wait. It ou have money to invest the older ones will pay themselves in a few months. Of course the rofit any one gets out of the business depends ^{igely} upon the person. Anyone can do it, but at isn't saying everyone will. Warrensburg, Mo.

HOW THE BIBLE WAS MADE.

lx our last issue we told how the sacred books tregiven to the churches, and as owning a book those days was a considerable thing, and the posssion confined to the comparatively wealthy, it is tlikely that there were a great many copies exnt, in the start, in any one community. But they old be had by anyone willing to either transcribe, Matthew's book, or pay for having it done. of taken in the aggregate there must have been a od many of the copies abroad. The originals of capostolic books have long ago disappeared, nokly knows where, when, or how. In all probability y were worn out by constant use. In using the ordbook the reader should remember that the idea the not convey what is now suggested in the use the word. If the word rolls is substituted a betidea is before the mind. If you will imagine orolls of wall paper half of the continuous roll ing wrapped on one, and the other half on its opwite, you will have a fairly good picture of the down to The writing was in a narrow page up down the column, and that read down, it was led over on the left hand side, thus exposing anher column, and so on. There were two kinds of torily from a financial point of view.

writing, one called the uncial, the other the cursive. The uncial, from the Latin word for an inch, was in large, capital letters written in one solid line, clear across the page.

THISISTHEWAYTHATTHEUNCIALWRITI NGLOOKED. The apparent reason for this style of writing was in the expensiveness of the material used to write on, and the economizing of space. Down to the tenth century this uncial style of writing, as it was called, was in universal use. After that up to the time of the discovery of the art of printing, a cursive, or running hand was adopted. Naturally there would be a great many more old manuscripts in the cursive style than in the uncial, which, being so much older, would have disappeared in the wreek and ravage of time. As to the number of these old manuscripts and their relation to each other, we can do no better than copy the following, a very condensed and accurate state-

"The number of New Testament manuscripts, complete or fragmentary, now known, exceeds seventeen hundred, dating from A. D. 330 to 1500. Of these probably seventy or eighty are over one thousand years old. Dr. Scrivener makes record of 158 uncials and 1605 cursives; some of them being Lectionaries, or Service-Books, containing only the Scripture lessons read in the churches;—and the number is increased from time to time by explorations in ancient libraries, especially in the East.

"The cursive manuscripts, dating from about A. D. 800 to 1500, number between nine and ten hundred. Some are beautifully illuminated; some being written on linen paper, which was first used in the twelfth century; others upon cotton paper, which was used as early as the ninth century; others, like the older uncial manuscripts, being written upon parchment and vellum, which have been in use from before the Christian era. Some thirty of these manuscripts contain the entire New Testament; others contain only portions. Manuscript books being bulky, the New Testament was for convenience transcribed in several volumes. Hence the manuscripts preserved are mostly of separate portions, rather than entire New Testaments. Of manuscripts containing the four Gospels there are more than six hundred; of the Acts of the Apostles and Catholic Epistles there are more than two hundred; there are about three hundred manuscripts of the Epistles of Paul, and about one hundred of the book of Revelation; besides more than four hundred Lectionaries, containing the Lessons for public reading.

"Of the more ancient uncial manuscripts of the New Testament the number is naturally much smaller; but there are sixty-two manuscripts of the Gospels, fifteen of the Acts, seven of the Catholic Epistles, twenty of the Epistles of Paul, and five manuscripts of the Apocalypse-contained in eighty-three distinct manuscripts, according to the list prepared by Dr. Ezra Abbot in 1883 for Dr. Schaff's Companion to the Greek Testament and English Version.' In this account some seventy uncial Lectionaries are not included, their great antiquity being less certain."

The story of the discovery of these old manuscripts reads like a romance. It will be told later.

(To be Continued.)

RAISING FOXES FOR PELTS.

Raising foxes for their pelts is assuming proportions of considerable magnitude on the Alaskan islands, many of which have been leased for this purpose, and others have been appropriated without the payment of a government yearly rental of \$100 for each island. There are now no less than thirtyfive islands occupied by the proprietors of fox ranches.

The industry is still in an experimental stage and in many cases it is a question whether the labor and expenditure may not prove a bad investment, but there are other instances in which proper business methods have been used where the returns will soon be adequate and promise immense profits in the future, says the Scientific American. The foxes cost from \$150 to \$200 a pair and the work has been going on for fifteen years or more, and up to date there have been practically no returns, but as three of the islands have now over a thousand foxes it will be seen that it must be only a question of a short time when the venture will turn out satisfac-

Originally the project was to raise the silver-gray fox, the fur being more valuable than that of the blue fox, the common rate for a pelt being \$50 for the silver-gray and \$16 for the blue fox. The silver-gray is a comparatively ferocious beast, considering the cowardly nature of the species in general, and is also much given to killing it's young. It has been almost impossible to domesticate this animal. It is, perhaps, more of a wolf than a fox in its instincts and the raising of them has been practically abandoned, there being but a single island where they are now to be found in any number.

Practically the blue fox is the only one which is bred, and it is readily tamed and with gentle handling soon becomes so domesticated in its habits as to accept food from the hand of its keeper. Neither of these is a distinct species, the blue fox being developed from the white fox, while the silver-gray and black comes from the red. The usual food is fish, either raw or cooked, and cornmeal mixed with

Except for a couple of months in midsummer, the feeding is done throughout the year at the average cost of \$1.50 per fox. Each of the islands has from two to three keepers for the fox ranch, according to the number of foxes' cared for, and they spend their entire time the year around in the work.

Skins are taken from Nov. 20 to Jan. 20, the method being to catch the foxes in traps. The killing age is about eighteen months, although fox skins may be had as young as eight months, and if especially well grown the animals are sometimes killed at that age. The semidomestication of the fur-bearing animals affords the only possible escape from the early extermination of a large part of those species which now provide the most costly and luxurious of wearing apparel. It seems reasonable to suppose that the Alaskan fox industry, in which \$100,000 is now invested, may be the beginning of a great and profitable business, the islands of Alaska being particularly fitted for the experiment and few of them of the least value for any other purpose.

FORTUNES IN CUT FLOWERS.

Or roses there are sold in this country, annually, one hundred millions, worth six millions of dollars. To these must, be added an equal number of carnations, valued at four millions of dollars, and seventy-five millions of violets, valued at seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of lilies and miscellaneous flowers enough are sold to fetch, at first hand. a million and a quarter of dollars, while the single item of chrysanthemums grown in the United States represents half a million dollars every twelvemonth. In addition must be reckoned the plants sold in pots, which are said to number something like one hundred millions in a year. Their estimated value is ten millions of dollars.

The demand for flowers in this country, as with other luxuries, is steadily growing, and the business of producing them under glass is sure to increase enormously during the next decade. Prices obtainable for rare and beautiful blossoms grow higher from year to year, and rich people are spending fortunes in the creation of private glass gardens for the production, most particularly, of roses and orchids. This might be called The Age of Flowers; for never in the history of the world have flowers been so highly appreciated as they are at the present time.

THERE is a farmer named Rogers in the North who possesses a Jersey cow, which he used to drive. morning and evening, to and from the pasture, not far from his home. One morning, as one of his neighbors was passing along the road, he met Mr. Rogers walking in the middle of the lane, his mind apparently engrossed with some weighty question. The neighbor called out: "Good morning, Mr. Rogers. Where are you going?" "Why," said Mr. Rogers, in a surprised way, "I'm driving the cow to the pasture." And he waved his hand toward where the cow ought to have been. "Well, where is the cow?" asked his friend. "I suppose I forgot to let her out of the barn," answered Mr. Rogers, humbly, as he realized his position. And he had.

That a hoy is a pretty wild youth is often an evidence of mere physical buoyancy and animal spirits. It is when the activity takes the turn of meanness that his friends may feel alarmed.

Good Reading

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS A SPECIALTY.

Although the artificial limb industry of Chicago is restricted to eight factories and an annual output of about 1,000 legs, arms, hands, feet and parts thereof, it is as large and as important an industry in its field of operation as the most mammoth of the manufacturing enterprises. The average price of limbs ranges from 860 to \$100. The art of making artificial limbs dates hundreds of years before the Christian era, but modern Chicago makers are splicing pieces and making whole limbs for every civilized country in the world. Only about fifty people are employed by the eight factories, but most of them are men of decided mechanical ingenuity. In addition to the most careful adjustment of the several parts of the joints, according to existing devices, they are constantly experimenting on mndels for still better results. That, together with superior workmanship, is the reason why Chicagomade artificial limbs are favorites the world over,

The makers do more than fill orders - or, at least some of them do. They study the anatomy of man so as to have a better understanding of what is required of artificial limbs; besides, they keep themselves well informed of the cause of the demand for limbs and the percentage of one kind over another, The proportion is ten legs or parts of legs to one of arms. Seventy per cent of the whole output comes from employes of railways and five per cent from passengers. Ten per cent comes from amputations necessitated by "consumption of the bone," as they call it; two per cent from the army and navy, and thirteen per cent from miscellaneous causes. It is a curious fact that the elbow joint cannot be duplicated with springs and hinges; honce an amputation above the elbow causes almost a total loss of the arm, but an artificial arm may be put on so true to nature that it will deceive completely until there is use for it, when the fact is made very clear that at best it is only ornamental. But when the amputation is below the elbow the arm can be spliced out, and even the fingers can be made somewhat serviceable.

Foreign orders are accompanied by a carefullyprepared plaster cast of the limb required, together with the cause of the amputation and such other information as to measurements, etc., as the maker would ask for were the person present. A few weeks ago it was found that a combination of leather and aluminum makes a lighter and yet stronger limb, with decidedly better knee, ankle and toe action, than other materials. However, some experts still hold that wood is the best material under all circumstances, and they will make no other kind. The business of artificial limb making is called the "prosthetic industry," and means literally the process of adding to the human body some artificial part in place of one that may be wanting. One who makes such artificial parts is called a prothetician or prothetist.

Herodotus speaks of at least one man, an Alean, who procured a wooden foot to take the place of the natural one which he lost while escaping from a Spartan prisms. Pliny tells of a man, 167 B. C., who wore an artificial hand of his own design and construction, and it was so well done that he could use it to wield a sword in battle. There is the remains of an artificial leg in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London which was exhumed from a tomb at Capura in 1858. The official catalogue says "the leg is made with pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronze nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holds in their free ends, are attached to the upper extremity of the bronze; a quadrilateral piece of iron found near the position of the foot is thought to have given strength to it. The skeleton had its waist surrounded by a belt of sheet bronze edged with small rivets, probably used to fasten a leather lining. The vases found in the tomb place the period at about 300 years B. C." Since the fifteenth century artificial limb-making has been a regular industry in nearly all countries.

Not only many doctors but nearly all the laity have a notion that the amputation of a limb shortens the life of the individual, and also the greater the quantity of the limb cut off the greater the

theory flatly. By careful comparison for half a century it is ascertained that cutting off limbs-not all the limbs, of course—does not shorten life at all. Of the patrons of an artificial limb factory less than twenty-five per cent died during a term of over forty years, and nearly every one of them died from accident or old age, and not one died as the direct result of being short a leg or arm. It is claimed that there is no record of anyone, or but very few, at least, who died of pulmonary or cardiac diseases who wore an artificial limb, except where the disease was contracted before the limb was amputated. However, the amputation of limbs is not recommended by protheticians as a preventive of lung and heart troubles.

Perhaps it has never occurred to many that the great body of wearers of artificial limbs are poor people - that is, poor people in contradistinction to the rich. It is very rare that a wealthy person is seen with an artificial limb and the reason is clear enough. It is the man who works with his hands in the mill, on the railway, in the mine, in the gangway of the steamboat and in the other avenues of employment where danger to limb and life is always present, that has to repair himself with artificial bits of mechanism to splice out his once unbroken body. And so the question of the first investment and the subsequent repairs of the delicate joints is one of no little moment to poor people, but they are necessary expenditures and have to be provided for. It means time lost and a heavy drain upon wages for a long time. Investors have reduced all this to the minimum and competition obliges limb-makers to use the best of material and do their work well. This is particularly true of the ankle joint, where the strain is always great and where the mechanism is delicate and complicated.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S MAIL BOX.

CHINATOWN now has a post office in New York. It is not a full-fledged office, as there will be no collection for or delivery from it, but it will give the citizens of that section a convenient opportunity of registering letters and buying money orders and stamps, which is really all that is desired.

The new substation is known as No. 133, and the patient official in charge of it is Theodore Frelinghuysen Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin is not a first-class Chinese linguist, but confesses to having a dangerous smattering of that language. His middle name, furthermore, has about it a vague suggestion of Chinese tea, which, it is hoped, may lead his customers to trust him. He is assisted by Edward J. Granville and Julius Rothschild, both of whom are said to have a speaking acquaintance with the Chinese language, and are, furthermore, noted for unlimited patience. It is they who will wrestle with the careless and indistinct handwriting of hurried Chinese merchants. Superscriptions suggesting nothing but the wearisome wanderings of an erratic fly walking over paper after having been rescued from an inkwell, will be referred as a last resort to the joss house near by, where arrangements have been made for the care of desperate cases.

The collection and delivery of mails in the district will still be done by carriers from the general post office. The new substation, it is said, will in no wise lighten the burden of the carriers who have labored through Chinatown for years.

Letter Carrier James Campora, who has circulated through the district for eight years, affected cheerfulness in discussing recently the life he leads. He is a well-preserved man, considering his years of struggle with Chinese addresses. Beneath an air of assumed nonchalance can be detected a spirit of inessable weariness, such as might be found in a man who spent his life searching for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

"Oh, it ain't so bad," said Campora, "when you get used to it. In the first place, the Chinamen, who, by the way, are great writers of letters, always try to put the address on in English and Chinese. Those who write from China have generally had the addressed envelopes sent to them. On the other hand, the Chinamen who write to each other from different parts of the city or State always address the letters in both languages. One great trouble, however, is that there are so many Chinamen by one name. This came near driving me crazy at first. I might start out with a bag full of letters, abridgment of life. But statistics contradict that about 300 of which would be addressed to Ah Fong

or One Lung. One house might have two dozes Chong Lings in it. For a time I used to wande around trying to get some one to claim a letter Sometimes I got desperate and used to beg some pigtail to take a letter off my hands. Nowadays just take all the letters addressed to a house to the storekeeper on the first floor and he gets rid of the somehow."

VALUE IN CORNSTALK PITH.

NEARLY everyone is now aware that the pith found inside of cornstalks is now used as a sort of cork lining for warships to keep them from sinking

Corn pith has also made another contribution to warfare besides being an inside lining or life preserver for warships. One of the best varieties of smokeless powder is made with the cornstalk as it basis. It is ground up and used as an absorben base, just as infusorial earth is employed to make dynamite by absorbing the nitro-glycerine.

It can be used in firearms of all sizes, and is especially adapted to the use of the big guns on battle ships. When made into powder it does not flad up, like the ordinary black powder, and burn even thing in sight. It can be made into sticks like: lead pencil, which, when lighted, burn like a candle instead of exploding.

This slow-burning feature is valuable. The more zle-velocity is just the same, but there is not the same explosive element about it. Another advantage age that is noted is that there are not the head aches resultant from the use of the nitrous powders The gases liberated do not seem to be so noxious as the chemical combination with the corn does no produce such poisonous vapors.

Lately the agricultural department at Washine ton has been experimenting with a new food for cattle, manufactured from the cornstalk. The whole stalk, pith and all, is ground up till it is a fine as flour. It is then mixed with blood or alon grade of molasses. Perhaps an explanation is neressary concerning the use of blood. It is only to ployed where it can be obtained in large quantities as around slaughter houses, and then only the lowest grade is used, for even blood has become value ble in this commercial age. As a usual thing it used in conjunction with a low grade of molasses. which is too poor to have a marketable value by #

This mixture of cornstalk, blood and molasse is then made into cakes under heavy pressure, and the product is allowed to dry. It becomes hard in bricks, and is then shipped out in ton lots. It feeding it out the cakes are broken with a hamma and placed in water, when they swell and become soft. It is an excellent food, and cattle thrive ont to a remarkable extent. A careful analysis has so tablished its theoretical nutritive value, but the before proof is always fat, sleek cattle, and these are found wherever the compound is used.

WHERE COW BELLS ARE MADE.

WHEN the Swiss cowherd drives his cattle to the grassy valleys in the morning and when he drive the herd home at night, the music of the journey likely to be furnished by bells made in Indianapo The silence of the great stretches of grazing in Australia is likely to be broken by sheep belong made in Indianapolis, and the hunter in the node brush of the low, flat lands in Arkansas and Missippi, as he rouses the half-wild razor-back be from his lair, will hear the tinkle of bells that corfrom Indianapolis.

These bells are made at a little shop where the five to eight men are at work making bells of d different sizes, seven of which are for cows sheep and one for hogs. They are made by the B. Wilson Manufacturing Company, which rects removed to this city from St. Louis.

"Our bells," said the foreman of the compa "go all over the world. Most of them go to Western States and Territories, but some shipped to Europe, South America, Australia other places. They are made of sheet steel and of bell metal. They look like bell metal bo they are put into a furnace and bronzed. process may also add something to the musical bells. There are three cow bell factories in United States besides this one. This is said to the largest."

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS -W. B. Slover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Opin, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1916, Acting Fresident, Otho, Secretary and service death of the Mission of Communications to Our Missionary Reading Interester, Corington, Obio.

FULFILLING DUTIES.

"I REACH a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher; but if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

"For, be the duty high as angel's flight, Fulfill it, and a higher will arise E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite— Receding to the skies."

THE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE OF NINETEEN HUNDRED.

THE Missionary Conference held in New York, a hort time ago, is more far-reaching in scope and ider and deeper in interest than any ever held be-

A few facts were brought out which we will do remember.

1. Foreign Missions Pay.—The speakers at that conference referred to this many times. They proved the assertion, "whether one take the word pay to mean civilization, education, financial martets, influence upon churches at home—any way you choose to take the word." There is no reason to speak doubtfully upon the subject. The giver to mission causes is blest above the receiver and to us at home who are doing what we can, will come the greater blessing. One of the speakers at the conference said that the greatest charity organization in the world is foreign missions.

2. Church People Will Read Missionary Literature.—To read is to gain information, for our books on missions are up to the level of other literature nowadays. They relate incidents of absorbing interest, and deal with facts that vitally interest is all. The illustrations of scenes in foreign lands, bound in our missionary periodicals, are very good; they portray the scenes as truly as the magazines. One lady kept very well-informed by reading only missionary literature.

EXHIBIT OF SOUVENIRS.

The preachers and teachers returning from the our corners of the earth had an exhibit of souvenirs the Conference. In the medical department of he exhibit, they had the simple physics and the wbottles of remedies which frequently make up physician's entire outfit, when in heathen lands. here were pictures of lepers in various stages of the read disease. "A photograph of a woman's foot, bebones of which had been broken repeatedly in derto compress the toes, their phalanges and the oint of the heel into a three inch shoe—the standad every so-called 'high caste' woman of the midle country strives to attain—demonstrated the enorced torture of Chinese women more graphically han could a whole shopful of the pretty embroidand boots that are usually relied upon to tell their

The kitchen utensils, and other articles used in sousekeeping in Alaska and in the Philippine Isands, were shown. These were very poor and rude, and pleaded eloquently for the help that we are give to these people. None of the Pagan counties show such large results from the labor of our alisionaries as does Japan. There was one picture of a tive women nurses, dressed in fresh ginghams with this caps and aprons, such as are worn in America.

IT BRINGETH FORTH AN HUNDREDFOLD.

Many striking testimonies to the power of God's ord were given at the late Missionary Conference New York. One of the women, lately returned must be a said, "I want to tell you of a chief's a come to the primary school. She remained the trefor two years. When she came back to her ad on expressing a promise to tell her people of mand out that night to hear her. She knew only ge of women she read the Word by night.

The soil was in good condition. They were very saious to hear the words of Jesus, so she read to again and again. She taught them faithfully, willage he found forty persons ready to accept teachings of Jesus Christ."

- Sunday A School

CHRISTIANITY'S VITALITY.

In these days of what is known as advanced thought there is a manifest tendency not only to criticise the shortcomings of those who profess the Christian religion, but to attack with asperity the Christian religion itself. This is both misleading and unjust.

It is true that a creed is commonly and justly judged by the conduct of its professors. "By their fruits shall ye know them" is axiomatic in all religions, and if Christianity had produced only thorns and thistles Christianity would deserve condemnation—or, rather, it would not exist to be condemned.

A religion which does not make for right living—which does not better humanity—does not survive. That Christianity has thriven for almost twenty centuries is the best proof that it contains the essentials of a moral philosophy. That some of its adherents fail to exemplify that philosophy merely shows that profession and practice are not inseparable—a fact manifest in other matters besides religions.

There is good in all the great religions which dominate the world. The basic principle of all is the same — recognition of an overruling power and inculcation of the doctrine that man is charged with duties toward his neighbor as well as to himself. Buddhism and Mohammedanism as well as Christianity teach justice, mercy and charity. There are unworthy Buddhists and Mohammedans as well as unworthy Christians. Humanity does not always—it does not ever—live up to its ideals. But that constitutes no reproach to the ideals.

In spite of pessimists in and out of the churches Christianity is not on the wane. It is not even on the defensive, for its philosophy is that of humanity and, therefore, impregnable.

Theologians may dispute over doctrinal points and scientists may attack the historical side of the Scriptures, but if all the theology and all the history contained in the Bible were eliminated and cast aside—if nothing were left save the Sermon on the Mount—that statement of morality would insure the perpetuation of the Christian religion through all time.

It is just as well for faint-hearted Christians to return to first principles. Disputes over predestination and literal inspiration, over fine-spun questions of man-made doctrine, are as the mere humming of the idle wind against the walls of a mighty fortress.

The Christian religion is founded upon love for God and one's neighbor and, being based upon those immutable principles, it will survive under one name or another as long as the race retains the knowledge of right and wrong.

If a sculptor, from a block of marble, should chisel a statue and endow that piece of stone with life, reason would require that statue to do the will of its maker. Should that living stone become broken, and its form greatly marred and its beauty all gone, and that sculptor should gather together the fragments and again clothe it with life and beauty that might last forever, surely that statue would never be able to pay its maker and restorer, but would love him and serve him forever.

You are the statue, made of the dust of the earth, and in the likeness and image of God; and that image, so marred and broken by sin and its beauty destroyed, has been restored by the Heavenly Father to you and to all who wish to be like him; surely then you owe him more than you can ever pay, and you will give him the strength of your life by gratefully serving him in every possible way.

TRUTH is a strong and abiding foundation on which to build. An individual or nation without truth is worse than dead. How much more important is truth than intellect, talent, wealth, fame and beauty!

It is more precious than eloquence, gold, lands or stocks. Christianity, with its hopes and prospects of life everlasting and joy eternal, would be useless to us but for the absolute truthfulness of God.

THE plan of salvation requires that the wicked school superintendent. "The police must not only give up his way, but his thoughts also, answered a small boy on the back seat.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE BLUEBIRD.

When Gorl had made a host of them, One little flower still lacked a stem To hold its blossom blue; So into it He breathed a song, And suddenly with petals strong As wings, away it flew.

THE STORK'S MESSAGE.

FAR away in Norway there is a quiet little village where the figure of a stork appears, carved on the church and over many of the houses. All children in that village know the history of that stork, and how in return for kindness he saved the boy, Conrad, from hopeless misery.

Courad and his mother once lived in this village. She was a widow, and this little lad was all she had to love in the world. God had implanted tenderness in the boy's heart for bird and beast, and he grew to love a stork which every summer built its nest on the house-top.

When Conrad was grown to be a young man, he went as a sailor, and set out for a distant land.

At first all went well with the sailor, but one day, when they were near to the coast of Africa, a number of pirates took the ship and put the crew in irons, and on reaching port, sold them as slaves.

Conrad, years after, was toiling by himself one day in some lonely place, when a stork came flying close and wheeled about him. In a moment he thought of the days of his boyhood, his home, his mother, and their yearly visitor.

He whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago, and to his joy the stork came to him, as if to be fed.

At that moment Conrad's heart was full of tears and thanksgiving. It was as though a dear old friend had found him.

But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the North. Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was there any one to welcome it now and to feed it?

Suddenly a thought came to him. He might find help in the stork, and yet get away from his slavery. He managed to write a line or two on a scrap of paper, telling where he was and that he was a slave. This he tied firmly round the bird's leg, and committed his message to God's care.

Spring came again to the cold north lands, and with spring came the stork to seek its old nest. The widow's eyes grew bright at sight of the bird, which reminded her of her lost boy, and she welcomed and fed it tenderly. As it took the food from her hand, she caught sight of the paper tied to its leg, and with some curiosity removed it. What was her joy to find it a message from her son.

She could searcely believe her eyes as she read it. She ran hastily to the minister of the little parish to show the precious letter. The news spread through the village, and a cry went forth from every house: "We must send and redeem Conrad!"

They meant it, too. The next Sunday morning they brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then they chose one of their number to go to the king to lay the case before him, and get him to send a ship of war to the help of Conrad, such a one as no pirate dare touch.

It was done. To the simple faith of those times, it would have seemed disobeying the will of God had such a sign been neglected. The war-ship made good speed, and she was given good success, for the stork had not flown, on the autumn day when the bells of the church rang out, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home again in his mother's cottage.

Such is the story of the stork told in the quiet Norway village to this day.

A small boy recently visited a church for the first time, where the pews were very high. Being asked on his return home what he did in church, he replied: "I just went into a big cupboard and sat on a shelf."

"Who are the peacemakers?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. "The police," promptly answered a small boy on the back seat.

TRADE IN QUEER ANIMALS.

BY RENE BACHE.

THERE is no branch of the animal kingdom, nor any corner of the world, that is not ransacked and explored nowadays for the purpose of collecting natural history curiosities to supply the commercial demand. Special expeditions are sent out to remote and almost inaccessible regions to gather strange and rare animals, for which the market is as unfailing as for any staple product of the soil or the factory. Firms dealing in such merchandise in a large way are located in most big cities both in this country and abroad, and, judging from the comprehensiveness of their catalogues, it would seem as if there was nothing that flies or walks or swims that they are not prepared to furnish on short notice at list prices.

One of these catalogues advertises a large assortment of "live material," as it is termed. From this document one learns that he can obtain large bullfrogs at three dollars a dozen, alive and kicking; medium-sized bullfrogs are cheaper, costing only \$1.75 for twelve. Turtles are two dollars a dozen for "adults," and small ones for aquaria are offered at fifteen cents each. Pond snails, "in assorted lots," are listed at twenty-five cents a dozen; crayfish cost one dollar a dozen, and newts are fifteen cents each. In ordering crayfish, it is requested that a few days' notice be given in which to secure them in case the stock should be low. No such reservation, however, is made in the case of earthworms, which come at sixty cents a dozen. It is safe to say that any small boy will furnish earthworms

It will be understood that all the above animals will be shipped alive. The catalogue quotes small alligators at fifty to seventy-five cents apiece. Live rattlesnakes come higher—especially the diamond rattlesnake, which costs from five to twelve dollars. Economical persons, however, may prefer a ground rattlesnake at one dollar. The copperhead is supposed to be about as deadly as the rattlesnake, and may be obtained for two dollars, while chicken snakes and garter snakes sell as low as fifty cents

Crabs are not offered alive, but in alcohol, and in this shape one can buy sand crabs, blue crabs, spider crabs, fiddler crabs, mud crabs, and hermit crabs at aprices running from ten to seventy-five cents apiece, spider crabs being the dearest. Insects, similarly preserved, are so cheap as to tempt purcha. Squash-bugs cost only fifty cents a dozen, whith fact water bugs come at only half that price. Earwigh are quoted at fifty cents a dozen, anthions at tend conts each, crickets at fifty cents a dozen, seventeen-year locusts at ten cents apiece, and June bugs at fifty cents a dozen. Horseffics invite the buyer at only ten cents the fly, "true wasps," may be obtained for the same the fly, and bumblebees foot the list at six cents.

I on which is I bug market of the cons of insects are held every year, and startling prices are paid sometimes for rare specimens. As much as \$800 has been brought by a single butterfly, while an out-of-the-way beetle may be valued at many times it's weight in gold.

Hamburg is a great market for wild animals, largely from Africa, that city having an important trade with the Dark Continent. To London comes much material of the same sort from Australia and New Zealand, and many rare creatures are obtained from sailors who fetch them from various parts of the world. An American dealer, not very long ago, made a special trip to White Bay, New Zealand, for the purpose of procuring a kind of lizard called the "sphenodon," which is regarded by scientists as a wonderful curiosity, inasmuch as it is the only survivor of an entire order of reptiles, all the other genera and species having long since become extinct. This lizard, which is known to the native Maoris as the "tuatera," is about a foot and a half long and, oddly enough, seems to have affinities with the crocodile. Of course, all the kangaroos, wombats and flightless birds come from Australia or New Zealand. A while ago the American dealer above referred to made a special trip to South America for the purpose of obtaining guanaco skeletons and steamer ducks. The guanaco is chiefly interesting because, like the llama, it is a representative of the camel tribe on this continent. The steamer duck is particularly odd, inasmuch as it

flies when it is young, but cannot do so after it has matured. The adult bird beats the water with its wings as it swims, and this suggested the name given to the species at a period when all steamers were side wheelers. It cannot rise in flight, for the reason that, as it gets older, its wings do not develop in proportion to its increase in weight.

MAKING OF POCKET KNIVES.

Pocket knives have been made in this country for many years and there are now here some scores of factories for their production. The newest branch of the manufacture here is that of fine penknives, which have been made in this country only about forty years, and have come into their present large and extended use only within about twenty years. There are penknives of English make that have been made continuously under the same names for more than a hundred years; so that the making of such knives in this country is something comparatively modern. The American penknife if not now actually the best in the world is at least the equal in quality, style, and finish of any produced anywhere.

Pocket knives are made in almost endless variety. One American concern makes 700 different sorts, which vary in kind, shape, size, number of blades, kind of handle, style and size of bolster, and so on. The best pocket knives have hand-forged blades. Great as is the variety of pocket knives now made here, a still greater variety is made in Europe, where the industry has been longer established and patterns and designs have accumulated; and the greater number of the odd knives, containing corkscrews and various other implements, still come from there.

A fine penknife of the best quality and handsomely mounted is still more or less of a luxury; it might cost at retail anywhere from \$1 to \$3 or \$4. One-bladed jackknives can be bought at wholesale for 75 cents a dozen; fine penknives run up to \$30 a dozen.

REVOLUTIONARY SHARPSHOOTERS.

The settlement of a new country amid hostile Indians demanded from our colonial grandfathers eternal vigilance, and developed in them considerable skill with firearms.

Even the colonial boy, we are told, as soon as he was big enough to level a rifle, was given powder and ball to shoot squirrels. After a little practice he was required to bring in as many squirrels as he was given charges for the gun, under penalty of a severe lecture or even having his jacket "tanned."

At the age of twelve the boy became a fort soldier, with loophole assigned if from No. o fight when the sett's ntwo accepted by the Indians.

Growing older he became a hunter of deer, bear and other wild animals, and must constantly pit his life against those of the hostile Indians in the forest.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the men of the revolution were all expert sharpshooters, whom the British dreaded and the Indians feared. God had been schooling them for their struggles for liberty.

Turkey has been engaged in war 38 years of the present century, considerably more than one-third of the time; Spain comes next, with 31 years of war; France has 27 years; Russia, 24; Italy, 23; England, 21; Austria, 17; Holland, 14, and Germany 13.

Advertising Column

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221-223 Market Street.

CHICAGO, ILL

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JUNE 30, 1900.

No. 26.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE NARCISSUS.

In lace and linen and silken slippers
And sheen of satin they dressed the bride,
With a gossamer veil, and a wrenth of blossoms
To crown her beauty, the day she died.
With rich perfumes of the rose and lily
They combed and plaited her locks of gold,
And under the tree where once she trysted
They hid her down in the frozen mold.

With sun and shadow and balmy breezes
Came the Spring to her place of rest,
And a slender blade like an emerald arrow
Lifted the clods above her breast,
Crystal dews of the purple twilight,
Silver rains of the morning cloud,
Coaxed the stem from its leafy shelter,
Drew the bud from its folded shroud.

Pale and pure as a pearl of ocean
It slipped the green of its dainty sheath,
Deep in its heart a bint of yellow
From the braided tresses that lay beneath.
So it was born, the bride's fair daughter—
The white narcissus that buds and blows.
Sweet and starry in silent places,
Over the grave of the winter snows.

-Minna Irving.

A KICKIN'.

Have you ever heard of a "kickin'?" Not a essonal chastisement, or an affront, but a real old-me kicking? It is hardly likely that you ave, unless you are a pretty old boy or girl, r have lived in the country, away back, and ave some memories treasured up that make ou smile in spite of your seventy odd years his particular kickin' happened in the mountins of North Carolina, and it was the writer's igh privilege to get an invitation. I will not ay that I took a part in the proceedings, but I did not, it was not because of a lack of urent invitation.

It happened on Spill Corn branch, at the ome of one of the mountaineers, and it was mething to remember. The house was a methy good sized one for the neighborhood, and it had two rooms. It also made some retension to huxury, as it had a window with tal glass in it, a thing that was not at all common in the neighborhood, and which was readed as an evidence of pride that should not encouraged. The people were typical hountaineers, and were hountaineers, and were hountaineers.

dountaineers, and were hospitality itself. In fact the mountain people of that section are all right in the stranger they take to, and on the other and it is not a healthy place for a "revenoor," a meller out of illicit stills. But if they trust you, there is no place on earth where your welcome will warmer.

When I arrived the house was pretty full. About then boys and girls were present, and they were healthy and wholesome a lot as you would see where. Pure water, mountain air, and coarse od showed their results in clear complexions and figures. There were not chairs enough to go round, and several had boards laid across, and the bys were seated on one side of the room, and the on the other. All were quiet, and it showed Promise of being a hilarious crowd. Occasionala fittering girl would get up, and walking sideays, go out of the room, to be followed in a moent by another. Then after subdued laughter would come back. Presently the old man bocked the ashes out of his pipe and remarked at the asnes out of his pipe and temperature as about time to begin. Up to this point I no more idea of what was coming than you

have now. But the guests understood. From the silence of the native to a cry of delight it was evident that something was about to begin.

The old man went out and brought in a great roll of fabric, and piled it up loosely on the floor. He also had the plough lines in his hand and these he tied up at the ends. As many as could gather in chairs and otherwise surrounded the pile, and took hold of the lines passed around on the inside. Then the old woman came in with a liberal supply of hot water and wet down the pile till it slopped. Then she dabbed a liberal supply of soft soap over and through the mass. Then I understood. It appeared that the family had woven at the hand loom a roll of woolen stuff, and it had to be fulled before use. The object of the kickin' was to do that work.

The boys, or young men, rather, had taken off their shoes and stockings and the young women had done the same. The masculine side rolled up their trousers as high as they could get them, while the girls gathered up their skirts and sat down on them. The scheme was to hold on to the line for your life and kick into the mass with one or both feet for all there was in you. If you didn't keep going for dear life those on the other side would kick the pile over on you, which was a part of the game. Everybody was yelling and laughing, and the suds fiew as high as the ceiling. It had to be kept up as long



Showing young Children at our Home in India getting their first Introduction to Godliness.

and as fast as the breath of the kickers allowed. When all were blown there was a panting rest, when more soap and water was put on, and the fun began all over again.

The oak floor had been worn smooth by the patter of several generations of bare feet, and the addition of soap and water made it as slippery as though it had been oiled. It was a thing not to be forgotten in the laughing melee that the chair was as likely as not to shoot out backward to the disaster of its occupant, I heard one strapping girl shout out to the young woman opposite, "Look out, I'm going to kick it over on you." "You come on, Lowcezy, some more once," was the answer, and Loweczy gathered up both feet for a kick that would unseat her opposite, but just at the critical moment her chair shot out backward and she came down smack in the soapsuds on the floor. Everybody yelled at the mishap, and the ring was broken up for the time. Louisa expressed herself as being certain of success had the chair held out, but as it was she spread herself before the fireplace to dry, and the ring closed up and at it they went again. The practice is a common one in a country where there are only hand looms and no fulling mills.

In about an hour, which was interspersed with many a fall, the work was pronounced completed, the sloppy fabric taken out to be rinsed in the brook the next day, and the crowd adjourned to the next room for supper. We had soggy "cawn" bread, boiled fat meat, and fried chicken, together with boughten coffee. What more does anybody want? What more was there to have? We ate, and under the stars started home. On the stage of a New York theater this simple thing would have filled the house nightly for a month. On Spill Corn it was only a neighborly gathering. But it was something to remember, and if you have never been at a kicking you have at least read of one. Ask some real old persons about it, and see them smile when they recall it.

WILLIAM AND GEORGE.

GEORGE or Georg is a very ancient word and in its origin not a proper name. It is composed of the Greek word ge, which is the first syllable of geography, geometry and geology, all relating to the earth. Ge in Greek means land or earth. The syllable org is the origin of our word work. There was no w in the primary use of the word. Without

this letter it would be ork, and the final k was originally g with the hard sound, or org. Ge, then, combined with ork, meant earth-worker. Christ said, "I am the true vine and my father the georges," or georg, translated "husbandman" in our Bible, but is really carth-worker. The ancient poet, Virgil, wrote four poems of several hundred lines each, called the Georgies, because they all relate to farming and agriculture.

William has a curious history. It was not at first given to children, and even a man had to earn it before he could have it.

When the ancient Germans fought with the Romans, the Germans had only light weapons. The Romans were well armed, and protected by armor, too; and some of them were a gilded helmet to shield the head.

Whenever a German succeeded in killing a well-armed Roman who wore one of these gilded helmets, the helmet was put upon his head, and he was ever afterward known as Geldhelm; or, as we would say, Golden Helmet.

With the French this was called Guildheaum, shortened to Guillame, and with Latin-speaking nations to Guilelmus. Finally the Guillame became Wuillame; the German Gilhelm is Wilhelm, and the English, William.

- "It's a queer worl," said the old man, "when you come to think it over. You know, I eddicated Jim fer a lawyer?"
 - " Yes. "
 - "An' Bill fer a preacher?"
 - " Exactly."
 - "An' Tom fer one o' those here literary fellers?"
 - "I've heard so."
 - "An' Dick fer a doctor?"
 - "Yes."
 - "Well, now, what do you reckon I'm a doin' of?"
- "Can't say."
- "Well, sir, you mout not believe it, but I am a-supportin' of Jim and Bill, and Tom and Dick, an it keeps me a-goin' from daylight to dark."

W Correspondence W

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

ELGIN, 111., JUNE 30, 1900.

Dear Sister Katie:-

We arrived here all right from Chicago, on the Northwestern railroad, though we might have come on the Milwaukee railroad. Both of them run into Elgin, and our Publishing House is right between them, about as far from each of them as it is from Uncle Dan Mohler's house to his barn. This is a very pretty city, and some of the trees and front yards are just like the country. It is a city in size, has railroads, street cars, is lit with electricity, has policemen, and although it has everything that goes to make up a city it looks more like a great, green, overgrown country town. That is a great deal better than that it should be too noisy to live in.

I am spending a good deal of time at the Publishing House. Uncle John, with whom I came, is busy nearly all the time, and I am left pretty much to myself. I am going to tell you some of the things I have seen here. The House is a big brick building, and the street cars pass right in front of it. The first door to the right, at the very front, is where Uncle Joseph Amick has his room. He is not my Uncle, but he must have lots of relations, for most everybody calls him Uncle. He is the boss of the whole business. Back of his room is where the presses are going. They are pounding away almost every day, and there seems to be a great deal done here. Up the stairs you come to the bookkeeper's room, and there Bro. Galen Royer is with his desk and his books. In the next room back is where all the accounts are kept. Four times a day the postman walks in and lays a bunch of letters down, gathers up what have been written in between times, and goes out. There are more letters come in here in one day sometimes than comes to our home post office in a week. Bro. James Moore runs a knife through each one and opens it. Then he puts them where they belong, that is those for the Messenger go into one box, and those for the 'Nook go into another, and so on around. Then each Editor comes down and gets his own. It would make you open your eyes to see the mailing room. There Bro, Samuel Eshelman gets all the stuff that goes out into the mail bags, and there is a lot of them, I mean the bags, and they take them to the cars in a wagon.

Up on the top floor are the Editorial rooms. Here in one corner room is Bro. John Moore, who edits the Messenger, and over on the other corner is the Editor of the Inglenook and his room. He calls the paper the 'Nook, and as he is in the room of the General Missionary Committee he had to get out last week when they met. I tell you, Katie, I wish you had been here when they met. It isn't anything like what you and I thought it was.

It is this way, or something like it. At the Ananal Meeting five men are appointed to manage the business of the church. Several times a year they meet and do what they think best for the good of the church. A good while ahead all the business that comes up before them is typewritten out and This gives them time to sent to each of them. think about each thing. Then they meet, and elect a Moderator, and it was Bro. D. L. Miller. They had about forty or fifty things to attend to and this is the way they did it. D. L., as everybody calls him, would read a matter off, then they would talk about it across the table, and then they would vote on it, and that settled it. It was put on the minutes, and they went on to the next thing. Anybody and everybody who wanted to could stay in the room, and the Moderator even said right out that if any present wanted to talk about matters that were up they could do so. And sometimes the people who were in did so. It was more like a lot of people sitting around a table at home discussing what was the best way to manage a big farm.

Everything went off pleasantly, and there was a good deal of hard work done. It isn't a bit like some people think. There are no noisy speeches, nothing but common-sense talk. Everybody seemed in a good humor.

It seems that we are to stay here for a week or so, maybe longer. I have been all around to the houses of the Brethren here. They live for the most part near a street called Highland Avenue.

The cars run out on that street, but the people walk out, mostly, and they live pretty close together. The houses they live in are on the cottage order, and they are making their lawns and planting out their flowers. They will all have very nice places before long. A couple of the brethren live in another part of town, but they are talking of moving out where they will all be together in one place. The Brethren here have no church building, and they have their meetings in the lower room of the Publishing House. There should be a church here and they are talking of building one, but I heard one person say that the church at this place should be erected by the general Brotherhood, and owned by it. The reason is that everybody who is here, or very nearly everybody, is employed in the Publishing House, and it is not certain how long any of them is going to be allowed to stay at work, and for them to build the church, and then have to leave it hardly seems right. If the Brotherhood built the church, and everybody in it had a share, it would then belong to the whole church, and it seems much fairer all around than for a few to do it, and then possibly have to leave it for others who did nothing for it.

What you said to Deacon Mack I told to some people here and they laughed, and said that for a fifteen-year-old girl that was pretty smart, and they wondered if somebody hadn't put you up to it. I told them no, and I asked some of them what the difference was between a spotted dress and a silvermounted harness. The Editor of the Nook said that there was a whole lot of difference, that a dress had nothing in common with a harness on a horse, and that some people could see a spot in a dress who couldn't see a hundred dollar carriage. He said it was a peculiar disease, and when I asked what it was called he said it was " Moral strabismus," and I said, "Is that what it is?" He said it was. Now I am so much older than you that I will tell you what that means. It means cross-eyed, or something like that, being able to see a little thing on one side, and not seeing a great big thing in front.

That was funny about the strange brother who preached so long. At the meetings here they are short. Last Sunday Bro. Zuck preached a splendid sermon in the chapel, beginning at 11 o'clock, and the meeting was all over by ten minutes to 12. Everybody said what a good sermon it was. Then there are no long prayers here. I heard a man pray once for over a quarter of an hour, and at the end he said he was to pray as the Lord did, and he repeated the little prayer, but he didn't do as he was told, or he had forgotten his lesson.

The members here are all in the order of the church, that is, the sisters all are, and most of the brethren. I tell you, Katie, I'd rather go down the street with you than with any other girl, because everybody who saw us would know that you were a good girl, or else you wouldn't be in the church wearing that bonnet. Some people are ashaned of the faith and practices of their parents. I aint, and don't you ever be, either, Katie.

The other day we went to meeting and I saw something funny. Right in front of me, a little to one side, was a fat man, and pretty soon he fell asleep. His head went back, back, back till I thought it would break off. His lower jaw went down, down, down, and when he was right in the middle of it a fly lit on his bald place and began to tickle him. He began to wiggle his nose and it was too funny for anything. I suppose I should have been listening to the service, but I couldn't help watching him. Pretty soon he put up his hand and made a clumsy sweep just as though he were stroking a bushel of wheat, and then settled down in another shape. I saw a woman watching him and this same woman said to him after the preaching was over, "How did you like the sermon?" and he said that it was a very good and interesting talk. The woman looked at me and laughed with her eyes, but her mouth was straight as could be. I wonder if that man goes to sleep when he is selling a bushel of apples? Of course there is nobody in our church who ever sleeps. Wouldn't it be a good thing to get snap shots of about a dozen of these sleepy people, and then get them enlarged, as you do with so many pounds of coffee at the grocery, and hang the whole lot up in the juvenile class room, labeling them," Enjoying the comforts of church associa-

I was going to tell you about the silver platics but I forgot. Some time again. Write soon.

Your brother,

P. S.—1 read what you said about not eating with a knife. That's all right. Is there any girl I know who still sucks her thumb at times, especially when she is caught at some mischief?

IT DIDN'T CONCERN HER.

An English clergyman who thought his parishioners were getting so wicked that he must tell them
what would become of them if they did not mend
their ways, preached a sermon on the eternal fate of
the wicked, which he sought to bring home to some
of the noted transgressors by personal admonition.
Meeting, one day, an old woman who was well
known in the parish for her gossiping propensities,
he said to her:—

"I hope my sermon has borne fruit. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I'as anythink to say, it be this,—let them gnash their teeth as has 'em,—I aint!"

It is the novel fate of a litter of Upper Dry Creek kittens to have been adopted by a hen. That state ment is a truthful fact, amply attested to by unimpeachable witnesses. Three weeks ago five soft furry kittens came to their earthly heritage on a ranch near Skaggs' Springs. A broodless hen liked the looks of the kittens and promptly annexed them as soon as opportunity presented itself. The hen is an ideal expansionist, kindly fostering her little feline Filipinos under her broad wings. Annexation is a hard word to apply to her act. It is benevolent assimilation in its most beautiful sense.

The people living on the ranch, upon discovering that the hen had appropriated the kittens, feared lest they be starved to death through the hen not allowing the mother cat to approach them, but investigation showed that at meal time the hen would arise from the nest, let the old cat adjust herself in the place, and the kittens get into their logical postions, when she would return and set herself on top of the family.

Some ten or a dozen years ago a whale flour dered into Oyster Bay, just north of the Columba river mouth and in the State of Washington. The bay is shallow and there is a sandbar at the @ trance to it; but the whale must have ridden in on 1 big wave. At any rate the next morning perhaps the maddest whale in the world was charging if and down the bay, running its nose into the said furiously, spouting water and mud like a geyed and evidently determined to get back to the Pacifi at any cost. For weeks the gigantic creature rage up and down the bay like a big fish in a small to of water. The railroads ran excursions to fit scene, and the captive animal drew a larger cross than a whole circus. At last a great storm care and when it departed the whale went with it. the railroad declared an extra dividend, and the people about the bay went back to work, or pl as suited their tastes or necessities.

A POPULAR story paper which goes into many homes had this significant paragraph recently private the by itself where it would catch the eye of the eye of

A STUDENT was asked, "Why will not a pin so on its point?" He returned the following arm "In the first place, a point is defined by fucl that which hath no parts and no magnitude, how can a pin stand on that which hath no parts and no magnitude? In the second place, a proposed on its head. Much less, therefore, not stand on its point. Thirdly and lastly, it is you stick it in hard enough."

Nature & Study -

GIPSY.

BY M.

OUR Gipsy was born in a hollow tree over a neverfailing spring in Pennsylvania. Her mother was acdentally killed when she was yet too small to have Then she was given to the writer to my and raise. We fed her by inserting a goose will in a cork that fit a small bottle which we filled with warm milk. She soon outgrew this and learned to eat almost everything. However there were a few things she did not like. Grapes and peaches were two fruits that she always accepted, then made agreat ado about wiping her mouth after taking the fist bite. Buttered toast was her favorite tidbit, When the fall came on and nuts got ripe the old rild instinct would crop out and even her keepr had to handle her with care or the sharp teeth would meet through a finger or hand. We have seen er carry a half bushel of shell barks from one place in the kitchen to another, one at a time and going through the motion of covering each one, although there was only air to do it with.

She slept in an old stocking suspended in a bird batching cage, and just before a storm it took much batching to get her out. She would shake and grunt, then slowly come to the top yawning and stretching is fit were a great shame to disturb her. Although we had a barometer made by scientific men Gipsy was far more sure in predicting a storm than it was. She was cleanly in the extreme, taking particular wride in her bushy red tail. She knew what was add to her as well as we knew what we were saying. Her inordinate love of sweets almost lost her her life at one time. We had prepared some sweetened loison water for flies and this Gipsy found and lank. We found her sick unto death beside the aucer and only the promptest measures saved her

Her paws were shaped very much like hands and ith the miniature thumbs she could hold things as sell as you and I can.

We got a mate for her and named him "Slapsy," ut Gipsy was jealous and in the end choked him to eath. We would crack two nuts and give one to ach. Gipsy would trim her shell all nice and mooth, then carefully hide it and put one paw round Slapsy's neck, take his nut from him and omplacently eat it, all the time keeping an eye on he place where her own was hid.

There was an old gentleman came to our house aily whom Gipsy did not like. One day we were ll away from home when this man came, but Gipsy fould not allow him on the porch. He was try angry and threatened to kill her, saying she at him like a tiger.

We had her seven or eight years when she became had and lost her teeth. After this she did not we long and we were all very sorry when she died. have not yet told you who or what Gipsy was. Well, she was a red squirrel whose scientific name is durus Fulgarus.

THE MIGRATION OF THE BIRDS.

It is an easy matter to understand why the birds yaway from the north on the approach of winter. he lood supply becomes shorter and shorter, until ley must fly away or starve.

It is not an easy matter to tell why the birds are illing to leave their winter homes in the south and the into the colder regions of the north. It may be are like many people who travel for please.

There is something about the distance birds go ben they migrate that is interesting. Some only go short distance, while others travel as far south as sentina, and scattered all the way between are trained in winter more or less of our northern sum-

In their flight the birds are accustomed to fly from to three miles in height. This makes their shi much safer, and when the weather is clear brown along quite safely, but when the fogs or they completely lose their bearings, and all the set a great many birds lose their lives in flying The R.

The Bartholdi Statue on Governor's Island in New

Vork harbor is in the direct route of these migratory birds, and has been the cause of many a bird losing its life. After a heavy storm not long ago the bodies of fourteen hundred birds were lying at the foot of the statue. The island of Heligoland is in the North Sea, or German Ocean. It has always, so far as known, been the resting place for birds flying to and from northern Europe. These bird routes through the air are the same year after year, and it is probable the birds to-day fly over the same route as their ancestors hundreds and thousands of years ago. You may ask how the birds remember it, but that we cannot tell. Strange as it may seem, a young bird that has never taken the passage seems to drop into its course just as naturally as the older birds.

AS TO OLIVES.

From the first to the twelfth year is the olive tree's period of infancy; from that to its thirtieth, of youth; from thence to its fiftieth is a period of growth, and from the fiftieth to the three hundredth its life is full of productiveness, although some trees in Palestine have outlived hoary centuries. Under favorable conditions a well-grown olive tree produces two hundred and fifty pounds of berries. The greatest yield is one bottle of oil from ten and fifty-six-hundredth pounds of fruit. From seventy to one hundred pounds are required to produce one gallon of pure olive oil.

Connoiseurs are willing to-day to pay \$15 per gallon for an absolutely pure oil, such as some California orchardists can furnish, but increased production will lower the price and a lower price will educate the appetite for and stimulate the consumption of the absolutely pure article.

The cultivation of the orchards, the care of the evergreen trees, the picking of the fruit, which requires the most delicate handling, the crushing of the fruit for its oil, its filtering and bottling amid immaculate surroundings, all have to do with the quality and intrinsic value of the product. The price of the perfect oil is perpetual personal supervision from first to last, and the time required to produce it, after the fruit is picked, is from sixty to ninety days. Nor is an atom of the berry lost in its transformation to a trade article. The grade of the oil is measured by the amount of pressure required to produce the ooze. The first and gentlest crushing yields the superfine; the second and third a quality not quite so good. The inferior is used in the manufacture of soap and broadcloth and for lubricating and illuminating. The oilless paste is then dried and used for fattening farm animals, for fuel and for manuring.

There are now olive groves on the hillsides of Southern California, the fruit of which literally "drops with fatness." The mills for expressing the oil and pickling the fruit are as clean and inodorous as a model dairy. But the apostle of the cult is the pickled ripe olive. Time was when growers only pickled the green fruit and connoisseurs praised it, though it was hard, salty and wooden in fiber. But of late years it has dawned upon men that the olive, like every other fruit, is at its best when it reaches perfection in its own way and in nature's own good time. And so the pickled ripe olive, almost black, luscious with oil, rich, perfect in flavor, has ap peared on every well-bred table. Once eaten, its big green brother is forever banished. The pickled ripe olives are cheap; they are sold loose in bulk; they are delicious. They have done more to popularize this fruit than was done by years of green

WHAT THEY EAT.

The head keeper at a zoological garden, speaking of what the animals eat, says:

"The cat family," he began, "is fed once a day, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The leopards and hyenas get eight pounds of beef each every evening. The allowance to the tigers and lions is from six to eight pounds each. There are five wolves in the zoo and they, too, are fed once a day with fresh beef. A wolf does not eat as much as a leopard or a hyena. He is too nervous to get a first-class appetite while in confinement. The bears cat bread and fish—twenty loaves and thirty or forty perch. But they do not belong to the cat family. The puma, or mountain lion, is for meat all the time, and each of them devours from six to seven pounds of beef every afternoon.

"We have many meat eaters among the birds. The big condors, the eagles, the owls, the magpies and the crows are served with beef or veal every afternoon, and then, after having satisfied their hunger, they fly or flop to their perches to sleep through the night. The peacocks are hustlers. We let them yell for their food. There is a story that this bird's cry is a forerunner of rain. That is all bosh. The bird simply is shouting for popcorn, hut many people do not know that. The storks, the blue herons and the pelicans are fed twice a day. They get fish at each meal and now and then they snipe a gold flasher out of the pond. Each of these waders and swimmers will eat from five to six fish each day. The ten white Maltese and two Augora cats are fish eaters too. These animals get away with between twenty and thirty pounds of perch and beef liver during a single day. The alligators eat fish and meat. But they take their time about helping their stomachs. This reptile, like all his family, cannot be humored. Take the snakes, for instance. We have three diamond-back rattlesnakes, and we make it a point to feed them once every sixty days. Their food consists of live rats and mice. These are caught from time to time by my sixteen assistants and are turned into the den to await the cruel hunger of the serpents.

"We have four anteaters from South America. Their appetite is whimsical. They want bread and milk one day and meat another. But the monkey is hardest to please. We have ring tails, baboons, gray-heads and the common brown fellow from South America that is all the time chattering. These boys want apples, boiled rice, hot coffee, carrots, cabbage and eggs. The prairie dogs,-the score or more of them from Kansas,—eat carrots and potatoes. The three hundred squirrels in the park —and they are everywhere—hustle like the peacock, for themselves. We pay no attention to them. There are women and children enough to see that these little pets do not suffer for peanuts and popcorn. And, by the way, I am about to let loose ten flying squirrels. They are now in the incubator and are being fed on bits of bread and carrots. They were sent to us from all parts of the country and are the first to be seen in any western public park.

"Our sixteen coons eat bread and meat and then sleep half the time in the trees of their pit. We have but one possum and he shares the same food with his cousins. The two honey bears are banana eaters. And it takes a bunch of this fruit to satisfy their appetite in a single day.

"It takes nearly a ton of hay a day to feed the larger animals of the zoo. The camels and the two white dromedaries eat half a bale of hay each every twenty-four hours. Dutch, the elephant, devours a bale of hay and four pecks of oats twice every day. There are twelve buffalo in the park and they eat six bales of hay and eight bushels of oats between sunrise and sunset. The eleven elk and deer are also hay and oats eaters.

A THUNDERSHOWER'S WEIGHT.

A WRITER in the Wilkesbarre Record makes some astonishing calculations regarding the volume and weight of the rain precipitated during an ordinary thunder storm. He says:

"Some thunderstorms probably let down a hundred million tons of water, enough to load 200,000 freight trains. It was stated that recently rain fell in Scranton to a depth of 1.00 inches, and it was calculated, as Scranton covered about twenty square miles, that nearly 10,000 tons of water fell, which calculation was very far too small. Twenty square miles is 12,800 acres. One inch of water to the acre gives somewhat over 100 tons. Thus, if an inch of water fell on those 12,800 acres of Scranton, we find that it makes more than 1,280,000 tons, or, in reality, nearly one and a half million tons.

"I write this that I and others may at least partially realize what constitutes the downpour of rain and grasp something of the majesty of that Being who can so easily hold in his hand a thousand thunder showers while billions of tons of water gently fall to bless the children of men.

"Why wade in rivulets? Figures are an ocean to swim in. Let us calculate that at the time of the Johnstown flood three inches of water fell on every acre in Pennsylvania—46,000 square miles—29,440-000 acres. Three tons to the acre make nealy nine billion tons, or over five tons for every man, woman, or child on earth! Is not nature a worker?"



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1,00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade hoys and girls who love good reading INGLENCOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be convidered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHELN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

A CHANCE FOR THE ARTISTIC.

On the first of September the Inglenook will blossom out with a cover, and there will be some other minor changes. This cover will have on it an appropriate picture. By opening out the paper as it is received from the post office, and laying it on the table before you with the first page up, you will have the size of the cover. On the first, or title page of the cover, is to be an appropriate picture in keeping with the aims of the publication. Across the center of the page the words, The Ix-GLENOOK, will appear, and there will be room just underneath for the date and place of publication. In the upper left hand corner will be a space occupied by the contents of the issue, if we should decide to put them in. All the rest of the cover is open for an appropriate and permanent illustration. This should be so as to include an inglenook, and the figures of the people should be distinctly Brethren.

Now what shall this picture be like? We have decided to ask our readers, and every one of them is requested to send on his idea of what he thinks is the best illustration for the cover. The amount of space at disposal is readily to be seen by looking at the paper. The picture is to be catchy and chaste. We do not expect our readers to make a sketch. All that need be done is for you to write out a description and submit it as your idea. If we find it available we will reward your interest and ingenuity, as well as give you public credit.

The printing on the cover will be in black, and it will likely be permanent, that is, it will be the cover for an indefinite period. Everybody is asked to suggest, and all should be in by the middle of July. We reserve the right to reject any or all of the proposed illustrations, but all letters will receive careful consideration. Address, The Inglenook, Elgin, 111.

LOCAL CRUELTY.

The other day the writer was at a school exhibition and in the course of the exercises a name was called and an audible laugh ran through the crowd. A young man, if not a boy altogether, stepped on the platform and began the delivery of a speech more or less original. While he was doing it there were many sly looks, smiles of derision, and an undercurrent of general unpleasantness. What the young speaker said was all right, and it was remarkably well done. It so happened that at the close of the exercises the opportunity was given outsiders to say something. In the course of the remarks the crowd got a good flaying.

Here was the situation, and it is not by any means an uncommon one. A young man had, by his superior ability and his interest in educational matters, risen so far ahead and away from his surroundings that the rabble, by apparent common consent, proceeded to take it out of him by sneers and criticism. It was evident to them that they could not hope to cope with him in any intellectual field, and so there seemed to be a tacit understanding to belittle him. It is not an uncommon situation, and to a young person of either sex who is the vietim of the littleness it is a veritable misery and a perpetual drawback to best effort.

Now what should this young man do? The answer does not admit of a moment's hesitancy. He should go right ahead without any regard whatever for his barking followers. In the course of twenty

Convention Hall talking to five thousand people, while one-half of his detractors will be slopping pigs, and the other half digging ditches down in the meadow. The moral of the whole business is that wherever there is a spark of ability shown in your neighborhood, or anything commendable, out of the ordinary, it is to be encouraged, not sneered at.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Talking.

EVER since the world began to talk at all there has been too much underhand criticism and discussion of others. It is nothing new. It is a vice of the worst kind, and it is not Christian. Of course it is understood that by talking is meant the adverse and unkind criticism of the absent. It is not only not Christian, but is of the back alley and most unsavory. It is one of those things in which we have a choice. We can either imitate the pig rooting in a pile of garbage, or the eagle soaring in the sunlight.

If those who begin their miscrable discussion of the frailties of the absent were treated to silence, or, if it was continued, to the auditor's getting up and going away it might serve as an education to those afflicted with the habit of talking. Every member of the INGLENOOK congregation should remember that it is a mean thing, an unchristian method, a vulgar and discreditable way, to discuss the weaknesses of the absent. On the other hand if there is nothing good to say and do, nothing at all should be said or done.

But it is a further fact that there is perhaps no individual living who has not within him some qualities deserving of praise. These should be sought out and encouraged. Seek for the best there is in people, and talk about that. Never mind their weaknesses. Remember your own. If you have been guilty of this bad habit change your ways at once. Become converted, and try converting others. Christ told Peter that after he was converted he was to strengthen the brethren. If you agree to become a convert to finding the best in the people, strengthen your brethren, and they are those nearest to you, in trying to do the same thing. It was Christ's way, therefore to do the same is Christian.

THE MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE.

PERHAPS not very many readers of the Inglengok are fully familiar with the operations of the Reading Circle of the church, in fact we know they are not, and we take from their official literature the following:

"How shall a Circle be conducted where there are a number of members?" This question is often asked. We give only a few suggestions. Circumstances vary and surroundings differ; we merely ask that you do the best you can.

The members meet at stated periods and read and study the books together. A Local Circle should be established in every church of our beloved Brotherhood, for it is the constantly recurring attention and study which most certainly beget the life-moulding conviction in mission work.

Let the Young People's Meeting be under the care of the Circle, then hold regular meetings devoted to the study of Circle books. Meet each Sunday evening in a prayer meeting. Prayerfully set apart one evening of each month as a special missionary meeting. "Be filled with the Spirit."

The following three courses of reading have been adopted: First, Missionary; second, Religious; third, Advanced. The buoks are quoted at retail prices; they are furnished to members only at a good reduction from these prices. If you do not have a discount sheet, send for one, giving your Circle num-

Missionary Course.

FIRST YEAR.

1. "New Acts of the Apostles," Dr. Pierson, cloth,
SECOND YEAR.
1. "Divine Enterprise of Missions," Pierson, cloth,\$1.25

Missionary information is the tap-root of mission. ary activity. It was Dean Vaughn who said Know and you will feel, know and you will help you will be ashamed of the sluggishness, the isola tion, the selfishness which has made you think only of your own people and your father's house." This course appeals directly to those who have a hurning love for the many millions who know not God.

Religious Course.

FIRST YEAR.

1. "Lectures on Ruth," Brumbaugh, cloth, ...

"In His Steps," Sheldon, paper, 25 cts.; cloth,
"Bishop Patterson," cloth, 3. "How Christ Came to Church," Gordon, paper, 25 cls;

5. "Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," paper, 25 cls. cloth.

SECOND YEAR.

1. Geikle's "Life of Christ," cloth,...
2. "What Is Worth While," paper, 15 cts.; cloth,...
3. "Japan: Its People and Missions," cloth,...
4. "Ourselves and Others," H. Clay Trumbull, cloth,...
5. "Secret of Guidance," paper, 15 cts., cloth,...

This is intended for those who do not wish to take up a purely missionary course. It is especial ly designed for our young people and will lead them to have a true appreciation of the higher life God would have us live.

Advanced Course.

FIRST YEAR.

4. "Seven Churches of Asia," D. L. Miller, cloth,......

SECOND YEAR.

This course is adapted to those who have completed either of the above courses and desire to continue their reading along advanced lines. We especially commend it to ministers, who will find i very helpful. The books are strictly orthodox is their teaching. Help your minister to secure a set, it will prove a benefit to the entire church.

The courses are interchangeable; that is, one may read part of each course, but not less than eight books must be read to complete the full two years' work.

Any one can become a member of the Circle by filling out the Promise Card and sending it will twenty (20) cents to Our Missionary Reading Circle Covington, Ohio. This fee is necessary to keep u the running expenses of the Circle, such as postage stationery, etc. The officers give their time without charge, and every cent goes direct for the support of the Circle.

Within reasonable limitations of manner and male ter the columns of the Inglenook are at the service of the Circle for the advancement of their work.

KRIEGST du den INGLENOOK? Wann du nit duist dann solltscht du. Er is voll gude Sache all Woch, und alte Leite gleiche und lese die Zeitungs wohl als die junge. Der Editor kann Pennsylvan Deutsch schwetze. Er war in sellem Platz gebont und is froh dass ers schwetze kann. Willst du ni das Bapier? Wir wünsche du wettst.

Our pressman's little daughter, Marguerite. four-year-old, was told by her grandmother that strawberries were ripe she could go to the bed at have all she wanted. In a little while the child? turned and said, "Grandma, I've been all over the house and there isn't any strawberries on any of the beds." Bless the child!

Where will I find in the Bible the words: "Dust tods ashes to ashes," that I have heard ministers use?—E.A.

It is not in the Bible, but is taken from and ritual burial service for the dead. It is so apt it expressive a phrase that it has passed into cum

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.—Ten friends are der purchased if gained at the expense of a single my; for the enemy will take ten times the paint injure you that the friends will take to do you's

No man is worth reading to form your style does not mean what he says, nor was any style ever invented but by some man who what he said.

CONCERNING COFFEE.

EVERYBODY knows what a cup of coffee is, but ew know what a rare possibility lies in the proper preparation of the tropical berry, and fewer yet know how and where it grows. It is a plant that grows only in the tropics, and then only in certain favored localities. It has aristocratic requirements that must be met or it will not grow at all, and its wants must be attended to or it will not fruit. It not follow that because coffee grows in hot countries it will grow anywhere there. facts are that it will only do its best where there is a certain altitude, a given kind of soil, and it must have shade, heat and moisture, or it refuses to bear. When the coffee plantation seeker finds the right place, he sees around him, usually, a mountainous country, deep forests, a moist atmosphere, and a friable, chocolate colored soil. In the first place he must clear the land, no light job in itself, and then the soil must be broken up for the young plants. These he has provided for in a hotbed arrangement, in which he has drilled his seed. Any INGLENOOKER can plant grains of coffee, but he will not see it grow. It loses its vitality inside of a year. The grower, where all the conditions are just right, does not expect to see the seeds push their way out of the soil, where he has planted them, in less than six weeks, and it may be three months before they show up at all.

When they are about knee high, a straggling, weakly looking shoot, they are set out where they are to grow, six or eight feet apart, and then banana plants, or rubber trees, are set between to give the necessary shade. Every creeping, crawling, and flying thing seems to delight in warring on the coffee plant. But it struggles and straggles along, growing, if left alone, to about the size of a small apple tree, but in practice, by a system of pruning kept about six or eight feet in height. This is done to facilitate gathering the berries. When the plant is about four years old, if it has survived the legion of enemies, it begins bearing.

The tree is a long, limber, slender plant, with night, glossy, green leaves at the axils of which, that is, where they join the slender twig, comes a bunch of white flowers, and these develop into berries, that look when ripe, for all the world like red tranberries. These, when they begin to turn black, are ready to pick, and the picking is done in a sack around the Indian worker's neck, at intervals till it is all gathered. There are two berries in each capsule, placed face to face, and surrounded by a yellowish, glutinous substance. As the berries are collected they are put in a machine, often in the case of the native Indian, a mortar made out of a hollow log, and beaten till the hull is knocked off, and then it must be washed. This is sometimes done by the native putting it in a suitable place, folling up his trousers, and getting in with his,ahem. At all events after it is washed it is spread out and dried. Then it is picked over, and assorted into different kinds and qualities, and though they masquerade in different grades at the final grocer's tounter they may have all come off the same trees. Each individual grain is personally handled not less than six times in the course of its travels from the tree to the consumer.

At the first crop the tree will net about three quarters of a pound, and increase in production till like or four or more pounds are to be gathered. Some trees standing alone, have a record of twenty-five pounds, but they are not to be regarded as the note. On the contrary such trees never produce the best coffee, if it is useable at all. Once gathered it The coffee users are on the increase and keep the users are on the increase and keep the use of coffee will be abandoned or lessened. Sersal, and it comes to the drinker in the morning, and user at first.

To make

To make good coffee a good quality of the berry lava is a good blend. Put some coffee in the oven to the stove on a plate to dry out, grind an even to the boil, not old boiled water, turn your coffee to perfectly clean pot, and pour over it just six alow it to remain on the stove, just as hot as possibiling, without boiling, for from twenty minutes to

half an hour, and then serve without any further processing. If it is too strong thin it down in your cup, and don't bother about the guests. They may know what coffee ought to be. As to the one who boils coffee and dopes in a lot of so-called extract of coffee, there is no hope whatever.

TRICKS OF COINERS.

An exceedingly well executed \$20 counterfeit gold piece, which would have easily passed current in the channels of business, was turned into the Treasury recently.

"The counterfeit in question," said Director of the Mint Roberts, "is one of the class we denominate 'dangerous,' because of its weight and extra finish. Counterfeits of coins may often be detected by their slippery surfaces. A feature of this coin is the absence of that indication.

"Our presses at the mints are extremely heavy, weighing 13,000 pounds. Naturally a piece of gold or silver struck from their dies is as perfect as it is possible to make a coin. Yet, counterfeiters, with their light presses and dies, manage to do some clever work. The product of molds, a favorite method with the smaller fry of counterfeiters, is inferior to that of the dies. The absence of the clear cut appearance of the genuine coin, the defective weight, the imperfect lettering and milling, and the indistinct reeding on the outer edge of the coin are the distinguishing characteristics which will guide the public in detecting coins thus made. Italians are the greatest offenders against the law with mold-made counterfeits. The most expert turnerout of metal counterfeiters have been regular makers of dies who wanted to get rich quickly.

"The facsimiles are often quite perfect, with a clear ring, and sharp, well-appearing lettering and milling, being well calculated to deceive those who are not used to the handling of coins.

"Platinum is a metal which gives the required weight, and is extensively used in gold counterfeiting. Clear-cut coins are made from this metal, which are heavily gold plated. They are comparatively easily passed, especially when first put into circulation. After a time the plating wears off about the edges, and its spurious base is revealed. In order to give weight counterfeiters often increase the diameter of the coins slightly, but sufficient to make an appreciable difference.

"Antimony and lead are the component parts of the most dangerous counterfeits of silver coins, the antimony furnishing the bulk of the coin. When struck from good dies, with a heavy plating of silver, they give forth a good ring and present a pretty fair substitute for the genuine article. The dollar is the denomination most counterfeited. These coins are but little below standard weight. Some of the counterfeits of the subsidiary coins are made of brass, struck from a die, and heavily silver plated. These may be readily detected, as they are light weight.

"Counterfeits are, of course, made of genuine silver of standard weight; in fact, some have more silver im them than the genuine coin, which has 412½ grains. We confiscate these coins when we receive them. The counterfeiters rely, of course, upon the increased value of the white metal when it is changed from bulk into coin for the profit, and it is considerable.

"Gold counterfeit coins may be executed with such exquisite precision that they will pass muster under the eyes of bank tellers and others used to their handling, though the average teller generally detects a spurious coin on sight. But none get by our Treasury experts, Their faculty, the result of years of study and handling of coins, in detecting a counterfeit is marvelous. They seem to know a spurious coin by instinct, though it is really the result of training. Yet even these men, as skillful as they are, occasionally have doubts raised in their minds as to whether a coin is genuine or not. If suspicious the coin is cut in half, or it is assayed here in the building, and its exact weight and fineness determined.

"Coins are now and then turned into the Treasury upon the supposition that they are counterfeits because they fail to give that peculiar clear ring of a genuine gold piece, though they present otherwise the appearance of being genuine.

"This singular incongruity is accounted for by the fact that the coin has a small blow hole in the interior of the metal, or the flaw consists of a crack or on board their ships.

or split near the edge. Experts know where to look for these imperfections, imperceptible to others, and, with a powerful magnifying glass, they are quickly made manifest

"The men who make it their business to cheat the government out of gold adopt several processes. I saw a coin recently which had been 'filled' so cleverly that the fraud was apparent only upon the closest examination. The \$10 and \$20 pieces are mostly used for this operation. The coin was sawed through from the edge by a saw of minute proportions and exquisite fineness, the interior removed, and the cavity filled with platinum, which brought the piece up to standard weight, though it lost three-quarters of its value. It gave forth a good ring. If it had been filled with a metal other than platinum it would have lacked the ring and been of light weight.

"In some of these filled coins the exterior walls of gold are as thin as ordinary writing paper. Once the cavity is filled the sides are clamped into the original position and brazed together. The edges are skillfully recovered with gold, the reeding, or the minute corrugations or ridges on the edge, restored, and the coin will pass readily into the hands of the unsuspecting. Sometimes only half of the interior will be removed. The rereeding may be done with a fine file or a machine.

"The most dangerous tampered coins are those which have been 'plugged.' I don't mean plugged as the word is ordinarily accepted, and as we see every day in the silver coins, but where the skillful counterfeiter gets out as high as one-sixth of the weight of a \$10 or \$20 piece. The coin is pierced by boring a hole in the edge and the gold extracted from this diminutive aperture. It is then plugged with platinum, the surface of the aperture covered with genuine metal, and the reeding restored with a file."

INFESTED WITH CARD SHARPS.

A WELL-ORGANIZED and dangerous gang of card sharpers have recently infested the great steamships plying between the principal British ports and New York. They travel by twos and threes and manage to split up their organization in such a fashion that the same two or three are seldom seen in the same ship more than once or twice in the season.

Their operations are confined mainly to poker playing in the smoking-room, though they do not disdain to take a hand at anything that will bring in an honest penny. They invariably board the ship by which they have taken passage as total strangers to each other, manage to scrape up an acquaintance after the first five or six hours out, and soon the game goes merrily on with from two to three verdant American and English travelers with more money than sense as victims of the professional organization.

These traveling card sharpers make little effort at concealment of their business, though as a matter of form they profess to be coffee merchants, cattle ranchers, iron masters or bankers, as the case may be. The officials of the steamships are apparently powerless to put an end to their practices and state that so long as the passengers do not complain they cannot interfere.

Here and there one sees a vigilant purser nailing up on the notice board a warning against professional card players, but this is seldom, if ever, heeded. The steamship companies themselves profess to be ignorant of the proceedings on board their ships and state that they do everything in their power to protect their passengers against robbery, but old travelers state that the evil is becoming worse, and that there is now scarcely a large ship crossing between New York and Liverpool and Southampton on which at least a brace of these precious rascals are not to be seen hard at work fleecing their fellow passengers of their money.

Scotland Yard, too, is alive to the scandal of the Atlantic, but the detectives say that so long as there is no complaint they, too, are powerless, though they would be most pleased to see the dangerous gang broken up. There will be immense crowds on the Atlantic liners from New York during the coming season, and if the steamship companies do not take the gambling fraternity in hand there will be many a poorer but wiser holiday-maker on board their ships.

Good Reading

ALASKA FOR FINNS AND LAPPS.

BY U. S. SENATOR NELSON.

WE have in Alaska a vast stretch of territory but little explored, sparsely settled, possessing peculiar advantages, unique difficulties, and, apart from its golden lodestone, attractive to few because of the nature of the country. What shall we do with it? How shall we make this great primitive state a cultivated, smiling land? The answer comes from a far-off race, a people who have been ever patient toilers in an unproductive land, oppressed and poor, with no great national traditions, but eminently fitted for transforming Alaska into a settled and cultivated state. I allude to the people of Lapland and Finland, the curious races of the region of reindeers, bitter winters, icebergs and snow. They are a class of emigrant that should be encouraged to come to Alaska, for they can occupy a country that no other race in the world can make anything of and an influx of this people into the northwestern state would be one of the greatest blessings that could be fall that country.

Unfortunately there has arisen in Alaska, among the miners, an antipathy to these men, and it is for Americans to put a stop to their persecution and to encourage rather than attack the Lapps and Finns that this is written.

Now let me begin by explaining who these Finns and Laplanders are and how they came to settle in their present limited numbers in Alaska. On a part of the map that is little studied by the people of this country, north of Norway and Sweden and the extreme northern part of Russia, north of the province of Finland and within the limits of the Arctic circle, is a region whose chief feature is its intense and unrelieved dreariness. No vegetation of any kind can be coaxed to the surface there except moss and a few stunted birch. Were it not for the Laplanders and Finns who have settled there and who manage in some mysterious way to entice from the cheerless earth the means of cking out a precarious existence, the country would be utterly unpopulated and unsettled and of no use to anyone. That whole country has for years been in the sole possession of the Laplanders. Their chief property consists of herds of reindeer. The reindeer are the very life of the Laplanders. They furnish them with milk, butter, cheese, skins for clothing, skins to cover their tents and meat to eat. A Laplander's wealth is measured by the number of reindeer that he owns.

For hundreds of years these Laplanders have lived this way, contented, even happy in their ley and dreary home. They might have remained there forever, comparatively unknown to the Americans, but for the fact that the bright idea was conceived by an American senator of introducing reindeer into Alaska. In order to get the reindeer there and make a success of their introduction it was necessary to bring over the Laplanders, too, for they are the only people who know how to care for the animals, how to break them in, drive them and hitch them, for the reindeer of Alaska are not only used as meat and drink and clothing, but as beasts of burden. So with the reindeer came the reindeer's master, and these were rushed across the country to the far northwest and at once became the most useful settlers there. The Laplanders had never emigrated, they are not an emigratory people, but, when they found a country that suited their simple tastes so well as Alaska did they became citizens, and by the introduction of reindeer into Alaska gave to the miners and to everybody else in that territory the greatest blessing that had ever come into their hard lives. The reindeer, it was soon found, furnished the best transportation facilities in the winter, provided skins for clothing, overcoats and gloves, and an abundance of good meat. Let me explain here that we cannot introduce our cattle into Alaska and make a success of it. In some few points of the southern shore on the seacoast a few sheep and cattle can be raised, but in the interior no food animals but reindeer thrive. Is it not astonishing that the people who have brought this blessing to Alaska should be attacked? People who have come under the conditions as did the Laplanders and the Finns with the reindeer, should be treated as our own

as being newcomers who can take up a burden in a backward country that no others are fitted for constitutionally.

Then the Finns. They are worthy to be sharers in the welcome that ought to be accorded the Laps. Who are the Finns? The province of Finland is situated north of the city of St. Petersburg. There are about two and a half million people. It was a country that was originally settled and colonized by the Swedes over 400 years ago, when the Finns were barbarians. It remained under the control of Sweden as a province—a colony of Sweden—for nearly 400 years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century—1 think, 1807 or 1808—when Russia acquired the country. They became civilized. The Swedes Christianized them. They all became Lutherans. They became an intelligent and educated people. There was great admixture with Swedes, and that educated them. Many of them, or most of them, read and wrote the Swedish language. Their first great poets and great authors wrote in the Swedish language.

They had a government of their own, and when finally Sweden was compelled to relinquish the province of Finland to Russia at the beginning of this century, they were permitted until within the last year to retain their own government, and the czar of Russia simply called himself the grand duke of the duchy of Finland. But lately, within the last year or two, the Russian czar, for reasons of his own, and his council have seen fit to deprive them of their rights. They had an autonomous government. They had their own army, their own legislature, their own mint, and their own government, almost as independent of Russia as one of our States is of the other States of the Union. All that has to a large extent been taken away from them within the last year or two. Many men of the Finns have come to America. They are a tall, straight race, about the same stature and size and build as the ordinary Norwegians and Swedes. They are, in their original state, light-haired, blue-eyed, fair complexioned, with broad faces, stubby noses and high cheek bones. They are energetic, bright, able people. In the days of Sweden's greatness, when Gustavus Adolphus was at the head of the Protestant army in Germany and fought for the cause of Protestantism, some of the best regiments he had in the Swedish army were composed of Finns, and at the battle of Lutzen, when Gustavus Adolphus was killed and the Swedish line of battle was almost wavering, it was a regiment of Finnish cavalry that restored the order of battle and gave the victory to the Swedes.

It is the descendants of these people who have come here. They are to be found in the copper and iron mines in the northern parts of Michigan. They go there and work a half a dozen years or so in the mines, accumulate a little money and they go out in the northern part of Wisconsin, Montana, Idaho and those States, and buy farms and become farmers. They do not come to this country to make a little money and then go back to the old country.

They will cover the hills and valleys of Alaska with reindeer as they are in Lapland, in the northern part of Norway and in Sweden. The animals live upon a kind of moss in summer and winter, and they find this moss in Alaska, as they find there the same climate as in Lapland. Both the reindeer and their traditional masters are destined to rescue Alaska from the desert state in which it has reposed for so long, and make it a bustling, prosperous country, worthy of our Union. Let us see that they are encouraged to come over.

PERMICAN.

The Indians of the Plains, prior to the extinction of the buffalo, were dependent on this animal for the greater part of their food. They ate it cooked and parts of it were devoured raw. Sometimes it was made into pemmican, and as the process was an unusual one we will repeat it here. It will be seen that the mixture was a very compact form of food, and that an Indian could carry a good many days' ration with him when he traveled.

but reindeer thrive. Is it not astonishing that the people who have brought this blessing to Alaska should be attacked? People who have come under the conditions as did the Laplanders and the Finns with the reindeer, should be treated as our own flesh and blood and given a doubly warm welcome.

Pemmican was made of the flesh of the buffalo. The meat was dried in the usual way; and, for this use, only lean meat, such as the hams, loin, and shoulders, was chosen. When the time came for making the penmican, two large fires were built of dry quaking aspen wood, and these were allowed to

burn down to red coals. The old women brought the dried meat to these fires, and the sheets of meat were thrown on the coals of one of them, allowed to heat through, turned to keep them from burning and then thrown on the flesh side of a dry hide, that lay on the ground near by. After a time, the roass. ing of this dried meat caused a smoke to rise from the fire in use, which gave the meat a bitter taste, if cooked in it. They then turned to the other fire and used that until the first one had burned clear again. After enough of the roasted meat had been thrown on the hide, it was flailed out with sticks and being very brittle was easily broken up, and made small. It was constantly stirred and pound. ed until it was all fine. Meantime, the tallow of the buffalo had been melted in a large kettle, and the pemmican bags prepared. These were made of bull's bide, and were in two pieces, cut oblong, and with the corners rounded off. Two such pieces sewed together made a bag which would hold one hundred pounds. The pounded meat and tallowthe latter just beginning to cool—were put in a trough made of bull's hide, a wooden spade being used to stir the mixture. After it was thoroughly mixed, it was shoveled into one of the sacks, held open and rammed down and packed tight with a big stick, every effort being made to expel all the air. When the bag was full and packed as tight as possible, it was sewn up. It was then put on the ground, and the women jumped on it to make it still more tight and solid. It was then laid away in the sun to cool and dry. It usually took the meat of two comto make a bag of one hundred pounds; a very large bull might make a sack of from eighty to one hugdreds pounds.

A much finer grade of pemmican was made from the choicest parts of the baffalo with marrow fat. To this dried berries and pounded choke-chemis were added, making a delicious food, which was extremely nutritions. Pemmican was eaten either dry as it came from the sack, or stewed with water.

A PENNSYLVANIA PATRIARCH.

PEOPLE who visit the ancient "public burying ground" beside the old Concord schoolhouse, if Germantown, are apt to receive a shock—that is, if they fall to reading the epitaphs, as visitors in graveyard usually do.

Concealed in a modest, unfrequented/corneris grave which, half-hidden in tangled grass, seems no wise different from its sunken fellows. It is only when the eye of the explorer falls upon the tombstone at its head that the shock is received, to the inscription, in time-worn letters, reads:

IN MEMORY OF
ADAM SHISLER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS
LIFE DECEMBER THE
22, 1777, AGED 969
YEARS.

Luckily, the oldest inhabitant is usually at had to explain the situation and chuckle anew over a ancient joke. Adam Shisler, so he explains, magathered to his fathers at the age of 69 years. The stonecutter mistook his directions, and had already cut 96 years upon the stone when he discovered himistake. Thrifty, unwilling to lose his hours of toil, he covered up the first 9 with cement and added another after the 6. In the course of years to cement wore away, and some ghoulish wag with pocketknife did the rest.

The inaccuracy of the epitaph is proverbial be that of poor Adam Shisler, as it stands, must can off the palm for prevarication.

It was in a London tramcar that a true soft Ireland sat, with his tin tea can, going home for work. The car was crowded, and two young lade on getting in immediately put their hands into the straps and prepared to stand; but Pat jumped and offered his seat. "But I don't want to the your seat, thank you," said one, smiling, but held your seat, thank you," said one, smiling, but held ing. "Never mind that," said the gallant His nian. "I'd ride outside in the rain for five nules a smile from sich gintlemanly ladies." The grant gallage on sidered this as pleasant a compliment as the ever received.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS—W. B Stover, Bulsar, India, President: John R. Snyder, Belle-office, Ohio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., of the President, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and far President, Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading teasure; acte. Covington, Ohio.

INDIA'S STARVING MILLIONS.

BY ANNA-LESH.

FIFTY millions of men, women and children are starving to-day in India. Five million of these sufferers are employed on relief works by the Inian Government, their pay averaging two cents a day, no more than enough to sustain life. The reaining forty-five million are entirely dependent upon private charity, and unless helped soon they will die in misery, in slow starvation. Every hour ve hundred die in India who could have been saved by a crust.

How many lives can we save? The following tatements will show how much we can do according to our means. Two cents a day will support one life. One dollar will save a life for two months. Two dollars will save a life until the harvest. Five tollars will save a man, wife and child until the next crop is gathered. Ten dollars will save a whole family from death. Twenty dollars will save ten lives for four months. Twenty-five dollars will ave them and support them the comfort of blankets during the rainy and cold season. Fifty dolars would save five families. One hundred dollars would save a small community.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, Far and wide your treasure strew. Scatter it with willing fingers, Shout for joy to see it go! For if you do closely keep it. It will only drag you down, If you love it more than Jesus, It will keep you from the crown."

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN JAPAN.

АТокю, Japan, dispatch says that new educational regulations have been put in force which prohibit private schools from receiving pupils of chool-going age. The effect of this will be to close the Christian kindergartens and primary schools nd to affect higher institutions seriously. When oreign nations agreed to abandon the special privieges enjoyed by their subjects in Japan an assuroce was given them that those subjects should reteive fair, unprejudiced treatment at the hands of apanese officials, and that they should not be moested on account of race or religion. It was stipuated that all religions should be tolerated. The action just taken by the Japanese department of education is a blow at the Christian schools. It seems be the intention to suppress them because the Christian religion is taught in them. That is a short-sighted, bigoted policy. The Japanese are not so completely civilized and so thoroughly edutated that they can afford to close one good school, losay nothing of many. They should ask for more Christian schools instead of suppressing those they have. Furthermore, if a spirit of religious intolerace begins to manifest itself in Japan foreign nalons will begin to doubt whether they acted wisely making to Japan the concessions they have made. They will fear that foreigners will not have air treatment when tried in Japanese courts.—Chi-

ALWAYS BE CIVIL.

LITTLE do we appreciate the effect of a kind ord upon those who are most used to blows. One vening a young lady abruptly turned a street corer and ran against a boy, who was small and agged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she ould, she turned to him and said: "I beg your par-Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in amazement for an instant. Then taking off hire-fourths of a cap, all he had, he bowed very od and another trace became lost in a smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding and welone, miss, and yer may run agin' me and knock he clean down and I won't say a word."

REMEMBER that nothing is ever done beautifully bich is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done

♣ Sunday A School ♣

HOW THE BIBLE WAS MADE.

In our previous articles we said that the early Christian churches were not as well equipped as any of our present day congregations in the way of sacred literature. At the start there was no Bible at all, and the teaching was personal, and, shortly after the crucifixion, by letters and visits to the churches. Of course all that was not committed to paper was lost, and what was written was copied and in the spread of Christianity was pretty well diffused over the world, or that part of it then known and occupied by the Christians. The originals of the inspired writings have all disappeared, nobody knows where or how. It is likely that they were worn out, and as there were copies, the first ones were allowed to disappear. For a long time the books of the New Testament must have been carried about by the Christians, and when they began to be persecuted they lost to a considerable extent the missionary spirit, and began to huddle together in monasteries and other places, usually in some naturally inaccessible place, and here the sacred writings were preserved.

With this in mind it is not hard to understand that of all places in the world in some of these outof-the-way locations important and valuable Christian documents would be met with. This is just what really happened, and the story of some of the finds reads like a romance, which, in reality, it is, considering it from the view of the unusual and interesting. But in no one place was all the Testament found together. Here a part, there a part, and so on, was the rule. What contributed most to the failure to collect all the writings in one volume at an early date was the fact that the earlier Christians had the mistaken idea that love to God should take precedence of love to man, and they thought that they best served God by a life of seclusion and living apart from people. It must be said also that learning was very largely centered among them, and that the common people had little or no education. Reading and writing was a very rare accomplishment, and naturally enough in these retreats and monasteries the Christian literature would accumulate and he preserved. There would be considerable visiting among Christians, pilgrimages from one monastery to another, and it is entirely likely that one result of this would be the further acquisition of different parts of the Scriptures. It was a very serious matter in those days, the making of a book, as it was all done by hand on vellum. People put their lives into making a book, and very often the result was a beautiful piece of workmanship. But at no place were all the books collected.

About half way back, from the present to the time of Christ, the social and political conditions in the old world were for a long time not conducive to the advancement of learning or the diffusion of education. The business of the Middle Ages was that of fighting, robbing, and killing. There was no peace in the land, and men went about in danger and warily. The Christians, having nothing in common with the people about them, kept to themselves, and all the time these inspired writings were zealously cared for. After a long lapse of time there was a revival of learning, and the world became safer than it had been, and as a consequence men got closer together, and in the course of events it occurred to some that it would be a good thing to collect all the inspired writings in one volume, and some actually set about it. The result of this was gratifying but it was not the completed Bible as we have it now that resulted from their labors. A considerable number of efforts to the end of an entire collection of the books of the Bible were made at different times, by men of different nationalities. Then in the fullness of time it was regarded as a good work to get together all the available originals and translations of the various kinds and make them into an English book. Then this was done. How and when and where will be told in our next issue.

(To be Continued.)

Blessepness is repose in the One and Eternal. We cannot win blessedness; but we may cast away our wretchedness, which is simply to seek no more our own glory, power and pleasure, and thereupon blessedness forthwith of itself will supply the empty place.-Fichte.

For . the . Wee . Folk

OLD PETE

DEAR Old Pete was a member of our family for twenty-four years. For three years he was a frisky black colt and petted by all, so when the time came to harness him he was not afraid of being hurt. He thought it fun to show his great strength and for fifteen long years he toiled faithfully.

One day Grandpa said, "Pete is eighteen years old to-day and I am going to give him a hirthday present." "Goody, goody," cried the children.
"What is it? Can we see it?" Then Grandpa told us how for fifteen years Pete had been a trusted and faithful friend in sunshine and rain alike and he was going to give him his liberty for the rest of his life.

Out ran we children to tell Old Pete the good news. We made a wreath of daisies for his neck, braided his mane and forelock so that it would be curly and then put on his halter and led him to the neighbors to announce the good news.

For six years Old Pete was the children's playmate and many a frolic they had together.

One day papa, who was then a little boy like me, rode Pete to the watering trough for a drink. Papa's legs were short and fat and Pete's back was broad, so papa held on to Pete's mane to keep from sliding over his head while going down the hill.

After Pete had all the water he wanted, he started for the barn and papa made him gallop up the hill just for fun. When they were half way up the hill, papa began to slide off Pete's broad back and cried, "Whoa, Pete." Pete felt him sliding and stopped just as papa fell under him.

Pete liked fun and he loved the children and never hurt any one. Turning his head to see just where papa lay, he raised one hind foot as high as he could, then the other, took a few steps to be sure he was far enough away, then kicked up his heels and ran for the barn.

Papa lay in the dust perfectly still, just to see what Pete would do. As the dear old horse reached the lane gate, he looked back to see where papa was, and not seeing him, stopped and neighed. As he could not see over the brow of the hill where papa lay, he neighed again louder, but no answer, then he walked a little way back, calmly wondering where that boy was.

"Could I have hurt him?" he thought. "I was very careful to step over him." He walked faster, then trotted until he saw papa lying in the dust.

Poor Pete was sure he had hurt his little friend and came up very gently and put his soft nose on papa's cheek and kissed him.

Then that naughty boy made a grab for the halter rope to catch old Pete who saw that he had been fooled again but not caught, for he jerked up his head and away he went, kicking his heels in the air at every jump and off to the barn.

THE FIRST DOLL.

Din you know, children, you who are fond of dolls, that the first one was made to amuse a king? It would not seem so strange if these charming toys had been first invented -or better, created as the most pleasing gift conceivable for some little princess of long ago; but to think that the idea of the first one was to delight a monarch of France!

It was in the days when the royal succession demanded that the title and honor should pass from father to son, even though the son was not strong enough or not wise enough to bear the responsibilities or fulfill the offices of his lofty position. Somebody did the work for him in his name.

And so, many years ago, an insane man was king of France-Charles VI. He was simple-minded; a grown man whose brain had never developed since his childhood. Consequently he retained in manhood his childish tastes, and to amuse him somebody made him a doll. This first waxen darling was a likeness of Poppiea, the wife of the terrible Roman emperor, Nero, and so the doll was, and is still called in France, a "poupee," the word being a corruption of the empress's name. The history of the doll and the process of making the various kinds are interesting subjects that some of the children may find pleasure in studying.

LOTS AND LOTS OF PEONIES.

Just seven and one-half miles as the crow flies northwest from the Chicago courthouse is a blazing field of peonies. The three acres of gorgeousness make a brilliant patch in the vast stretch of greenery known the United States over as the Peterson nursery. Mr. Peterson is devoted to this patch, and it is his devotion that has made its reputation as the most successful and prolific peony bed in the country. Every train stopping at the station of Rosehill for the past ten days has been dropping visitors there for Peterson's, only a mile away. The boulevards to the north have been thick with carriages bearing men and women whose introduction to the peonies last year simply whetted their vision for another such sight. The visitors' list for a single day shows the names of nearly 300 flower lovers, glad to feast their eyes upon the splendid scene. Only the tulip beds of Holland bear any comparison with the rows and rows of gayly colored blossoms shimmering and glowing in the June sunlight on those flat lands close to Chicago.

Mr. Peterson touches lovingly the quivering petals. He admits that in general effect they are somewhat like the chrysanthemum, the royal flower of Japan. "The peonies originated in the East also, in China," he says, "but they are finer in quality than the chrysanthemum, and where else except in the rose bloom can you find a fragrance equal to this?" "This," proves to be a Charles Verdier, a splendid, opulent blossom, deeply pink, with silver glints along the margin of its petals. The Charles Verdier heads the roster of pink flowers and buds, which are heaped along the row numbering from 200 to 300. The alleys bristling with tags marked with figures running from 100 to 200 are lovely with mounds of snowy blooms varying from silvery white to richest ivory. The light reds, countless in their tints, wave haughty heads along the lines marked 300 to 400, and the deep reds drop to purplish and black tones almost in the walks stamped

One likes to linger longest about the Charles Verdier, of which there are thousands, all odorous as the sweetest. June rose, three times as big and quite as beautiful. The "crown of gold" is rightly named with upright petals of yellow, surrounded by luose flapping petals of flesh color. The "modele de perfection" has a thick center of quilled curling petals, something like a chrysanthemum, and the whole is made neat by a double envelope of wide petals, all of the softest shade of pink. "Pio Nono" is the title of a slender, straggling blossom in yellowish pink, and the "water lily," one of Mr. l'eterson's own production, is almost a reproduction in shape and coloring of the flower that is just now beginning to embroider the surface of wooded lakes.

It is a more beautiful, more generously cupped affair than the familiar lily; has a center of crowding golden stamens, set in rows of pinkish white petals, that fade to purest white as age comes on. The Duke of Wellington is a dignified creation, named not by a Frenchman, but by a patriotic English grower. The duke is yellow and wrinkled, like a bit of old parchment cut into narrow strips and held into circular shape by pinkish petals. The original Chinese type is pointed out by Mr. Peterson in a single pink blossom with a reasonable number of petals springing up in the center. This has for quiet neighbors the "Cold Slaw" and its sister, "Hot Slaw." The slaws get their names from the chopped, stringy centers which resemble the familiar cabbage concoction. The slaws are not highly regarded in the peony world, and, like some humans, they are classed as interesting, but not especially handsome.

"You see," Mr Peterson explains, "we have to put an enormous amount of labor and still more patience into the cultivation of these flowers. For instance, it takes three years to get the plant itself, and if all goes well two more before the blossom comes. It is five years altogether before I know just what I am to get. Sometimes they are sulky, and then we have to wait even longer for them to appear. See that one," indicating a huge crimson one on a thick-set, bushy stalk. "It has taken five years to get that to its present state of perfection. That's my own production. It has the blood of several peony aristocrats in it. I have not named it yet. I wish to be certain that no one else in the world has anything like it before I tag it. There is

another-that's a stunner." The "stunner" is a superb pink flower with such a mat of petals in the center that there is no room for seeds. "If it did have seeds," says Mr. Peterson, "its value would be lessened in the eyes of an expert. The blossoms that double and triple and quadruple their petals have no time to waste in going to seed. They are workers for beauty alone, they last longer and attain greater perfection of form and color. The hardiness of the peony," goes on Mr. Peterson, "is one of its most engaging qualities. Put it into a sand heap and it will flourish. Of course it will lose its color, for the chemical property contained in clay is necessary to produce color in flowers. The peony will in time bleach to white, but it will be as sturdy and stand as independently as ever. There," waving a big white peony he holds in his hand at a tremendous pink flower, "is the Triomphe de l'Exposition de Lille." The Triomphe is a great one indeed, and it is hard to get away from it to admire the more modest trumpet flower beyond it. This is a Peterson peony, absolutely new, as yet unnamed, but known to its producer as 218.

Peonies are sold in the markets, and on the flower stands all over the country. They are often put in the ice box of the dealer, and thus are available for sale, in good condition, weeks and weeks after they have been cut.

IT TAKES A WOMAN TO MAKE A HOME.

A CHINESE proverb says: "A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home." It is she who builds and consecrates that most precious spot on this side of heaven, which we express in the sweet word "home." Not walls or furniture or windows or curtains, but that nameless and ineffable charm which glorifies the lowliest but, which fills with heaven's own radiance the humblest cottage and without which the palace, floored with marble and glowing with wealth and luxury, is but a decorated prison. At home you are beloved; you are understood; there your errors will ever meet with gentlest forgiveness; there your troubles will be smoothed away; there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathetic ears; and there you may be entirely and joyfully yourself. What ambition can be more sacred, what thought more sweet, to a true woman than to be the ministering angel of this sacred spot?

THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

Whar he does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. I remember on a glorious day of all but cloudless sunshine passing in view of a wellknown line of bare and majestic downs, then basking in the full beams of noon. But on one face of the hill rested a mass of deep and gloomy shadow. On searching for its cause, I at length discovered one little speck of cloud, bright as light, floating in the clear blue above. This it was which cast on the hillside that ample track of gloom.

And what I saw was an image of Christian sorrow. Dark and cheerless often as it is, and unaccountably as it passes over our earthly path, in heaven its tokens shall be found; and it shall be known to have been but a shadow of this brightness whose name is Love.—Dean Alford,

WE must put the glory of love, of best effort, of sacrifice, of prayer, of upward looking and heavenward reaching, into the dull routine of our life's every day, and then the most burdensome and uneventful life will be made splendid with the glory of God.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

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CHICAGO, III

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY SADIE BRALLIER NOFFSINGER.

This war between the sexes, stings
A nation's heart. I can but note,
'Tis agitated daily by
The question vast: Shall woman vote?
And men oppose and fume and preach
And argue loud: "'Tis not her right!"
While women clamoring for the sphere
A greater mission, shame and slight.

Ah, smite this Babel from my ears
And let me listen to a voice
Above the tumult: "They usurp
And set at naught my holy choice!"
Oh woman! queen of home ordained,
And glorified from shore to shore,
Throw polls and parties to the winds
And wash thy hands forevermore.

Tis not because she learning lacks
Nor science that she might not scan;
'Tis not because she could not grasp
The wit of sages in her span,
Nor yet because her worth is deemed
Beneath her brother's lofty sphere
Of strength. Nay, truly nay! there is
A greater reason, sister dear.

And if thy worth were not more high,
Thy strength more deep than man may share,
Think thou, my sister, God would give
His dearest treasures to thy care?
Man's mission is in outer things,
His pride their study and control,
A far sublimer cause is thine—
To rear and guide and feed the soul.

This work needs all thy time and thought;
Oh give them unreserved, intent
Upon thy cause, and let the men
Decide who shall be President.
Thus God's pure plan may be restored,
And as Time onward, onward rolls,
The world need never blush for shame
To see a woman at the polls,
Johnstown, Pa.

THE DOO'S STORY.

I AM-only a dog, a Collie, if you please, and I an't talk, that is, I can't talk so that you will understand me. There are a good many things that I ando that you have no knowledge of whatever. If course there are many things that you can do thich I cannot. But then you have had the advantage of all the wisdom of the people who have gone after me, while every dog has to learn it all by imself. We have no record of things as yet, probleme senses we have no regular speech. Still in the senses we are a good deal smarter than you, we can learn a good many of your words, while the senses while are a good many of your words, while the senses we are a good many of your words, while the senses is a good many of your words.

I was only a little puppy when she came to own and she was a little girl. We grew up together, and she never treated me badly. In fact when I was an always got it if I could make her understand always got it if I could make her understudy her wishes. When she went walking I study her wishes. When she went walking I so that I could not go that I stayed away from the she grew up young men came to see my and not the slightest attention to me in what they have to what they were alone. Nor did I pay much attention to what they said, as most of it was mean-

But once there came a young man from the city.

ever liked him, though she did, and 1 was very to see how things were going. They would

be together much, and once they talked about me. He said that when they were married he would get her a good dog. She replied by saying that there could be no better dog than Shep, that's my name, and then I barked my thanks. They said I recognized my name, but it was more than that I had in mind. I never liked him, and I had good reasons for not doing so. I had seen his aura. You don't know what an aura is? That is where a dog's eyes are better than people's though some people can see an aura. An aura is a sort of haze or film of light that surrounds everybody, and it is different in every individual. My mistress' aura was as the rainbow, and the play of colors was always pleasant to look upon. His was like the black smoke surrounding a rotten log that was on fire. It was black and uncomfortable. But no people could see it, and I could not explain to her. He treated me badly. Once when I was at the gate he looked around, whistled me to him and as I trusted him and went toward him he hit me a kick under the jaws and passed out the gate shutting it so that I could not get at him. After that I kept out of his reach, and if it had not been for my mistress 1 would have bitten him good and hard.

After a time they began to make great preparations at the house. There were more cooking, and and dressmaking, and fixing than I had ever known before, and nobody paid the slightest attention to me except to turn me out of the kitchen if I happened to creep in unnoticed. I also noticed that my mistress paid less attention to me. She seemed so interested in that man that she had no words for me. I was utterly neglected for him. In time there was a great crowd at the house, and I was nowhere. They shut me in the barn, but I got out, and hung around. There was something unusual going on, and after dinner, which was late, they all came out, and getting into carriages drove off. Not a soul spoke to me. Even my mistress, when I worked my way to the carriage, paid no attention whatever to my whining. It was that utter neglect that hurt me. I can't tell you how badly that hurt

It was a year or more after the marriage, one autumn evening, as we were all in the kitchen, my mistress' mother knitting, her father reading, that I heard the gate open. I listened, and in a minute I was sure of it. There was only one step, and that was my mistress', and she was alone. I was on my feet in an instant, and carried on so that they opened the door, and down the path I went. It was she, sure enough, and she had a little bundle in her arms. She had been crying, and she reached down and patted my head and together we went toward the door. She stopped a little ways from it, and eried some more. I noted that her aura showed suffering, and 1 barked the quick short barks that I used to do when she was a little girl, and she went on to the house. When the door was opened I ran in beside her, and I tell you there was a time that evening in our house. It seems that her husband, him of the ugly aura, had treated her badly, and had left her and she came home with the baby, her baby. I noticed that her clothes were bad, and that she had a gaunt, troubled look about her. There was a good deal of talk, and some crying, but it was all settled that evening. She was going to stay at home for good, now. And I was glad.

There was only one thing that I was troubled about. That was that baby's aura. If it was like its mother's all was right, but if it had inherited its father's it would be bad indeed. It was a long time the eyes, "You're just a believe ye jist the same."

till I was given an opportunity to observe, and the moment I looked at the child sleeping in the old family cradle I saw the mother's aura, and I barked so loud and so long that it waked the little girl and they knew no better than to put me out of the house for making a noise. We are all together now at the old homestead, and I am getting older than I was, but I have no complaint at the way they all treat me. There is only one thing that I would like, and that is to meet the man who ruined her life. I would know his aura anywhere, and he will hear from me if I get within reach. Then they will say something about a dog's memory, as though I would forget such a thing as that.

A MOUNTAINEER'S RELIGION.

Last summer the Right Rev. Thomas U. Dudley-Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky, thought he would make a journey through the mountains of eastern Kentucky and look up the scattered members of his flock and endeavor to get a foothold for his church among the mountaineers. But as he journeyed from settlement to settlement without meeting a man who had ever even heard of the Episcopal church, he grew somewhat discouraged. At last he came to a village where, upon inquiry, he was told that there was "an Episcopal" in the neighborhood, and so the good Bishop proceeded to look him up. After introducing himself and disclosing the object of his visit, Bishop Dudley asked the mountaineer if it were a fact that he was an Episcopalian.

"Oh, yes," replied he, "I'm an Episcopal."

"Where were you confirmed?" inquired the Bishop. The poor man had never even heard the word. "Where, then, were you haptized?"

"I know all about that," replied he, "though precious few folks is baptized in these parts, but I don't know whether I was ever baptized or not."

"Then why do you call yourself an Episcopalian?" continued the Bishop.

"Well, now, stranger, I'll tell ye," said he_ "Some five or six years ago I was summoned down to Louisville as a witness in one of these 'moonshine' cases, you know. Well, we was kep' over Sunday, and after breakfast, as I knowed nobody thar and nobody knowed me, I tuk a walk down the street, from my lodgin's, and directly I saw everybody goin' into a great big fine church, and sez I to myself, I'll go too. So I went in and sat down, and in a little while the bell it stopped a-jingling; thar was some kind of big music rolled around, and then it stopped, too, and a feller in a long white gown he got up at the other end of the room from me and said something or other I couldn't hear, and then every man, woman, and child in that room got down on their knees and sez they: 'Oh, Lord, we've dun the things we ortn't to ha' dun, and we ain't dun the things we orter to ha' dun,' and sez I myself, that's me. I'm one of them very kind of fellers, and when we all cum out I asked a feller what kind of a church that thar wuz, and sed he, 'It's an Episcopal church,' and so, stranger, I've called myself an Episcopal ever since that trip to Louisville."

Two old Scotch friends met and spoke of the days when they had been sweethearts. At last he said:

"Ah, Jennie, an' I hae na loved anybody since you. I hae never forgotten you."

"John," she replied, with a little moistening of the eyes, "You're just as big a legar as ever, an' I believe we jist the same,"

Correspondence

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

Home, June 30, 1900.

Dearest Bobbie:-

Your letter from Elgin was received. I got it when I went to town last Saturday. I also got the Inglenook and the Messenger. It is a wonder why all of the subscribers of the Messenger do not take the Inglenook. They are beginning to do so around here, and they all like it.

That was funny about the man who slept in church, and it would be a good idea to have their pictures made and hung up in the church as a frightful example. It is pretty nearly as bad as the family that moved in here from Pennsylvania. They are always fate at meeting, and they never have been known to be on time. Last Sunday it was worse than usual. They came in a quarter of an hour behindtime, and they annoyed everybody. There was a strange preacher in the church, and he was preaching. When these people came straggling in he just stopped, and sat down. Everybody understood, but he kept seated. Then in a little while along came the old man who had stayed out to tie the horses. Then the preacher got up and went on with his sermon. I did something awful, Bobbie, and if I'd a died right there for it I could not have helped it. I tittered out so that the whole congregation heard it. Ma pinched me, and Pa looked awful. After meeting was over, and we were all standing around, Jonas Yoder's boy Sam began to tell a story in the front yard. He wasn't telling it to anybody, but seemed to be talking at large. That man who was late was listening too. Sam said there was once a man who had been born a quarter of an hour behind time, and he never caught up in all his life. He was always late and he kept singing the same song, "I haven't the time, I haven't the time," over and over every time anybody talked to him about it. Then he died, and he was still late when he got to the gate and St. Peter, who keeps the keys, had locked it, and all the "hadn't times" were left out. They kept singing the same song in chorus, when along came the old devil, and he heard the song and laughed, and he grabbed this man by the back of the neck, and the fellow yelled out, "I haven't time, I haven't time," and the devil said, "You just come along, you've time to burn." Then Sam went out to his horses, and the crowd -smiled and the man who was late muttered something about having so much work to do, and he went home, too.

Ma is'saving butter and egg money to get herself a new dress, and I am going to surprise her. Every time I go to the barn I take an egg or two out of the nest and hide them in that old yellow box in the scorner, and I have nearly four dozen. When Ma comes that near to the amount she wants I am going to take them in and give them to her.

We had baked beans the other day, and I wish you had been here. I did it all myself, and I got the receipt from Viola Dierdorff. This is the way I did it. First I got two quarts of lima beans, and put them to soak. This was the evening before. The next morning I put them on to boil, slowly, and I put on a great big piece of beef, and set it to simmering. Then, along toward noon, when the meat was done, I took a cupful of catsup, a spoonful of sugar, and one of prepared mustard, and a little milk, about a pint, and beat them all together with a little pinch of red pepper. Then I took the beans off, poured them into a collander, and then put them into a big bread pan. Then I forked the meat out of the pot, stirred in the catsup, and the rest of the things, and poured it all over the beans and put them into the oven of the stove. Along about half past eleven, when the beans were browning, I laid some pieces of streaked bacon on the top, and when dinner was ready I spread a newspaper on the table and set the sizzling hot pan on it. Pa said, "What a lot of beans!" but they are the most of them, and the next morning the hired man said, " Is there any more of them beans?" But there wasn't.

I almost forgot to tell you that I was at the quarterly council last Thursday. It passed off as such things usually do. There was a good deal of talk that might have been cut short, and there was a considerable amount of business done. One thing happened that nobody expected. You know Amy Ridpath, the one who was cut off for wearing a hat.

Well, she was reinstated. It was funny one way, and not funny another way. You know how she acted and talked when she was visited when she was a member before, and the funny part is that about two weeks before the council she took off her bat and began wearing her bonnet again, all of her own accord. She came to the meeting and was taken in again. When she was received up in front of all, and we all went, one after the other, and gave her the hand of fellowship, it was affecting when Amy's mother came to her. Pretty nearly everybody in the church cried. That day I walked home with her, as I wanted to know what made her act as she did. She told me.

She said that when she got her hat she did it in the hope that she would enjoy herself more and yet, when she got to wearing it everybody seemed to be wondering at her. They asked her insulting questions, and the very girls that "put her up to it" laughed at her and told her that it made her look ugly. Then the people in the stores stared at her, and she heard them make remarks about her when she had been among them and was leaving. She just found out that the garb stood for something more than a church ruling. So she came back of her own free will and she was going to stay.

That's about all, Bobbie, and you write me whenever you can.

Your sister. KATIE.

P. S.—The kitten man left five black and white kittens under the porch last week for Tabby. I carried them to the barn so the little things wouldn't have to be drowned.

STAGE COACH DAYS.

With the advent of the railroads the lumbering old coach went out of commission. Associated with traveling by coach are some of the most interesting and exciting of adventures. An old-time driver in Kansas City tells something of interest to the present youthful generation, many of whom may never have seen a coach at all.

"It has been many years since the old stage coach has lumbered through the streets of this city,' said Mr. Carpenter, the driver referred to above. "The want of a bridge over Kansas River, or Kaw River as it was first known, is what made Kansas City. Wyandotte would naturally have got all the trade that came to Kansas City if there had been a bridge, but as it was the stage husiness to Mexico, and to Salt Lake and even further West had its headquarters in Kansas City, and out of this grew the outfitting business, which gave Kansas City its first boom. I carried some notable people in my stages then, and one was Kit Carson.

"There were two great stage lines, one operating to Santa Fé and the other to San Diego. The government paid \$75,000 a year to the San Diego line for carrying the mail, the stage leaving either terminus once a week, making the trip in an average of a little more than thirteen days. The stage company received \$42,000 for carrying mail to Santa Fé, making the trip twice a month. The passenger fare to San Diego was \$225 and forty pounds of baggage allowed. Following the gold discoveries the stages frequently carried from \$100,000 to \$250,000 in gold dust from the gold fields.

"One of the curious things connected with the progress of the times since then is that the trade between Kansas City and Mexico now is less than it was in the days of the stage coach and ox teams, notwithstanding railroad facilities."

There are no lines of the old stages in this part of the country now. But there are many persons here who recall the time when a stage line ran from Leavenworth to this point. There was a short railroad line from St. Joseph, Mo., to Weston, a few hours' run, and as Weston was on the Missouri bank, passengers to and from St. Joseph were ferried on an old-fashioned flat boat, much like the scows still in use in the East.

The stage driver in those days was guide, bumorist and philosopher. There is no character like him now anywhere. He was the hero of most of his stories, and the traveler who had knocked about much always insisted on a seat with the driver, in preference to the best inside, because he knew he would be entertained. Undoubtedly the driver had experience which made him an interesting person, but they are not spoiled in the cooking-

he soon came to know that the average tourist with gullible, and he seldom failed to have a recital of hairbreadth escapes, which held the attention of his patrons.

Even Horace Greeley listened with interest and credulity to these yarns, and some of the best specimens of humor printed in this country were told by the stage driver, or suggested by him. The one which Artemus Ward related, which will be new to the present generation, although it is old to the apcients, was one of the most unique stories of A

As the coach dashed around the edge of a cañon, Ward asked the reckless driver if he never had any accidents. The driver replied that occasionally a coach full of people would tumble down a steep declivity of a thousand feet or so, and cripple or kill the whole lot. "But we don't have any cripples now when there's an accident," said the driver. "You see, when we cripple a passenger he sues the company. That makes trouble. So now when we tumble a lot down, them as is crippled I takes the linch pin to, and kills 'em dead. Dead folks doa'l bring lawsuits."

The story was capped by one of Ward's inimitable

"And thus with anecdote did he cheer me along." But there are no more coaches, few drivers, and no A. Ward.

THE JAPANESE HOTEL.

IT is a novel affair, even to the traveled foreigner. The entrance is usually a little area, which is practically an extension of the street or sidewalk, and defined by a low platform or raised floor. From this modest eminence the proprietor and those about him greet the new guest with profound bows, their forcheads touching the floor repeatedly. There is no showy office, no high desk, no tordly clerk, no big book for the guest's autograph—only a little table about fourteen inches high, with an ink-stone, suggesting that here the accounts are made up

But the guest may not yet ascend. His shows must be left in the area. That explains its show shop appearance. Quick servants promptly assul in the correction of his understanding, bringing san dals or slippers if he is unsupplied; then, preceded by his traveling effects, he is led to his apartment

He observes that the stairs are without rails, and that the female servants make their steep ascent mucb as a child would—using the hands as well as the feet. Ours is a "ten mat" room; that is, it re quires ten mats, each three hy six feet, to cover, of rather to form the floor. The "mat" is made woven straw, overlaid with ordinary matting an finished with a firm border. Being soft and yield ing under the foot it is comparatively noiseless.

The furniture? A dainty doll table twelve inches high, a little lacquer tray with a tiny teapot and tw small cups and saucers, two floor cushions and wall scroll—that is all. The sole heating apparatus is a box of ashes with a nest of coals. Beside the coals is a teakettle. Between us and the snow ston raging outside there is first a wall of sash filled wi translucent paper, then a narrow hallway, then sliding sash filled with glass. A finger-thrust o either of three sides and your every movement visible from without.

Locks! What good? All the doors are paper and work in slides, and all windows are door Everything slides. Do you want the servant? Clap your hands smartly and then comes from somewheld above, below or around, a "H-i-i-j-i-i!" and sandaled feet are quickly sliding toward you. At the south of the sliding door you look only to see her or his approaching you on sliding knees-at least so a seems. Your commands are received by the political waiter in that attitude and the disappearing is alter the fashion of the approaching.

Dispose of yourself as best you can. The life platform at the end of the room, with your following rugs, may give you relief from standing or sittle on your heels. I have been fortunate enough the far to be entertained where a chair could be had for the asking. But when one comes to meals who are served in one's room—it is quite a condescense from the foreign chair to the little Japanese the "Foreign food" is also to be found in the hest?" tels. Beefsteak, chicken, butter, eggs, potatos one can get on very well with such hardships

Nature & Study -

WHERE VEGETABLES CAME FROM.

THE customer at a Lewiston market was in a redeclive mood Saturday morning and would talk. "How many of your customers know anything

about what they eat?" said he.
"They ought to," said the blue frock, "they buy it and they order it."

they know what they eat, but who of them know anything about the stuff? Take vegetables, for instance."

"Oh, lots of 'em know," said the market man.
"Here's potatoes, for instance. They are native
Americans. I guess Sir Walter Raleigh introduced
them to Europe."

were not considered fit to eat. They went to Europe from the hills of South America and a strange matter of fact, when you come to think of it, is that in the United States, where, barring a few sections, vegetables grow in greater abundance and beauty than any other part of the world, none save maize and the ground artichokes are native products."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the amazed marketman. "No nonsense about it," continued the contemplative customer. "Europe, Asia, Africa and South America are all more richly endowed than we. I used to think the watermelon was ours, but the north African tribes grew the big, juicy fellows and gave us our first seeds. As to the muskmelon, it is a vegetable of such lineage that, like the cabbage and lettuce, nobody knows just who were their first wild progenitors. The melon, at any rate, ame out of Persia as a developed table delicacy, hile the Adam of the cabbage family is agreed by otanists to have flourished way back there in Cenal Asia, where they say the Caucasian race came from. The Romans ate cabbage salad, and, accordmg to count, there are nearly as many varieties of this sturdy old green goods as there are different

"There is another Roman delicacy," continued the customer, pointing to a box of beets. "They do say that the Greek philosophers thought a dish f boiled beets, served up with salt and oil, a great id to mental exercise. For my part, though, I don't know a vegetable that should be prouder of. ts family history than the radish. Radishes came from China, but a scientific journal the other day anounced the discovery from a translation of gyptian hieroglyphics that Pharaoh fed his pyramid builders on radishes. He even went so far as ospend 1,900 silver talents in order to regale his pasons with the crisp and spicy root. Again, if ou read the Old Testament carefully, you will be ure to come across the announcement that in gypt the children of Israel ate melons, beets, nions and garlic, and, evidently, in traveling brough the wilderness, Moses had a great deal of ficulty in persuading them to cease yearning afta these Egyptian dainties.

"Besides the melons and peaches and geranims," continued the garrulous customer, "for all of
which we have to thank productive Persia, water
cess comes from her valleys and brooks and she
aught the world how to grow and head lettuce.
However, the Roman gourmands, who adopted
these salads, ate green peas and string beans
at their gardeners found growing in France and
outh Germany, and cucumbers were as popular
ith them as with the Jews and Egyptians.

"To Arabia honor is due for the burr artichoke. bey ate it for liver difficulties—and, as a matter of there is no vegetable so good for men and omen who lead a sedentary life, just as carrots, grew first in Belgium, are an admirable tonic the complexion, spinach for the blood, potatoes the hair, and celery for the nerves. Rhubarb, sy say, was never known until the fifteenth ceny, when the Russians found it on the banks of cholga, and, if you will believe it, the only Europeople who appreciate the eggplant as we do the Turks. North Africa first produced this Obstington Prance it is eaten raw often as not and Obstinate England they use it for decoration. onever, the potato had to make a desperate erit was imported and grown in Europe, nobody ald be persuaded to touch it. Finally Parmentier gave it a boom that in two centuries has not in the least diminished, and twice this little tuber has saved Europe from what promised to be a cruel famine." Whereupon the customer hurried off down the street, leaving the green grocer staring at his stock of truck with a refreshing expression of pride and interest.

A TRUE STORY OF A BEAR.

Three or four years ago one of the ships that go from this country to Greenland for cryolite encountered unusual ice fields and bergs, coming from the far north pole. On one huge berg the sailors saw a white bear, who had been carried away from his home by the suddenly loosened ice. The great creature was so thin from hunger that his fur hung loose, and he sat as though too weak to move. Polar bears are known to be very savage, and here was a fine chance to take this fellow's handsome fur, since he was too weak to defend himself. You have doubtless read stories of arctic adventure, and can imagine how those sailors pounced on the bear.

But in these last years of the nineteenth century some surprising things have happened. The captain, who tells the story, ordered some men to go to the iceberg and visit that bear. They rowed close, and landed quite near the bear, who probably thought it was no use for a starving, weakened creature to show any fight to these enemies, for he sat still and looked at them.

The sailors crawled upon the edge of the ice, and spread out before the amazed bear a pile of meat and fish, and then went back to their ship. Was not this "good hunting?" They watched the poor beast crawl feebly down from the shelf of ice where he had been, and throw himself on the food. "Then," says the captain, "another iceberg drifted between and we could not see him again."

In the account of the voyage the captain said that, though several ships went with his, the *Iodine*, they scattered and seemed to have got into trouble, while for some unknown reason the *Iodine* had a wonderfully "lucky" voyage, being only two months and a half on the round trip between Philadelphia and Greenland. He calls it "luck," but one must believe that the loving power that watches over us all was close at hand to help through the dangerous ice the men who helped a starving bear.

PROVIDENT SQUIRRELS.

THE popular notion that squirrels of all sorts subsist wholly on nuts, arises from limited, not to say eareless, observation. Their food is widely varied in the course of a year, especially in the spring and summer. Indian corn in the milk suffers more from squirrels than from raccoons or muskrats, which are proverbially so fond of it. In places on the western frontier an expensive system of watching has had to be maintained at times against this pest. One dainty in late summer is the mushroom, of several varieties of which they are fond; and this reminds me of a bit of unexpected sagacity in one of the western chipmunks lately spoken of in my hearing by the artist and author, Ernest Seton Thompson. It appears that this chipmunk depends for its ordinary fall and winter fare upon the seeds of the piñon pine, which it preserves by storages in its holes in decayed stumps or underground. It happened lately, however, that in a certain area of the Northwest the piñon crop was a complete failure and the ground squirrels were compelled to find something else for their subsistence and winter stores. In this extremity they turned to the mushrooms, everywhere abundant, and were busy during all the late autumn in gathering them. They were too wise, however, to store them underground, where they would soon have rotted, but instead deposited them in notches and crotches of the lower branches of the forest trees, where they dried in the open air and so kept in good condition to be eaten. Their shriveling up and the shaking of the branches by the winds caused many to fall, and these the squirrels industriously picked up and tried to fasten more securely to the branches.

This method of providing themselves with winter food implied the necessity of their coming forth from the underground retreats, no matter how cold and snowy the weather, whenever they wanted something to eat, instead of having their larder indoors as is usual with them; and it would be interesting to

know whether they actually did so, or whether they failed to profit, after all, by their seemingly sagacious prudence.

SALAMANDER'S QUEER BURROWS.

In many places in the extreme Southern States, especially in what are locally known as the "piney woods," one of the most notable features is the constantly recurring mounds of yellow sand which exerywhere dot, and it must be confessed, disfigure the monotonous landscape.

These piles of earth are usually nearly circular im form, fairly symmetrical in contour, from six inches to two feet in diameter, and, save where they have been beaten down by rain or winds or the trampling of cattle, about half as high as they are broad. Often these sand heaps are pretty evenly distributed, sometimes so thickly as to cover at least one-fourth of the soil surface.

If you ask a native the cause of this singular phenomenon, which you will perhaps at first be disposed to consider a kind of arenaceous eruption which has somehow broken out on the face of nature, your informant will sententiously reply, "Salamanders!"

All this disfigurement is indeed the work of a curious little rodent, about the size and color of an ordinary rat. He is never seen above ground if he can possibly help it.

He digs innumerable branching underground tunnels, at depths varying from one to six feet, and these mounds of sand are simply the "dump heaps" which in his engineering operations he finds it necessary to make.

After carrying the excavated earth to the surface, this curious little miner takes the greatest pains to cover up his tracks. No opening into his burrow is left. How he manages to so carefully smooth over his little sand mound and then literally "pull the hole in after him" is as yet unexplained.

THEIR WONDERFUL EYES.

When a fly comes from an egg, one of a family of thousands, it is soft, pulpy, white, eyeless, legless. When mature it affords the student one of the most marvelous fields in all nature, with its nerve clusters and brain, its feet like the hoofs of a rhinoceros, a thousand hollow hairs on each footpad, the wings, which make 15,000 vibrations a second, and the eyes. There are 8,000 of these, each a perfect lens.

A fly's eyes are hard, immovable and retain their form after death. As a fly cannot turn its head is has eyes in all directions. So small are these eyes that 1,000,000 would not cover the surface of a square inch. Each eye measures a thousandth part of an inch and the color is almost always red.

Each of these eyes is a lens and photographs have been taken through them. The lenses are of varying kinds—some suitable for looking off at a distance, others for things close at hand. Occasionally with his thousand eyes a fly is deceived. This is evidenced when a blue bottle inside a room heads for the open country. He does not see the window glass and the thump with which he strikes and the angry buzz which shows his discomfiture show how mistaken he was.

It has been supposed that the swallow is more rapid in its flight than almost any winged creature, but the dragonfly easily outwings it. An observer of insect life relates an account of a chase between a swallow and an immense dragonfly, in which the contest lasted a long time. The swallow evidently had hopes of catching the insect, but finally, after a long campaign, gave it up and let the fly escape. It has been claimed that the dragonfly was such a voracious devourer of mosquitoes that these small pests were thrown into a panic if a dragonfly approached them. It was declared that a fly confined in a room would speedily clear it of mosquitoes, but repeated experiments failed to substantiate this claim.

It is difficult for power to avoid despotism. The possessor of rude health—the characters never strained by a doubt—the minds that no questions disturb and no aspirations put out of breath—there the strong are also the tyrants.—Gasparin,



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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DON'T DO IT.

Don't do it, please don't. Don't send the INGLE-NOOK any essays that you read at the High school. Don't. They don't go into the wastebasket. The Editor couldn't read them if he wanted to, and he wouldn't if he could. Essays do not agree with him. They make him sick. They are the meansol making him say naughty things.

We understand perfectly well that the essay is a literary wonder. That's one reason why we don't want it. The INGLENOOK is made up of patchwork. There is nothing perfect in it. We know that when you stood up before that audience of two hundred and sixty-three with everybody all expectancy and let off that essay—or was it an oration?—on the Dignity of Labor, the whole house applauded. It was really a very good thing. Being not quite seventeen, of course you know all about it. But don't send it to us. Printing it in all its excellence of style and thought would discourage other writers in their humble efforts. Your example is too impressive. Send it to the Atlantic Monthly, or the like, anything so you don't send it to us.

But if you see a double ealf, or a chicken with three legs, or if you can intelligently describe how a corncob pipe is machine made we will fairly beam with delight, if you let us have it. We don't care for your ideas on territorial expansion, but we admit to an unsatisfied hunger for good natural history articles or most any kind of readable stories for the INGLENOOK. But don't send us that essay, don't.

WEEDS.

NEARLY every section of the United States is infested with a weed peculiar to the neighborhood, and it is a most interesting thing to study the diffusion and limits of the plant. In some places it is wild mustard, in others the plantain, and again some other equally worthless plant. There are hundreds of places infested with the wild carrot, and in others the Canada thistle has taken possession. The study of the methods by which these weeds have been introduced is an interesting one. The writer knows of a place in New England where there is a large patch of wild caraway. The presence of the plant is readily explained. In colonial days there was a church there, and the custom of the times was to take a lunch along to church. Ofden this was a cake with caraway seeds sprinkled on the top, and some of them retaining their vitality, dropped in the cating, gave rise to the plant. There is a reason for everything in the vegetable line if we only reach out far enough to find it, Though often it is close at hand.

HOME POLITENESS.

One of the most unpleasant things about some homes is the way the young people behave toward one another. From morning till night their conversation and relations, one to the other, are exceptionally unpleasant. In all such homes the advent of a stranger is the sign for a temporary let-up in the verbal warfare, but it is soon resumed, unconsciously, and the situation is apparent to every observer. To see a family of boys and girls continually squabbling with each other is not pleasant. Once the habit is acquired it is most difficult to change. It is not only not right in and of itself, but it is a most impolite thing. Strangers no-

tice it, and go away glad to be rid of the unpleasantness. Neighbors discuss it, and the parties to it suffer all around morally.

The remedy is for the young and old of a family to at once change methods, and to begin the practice of the courtesies common to ladies and gentlemen. It will often happen that in so doing there will be some half-grown who will persist in his evil ways, and nothing will do him so much good as for the head of the family to reason it out with a trace strap or a shingle. The method is not recommended as a rule for the inculcation of politeness, but it is sometimes necessary for the good of the whole.

Nothing is pleasanter than a family where the amenities of civilization are practiced among the members of the family. Locality and station have nothing to do with it. One can say "Thank you," in a log house or on a mountain side as well as in a palace. It is not a matter of money, or anything else, but a desire to get away from the cave dweller and his methods.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Doubts.

THERE are few people who have not, at one time or another, doubted their acceptance with God. It is not an unusual or a personal experience. It is the common lot to feel that way at times. The fault is our own, and in most cases the fact does not exist. God never deserts anybody. It is we who have got away from God. The feeling is anything but a pleasant one, and it is easy to get away from it. How? By getting nearer in communion of spirit with the dear Lord by prayer and supplication. When we are ready to leave it all to him, asking no questions, and having no doubts, we are safe. The saving element is trustfulness. If we do the Master's will as best we can, and then think no more about it, save to thank God for the opportunity to labor, our reward does not admit of a single doubt. We vitiate our right to it by thinking otherwise about it. It is best not to think at all about it. If we do the best we can under the circumstances of our environment the rest is safe.

Think of it in this way. If we promised one of our children something conditioned on his obedience would we not keep our word with him? Will not our Heavenly Father keep faith with us? Assuredly so, if we only trust him. What we want is to be trustful, having a fullness of trust, and then we want to be trustworthy, that is, worthy of being trusted to do the things that come before us in the right way. If we'do them as best we know no thought of the morrow need be had. It is all right. So away with doubt and to work at whatever is nearest to hand in the Master's service.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

Most calamitous is the recurrence of famine in India, the extent and severity of which is this season appalling. Of the 965,000 square miles of Britsh possessions in India it is computed that nearly half of this vast area is affected by the drought which has occasioned the famine, and that a population of close upon 60,000,000 is affected by this grievous human and economic scourge. The cause of these disastrous periodic famines, it is hardly necessary to say, is the failure of the monsoons to bring rain at the season when it is sorely needed by the ryot cultivators of the soil, a failure which, in spite of the herculean efforts of the Government to introduce artificial irrigation and promote other measures of relief, desolates whole regions and reduces the stricken myriads of people, who for the most part are ever in the clutches of unserupulous native money-lenders, to the point of starvation,

With the problem of averting these oft-recurring periods of drought the Anglo-Indian administration has long and earnestly struggled, though, unhappily, in large measure in vain. It has spent money like water, not only in devising measures of relief when calamity has befallen the country, but in providing practical remedies for the affected districts, so far as it has been possible to cope with the grave difficulty and improve the impaired power of the cultivator. Overpopulation—itself an evidence of

the beneficence of the pacific rule which Britain has brought to India since the conquest—adds to the gravity of the conditions with which the Government has had to contend in relieving the pressing upon the means of subsistence, while at the same time reducing to the minimum the burden of local taxation. The present scourge may well therefor appeal, outside the sphere of Government, to both public and private charity for its alleviation, as happily this appeal is being responded to in note measure by numberless benefactors of almost ever race and nation. As we write, the need is stall great, since relief has, so far, only reached about tenth part of those in dire distress and want.

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

THE following interesting experiment is described in the Psychological Review for July by E. Slossen, of the University of Wyoming: "The prepared a bottle, filled with distilled water, care fully wrapped in cotton and packed in a box. All er some other experiments in the course of a pope lar lecture I stated that I wished to see how rapid an odor would be diffused through the air, and no quested that as soon as any one perceived the odor he should raise his hand. I then unpacked the box tle in the front of the hall, poured the water over the cotton, holding my head away during the opention, and started a stop-watch while awaiting to sults. I explained that I was quite sure no one the audience had ever smelled the chemical compound which I had poured out, and expressed the hope that while they might find the odor strong and peculiar it would not be disagreeable to an one. In fifteen seconds most of those in the from row had raised their hands, and in forty seconds the 'odor' had spread to the back of the hall, keeping a pretty regular 'wave front' as it passed of About three quarters of the audience claimed to perceive the smell, the obstinate minority including more men than the average of the whole. M would probably have succumbed to the suggesti but at the end of a minute I was obliged to stop to experiment, for some on the front seats were bei unpleasantly affected, and were about to leave to

A QUIET hour spent alone with God at the begsening of the day is the best beginning for the total and cares of active business. A brief season of prayer, looking above for wisdom and grace and strength, and seeking for an outpouring of the Hos Spirit, helps us to carry our religion into the bis ness of the day. It brings joy and peace within the heart. And as we place all our concerns in the case and keeping of the Lord, faithfully striving too his will, we have a joyful trust that however darked discouraging events may appear, our Father's had is guiding everything and will give the wisest direction to all our toils.

As a train was moving out of a Scotch station man in one of the compartments noticed that porter in whose charge he had left his baggage in not put it into the van, and so shouted out this?—

"Hi! you old fool! What do you mean by be putting my luggage into your van?"

The porter replied: "Ah, man, your luggest ne'er such a fool as yourself. You're on the war."

A PRAYERLESS soul is a Christless soul. Prayer the lisping of the believing infant, the shout of fighting believer, the requiem of the dying saffalling asleep in Jesus.—Spurgeon.

"I suppose your son broke himself down all lege football." "No, indeed; the doctor said gave him nervous prostration was trying toget lessons in between the games."

REGRETS are not the worst things in life would never experience them if we had not recede ed of that which caused them and thereby attached a higher moral view-point.

Some men celebrate the anniversary of their as long as they live, but the average woman dons the custom just as soon as she grows up.

Wise is the man who knows he is ignorant.

THE CHINESE WOMAN.

B) Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister at Washington,

Jam greatly interested in the American woman. She amuses me and she excites my curiosity. Why does she dress in such an outlandish way, choosing public occasions for the exhibition of portions of public occasions for the exhibition of portions of her body which under circumstances of greater prihardy she deems it modest to cover up? For what purpose does she pinch her waist—a custom which, from a Chinese standpoint, seems barbarous?

Nevertheless, it is unquestionably a fact that women in China are much like American women. The life of a gentlewoman in my country is by no means so different from that of a person of the same ex and social rank in the United States as you eight suppose. Her occupations are to a great extent the same, and her amusements are similar. Tobably she enjoys quite as much happiness as a woman of corresponding position in Uncle Sam's omain.

The Chinese lady does not have the same freedom of social intercourse with men as is enjoyed by the American woman of equal birth and station, but she is not dissatisfied on this account. It would be a sistake to suppose she is secluded in any such way as the women of Turkey or other Mohammedan countries. She meets without restriction the intimate male friends of the household, and her husband does not try to keep her from knowing the men whom he admits to his own close acquaintance. If you happen to know a lady in China, though yourself a man, you are not debarred from calling pon her.

A lady in China frequently smokes a pipe. That tatement sounds odd, perhaps, until it is explained that the kind of pipe she smokes is a water pipe—what you call a "hubblebubble"—and that the totacco is so mild as to have almost no strength at all. The weakness of the tobacco does not matter such, inasmuch as the smoking is done rather as a form of amusement than in the way of indulgence in a narcotic for the gratification of a habit.

The Chinese lady has plenty of amusements, the plays games with cards—games of kinds which or the most part are not known or understood in the United States, though not less entertaining than ours—and in this way she has many a happy hour. Chess and dominoes are likewise favorite pastimes with her, and when not otherwise occupied she reads novels. She is not kept in ignorance, as Mohammedan women so commonly are, and she is fond of eading. No circulating libraries are available, but he buys books—mostly novels and plays. We have plenty of novels in the Chinese language.

In China a lady who is mistress of an establishment has her household duties, just as an American oman of good position. From her point of view, housekeeping tasks are in no way derogatory or beneath attention. She has a general superintendence over domestic affairs, including the management of the servants and, though she does not interfere commonly with the kitchen department, she gives gental directions and on occasions instructs the cook as to what is to he purchased in the way of food upplies. She never goes to market, the buying of all provisions being done by the cook. As a rule, the houses of the well-to-do there is a nurse for each child, but the mother of the family looks out maiously for the welfare of all the children.

The Chinese lady frequently occupies herself with mbroidery work, but she does no plain sewing. In my country servants' wages are much less than in America, and we have more of them; where a well-to-do family of the United States would have three domestics, a similar household in China might have each day, just as you do, the dinner being late in the afternoon, at four or five o'clock. It is customined as are served in courses, and in much the same So in America.

So far as the family itself is concerned, there is no separation of the sexes. In cases where male guests not on very intimate terms with the household happen to be present the men cat by taking of it are placed around a circular table. Of American point of view, but good breeding is the met the world over, and Chinese table manners do

not differ so materially from your own as is commonly supposed.

I may say, incidentally, that markets in China are at least as good as those in American cities, and it seems to me that our fishes are much better. We have a greater variety of palatable river fishes, which in my view are better than sea fishes that you have.

Ladies have no way of earning their living independently in China; it is not expected or thought proper that they should go out into the world and struggle for a livelihood, as so many American women do. They may become governesses, or perhaps companions, but apart from those employments there is hardly any self-supporting industry which they can undertake.

Of course China is a very large country, and customs differ more or less in various parts of it. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the Manchus, who represent the conquering race in the empire, have their own ways and fashions. For example, they do not bind the feet of their women, and the latter associate with the men without any more restrictions than is customary in America.

THE BOXERS OF CHINA.

READERS of the daily papers have no doubt noticed frequent references to the Boxers of China, and the word is not understood by all, if, indeed, by any American not cognizant of the situation in China.

The present internal disturbances in China are due to the resistance of foreign aggressions offered by the society of the "Great Knife." This society is called in English the "Boxers." The membership is supposed to exceed 100,000. The position of the "Boxers" is analagous to what that of the people of the United States would be if Germany, France, Russia and other foreign powers with little show of right save that supported by might sought to construct railroads and quasi-public works in this country and in so doing overturned and trampled upon all private rights of the people. A strong public sentiment exists in China against the foreign despoliation of the kingdom now in progress. The effort to dismember China by foreign powers promises to be the international tragedy of the twentieth century. The "Boxers" Society is a secret organization, supposedly encouraged by the ruling Chinese dynasty, and has for its principal object the driving of all foreigners out of the empire. There is some reason for believing that certain foreign powers are secretly abetting the disturbances in the hope that pretext for a conflict with the empire may be afforded and under that thin excuse dismemberment be hastened. The Chinese race has an antiquity of at least 6,000 years.

As to what the "Boxer" is, competent testimony comes from various sources. Edwin Wildman, late viceconsul of the United States at Hongkong, says:

"They are divided into lodges and have common signs and passwords known only to themselves. They have certain methods of interrogating each other and recognize peculiar manners in placing cups and dishes at the table; of wearing their garments and saluting each other. They hold their meetings usually in secluded places in the dead of the night and draw blood from their bodies, mixing it with water and pledging each other to oaths of vengeance against their enemies. The 'Boxers have adopted a flag bearing the motto, 'Up with the Ch'ing dynasty and down with the foreigner.' The foreign tradesman in China, to the mind of the native, is a barbarian, and the average celestial is as incapable of turning back the pages of history and restoring idol worship and burnt sacrifices. The 'Boxer' believes in immortality and heaven-sent mission. He is a foe to fear, and the present alarm felt by all foreigners in China is fully warranted.

"You had in this country years ago a 'know nothing party.' It was a movement against foreigners. The 'Boxer' movement in China has the same political and philosophical cause, but founded probably on more aggravating grounds. There have been rumors and rumors of the partition of China by the foreign powers. As these rumors have been broadened and exaggerated among the masses, hostile feeling on the part of the people against foreigners and missionaries and their converts has increased. Hence the 'Boxers' movement."

Rev. F. M. Royell, a Baptist missionary from China, says:

"The hatred of the 'Boxers' was first directed against the Catholic missionaries, but in a short time it included all 'foreign devils,' as they call the foreigners."

There appears to be no doubt that the German, Belgian and other foreign civil engineers who have been at work in Chi-Li and Shan-Tung have treated the natives with much severity and done much to provoke the uprising. Lines have been run across farms without let or hindrance, homes despoiled, property rights disregarded, crops destroyed and the Mongolian given a fearful example of what "commercial rights" mean in the language of the Caucasian. The "Boxers" are but one of innumerable secret societies which have organized, not only to fight invaders of this type but also to further the interests of one or the other political parties of the empire itself.

* IMAGINATION AND DISEASE.

In "A Journalist's Note Bnok" Frank F. Moore tells an amusing and significant story of the influence of imagination upon health. A young civil servant in India, feeling fagged from the excessive heat and from long hours of work, consulted the best doctor within reach. The doctor looked him over, sounded his heart and lungs, and then said, gravely: "I will write you to-morrow."

The next day the young man received a letter telling him that his left lung was gone and his heart seriously affected, and advising him to lose no time in adjusting his business affairs. "Of course, you may live for weeks," the letter said, "but you had best not leave important matters undecided."

Naturally the young official was dismayed by so dark a prognostic—nothing less than a death warrant. Within twenty-four hours he was having difficulty with his respiration and was seized with an acute pain in the region of the heart. He took to his bed with the feeling that he should never arise from it. During the night he became so much worse that his servant sent for the doctor.

"What on earth have you been doing to yourself?" demanded the doctor. "There were no indications of this sort when I saw you yesterday."

"It is my heart, I suppose," weakly answered the patient.

"Your heart!" repeated the doctor. "Your heart was all right yesterday."

" My lungs, then."

"What is the matter with you, man? You don't seem to have been drinking."

"Your letter!" gasped the patient. "You said I had only a few weeks to live."

"Are you crazy?" said the doctor. "I wrote you to take a few weeks' vacation in the hills and you would be all right."

For reply the patient drew the letter from under the bedclothes and gave it to the doctor.

"Heavens!" cried that gentleman, as he glanced at it. "This was meant for another man. My assistant misplaced the letters."

The young man at once sat up in bed and made a rapid recovery.

And what of the patient for whom the direful prognosis was intended? Delighted with the report that a sojourn in the hills would set him right, he started at once, and five years later was alive and in fair health.

When President Kruger was last in England he received a visit from the duke of Abercorn, in the course of which his grace informed "Oom Paul" that he himself had been for years a member of the British lower house and that his father had been lord lieutenant of Ireland. The president evidently considered that his guest's present rank was a great rise in life, for he exclaimed hastily: "Oh, that is nothing; my father was only a shepherd."

An absent-minded German professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, saluted him with: "Good evening, Herr Professor. How are you?" "I was well, I thought," answered the professor; "but now I don't know what's the matter with me. For the last ten minutes I've been limping."

THERE is but one thing that women are more apt to discover than the faults of men—and that is the faults of other women.

Good Reading

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

Beautiful and interesting as this bird is known to be, less has been said about it than of any of our common birds of agreeable song and manners. Its common names are house martin, purple swallow, American martin, and violet swallow. The young male is several years in attaining the uniform glossy violet-black plumage, the steel blue feathers appearing in gradually coalescing patches. It is common to the whole of temperate North America, wintering in Mexico and the Bermudas. It is only accidental in Europe. The adult female is glossy blue-black above, becoming hoary grayish on the forchead and sometime on the nape also. The young are similar to the adult female.

Ridgway says that no bird of America is more deserving of protection and of encouragement to live about the habitations of man than the purple martin. One pair of them will destroy more insects in a season than all the English sparrows in a township will kill in their lifetime. Besides, their notes are pleasing to the ear, and their actions both when on the wing and when perching upon their boxes extremely interesting. During the breeding season the male has a continued and varied song of great heauty and considerable power; and it is as much on account of the sweetness of their notes as for their familiarity and usefulness that these birds are such general favorites. In the wild woods where they have not had opportunity to avail themselves of man's hospitality they are as lovely and musical as when semi-domesticated in our dooryards, and, it is said, are in all respects exactly the same birds. When Audubon was traveling through the Middle States, he reported that almost every country tavern had a martin-box on the upper part of its signboard, and commented: "I have observed that the handsomer the box, the better does the inn prove to be." The Indians bung up calabashes for the martins, so they would keep the vultures from the deerskins and venison that were drying. Mr. Nehrling says that the martin is as well satisfied with the simple hollow gourd attached to a pole near a negro but as with the most ornamental and best arranged martinhouse in the beautiful gardens and parks of rich planters and opulent merchants. He claims that where no nesting boxes are provided our martin will not breed, and that it hardly ever accepts nesting boxes attached to trees, preferring localities where the chance is given to dart in and out uninterrupted by any obstacle.

The struggle between the martins and sparrows is so bitter that one pair of martins watched by Mr. Widmann adopted the plan of never leaving the nest alone, taking turns in going for food, because, as he explains, "it is comparatively easy to keep a sparrow out of a box, but it is impossible for a martin to dislodge him after he has built a nest."

Mr. Keyser says that in the autumn the martins assemble in flocks, sometimes large enough to suggest an ecumenical council, and fall to cackling, twittering, discussing, and in many other ways making preparation for their aerial voyage to another clime. They really seem to regret being compelled to leave their pleasant summer haunts, if one may judge from the length and fervor of their good-byes. "Perhaps they are like human beings who have a strong attachment for home, and must visit every nook and tryst to say au revoir before they take their departure. One can easily imagine how dear to their hearts are the scenes of their childhood, and of their nest-building and broodrearing." After departing, they sometimes return in a day or two before they begin their southward pilgrimage in real earnest. Do they get homesick after they have gone some distance, and return once more to look upon the familiar scenes? It is one of the mysteries of bird life.

THE MULE AS A JUMPER,

To the mind of every properly-regulated mule, a fence is something made to be thrown down or jumped over. By that I do not mean that he is a four-footed anarchist, with a heel against government of every sort. But rather he is a creature born to jump. He does jump, upon any occasion or none. Put him in a pasture knee-deep with lush

herbage, he will graze to the fence, and at once begin trying conclusions with it. If it is on higher than his breast, he is likely to go over it within five minutes, unless he is sharp-set for green stuff, and the green stuff very tempting. If the barrier takes him well along the neck, he will graze his fill, and maybe lie down for two hours in the shade, before making up mind and body to the jumping point, Next thing is to find a jumpable place. A fence, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest panel. Master mule searches for it in off-hand dilettante fashion. Now he makes a feint of going over where it is as high as his head; anon he sets a vicious breast against a particularly sturdy length; then maybe he backs away, and stands for half an hour, the very model of resigned contemplation. Motionless, with head extended, eyes either closed or cast down, he shows in the sunlit space a pattern of docide meckness. Flies even do not move him, before the spirit. If his fellows come near he does not so much as wave an ear in greeting.

He might be a statue, you think. Look again. The statue has come to life with a vengeance! See, he has flung himself down, and is wallowing with little wicked satisfied brays. Supplely he gets upon his feet, gives a long, triumphant hee-haw, and goes at the fence like a catapult, or over it like a baseball. Once outside, he flings up his head sidewise, gives a still louder bray—a call to his mates to follow—and dashes off at top speed.

Possibly he has broken into a lush cornfield. More likely into a stretch of the barest fallow. It is all the same to him—both lie the other side of the fence. From this you will perceive the mule's one vice. He has the mug-wump mind, to which whatever is not is right. A cynic observer once said, "Mules must look at fences as human beings do at matrimony. Those who are inside are wild to get out, and those outside even wilder to get in."

Possibly natural vanity has something to do with it. The best of us have a weakness for displaying a pre-eminent inborn gift. The mule that could not or did not jump, would not be worth his salt, much less his hay and oats. For the most part, the jumping is wholly without malice. Often, indeed, there appears to be something waggish, even distinctly humorous about it. One mule within my knowledge would lead his comrades over the stoutest fence into the woodland world, and defying pursuit or capture, make the circuit of the plantation, a matter of several miles, then jump in where he had jumped out, and come trotting to the stable lot, the very sum and pattern of docile innocence.

HOMES OF MEXICO.

Life on a great Mexican hacienda is an existence of which little is known in the United States. Conditions on these estates differ from those to be found anywhere in the north. A Mexican ranch may embrace thousands of acres. It is often a complete little world in itself, producing practically everything required for its inhabitants. It sometimes does supply all the wants of the lowly members who till the soil, gather the coffee and make the sugar and liquors, but the wealthy owner draws upon all the world to furnish luxuries for his family and his great house.

Among rich Mexican families the children are frequently educated in Europe and the home life of a Mexican haciendado is, as a rule, one of refinement and quiet comfort, says Modern Mexico. The head of a great estate can only be compared with a feudal lord. He is practically monarch of all he surveys. He exercises a paternal care over his employes, caring for them in sickness, advancing them means and rations when needed, through lack of work or natural improvidence, and whole families become attached to an estate through moral and financial ties and continue with it from one generation to another. Thousands of these great landed legacies have been kept intact for centuries and seem to be as jealously guarded as ever. They are rarely divided up and seldom pass into the hands of foreigners.

A haciendado's home bears a fitting relation to his acres. It is always open to friends and travelers and its proportions and number of servants connected with it, as a rule, render the sudden appearance of a dozen guests no more an affair of inconvenience than such an occurrence would be to a good-sized hotel. A typical patio is that of a home

in the sub-tropies with an altitude of probably 400 to 5,000 feet. The spacious garden that the bound incloses is green and full of blooms the year round. The hanging baskets around the corridor are hearly laden with orchid blossoms, each one of which would bring a little fortune in New York.

Close adjoining the house is the church where the hundreds of the hands in fields and factories worked as regularly as they perform their daily labors. To family of the master go there, too, but they also have a private chapel in the house. Life on a great Medican hacienda is full of novelty to strangers free abroad.

THE QUEEN BEE.

In the bee kingdom everything is subservient to the making of honey. It is with this ultimate end in view that the queen, when six or seven days old soars out of the hive on her wedding flight; win this end in view, she returns to spend the rest of her natural life in laying (during the laying scaso, which lasts from early spring until the late fall eggs at the rate of three a minute. As she lives to three or four years, she thus produces in the course of her life-time something like a million eggs; which should certainly enable her to feel on her death bet that her time had not been wasted.

Always with the idea of the production of honer uppermost in her mind, she lays but few eggs from which drones will be produced (these eggs are of particular kind, which, by a wise and curious providence, she can produce at will), but devotes most of her energies to the laying of eggs from which is the course of about twenty-one days, workers will come forth.

The same kind of egg is capable of producing either a worker or a queen, according to the manner in which it is fed. The power of decision as to whether an egg shall be developed into the one or the other rests not with the queen mother, but with the all-powerful worker bees, who thus not only control the present, but arrange the future as well.

Whenever they deem it necessary, they enlarge an ordinary worker cell in the brood combintor queen cell, and feed the inmate with "royaljelly," so that in sixteen or seventeen days a new queens ready to make her bow to the world.

She would never make it, however, if the oll queen had her way about it. A colony may have only one queen at a time, and when the old queen sees that the workers are beginning to build queet cells, she makes vigorous efforts to get at them and sting the royal young inmates to death. It is for this purpose that she has been provided by nature with a sting, and she never uses it on a human being—only upon rival queens and royal eggs and larvæ.

The sting of the ordinary bee is barbed, so that is she once inserts it she cannot draw it out again, but must pay with her own life the penalty of her reference. As the queen's life, however, is too valuable to be easily lost, nature has provided her with sting that is barbless, so that she may use it as old as she chooses without paying for her temper with her life.

Or rather, as often as the workers choose—by they stand guard and do not allow her to come near the queen cells. A few days before a new queen to be hatched out, the "swarming note" is heard to be hatched out, the "swarming note" is heard to the hive, and the old queen with the greater part of the colony flies forth to seek a new home, leaving the old one to the new queen, who will soon emerging from her cell and go about her business of repopting the hive.

AND IT WILL GET THEM.

The last Inglenook is a gem. It ought to have ten thousand subscribers.—S. Z. Sharp.

Mrs. Joselyn—"Don't you miss your husbard very much now that he is away?"

Mrs. Golightly—"Oh, not at all. You see, stand a newspaper up in front of his place and battle time forget that he really isn't there."

"I DON'T think you will find that the angels of smoke," said she, with mild reproach in het vos "I guess not," said he. "I am sure you nevel a Run and get me a match, will you?" And the fol ish woman went for the match.

ooo The o Circle ooo

THICES W B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Relleting Ohio. Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1996. Ideal, Mrs. Lizze D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Epicological Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Cost. Covington, Ohio

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SISTER FLORA TEAGUE, of Mt. Morris, Ill., writes: I have just completed the old course of reading of Missionary Reading Circle. I have not only reatly enjoyed it, but have also been greatly beneted by it. I am now ready for my certificate; will at my home in Ohio sometime in June."

Sister Zola Z. Renner, of Lanark, Ill., says: "I think books in our course are all very interesting. I in the only Circle member in our congregation, so have a large field to work in. I hope that those ho have worked to make the Circle a success, and are chosen good literature for our young people oread, may be rewarded."

Sister O. S. Piatt, from Outlook, Wash., writes collowing: "We have preaching here at Outlook the Brethren; we also have a good union Sunday thool where we use the Brethren's literature. We ganized our church last fall with thirteen memrs. Bro. M. M. Eshelman, from Salem, Oregon, s with us and held a Bible school. Bro. J. U. Stiverson was with us too, and we rejoiced to see wen come out on the Lord's side. At our Comunion meeting this spring, we believe about thirseven communed, so we are rapidly increasing in unbers. I do not think that we have any Circle embers among them. I have been thinking it rer, and talked about it with some of the brethren. bey all seem to think it is just what we need here, there are so many young people in this vicinity o enjoy reading."

We hope that every member who reads this will ork harder to induce others to join in with us, so at we may surely and steadily increase in numbers. We are glad to welcome the following new umbers:

300	Mrs. I	nima	L. :	Ne.	V.C	Of	ne	r,	, .			 ,	 	٠.	Н	lur	ıtiı	ngdon,	Pa.
19),	Sue D	illing,								٠.	,		 				. S	axton,	Рa.
20,	Nora!	S. Arn	ρld,									 	 				.L	intner.	111
23,	Lydia	Higer	todi	hai	١		٠.					 	 					Oaks,	Pa.
																		,	

We appoint the following new secretaries:

6,	Leila Price			 	٠.	Oa	ks,	s, Montgomery Co., Pa.	
91	Evia Z. Kenner	٠.	٠	 				Lange III	
	Mrs. O. S. Piatt,			٠.				Outlook, Wash.	

A MAN CRUCIFIED BETWEEN TWO THIEVES.

THE gods were all cast in a large mould. They regiants in size, of gigantic strength, of wonder-wisdom, or heavenly beauty.

How different the coming of the babe of Bethlem! And in the end he was crucified between two
leves, and his last message to his followers was
at they should go and tell it unto all the world.
And you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves.
The Jews received him not, and to the Greeks
was foolishness, but "go ye therefore and teach"
tem. All the disciples had to tell was a story of a
markene crucified between two thieves, a carpenter
added without a friend except a few poor weepwomen, for all his disciples forsook him and

But now, the temples of Jupiter, Mars and Venus all in ruins, their priests have perished. The acles of Egypt are stilled forever, while across years men yield and accept Christ's invitation, come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy this of this wide world has come under the spell of name above every other name. Out of fifteen add and eighty-five million under the control of the control o

Ocr only possibility of bearing any fruit worthy pur nature and of God's purpose concerning us is there may be plenty of activity and mountains to our lives, but there will be no fruit.—

The your life's nourishment in your life's work.

L Sunday A School

HOW THE BIBLE WAS MADE.

WE have learned that the original books of the Bible were written by different men, at different times, and received by the early Christians, who must have been good judges of what was correct and what was not. We have also seen that there were many manuscript copies of these writings, and we also know that here and there they were collected into one volume, or the accessible books were, and there was quite a number of such collections. But none of them were complete in the way that we have the Bible now. The earliest Latin version of the New Testament was made in or before A. D. 170, but it was incomplete. The early Syriac version, called the Peshito, was made before A. D. 170, but it was not complete, either. Different other compilations were made, and they are known by different names, but the Syriac and the Latin compilations are the oldest. In the course of years a number of Bibles existed, each maker or compiler striving to have his more complete than his predecessors, and out of them, and all the available MSS. the common version was made in 1611, and from everything at all available the Revised Version, in

The older Bibles did not have the divisions into chapters and verses that mark the present ones, and the order of the books in some of the oldest versions was not as we have it at present. In the Codex Bezae, as it is called, the order is Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. In the Curetonian Syriac version it is Matthew, Mark, John, Luke. It is hard at this time to assign the true reason for their arrangement in the order stated. The present succession of arrangement is due to the idea of the time at which the books were written, in part, and the way the story hangs logically together.

There is one thing that is certain, and that is the present Bible contains all that was regarded as being authoritative among the earlier Christians, and that though the form of the books has been changed the subject matter has never been tampered with, and what is said in our Revised Version in Matthew is just what he said to the Jews who first read his book, and so with all the others. The Bible has been translated into many tongues, and all that art and skill can do have been expended on the production of magnificent volumes that are splendid beyond comparison. But this further fact remains: Wherever there is an old woman, a boy, an illiterate person able only to spell his way through the verses, there may rest a certainty that each has all that anybody else ever had of the real, the essential facts, of God's will as revealed to man.

(The End.)

Many children grow up like plants under bellglasses. They are surrounded only by artificial and prepared influences. They are house-bred, roombred, nurse-bred, mother-bred—everything but selfbred. The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself: but many parents use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience, and they are bound and corded until they perish by inanity, or break all bonds and cords, and rush to ruin by reaction.

THE New Testament Scriptures everywhere contemplate spiritual life as a growth from small beginnings; as involving necessarily the weakness of infancy and the struggles of childhood, ere we come to the ripeness of manhood. The child of God, when born of water and Spirit, is but a babe. The faith and baptism that bring him into Christ but enable him to begin to live in newness of life. And this life, like all other life, depends for its perpetuation and development on food, air and exercise.

The color of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a series of future successes or disappointments.

IF you do a man a favor and then refuse to do him another it will make him twice as angry as if you refused the first.

For * the * Wee * Folk

DUTCH BOYS AND GIRLS.

The dearest, funniest little country in the world is Holland, the home of the Dutch. The country is a perfect network of canals. In Amsterdam, the biggest city of Holland, there are so many of them running crisscross that the city is divided into ninety small islands. But more interesting than anything else about this country are the children. And such good times as they have!

These canals I have been speaking of run right down the center of the streets, taking the place of a driveway and leaving only a strip of brick pavement on each side. A row of trees grows on each side of the canal. Out here, under their shade, the children of Amsterdam play.

Have you ever seen a pair of shoes worn by these Dutch children? They are not like ours. They are made of blocks of wood shaped like a shoe and hollowed out to fit the foot. These shoes are called "sabots," and it is very funny to hear a lot of young children wearing this queer foot gear go running down the street clackety clack! Bless me! From a little distance it sounds as though a whole army of cavalry were coming up the street.

As there are no stone walls or railings along the edge of the canals, it not infrequently happens that a child falls in. But that doesn't seem to worry anybody. They can all swim like little ducks. If they bounce into the water they quickly bounce out again. Sometimes they scramble out to find that their little sabots are slowly sailing down the canal. Then there is much laughter and shouting till the truant shoes are landed by means of a long stick.

It is in the winter time, however, that the children of Holland most enjoy life. Then the canals are frozen over and a person may travel all through this quaint country without taking off his skates. The Dutch skates have long runners, which curl up over the toe. With this kind they can do no fancy skating. But, then, everything the Dutch people do is plain and practical. The boys and girls when they skate together do not go side by side, as we do in this country. The boy stands right behind the girl and puts his hands on her waist, keeping step with her just as soldiers do. In this way the boy can push the girl along if he does not think she is going fast enough.

Most all Dutch boys have a skate sail, which is almost diamond shaped and is kept spread out by means of two cross sticks. This sail is held against his back. As Holland is such a low country, there is generally a good strong wind sweeping across it. With these sails the boys go skimming along over the frozen canals for miles. And they can sail as close to the wind, too, as in a fine yacht.

Everyone skates in Holland. The men go to work, the women to market, and the children to school, on skates.

The people of Holland are very good to poor little orphans. There is one place in Holland where about a thousand orphans are taken care of. There they take children, mere babies, and keep them till they are of age. In the meantime they teach them any kind of trade they may wish to learn. The boys are taught to be carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet makers, printers, bookbinders, etc. The girls are trained to do all kinds of household work. Then when they are of age they are ready to battle with the world. If sickness or misfortune overtakes any boy or girl after leaving this institution, he or she may go straight back to it and be sure of a welcome and a good home until an opportunity for another start is offered. Compared to the miserably poor of London, or even of our own New York, these little Dutch orphans are much better off. Amsterdam has a large orphanage where it is the curious rule that all the children shall dress in costumes half black and half red.

In most of the smaller towns of Holland you will notice a collection of sabots around nearly every front door. No one wears these wooden shoes indoors, and on entering a house a person leaves them on the doorstep, just as we in this country sometimes shed our muddy overshoes.

PEOPLE can't grow unless they have a chance to stretch now and then—men and women any more than babies.—A. D. T. Whitney.

AMONG THE BANKERS.

PRETTY nearly everybody knows what a bank is, but there are Banks and banks. We refer to what are known as the Banks along the Atlantic coast. Take any map of the United States and look along the coast of North Carolina, and you will see a narrow strip of land bordering the mainland just opposite Cape Hatteras. This strip, or rather these strips, for they are not continuous, are known as The Banks, and the people who dwell there are the Bankers. The land, or rather the sand, for they are nothing but sand heaps, is from three miles down to nothing across from Pamlico Sound on the inside to the Atlantic Ocean on the outside. From the Banks to the mainland is from three to twenty miles across the Sound,

The people who live there are peculiar in many ways, and out of the ordinary in their lives. They have been there for a long time, and their sole occupation is fishing, for which pursuit it is an ideal place. All the best fish of the Atlantic are to be found there, and oysters abound on all the shallows of the Sound. The occupation of nearly every man on the hundreds of miles of the Banks is following the sea in some way or other and the wealth of the individual is measured by his ownership of boats and sea-going material. They are a peculiar people. They are remarkable for their hospitality, their religious life, and their ignorance of what is doing on the mainland. Every last man knows the sea, and many of them have been around the world as sailors. The native vegetation of the Banks in the Hatteras neighborhood is an occasional liveoak, and a dense undergrowth of "Youpon," a shrub, out of the leaves of which a tea is manufactured that is held in high repute, locally, and which is not generally known on the shore. Here and there at appropriate intervals is a lighthouse, and as the coast is a peculiarly dangerous one to those who go down to the sea in ships they are rather frequent.

The settlements have odd names, such as Kinneykeet, Kitty Hawk, Smutty Nose, Nag's Head, etc., and attached to the last is a story, however untrue it may be now was probably well earned years ago. It is said of some of these people down by the sea, that on a dangerously dark night some of them would attach a lantern to a horse's neck and walk him up and down the beach, and thus lure the vessels that might be passing at sea to change their course to their destruction, and give the wreckers a chance for plunder. However true this may have been long ago, and there is probably some foundation for it, nothing of the kind is known now, and a deep religious feeling usually characterizes the dwellers by the sea.

The Banks are a peculiar formation, for in places, in fact in most places, they are nothing but loose sand. This is continually shifting and changing under the influence of the winds, and at Kinneykeet the town is doomed. The graveyard is fifty feet under the drifted sand, and it is only a question of some years till the village itself is buried.

The people are hospitable to the stranger, and what they have is at his command, and for one of the out-of-the-way places for the visitor there is nothing to equal it. The only way to reach any of these places is by boat across a none too smooth sea.

INCENIOUS WAY OF CATCHING DEER.

Up in Alaska hunters don't shoot deer or track them-they go fishing for them in a boat. This is the story lately brought back by C. F. Periolat of Chicago and four or five other enthusiastic sportsmen, including two native Indians.

In a small open boat they were rowing across Dixon sound when they overhauled two lively bucks that had undertaken a swimming journey of ten or twelve miles in attempting passage from one island to another.

While it lasted it was an aquatic race for life, for no sooner did the startled pair of deer realize they were being pursued than they pulled themselves together, stiffening every muscle and redoubling their efforts to distance their pursuers. The hunters in the boat had to pull on the oars for all they were

worth, and they were very badly winded before they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were gaining on the quarry.

Excitement ran high for two or three miles. At last, however, the panic-stricken deer were overtak-

en, and the sportsmen threw ropes over their horns and fished the animals into the boat.

The captives shivered with terror and were as meek as lambs. But no sooner had they been rowed ashore and led to a pen than they began to fight one another with great fierceness. As a result of this encounter one of the bucks was killed. His mate was sent south and is now in a park at Seattle.

The deer of Alaska are splendid swimmers and think nothing of a voyage of a dozen miles between islands. It is a curious fact well known to hunters that no deer are found on the mainland. They live on the islands to escape the ravenous wolves of that section, which are passionately fond of the deer meat, but will not brave a plunge in the water to

These Alaskan deer are one-third smaller than our American deer found in the northern woods.

A LESSON IN SOUTH AFRICAN DUTCH.

THE Boers are mostly descendants of Holland Dutchmen, but their language is a rude, old-fashioned Dutch, with many words picked up from other languages. The war has brought many terms from this out-of-the-way tongue into our newspapers. Some of these terms need explanation:

Veldt means all open country, including both hill

Rand, any long, rolling hill-range is a rand; more specifically the grassy ridge itself of such a formation. Gat's Rand and Witwater's Rand are illustra-

Kopje, pronounced koppy, designates isolated hills, especially such as are round and have pointed

Kop is larger; it must be an isolated mountainpeak to attain the dignity of a kop. To be a spistkop the peak must be high, sharp and craggy.

Nek is the rounded hollow of the dip between any two peaks of a mountain-chain.

Kloof is a deep, narrow, rocky cut or canyon.

Pan is a depression in the plain, catching the drainage water of an area, but having a hard bottom, unlike the marshy Vley.

Laagte is one of the distinctive formations of South Africa, due to the clear-cut distinction between the dry and wet seasons. A laagte is properly a wide and comparatively shallow depression, dropping suddenly from the prevailing country level. The bottom land is, when dry, a well-grassed turf of rich mold-no one can say how deep-often two miles or more wide, and running twenty to thirty miles, mostly level as a billiard board, but with a gentle tilt, sufficient to let the water run off.

A ROSARY OF GOLD NUOGETS.

REV. FATHER GENDREU of Dawson City, in the Klondike, rector of the Roman Catholic mission in that town, has been presented with a rosary by his parishioners, the beads of which are of Klondike gold nuggets, united by a solid gold chain, and having a gold cross attached. The nuggets are very uneven and rough, and there are imbedded in the gold little pieces of rock. Its actual weight is about 25 ounces, and its value is estimated at \$500. The rosary is now on its way to the Paris exposition.

"You are in business in Montana?" asked the passenger in the skull cap.

"Yes," said the passenger in the smoking jacket.

"Is business good out there?"

"Yes. In the last two years our plant has increased in size more than 1,000 per cent."

"What was the size of your plant originally?" "It consisted of a pair of Belgian rabbits."

Advertising Column

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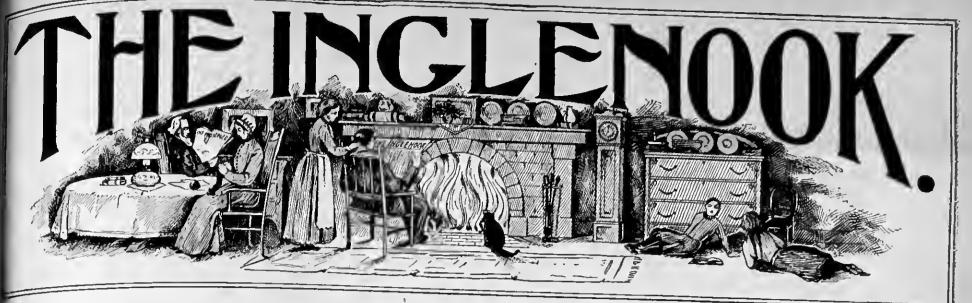
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VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JULY 14, 1900.

No. 28.

WHEREVER YOU ARE.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

only I could be with you, dear, with you wherever you are, old not care where our feet might fare, under what sun or

that my hand might reach your hand, and our step keep true and sure

any sea, or through any land, while life for us both endure.

emy I could be with you—ah, the cloudiest sky were blue! be roughest path that the wild waste bath would be smooth, if I walked with you—

stoop to drink from the running brook, I'd feed from the

my soul could live on your tender look whenever it turned my way.

only I could be with you, dear, when day is done, and the

night es down out of heaven, so kind and near, to fold us away

from sight, ir pillow would be my faithful breast, and when we had

knelt, in prayer,

what would matter, the place of rest, so that we both were

what would matter, the place of rest, so that we both were there?

ar, I would leave a throne for you, and my kingdom's door

seek and find you, the broad earth through, and be—wherever you are,

illethe swift days fly, and the slow years die, only no more to part!

small is the world, yet wide, wide, wide, its space between heart and heart!

IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

There are a great many lighthouses along the ust of the United States, and they are endless in air forms and methods of construction. There is ways more or less of a charm and mystery assorted with life in one of these places, and it was too the writer's privilege to remain in one for seval weeks. He had gone out to the light on a after of business connected with the Government, as a succession of heavy storms made it impossite to get away. So he made the best of it, and enwed himself the best he could.

This light was one of that character where the eper's family live in it. There is always a spare n in these places, and though the work is not d, yet there is a good deal to do. Everything s to be kept spotlessly clean. The lamp is lit at aset and extinguished at sunrise. The whole ouse has to be gone over daily and the lamp and glasswork must not only be spotless but shin-This takes a good deal of time, and the keepate kept pretty busy. The Inspector is likely come sailing around at any time, and if things and just right he makes an entry in the book pt for the purpose, and it will result disastrously there are too many such adverse records. At the dicular light to which I refer, and which I visd there was an entry in the book: "Things not the date. The trouble was that had found a pair of shoes under the bed.

The people at the light apologized for the fare by had to offer, saying that they had not been be to get the supplies from the shore. It seems an thing they lacked. They took no account of be fact that they had at their command all the that part of the sea. The writer stood at the amorning. It was simple murder, and these, supply of fish and oysters, all of which

they knew how to cook to perfection; made a good bill of fare. But they wanted bacon, and nothing else would do them any good.

It is lonely, of course, but not so bad after all, as there is time to read, and the Government furnishes a small circulating library, changing the books every six months. If the weather permits of being outside on the porch or walk, and one gets a rocking chair and watches the ships go by, it is not so bad, especially if there is congenial company. It is a grand, awe-inspiring place at night, up in the lantern, when a storm is on. The place where the light is kept is large enough to walk about, in, and there is always a ledge on the outside so that the glass can be cleaned by going out. One night when a storm was raging the writer could not sleep, and went up in the lantern, and on the outside. The night was as black as it could be, the wind was shricking, and the great waves pounding, and above all the indescribable commingled howl of the storm. A vivid flash of lightning showed a three-masted vessel laboring near at hand, and the wild fowl, scared and bewildered, flew around. It was the sight of a lifetime to a landsman and he held fast with a mighty grip. Going inside and closing the door there was a rattle of thunder, and then came a thud-smash, right near my head, making me jump. It seemed as though someone had thrown a brick against the glass. Returning to my room I saw the keeper coming and I told him of the noise. "Only a bewildered duck or goose that flew into the light and killed itself," was the answer. At some of the lights as high as two hundred dead birds have been picked up in the morning after a bad storm. In my room the effect of the blow was such as to gently sway a rocking chair in the center of the floor. In the morning, when the writer, a little hollow-eyed, remarked at breakfast to the two women that the storm was a bad one during the night, "Why, was there a blow?" one of them said. They had slept through the pandemonium, never waking. Such is the effect of familiarity with the sea. When the weather is right the life at a lighthouse is not so bad after all. As the keeper remarked, there was never any trouble with the neighbors' chickens. It would be a bad place for two persons to fall out with each other. It is a matter of record that in one case where two men were in a practically inaccessible lighthouse they quarreled, and for six months did not speak to each other.

There is a fascination about the life that appeals strongly to the romantic. It is said that Edgar Allen Poe was an unsuccessful applicant for the position of light keeper at the Hatteras lighthouse. If any INGLENOOKER is ever near the sea where there is a light he should visit it, as there is much to see and the keepers are always glad to see people from the outside world, especially if the light is far from shore.

CORN FOR FOOD.

As common as corn and its uses are in this country, in Europe it is less known and little used. People are prejudiced against it as a food. To overcome this interested parties have established corn kitchens at the great Paris Exposition. An exchange says:

Clark E. Carr, of Galesburg, who went to the Paris Exposition with Mr. Snow of Chicago to establish a corn kitchen, has returned with this cheery news:

"From 400 to 700 persons are being served free of oppression in their old world homes.

with corn dishes every day. They are English, French, German, Russians, Italians, Chinese, Japanese, and, in fact, people of all nations. I left the kitchen in thorough working order and with arrangements for it to be open every week day during the exposition. Most of the food, corn meal, corn flour, hominy, hulled corn, and grits are given by American manufacturers, the commission only paying the expenses of getting the supplies to Paris. Some of these manufacturers offer two tons of their product and others will supply all needed, so there is little danger of the supplies becoming exhausted. We have four cooks, white and black, and they serve delicious dishes of egg bread, batter cakes, and corn and hominy cooked in a variety of ways. Great interest is manifested in Paris in the corn food demonstration. The newspapers are taking it up and advising the people to visit the unique ex-

COMMANDEERING.

THAT is a delightful story which Julian Ralpl: tells in the London Daily Mail. "We have all been slightly misled by the Boer word 'commandeering.' It makes stealing seem less offensive-in fact, under the new name of commandeering stealing commends itself to many of us," writes Mr. Ralph. "Lord Roberts has been awfully down on it. He seems not to have caught the spirit in which we who would not 'steal' a pin have been commandeering Dutch Bibles, horses and any other portables in our path. At a certain point on the veldt one of Roberts' staff was riding ahead of the field marshal and saw a Canadian with two fat fowls hanging from his saddle. 'Here,' said the officer, 'where did you get those fowls?' 'Commandeered 'em, sir.' 'Well, for goodness' sake, hide them. Here's Lord Roberts just behind us. He'll have you shot.' Up cantered Lord Roberts, with his face 'What is that man doing with those chickens? 'he asked sternly. 'Sir,' replied the staff officer, 'he has understood that you are on very short rations, and he desires to offer the fowls for your dinner. He got them of a farmer close by." Why, how kind,' said the field marshal, pleased to the heart, and smiling warmly. 'What is your name? I am much obliged to you.' 'Now, no more of that, do you hear?' the officer whispered to the Canadian, who rode away, leaving his plunder, and doubtless glad to part with it as he did.

THE SPIRIT-WRESTLERS.

In western Canada is a sect that had its origin in Russia, the members of which are called Spiritwrestlers. They were so oppressed in Russia that they sought a home in the wilds of Canada. The Canadian Government, after an investigation, favored them all it could, and to-day there are some eight thousand of them in that country. They live in towns, or villages, and each village has everything in common. They are an ignorant lot as far as scholastic acquirements are concerned, only about four out of the hundred being able to read and write. They are literalists, and nonresistants. They have no priesthood, no written Bible, and their sole education is in curious psalms, consisting partly of the Old, and partly of the New Testament. Their communal life brings them close together. and the perfect freedom of the country in which they live must be very grateful to them after years

Z Correspondence

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

ELGIN, ILL., JULY 9, 1900.

Dear Sister Katie:-

Your letter received and 1 am still at Elgin. 1 like the place as it seems no more than a big, quiet town. At another location it would be a considerable city, but it is in the shadow of Chicago, and that dwarfs it. It is only an hour's ride into the big town and people here say sometimes that they are "going in to-day," and that means they are going to Chicago.

The other day I saw my first automobile. That is the horseless carriage. You couldn't be in Chicago for an hour without seeing one of them. As far as the outside goes it looks like nothing so much as a common carriage, like ours at home, without either horse or shafts. There are rubber tires on all of them 1 saw, some of them being as big around as a small stovepipe. Others are not much larger than a bicycle's tire. The driver sits up in front and manipulates the carriage, and some of them can run very fast on the smooth, paved streets of the city. There are several kinds, quite a number in fact, and some run by steam, others by electricity and all of them have the motive power so concealed that it is not visible to any great extent, to one on the sidewalk. They cost so much money as yet that they are not very common, but after a while they will be lower in price and then more people will have them. I don't know whether they would work where it is hilly and the road full of rocks or mud holes. Some say that when the machines are perfected they will take the places of all carriages.

Elgin is a great dairy center. I don't mean by this that you would see whole droves of cows here, for you wouldn't see any, but that it is a country especially adapted to grazing, and a good deal of the milk is sent from this point. Here is where they first condensed milk, and it is still done. Car loads of milk in cans and bottles go into the city every day. There are several trains that carry nothing else. Of course it does not all come from Elgin, as it is picked up at the several stations along the road, here and there, and taken into Chicago. There is a big watch factory here, and they turn out about twenty-five hundred watches a day. It is a wonder where they all go to. Then there is another establishment where they make nothing but watch cases. There are thousands of working people here, and every morning there is a stream of men and women going to work with their dinner buckets and lunch baskets. It is a place where there are a good many "little tin dinner buckets." Here at our Publishing House they go to work at 7 o'clock, have half an hour at noon, and quit at 5:30 in the evening. A good many girls are at work in the composing room, and most of them are sisters. I tell you, Katie, a good number of our people who think they know all about this business would get it all taken out of them if they were here. In one of the other Publishing Houses in town, not our own, but another, one day this week they sent out nearly eight tons of mail at one time.

Every now and then some strange brother and sister who are traveling east or west stop in to see how matters are going and to make acquaintances here. They are always welcomed, and shown around. If he is a minister he will be sure to be asked to preach, if he is about on Sunday. These people don't seem to be so very critical. What seems to pass best with them is a short, sensible talk, on some Bible subject.

There is a Salvation Army working here, and they have a big bass drum and a horn, and every night they bave what they eall preaching or services at a certain street corner. Then they go into a hall they have rented and have services. A brother and I dropped in the other night, and found a quiet audience there. Pretty soon one of the girls sung a hymn, and then said as they were going to leave she would take up a collection. This they did, After they had counted it she said they would have another hymn, and when they were through with it, she said they would take up another collection, and they passed the hat around. Then the woman said that as they were going away those present might want their photographs, and after the rattle of the drum and the horn two of them passed down to sell their photographs. Before they got to us we

walked out. The brother who was with me said that he might be able to stand three collections in five minutes, but that the drum made him want to get out.

Katie, I want to get home. These people are all right, and I am not complaining about the way I have been treated, but I want to go home. I want to sit on the back porch when the evening comes on, and when it gets dark I want to go into our own house. It is all so big and lonely here at night time that I wish I was back. I know every turn and crook in the run down in the meadow, and I know where the sweet myrrh grows in the ravine back of the barn, and I would like to see you and Ma and Pa and I wish I was at home now. Write.

Your own brother,

Вов

THE ELGIN DAIRY BUSINESS.

Anour eleven o'clock in the morning, every week day, there is a neatly painted and decorated wagon that drives up in front of the Publishing House and a uniformed man jumps down and seizing a lot of full milk bottles, runs up the steps, gets yesterday's empties, and leaves the full ones. He leaves a quart bottle in the INGLENOOK room, picks up his nickel therefor, and out he goes. This is for a part of the noon lunch, and when you visit the sanctum we will get another bottle or two. The bottles are of clear white glass, and resemble a quart glass fruit jar choked off about half at the top. The stopper is a patented piece of pasteboard looking contrivance that shuts it thoroughly and requires the point of a knife or the tine of a fork to skit it off. The milk is pure, clean and cold. It is very good milk, and every appliance is used at the factory to have it all right. There are also other wagons of private parties, but the Condensed Milk Co. seems to have the run, at least as far as the Ix-GLENOOK windows allow seeing.

Elgin is what is called a dairy town, and as all of our readers know a good deal about milk it may be of interest to tell something about the business as done hereabouts. In the first place the surrounding country for a hundred miles or more is an ideal one for the dairyman. It is either level or in slightly rolling land, well wooded, and watered with large and smaller streams. The rainfall is all right, and the soil good. It will be readily seen that the country is a good one for the Alderney cow and her owner. Then about forty miles away is great big Chicago, and every morning several long trains pass Elgin gathering up the milk cans at every station in the rear and front of the trip, roll by on their way to the city on the lake. It is a wonder who is going to use all this perishable commodity, but every day the maw of the city cries out for more, more milk. And every railroad running into Chicago is filling up the glass of the drinker every day, without exception, year in and year out.

Elgin has a Board of Trade that looks after the statistics of the dairy business in what is called the Elgin District, that is, Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. From their report we take the totals for the past year. It is something staggering. It does not include, of course, the home-used product, but at the same time, writing it out to let you have the full force of the blow, there were forty-three millions, six hundred and ten thousand and five hundred and seven pounds of butter sold, and six millions, one hundred and four thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five pounds of cheese made in the district. The amount of milk in its totality is something wonderful.

Right here at Elgin is a condensed milk factory that uses up an enormous amount of the lacteal fluid, and there are creameries in every direction that turn out the celebrated Elgin creamery butter, that is they are in the country roundabout, at the several towns. Producers here find it more profitable to sell to the condensing factory when the price of butter is low. When butter goes up in price it is sold to the creameries or made into butter direct.

Running through the country on the trains one may notice some good stock, and, as in every neighborhood, some that is not so good. There seems to be no particular choice in cows, and the secret of the matter of the Elgin milk district lies in the fields and the soil, as well as in the proximity of Chicago to the producer. Most of the trade in the immediate Elgin district goes to the condensing factory where a little better price is paid. When a kind was no need to survive the condensing factory where a little better price is paid.

Condensed milk is simply milk evaporated as sweetened and canned for the markets where natural milk is impossible, as in remote sections, on ship board, in camp and the like. It is as good a set stitute as can be had, but it is not the thing itself

After all, someone may say, is the Elgin buth and milk any better than any other. That depend It is no better than any other just as good, but far and away ahead of the ordinary stuff that he had a chance to absorb every recognizable odord the barnyard, and some that one is uncertain about There is no article of food that is easier spoiled a tainted than fresh butter. The same may be sa of milk. If you have a hundred pounds of fits butter in your spring-house at home, a fresh pi shingle will taint every ounce of it over nights that a delicate taste will detect it. These peop have made a study of the business, and while the are ways and ways, yet at the bottom of all is abs lute purity, and that means absolute cleanlines But what will puzzle the ordinary man is wherea the milk is going to when he sees the milk train going by, and when he sees it stacked up at the depots he wonders again where it all came from.

ENGLAND'S GOLDEN EAGLES.

GOLDEN eagles are rare enough in England, and we always regret when we learn that a beauti specimen has been shot by some thoughtless sport man or gamekeeper. But there are parts of kingdom where they have been protected to any reasonable extent. We see that the County County of Ross-shire has been obliged to rescind its deen against the destruction of the golden eagle on a count of the number of lambs carried off by the rapacious birds. The golden eagle feeds general on hares, rabbits, grouse and ptarmigan, and when these are in sufficient abundance to satisfy its want it will not, as a rule, prey on either lambs or famn But where its favorite diet is not plentiful enough it will extend its ravages to the sheepwalk and the deer forest, and when hard pressed will set up full-grown animals. Of course, the more numerous the mouths to be filled, the greater difficulty wi there be in preventing these birds from committee the offenses of which the Ross-shire Council has a last found it necessary to take notice.

If golden eagles are allowed to multiply to as extent, then, unless hares, rabbits and grouse crease in proportion, it follows, as a matter course, that more food of a different kind will required. Hence the complaint of the Scotch shop herd, which has ended by making this splendid bid of prey once more an outlaw. But in the present day, whatever may have been the case former there seems little fear of his extinction. Grouse's not the food which he prefers, and though, undoth edly, he destroys a certain number every season hares and rabbits, which sportsmen do not cares much about, are his staple meal. Eagles, conquently, are by no means indiscriminately stroyed either on the moor or in the forest. sometimes said the birds of prey are useful on the former, as they pick off the weaker or sickly bild and leave only healthy ones to breed. This doubted by some authorities on the subject. St they are regarded by many sportsmen as "natural police," and grouse, like some other kinds of gath are thought to thrive all the better, and to be the stronger and harder, if they have to struggle their existence.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.

SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC, the president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, is at time quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable are and often to save time when studying in laboratory has a light luncheon served there. In laboratory has a light luncheon served there, his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and, looks his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and, looks up, saw the doctor glaring at two glass receptation on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" on his table. "What is the matter, doctor?" one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular whether was the reply, "only I am uncertain whether whether the becf tea or that compound I am works on."

When a knight of old entered a company ladies he removed his helmet to indicate that considered himself among friends, and that was no need to protect himself. This practicely was no need to protect himself. This practicely survived in the custom of raising the hat when luting a lady.

Nature & Study -

TROUT CULTURE.

In an excellent article in the Overland Monthly, E. D. Ward tells an interesting story of a trout hatchery. He says:

They are anadromous, migrating annually from resh water to salt water and back again. But the reason assigned by skilled observers for these long journeys is not based in an innate love of travel, but n certain torments to which they are subjected. The long, licated, dry season of California is prolific of parasitic life, which becomes a pestering annoy-They have learned, however, that elief may be obtained by seeking the cool depths the salt water. The parasites do not welcome be change, and quickly drop off, declining a seahore outing. After a time, however, the saltrater parasites take note of the newcomers and reard them as fresh opportunity for pillage, and the jout find that they have shaken off one discomfort take on another. And so, when the rains have gain filled the streams and cooled off the temperapre of their upper resorts—when also in the late interseason or early spring, the reproduction infinct prompts them, they seek once more the resh-water streams and the favoring gravel-beds. hese gravel-beds are their natural nesting-places, here the parental pair whip out with their fins and ils a suitable place for the deposit of their spawn, hich they cover with gravel and sand.

Now these eggs, as we have seen, if left to naturlaps and hazards will fail of producing young in Il but the small fraction of one-half of one per ent. For there are numerous watchful and enterising forms of life to whom they are toothsome lossels. The frog, the toad, the snake, and the ater-dog all have an appetite for them. The birds, left in the overhanging branches, consider them alble and digestible. So, also, the coon, the fox, and the mink have a similar palate, and do not allingly absent themselves from this feast of delilicies. And besides all this, the trout themselves and hesitate to devour any eggs they may come pon, even their own.

Man, therefore, observing that it is all an open me, barring no competent player, conceives the eathathe will forestall the chances of all other impetitors and take possession of the eggs before er they reach the gravel-beds. This he does, at e spawning-station at Little Lake and Outlet mek. Here is a long course of weirs and traps tin the waters to capture the fish on their way to spawning beds. The eggs are expressed by ampulation into pans and fertilized by the male h. Then they are put into wire baskets in oughs of running water where they are kept until ficiently developed to show the eye of the fish, which time they are ready for transportation. ey are placed on cotton-flannel trays, covered th soft moss, and removed to the hatchery, thirty distant, to complete the process of incuba-

In one respect the new-born trout is the least publesome of youngsters to rear. For he carries nursing-bottle with him, attached directly to his antile person. It consists of an umbilical sack in lich are stored a supply of albuminoids and a op of oil, the former to furnish rations for many ys and the latter for purposes of pigmentation. is involuntary nourishment is gradually absorbed, d serves for sustenance and growth until the young h develops an articulated jaw enabling him to take th food as he may find coming his way. Then sthat a sort of paternal care must be exercised the multitudinous troutlets. They swim about the troughs of running water looking for edibles. lese are now supplied in the form of sweet curd d minced liver, carefully strained through fine thes so that the particles may not be large bugh to choke the tiny babes. Everything is ptas scrupulously clean as if the water that flows lough the building were to be used by the fastidia for drinking purposes.

It is not until they are some three months old about two inches in length that the young etion and to have attained the age of distress of it amid the complexities of natural condige tin cans holding about twenty gallons and car-

ried away from the nursery to be "set adrift," as it were, in the wide world.

THE LOVE OF WILD ANIMALS FOR THEIR VOUNO.

It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travelers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors from an Eastern College, and the scene of their adventure was near the line between Pennsylvania and New York. They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled up-stream to he farther from the mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travelers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babies.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning. Her action was intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach, and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile, like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travelers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws carried them off into the woods.

THE RAREST OF LIVING BIRDS.

So rare and remarkable a fowl is the Notornis, of New Zealand, that the recent capture of a specimen—the fourth ever taken so far as science has record—is quite an ornithological event. The first two, killed in 1849 and 1851, are preserved stuffed in the British Museum, and the third, which was sold for \$500, is in Dresden. For the fourth, just mentioned, \$1,500 is said to have been refused.

The Notornis is more popularly known as the Weka. It is a species of rail, but looks somewhat like a goose, and has a triangular bill with a small red comb above it that stands crosswise. It cannot fly ut all, its feathers being too soft and yielding, but it is a first-rate runner, and one of its odd traits is a weakness for thieving, its special passion being to steal everything it can lay beak upon, even to pipes and watches.

New Zealand has many queer birds. One of them, the Apteryx, lives in a burrow, being flightless like the Notornis, and, owing to this misfortune, it has been hunted almost to its extermination. The Apteryx is related to the gigantic Moa, which became extinct in New Zealand not much more than a century ago. The Moa weighed as much as 1,000 pounds when full grown. Still surviving is a species of plover which is the only known bird whose bill is bent sidewise, the peculiarity being not a malformation, but designed by Nature to enable the fowl to turn over pebbles in seeking its food.

In New Zealand also is found the strange flesheating parrot, which became such a nuisance to the sheep farmers in that country some years ago that active measures had to be taken for its destruction. It attacks sheep in the pasture, clinging to the wool of the animal and pecking at its flesh until it literally bores a hole through its hack, thus getting at the kidneys, the location of which it seems to know perfectly.

THE HORSE.

THE following extract from an article by Jacob Biggle, selected by ffarvey Barkdoll, contains much sound "horse sense."

The green colt, if handled with patience and kindness, grows up perfectly free from temper, sunny and affectionate in disposition, and obedient as a child. It is bad handling and the vices of the master that spoil a horse. Take it as an axiom, that the moment any horse that has not been spoiled, understands what is wanted of him, if he feels at ease and has the necessary skill and strength, he will obey the will of his master at once. A spirited horse is not a vicious one, he is simply gamy, full of life and anxious to exert his powers.

A colt sometimes resists because he has grown up wild, and he is startled at coming under the domination of a will not his own. A horse sometimes resists and refuses because he is not trained yet. Take a man who can pitch hay and swing an ax all day with comfort and joy in his work; place him in a training school, and ask him to make a series of slow and exact motions which are entirely new to him. His muscles will rebel; he will do nothing well; and in half an hour he will be more fatigued by the exercise than in a day's harvesting or felling timber. This is the case with the horse, young or old, who is asked to do that which his muscles and mind have never been trained to perform.

Always take an apple or lump of sugar when going to catch them, and you will never have any trouble with the colts. They will follow you like a dog. A horse shows plainly the pleasure he feels in the presence of those who treat him kindly, and if perfect confidence were well established between driver and horse there would be fewer accidents. A horse is very susceptible to kindness. He will also resent cruel treatment.

THE SCAVENGER OF THE VELDT.

THE vulture is the scavenger of the veldt. Throughout South Africa he is found. Go anywhere you like on the veldt, and sooner or later—and in all probability the former—you will find him.

His quickness of eye is simply astounding. An ox falls out of the team, evidently ill. He is outspanned from his yoke fellow, and he goes down to the spruit, or stream. The sky above and away to the horizon on all sides is absolutely clear and cloudless.

Hardly has the breath left the body of the poor ox, and perhaps before, when you may observe far, far away up in the sky a tiny black speck, then another and another, until there are twenty of them. Gradually they get larger and larger, circling round in ever diminishing circles all the while they descend.

An hour afterward there is nothing in the spruit but a bundle of bleached white bones that might have heen there for months. The sky is clear and speckless again. The vultures have scavenged the veldt.

How many soldiers, horses and mules, as well as oxen, have been eaten by the vultures in South Africa during the past few months?

Serov is corrupted from the Hindoo word "sipahi," a soldier. This latter term, in its more familiar form of "spahis," is well known to all military persons, and most well-informed readers, and is itself derived from "sip," a bow and arrow, the ordinary armament of an Indian soldier in ancient days. The word Sepoy now denotes a native Indian soldier in the British army in India. The Sepoy contingent consists of Mohammedans, Rajpoots, Brahmins, and men of other castes, besides Sikhs, Ghoorkas and members of various hill tribes. They are officered by Europeans, with the exception of some sergeants and corporals. It is a significant illustration of England's wisdom in governing its foreign possessions that native troops can be used to suppress a revolt of natives.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. Unglenoon wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenoon, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois,

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

OUR OFFER.

By a reference to our advertising column the reader will see that we offer the INGLENOOK for the rest of this year for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents. This sum, for a weekly paper, such as the INGLENOOK, is wonderfully low, and is only offered new subscribers for the purpose of getting better acquainted.

Nearly every church has its paper, and often several of them, and most of them are well supported. Not one of them is better than the INGLENOOK. Some of them are not so good. Have we as a people less appreciation of good literature than others? We do not think so. Once we have a reader we hold him. You know how it is yourself. You like the paper, and so would others if they knew about at. Therefore we ask you to tell them, everybody, when you see them, that the INGLENOOK will visit them weekly from now on till the time for snow to fly if twenty-five cents are sent us. This is not what the paper ought to sell for, but we are anxious to put it in every home where Brethren are found. It is as much the reader's paper as our own, if he is a member of the church at all, and we think we do not go beyond the proprieties when we ask every present reader of the Inglenoon to encourage his meighbor to subscribe for it.

SOME ADVERTISEMENTS.

'VERY often boys and girls anxious to make money answer advertisements seen in the city papers, and as a rule they are disappointed when they get their replies. Sometimes they are thoroughly misled, and fleeced in the end. Of course there are degitimate business advertisements, but there are some more of the other kind. Last week we answered some of the most catchy ones, and here is the result.

Advertisement says that many agents make \$2,000 annually, and that the advertiser starts people in the business. The answer has a lot of cheap circulars enclosed in which a little of everything is offered from paper shirt bosoms to soda fountains. Wants to sell to people who will act as agents.

Next was an advertisement that hundreds of thousands of the articles were sold in one week. Agents wanted. Answer, just the same as the above, only in a different city.

Then comes an advertisement offering to start people in a mail order business. The answer showed that the parties were willing to sell receipts to make many things. You buy the receipts, advertise them, and sell to others.

Next, rapid seller, big profits, indispensable articles, etc. This was a garden hose mender. Wanted, agents to sell it.

Then comes a glowing and tempting offer to turn from eight to ten dollars a day into the pockets of whoever will. Answer, a book to sell, send \$1.00 for outfit.

Mail order business advertised. Answer, that it furnishes receipts to sell. Same as one of the above. Same firm with different address.

The next wanted insurance agents, sick benefits, etc. The next is advertised as the best thing in the whole city for agents, and the answer showed it to be selling cheap perfumery.

Next advertiser wanted agents on a salary. The papers showed that it was a pencil eraser, and that agents bought and sold on commission or what they could get out of it.

The next is more modest and truthful. He says agents are making from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day. He has a soap to peddle.

From the above can be gleaned what is offered in these catchy advertisements. The majority of them are simply something to sell, which the purchaser is expected to sell again by canvassing. We have no comment to make on the merit of the goods offered. All we wanted to do was to show the average country boy and girl what to expect.

WHAT'S YOUR POLITICS?

The Inglenook is not a political paper, and it does not meddle with such matters, but at the same time it wants to offer a little advice. Every boy and girl should be a Prohibitionist, if hie is nothing else. He can be a Republican, or a Democrat, or anything he chooses, but connected with it he should be a Prohibitionist. That is he should be opposed to the making, the sale, and the use of intoxicants. There is a good reason for all this, and in fact there are many reasons for the position. We will give a few of them.

There are literal thousands of various kinds of drinks that intoxicate, but at the bottom of all of them is alcohol, the thing that does the business of making the user drunk. Its use and misuse have killed off more people since it was first discovered than war has claimed victims. It is said that annually over 60,000 people are directly carried off by intemperance, and if this is true, and it is likely more than true, such a monster should be banished from the protection of the law.

The writer once asked a Police Justice in one of the largest cities in the United States how much of the crime that came before him was caused by drink. He studied a moment, and then answered that at least nine-tenths of the cases that came before him had rum behind them, in one way or another. All that the State got out of the business, in the way of license, etc., is a mere trifle compared with what followed in the way of visible evil, passing by the unseen bad effects it wrought. Should such a madman thing have any protection, or should it be killed off?

Nobody need be afraid if every drinking place in the land was closed that there would be no liquor for medicine. There may be cases when it is of use, the same as opium, morphine, or any other drug, but that is no reason why it should be let loose like a demon on the communities at large.

Every boy and every girl should resolutely set their faces against the traffic, for it is wrong, forever and eternally wrong, and that should settle where every right-thinking young person should be, dead against the whole business.

OUR HOPE.

When the time comes that you shall lie down for the last time, and pass away, it will be but the fate of all who have gone before you, and what will happen to all who come after you. You will be buried—and promptly forgotten. It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but it is a fact. Go into any old graveyard where the dead of a generation past are buried, and there note how little attention is paid to them. Their graves are grass-grown and sunken. In some places, if no particular attention is paid, one may stand on a grave and not know it. As it is so it will be. We are sure to pass from the memory of man.

If it all ended here it would be sad indeed. But there is something more to it than all this. What it is, where it is to be, and what it is to be like, are largely matters of conjecture, dependent on the make-up of the individual. But there is a feeling implanted in the hearts of all peoples that after mortality comes immortality. It is world wide in its extent, and it is so insistent that there can be no mistake about it.

Clearly what we do here fits us for what we do there. In other words, as we live here, so will we live there, on the other side. It is not so much of a mystery as it may seem. Once there was a man

sent into the world to tell the way to live, so as to live again, and having told it those who heard made record of it and then he passed away himself through the gate of common suffering. It is simply following the Way and the Light. If we do this to the end we may lie down at the close of the journey to pleasant dreams, sure that we shall be with him, and that he shall be with us.

THE WOODCHUCKS.

Down in the meadow an old mother wood. chuck had her home. . It was a burrow in the clover, right under a big stump in the field, near its center. At the rounded bottom of the hole were several little woodchucks, and they all enjoyed themselves very much. But one day a little fellor who had been out visiting came home in a terrible hurry, as fast as his little short legs could carry him. He shouted out the news that they must get out of that at once, as the owner of the field had said that he was going to ask his neighbors to hel grub out that stump. The old mother woodchuck who had laid down the Inglenook, which she had been reading, took it up and said, "Children, lan old in years and full of wisdom. We need give the matter no attention whatever .. The man who waste on his neighbors will get no stumps out." Three weeks later little Miss Clover Woodchuck turned handspring into the hole and said that now they must move. She had heard the owner say that he was going to get his immediate relations to dig un the stump, and they should really move. B Mother Woodchuck only laughed and went on making the bed spread she was working on.

But a week later young Mr. Timothyhead Woodchuck came in and said that he thought there was something brewing, for he had just heard the famer say that he was tired of waiting on other people, and he was going to root that stump in the clove out of the ground that very day, and he was going to do it himself. Then Mrs. Woodchuck stind herself, and told Clover to immediately hunt up he sister, Honeybee, and in the meanwhile she would pack the grips and they would move out at once And they did.

MORAL.

Can't you see the moral, reader, without having told you?

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Stinginess.

It is not necessary to define this word. It has a unpleasant ring to it. It is an unchristian quality in fact it is a vice of the meanest kind. The sing man lives to himself, and as he grows older a trouble takes a firmer grip upon him. He calls a failing by a wrong name. Talk to him and your find that he knows his disease by the name of produce, or economy. He never thinks that he really stingy, for if he did the mean side of would carry him away from it.

The Bible is full of allusions to generosity is giving. It is a further fact that those who givele most have the most as a result. It is a queer his in one way, but not so in another, that the misgenerous people succeed the best in their underlyings, and the more they give away the more they have. It is a case of lending to the Lord, but his are many people who do not like the security at least, they do not invest with him. It is a case of a lack of faith.

It is well to be really prudent and actually of nomical, but the metes and bounds between the virtues and the vice of rapacity are but dimly fined. It is better if there be any mistakes to them on the side and in favor of others, may have seemed a mistake will turn out an example thing for us. As we grow older we better thing for us. As we grow older we better the time when we will be helpless and it is not the time when we will be helpless and it is not the Bible expressly discountenances being the Bible expressly discountenances being the better the Bible expressly discountenances being the being state in the future lest we earn the name of being state and still more careful that we do not deserve the

CHESTNUT CULTURE.

BY RENE BACHE.

THE growing of chestnuts for market is the newest agricultural industry, and promises to be a source of great profit to the growers who have been far-seeing enough to go into it. Hitherto the chestnut has been regarded in this country as a wild crop, and the notion of improving it by grafting and reducing it to domestication, as it were, is as yet a novelty. Already, however, the cultivated chestnuts are being offered for sale in considerable quantities, and there is a steady demand for them on account of their larger size, and at high prices. Thus the business of producing them has been stimulated, and a good many large groves of grafted trees are now to be found in Pennsylvania and other Eastern States, as well as in California. The soil of Penusylvania seems to be specially well adapted for this purpose. -

There never has been any question of the fact that the Yankee chestnut is by far the finest in the world, none of the foreign varieties comparing with it in point of flavor. But the latter have a great advantage in respect to size, and for that reason efforts have been made during the last few years to graft the hig French marron and the still larger Japanese chestnut upon American stocks. The Japanese chestnut is the largest in the world, being nearly twice as hig as the marron. It was introduced into the United States about 1876, and the variety is propagated readily here by planting the ruts. The tree bears early and grafts readily.

Experiments in cross-grafting with the marron have been very satisfactory. This variety, which is argely grown in Spain, Italy and Portugal, as well in France, was introduced originally-from Asia Minor into Europe by way of Greece. It is as large as a fair-sized horse-chestnut, but decidedly interior in flavor to the American chestnut. It grows well in this country, and many orchards of marrons are now to be found in the Central States along the Atlantic and as far west as the Mississippi River. In fact, the marron will soon become fairly plentiful as a native crop. It is not new in this country, having been produced on this side of the water early in the present century.

As yet, of course, the quantity of cultivated chestnuts brought to market is relatively small and they are bought up with such avidity, as one might say, that one rarely sees any of them. However, it is not the marrons or the Japanese nuts that are wanted, but American chestnuts of superior size, whether produced by cross-grafting or otherwise.' Wonderhil things have been accomplished by cross-fertilizing the marron and native chestnut, using the pollen of one to impregnate the blossoms of the other. At a recent show of the National Pomological Association in Washington nothing excited so much attention as a plate containing four huge open burrs, in each of which were four gigantic chestnuts. These nuts were a cross between the American and the marron. It is coming to be realized that there is as sure a profit in a chestnut grove as man orchard of apples or pears, and the time will soon arrive when the wild nuts will cut a very small figure in the market. When it is understood that a single tree in full bearing will yield a profit of forty to filty dollars a year under favorable circumstances, intelligent growers will go into the business.

Along a narrow helt in this country, in Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and the mountains of Virginia, are found wild chestnuts nearly as big as the marron. They are, in fact, as large as small horse-chestnuts, and the reason why one never sees them in the market is obvious, the supply being very limited. Some of them measure as much as an inch and a half in diameter and their flavor is exquisite. Grafts from the trees produce admirable results, and it has been strongly recommended by the Department of Agriculture that they be utilized. On the other hand, we have a dwarf chestnut called the chinkapin, which is more or less abundant on sandy knolls and hillsides along the Atlantic seaboard from Delaware to Northern Florida and westward across Pennsylvania to east-Texas, it is small, but very sweet and delicious, and experiments in grafting the European and Japanese varieties upon it have been most successful. ful. Some chinkapins, indeed, are as big as good-

In France, where chestnuts are widely grown,

they have come to play an important part in the dietaries of the poor. A'common way of preparing them is to remove the shells and steam them, when they may be eaten with salt or milk, surnishing a cheap and nutritious food.

Thus prepared, they are sold hot in the streets, and form a popular dish for the working classes.

Large quantities of them also are dried and ground to flour, which may be kept for some time without deteriorating. This flour, mixed with water and baked in thin sheets, forms a heavy, but sweet and nutritious cake which is highly esteemed.

In Italy the use of chestnuts as an article of food supply is very general. They are eaten as a substitute for corn meal in the national dish called "polenta." A common delicacy in the Apennines is "necci," which are flat cakes of chestnut flour and water, baked between flat stones.

In Korea the chestnut is said to take almost the place which the potato occupies with us, being consumed raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat, or dried whole, as may be preferred by the eaters.

Recently in Italy a man was fed upon chestnuts for several days, taking no other food. The conclusion reached was that chestnuts, contrary to the popular impression, are very digestible and one of the most nutritious of food substances. They contain much more starch and much less oil than other kinds of common nuts.

AUSTRALIA'S FORMER PLAGUE.

About forty years ago a pair of rabbits was brought to Australia and turned loose on a farm about fifty miles from Melbourne. In an incredibly short time they multiplied to such an extent that they became a pest. The rabbits spread in millions over the western and northern areas of Victoria. They invaded New South Wales, and pressed on, still increasing, a thousand miles northward into Queensland.

The western part of Victoria, once called Australia Felix, embraces some of the richest soil on earth. It was a paradise for the rabbits, who soon made it a desert. The grass began to disappear. Every green blade and shrub was swept away as by fire. The settlers saw their cattle and sheep starving, but were helpless. The substantial stone fences round the farms were harbors for the imported plague, and they were reluctantly torn down. Wire fencing, with rabbitproof netting carried well below the ground, was substituted. Then this innocent creature took to climbing the fences and displayed marvelous gymnastic ability in its endeavors to get at the crops.

All means of destroying the rabbits proved ineffectual. Shooting only served to make them flourish, as it killed out enough of the colonies to leave more food for the remainder. Dogs and beaters were tried. Rabbit drives were instituted. Thousands were killed in every battue, but still the rabbits increased. Poisoned wheat served for a time, but led by instinct the rabbits at last refused the doctored grain. Poised carrots could not be resisted until wisdom again taught the rabbit that to eat was to die. Then nothing would induce him to look at the carrot. Arsenic and apples brought a like experience.

Yet, despite their cunning, instinct and experience, the rabbits were slowly beaten back from point to point. Every hole and crevice that could offer the least shelter was blocked up. The wirenetted fences were constantly guarded. Men and dogs were everywhere on the watch to hunt to death every stray rabbit. So bitter was the fight that the rabbit came to be regarded with feelings of greater horror than those with which the average Australian now regards the bubonic plague.

Beaten in the west, the rabbits invaded the north and northeast. Here they found a country suited to their habits. They increased and multiplied until they came to hold men, dogs and guns in contempt. Sometimes the trains were delayed through having run into hordes of the vermin. Despairing and beaten the settlers invoked the aid of the State. Meanwhile the rabbits had swept on to the Malle country, the home of the dingo and outlawed cattle. Its sandy soil and dry, warm climate, suited the hunnies. They are it bare. It was possible to travel hundreds of miles without seeing a blade of grass. Here they ruled as lords until Mr. Lascelles, one of the owners of this tract, discovered that it would grow wheat. He determined to do so.

His first step was a crusade against the rabbits. Inclosing an enormous space with rabbit-proof and cattle-proof netting, he began a war on the rabbits that ended in their destruction. Poisoned water was one of his favorite and most successful agents. All the tanks and waterholes in his dry land are fenced like fortresses with the strongest of wire nettings and barbs. The wild cattle, when summer has dried up the natural sources of supply, drop dead around them in their frantic efforts to reach the precious water; the rabbits fall by thousands at the base of the impregnable barriers.

The poisoned troughs are then resorted to, and the number of rabbits destroyed in this way is almost in credible. From one colony to another the pest spread. The most rigorous laws were enacted against it, and ultimately its numbers were reduced to reasonable limits. Now the refrigerator and the preserving can are in use, and the shipment of rabbits to England every year by these means has attained enormous proportions. Last year 3,421,220 rabbits were shipped. The cash returns were \$641,475. A great rabbit industry has been built up, and where formerly the creature was a source of loss and expense it now affords a profitable business, filling stores and ships, feeding millions, and providing hats, rugs and cloaks for other millions.

STREET SHADOWS.

THERE is a street in Elgin City, known as Highland Avenue, at the further end of which the most of our Brethren live. It is a good broad highway, . tree-lined and electric lit. On either side of this street are pleasant private homes, each with its broad lawn, or its cottage strip of green. Flashes of color illuminate the front yards, and lingerie of vine and a show of exotics in jardinieres proclaim the taste and culture of those who dwell within these pleasant places. Adown the middle of the street the electric-sped car bobs and nods or rides as a ship at sea in its rapid flight, half hourly, from Fountain Square, the centre of the city, to the green fields of the suburbs. Here and there the electric glow, a piece chipped from the sun, showing at night, trace's silhouettes of wondrous beauty on pavement and sward.

Beautiful as the avenue is in day-time, it has a ghostly attractive shadow tracery that silhouettes itself, at night making a street in an unknown city of an unexplored world. First, let us pause under a tree and look through its leafy canopy. We see that it curtains off the light sent from the swinging globe. The leaves take on a ghostly sheen that quite overpowers their natural greenness. If each leaf is a-tremble in the breeze the effect is still more bizarre. It is as a strong light turned upon gossiping leaves in shadow town. But beautiful as the greenery above may seem, the dark shadows cast upon the ground and the front of the houses lend an artistic effect to the night that is wholly absent from the glare of daylight. Athwart the pavement, across the lawn, and sometimes up and down the sides of the houses, columns of intense black are cast. Back in the rear of the lawns where these columns blend into the natural gloom they make the home of the fairy and brownie. But most beautiful of all is the quivering imagery of a detached limb, the shadow of whose leaves are east in quaking silhouettes of black across the façade of the nearest houses. It would delight the soul of an artist to watch the ever-shifting, changeful pictures the light and the leaves make. In some favored places, when the window curtain is down, there may be viewed from within the quivering, dancing shadow of the maple limb cast, in black, on its whitened surface. Happy he or she who, with health and artist soul, can lie abed and fall asleep watching the everchanging tremble of nature's tracery.

The darker the night the more beautiful the picture, and while the moonbeam casts her shadows they are as the woodcut to the steel engraving, compared with the etchery of the electric light. Happy they who living on Highland Avenue have the eyes of the soul to see the silhouettes so bountifully wrought about them.

"Brudder Jonsing, what dem apparratusses dat chile of sin is makin dat music?"

"I dunno, brer Washington, but pears to me dat once I heerd a man say dat dey was call bones. Wat a joy tis dat chillen of grace doan know what sich ways of sin is even call."

Good Reading

WHAT THEY DO WITH TWINS.

PLOX and A-lom-pum are the only twins in the Cayuse tribe. When their mother, Him-ye-an-hi-hi (white fawn), comes riding into Pendleton from the reservation near by she always swings the babes over her pony like saddlebags. She is more than doubly proud of her two little girls—redskins who came to her from Indian babyland, "done up in the same doeskin." They are the second pair of papooses which the "great council" has ever let live; to do so is contrary to an ancient law of the tribe which declares that all twins shall be slain.

The custom of killing twins is not confined to the Cayuse tribe. It is customary among many Indians and peoples in general who are in a low state of culture. When twins are born to a Basuto mother in South Africa the medicine man of the tribe puts them in a pen so that cows will tread them to death, and then the shaman gives to the animals remedies to keep evil spirits of the children from entering them. The negroes of Old Calabar, Africa, believing twins to be supernatural and fearing them, carry them to the forest to be eaten by devouring ants. In yet other regions both mother and father are killed with their twin babes. The Field Columbian Museum expedition found evidence of this when in 1894 they visited the northwest portion of this country. Near Old Tongas, a deserted Haida Indian village on the coast of Alaska, they found set up over an Indian grave, in accordance with the custom of the northwest tribes, a totem pole on which were carved a bear's face, at the top, and the images of two babies-side by side-and of their mother and father. The totem pole, with two others, was set up far apart from the usual burial place in the village. This indicated that the Indians had killed both of the twins—and their parents—and had buried them far away so that their spirits could do no harm. This expedition also found in Alberta, on the Blood reservation, 1,000 miles southeast of Old Tongas, wrapped in rawhide and "buried" in the forks of a tree, the bodies of a mother and father and two young babes. They, too, had evidently been killed.

Some peoples kill only one of their twins. The Narringeris in Australia put one to death because the mother cannot nourish both. Certain South American tribes also destroy one of a double birth; the Makalakas send one away in an earthen pot and give it to the hyenas, and the Orinoco mother strangles one of two babes born together, because pride keeps her from wanting to be chided and called a "mouse."

The campas of Peru, believing it to be a child of the devil, make away with the last born of a pair; only the first born, they think, being that of the father. The old Mexicans killed one of two babes born coincidentally. They feared that if both lived they would cause the death of their parents. It is the custom of some of the Kaffirs of South Africa, to whom twins are seldom born, to destroy one by putting a clod in its mouth. They bury the dead infant near the parental hut, and plant over the grave a dwarf aloe. The spirit of the child goes into the tree, and when the remaining twin cries for companionship the mother takes it to the aloc for comfort. These Kaffirs think that if both twins lived they would cause the death of their parents or else destroy each other.

Certain other Kaffirs among whom twins appear more frequently look upon their birth as a blessing. When they come their parents plant an aloe on the south side of their hut and in nine months wash them with the milk of the tree. The father may act for the chief, and the twins are granted priestly privileges: they may eat any sort of flesh and drink any kind of milk. Yet among the Kaffirs a fear of twins prevails. The sickness of a mother, although she had passed fourteen years in perfect health after giving birth to twins, was charged against them by the wise old men of the tribe.

Many primitive peoples welcome twins without any misgivings. When they are born to any of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia the father dances for four days, shaking a big rattle. It is believed that the twins, by making a noise with this rattle, can produce good weather or cure diseases. The Shushwaps of the same region believe that twins can cause rain by spilling in the air baskets of

water, and make snowstorms by tossing up down plucked from the ends of spruce branches.

Before the advent of Moses the Hebrew father could set out or slay his young at will, but after this great lawgiver's time the parent could do so only with the consent of a council of wise men. In Judea, however, at a later period infants were not put to death, because their parents always hoped that unto them would be born the Messiah.

Poverty was excuse sufficient for an ancient Greek who wished to kill his young offspring, but it was necessary that he should do so within five days after the child's birth. Lycurgus, the Spartan, it will be remembered, made a law that all children should be brought before a body of elders, who determined whether or not they should live. If a child seemed unpromising to these elders they ordered it thrown into an abyss on Mount Taygetus.

The Roman father held at one time an absolute right to his children; he could slay, sell or set them out if he chose. The state expected him to rear only as many as were necessary to perpetuate the race. Although before his time measures were made against such practices, it was Constantine the Great who in the fourth century "killed" infanticide and setting out. He made the state rear children unwelcomed by their parents, and with his own purse built asylums for foundlings. In this work the fathers of the church assisted the great reformer; they took care of foundlings, and even bought many of them out of bondage.

When the stork brought a babe too many to the hearthstone of the old German frau her mann would put it out to wail until some one took pity on it.

If these practices seem savage to us, let us recall that in our own colonial days we ourselves condemned to death grown "witches."

HIS SALARY ONE CENT A YEAR.

IOWA COUNTY, Wis., lays claim to having the lowest-salaried official in the employ of the United States Government. The Government hires Frank Lynch for 1 cent a year to carry the mail between Dodgeville, the county seat of Iowa County, and Mineral Point, nine miles distant. It is the law that such employes shall be paid quarterly, but Lynch, although he has been carrying the mails regularly since last July, has as yet received no quarters of a cent or checks for those amounts. The young man is not looking for any remittances on his salary until next July, when he expects a check for a whole cent. It is supposed this will be the smallest check ever issued by the Government, and efforts have already been made to secure possession of it. The mail carrier has received several offers of \$15 or \$20 for the check, but he has so far warily avoided any definite entanglements.

Both Dodgeville and Mineral Point have railroads, but there is none between the two towns. The trip from one place to the other by rail is so roundabout that it is out of the question, so passengers and mail are driven across country. Whoever has the contract for carrying the mail feels that he is certain of all the passenger trade, for no one has yet had the courage to compete for passenger business with the United States mail carrier. For this reason the transfer of the mail is deemed a valuable privilege.

Every four years the Post Office Department lets a contract to the lowest bidder for the transfer of the mail sack. Last year there was the liveliest competition ever known for the Dodgeville-Mineral Point contract. Several different men signified their intention of going into the contest, and the "talk" was kept up until each bidder knew he would have to go pretty low to get the prize. The man who then held the contract had been receiving about \$40 per year for carrying the mail. It is said that when the bids for the new contract were opened in Washington it was found that the three lowest offers for carrying the mail per year were I cent, 39 cents and \$1.50. Frank Lynch, being the I cent bidder, was awarded the contract for four years.

JEFFERSON'S PERSONALITY.

In personal appearance the founder of the Democratic party was six feet two inches tall, with sandy hair and gray eyes. Never in any part of his career did he gain much flesh. In his youth he was called a thin and rawboned young man, but as he grew

older he became better looking, and it is said he became a "good-looking man in middle age, and a handsome old man." The Jeffersonian temper was the wonder of those who came in contact with him and his daughter Martha. It seemed past being ruffled. His general disposition was genial, and even at times when the annoyance was great he showed the same serenity. Sometimes the terrific attacks of his enemies moved him to repel charges, but this was never done in the heat of passion.

In the closing years of his life the same urbanity of disposition manifested itself, even when he was on the verge of financial ruin. He had during those years enough worries to have destroyed the disposition of an ordinary saint. His son-in-law Thomas Mann Randolph, was given to hard drink, and frequently made himself a general nuisance around Monticello; some of the grandchildren did not amount to much, creditors became importunate, but nothing caused him to lose his temper.

When Jefferson was an old man word came at night to Monticello that one of his nephews had been seriously injured at Charlottesville. He gave immediate orders that his favorite horse be saddled, The family gathered around him and protested against his undertaking to ride to the town on a night so dark that he could scarcely see his way. He brushed their objections aside and mounted One of his wrists was so seriously lame from the fracture of two-score years before that he could hold the reins with only one hand. He was helped into the saddle and disappeared in the darkness. The family anxiously awaited to see if he had slackened his speed when he struck the steep decline leading down from Monticello. The resounding hoofs on the hard road showed that he had not. He shot past the messenger who had brought the bad news and was soon in Charlottesville.

One result of Jefferson's residence in France was a love for French cooking. When President he had a French cook at Washington, and before he returned to Monticello he had a number of slaves sent to the Presidential mansion from the plantation to learn the art of French cookery.

He was not a large eater, but was certainly fastidious about what was set before him. Tobacco he never used. He strenuously objected to card playing, and it was suppressed at his orders among the negroes at the mansion.

WITH DEATH PENALTY.

A MAN need not commit murder to be punished by the loss of his life. Of course, a person governed by the laws of Great Britain and Ireland can no longer be hanged for such offenses as forgery, horse stealing, burglary, cruelty to animals, and highway robbery, as he might have been half a century or so ago. But the deserter in war may still be shot for his offense, while even insubordination of an aggravated nature can be visited with death as its penalty.

But although there are few crimes for which a man may be hanged in this country, on the confinent and further abroad the death sentence is permitted as the wages of many an odd form of sin.

In China, for example, all the officers of a bank that fails are deprived in the most curt manner of their heads. According to one of the greatest at thorities on matters Oriental, not a single bank has broken for over 500 years.

The heathen Chinee deems the desecration of graves one of the most unpardonable of crimes, and according to law, any man finding another in the act of robbing a graveyard, may legally kill the vibilian on the spot without fear of consequences.

If a Turkish baker palms off a loaf of bread on you that is proved to be of less weight than it represented as, you can instruct a policeman to make the defaulter by one of his ears to the door of his shop so as to be in full view of the passers-by. The provided with a sharp provided with a sharp the necessary free so soon as he can summon up the necessary free so soon as he can summon up the necessary free so soon as he can summon of self-mainings.

In many of the Oriental countries where precion stones are looked upon as well-nigh sacred object it is no uncommon thing for a jewel-robber to be punished with death. In Thibet, the penalty falling from your horse when taking part in an initiary operations or public athletics is death.

One writer recalls how he saw a man shot in Montenegro for appearing at a review wearing a stained uniform.

ooo The o' Circle ooo

OFFICERS W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Belle-Officers, W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Belle-Indiane, Ultio, Acting Tresident, Otho Wenger, Sweeters, Ind., 100 June 1987, 1

OUR READING CIRCLE MEETING AT NORTH MANCHESTER.

It was held on Wednesday, at 12:45 P. M., in the Auditorium. Bro. J. R. Snyder presided. Elder J. B. Light, of Ohio, led in the opening prayer. Sister Bertha Ryan spoke on "The Influence of Missionary Literature." We can only glean a few thoughts from each speaker. She said, "The life of a man is put into his books. He who reads a book imbibes the spirit of its author. The reading of a book on infidelity makes infidels; the readers of books of adventure, become adventurers. The influence of books on a child's mind is lasting. To make a missionary, put into the hands of the indifferent person the books containing descriptions of the lives and labors of great men, who have given themselves in service for others."

Bro. Daniel Vaniman spoke on the "Growth of Missions." He confined his remarks to the advancement made in our own church along lines of missionary activity. Many influences have been at work to foster the missionary sentiment, among them the press stands preëminent.

He was followed by Bro. Jas. M. Neff, on "The Broadening Influence of the Missionary Spirit." He said, "We are too self-centered. We should have interests beyond ourselves. The course of reading outlined by the Reading Circle is designed to acquaint us with the condition of the people in darkness. We learn of men who have given themselves to save others. It takes more than an amen to fulfill the great commission. Let us learn to serve others."

The "Possibilities of Our Missionary Reading Circle" was discussed by Elder I. B. Trout. We regret that we cannot record all that was said. He first remarked that "The possibilities are in a relative sense what we make them, if the church may make the Reading Circle what it wishes it to be. The Reading Circle has been recognized by the Brotherhood. It stands on the same footing with every other organization of the church, and its success largely depends on work. The church may build up without limit. This organization for its success depends on the amount of good we do to others. Every missionary has evidently been influenced by something he saw or heard. Workers are stirred through the development of sentiment, these books create sentiment. We will soon have so many missionaries that our farms must be consecrated to send these into the foreign field. Do not send, as a missionary, one who can find no work at home. First, workers in the Reading Circle, then workers in the home church, and, lastly, workers prepared for other fields, wherever the Master shall say, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard.'

Bro. S. Z. Sharp referred to the "Importance of the Reading Circle in Connection with our Schools." The missionaries now in the field were at one time students of one or more of our schools. Our best students are the greatest readers. The Bible must be made prominent in our schools to make them thy of the recognition accorded them by the church. The object of every student should be to prepare himself for the Lord. Let us give the Circle our heartiest support.

We believe this was the best meeting ever held in the interest of the Circle. God grant its influence may be far-reaching.

Book-MADNESS.—A reckless haphazard way of feading a paragraph now, a page then, a few lines here, or a few thoughts there has been termed book-madness. Concentration of thought on what you are reading requires an effort of the will. As we learn to play on a harp with ease and expreshow and at now and then; so we learn to fix the attention by fixing the attention. The habit of merely glancing at a sentence here and there is fatal to intellectual growth. Thousands of people give so little attention to me. tion to what they read that an hour spent with a book has no more effect on them than a summer's

Expertence must be a high-school teacher.

Sunday A School

OVERRATING THE COLLECTION.

A SMALL church collection may do a better service in the Lord's cause than a large one. Because money purchases so much that is desirable and comfortable, it is easy to overrate its use. We get to regarding it as the necessary progenitor of good, as well as the cure of cvils. It is liable to become a substitute in the mind of the well disposed for heart power. The outlook of the mission field comes to be rated largely by the dollar standard, and the offerings of the church and Sunday school are thought of more for their purchasing power than as the means of spiritual education and growth of those who have contributed them. Methods or plans of raising money are rated rather by the aggregate amounts raised than by their effect on the mind and the heart of those who give under such methods. There are persons who give liberally because it seems to release them from the obligation to show a personal interest. Simple as it sounds, and often as it is quoted, no text in the Bible is really more profound or more philosophical at its root than "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." As Lowell puts it, "The gift without the giver is bare." The mere gift cannot possibly take the place of the spirit in which it should be given. Bread is necessary to the physical life, but man cannot live by bread alone. Gold cannot be made a substitute for that loving personal interest which gold alone cannot show.

THERE should be a popular understanding in regard to the fact that the Bible is a collection of books, that there are histories, ethics, prophecy, poetry, biography, all together. The knowledge should get abroad that, entirely apart from any theories about the Bible or its religious teaching, judged as other books are judged, it has all the elements of greatness. People should be persuaded to come to the reading of the Bible with the knowledge that the epic of Job is a poem as lofty as the Iliad; that the Psalms are the sweetest and most universally popular songs ever written; that the Proverbs are the most compact body of practical counsel ever put together; that the historical parts of the Scriptures are amazingly brilliant and condensed annals of nations, with the story of the beginning of the world and the early progress of mankind; that the prophets most powerfully apply noble ideals and great moral principles, with statesman-like breadth and insight, to the government and guidance of nations, and to the lives of individuals; that the four biographers of Jesus give a divinely perfect picture of an incomparable life; that the Epistles expound and apply with unrivalled force and clearness great spiritual ideas; and that the closing book of Revelation surpasses. in sombre power and grandeur, even the great work of Dante.

Suppose that one is walking along a crowded street, when suddenly he is thrown down and injured by some one hurling himself against him. How prompt is the feeling of resentment! The offender shall pay the penalty of his act. But just then the injured party is told that the man who threw him down did so in the effort necessary to save the life of a child, which was just at that moment imperiled by a swiftly moving car. Not only does one's resentment cool in such a case, but it gives place to actual praise. Then suppose one learns that the person did the deed only by great exertion and at his own peril. Thereupon praise rises into positive admiration. How evident it is that the whole experience is changed by learning that the spirit which lay behind the action was not that of recklessness or malice, but that of benevolence and heroism! If it is said that the wound and the pain, taken by themselves, are not changed by the knowledge of the motive, the answer is that wounds and pains and all other outward events and conditions, can never be "taken by themselves," but must always be taken in connection with the mental and spiritual realities which give them their character and meaning.

A CHRONIC loafer fills a place in society, corresponding to that occupied by a weed in the vegetable kingdom.

For + the + Wee + Folk

MRS. QUEEN BEE'S BAD CHILDREN.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

MRS. QUEEN BEE lives in a beehive. It was her first year in family raising and she had already about fifteen thousand bee children about her. She had very good children, and they were ready to help her just as soon as they were sure of their wings, for young bees are with their wings like children with their legs, in first beginning to walk. They soon learn, though, and by midsummer Mrs. Queen Bee had hundreds and hundreds of little yellow wax pockets filled with honey, which was to keep them through the winter.

Now, while Mrs. Queen Bee's children were nearly all of them very good and well-behaved, some of them had faults which a man who was watching them saw. One day several of the bees took it into their heads to visit another hive, and as they saw open pockets full of honey, they were tempted to steal some of it. Then they told their brothers and sisters, and a lot of them went honey-stealing. But the bees in the other hive found it out, and were exceedingly angry. They stationed guards at the entrance of the hive to examine every bee that entered, and if it did not belong there it had to leave pretty quick or fight for its life. Now these robber bees did not propose to be scared by a few guards, and they marched right in. But the guard gave the alarm, and directly the whole hive knew there were robbers about. They pitched upon every strange bee they saw, and before the robhers could get away many of them were killed. But their mother had so many bees she couldn't count them, and likely never knew of what had happened to her venturesome children.

Then there were other bees that were naturally lazy. They did nothing but lie around and eat the honey their brothers gathered, and sleep. They grew very large, but were so idle the man who watched them called them all drones. They didn't even have a stinger. The only time they seemed to stir themselves was when the man came about to see how the bees were getting along. Then they would dart at him and buzz in a coarse, angry voice. The strange part of it was that their mother never seemed to see how lazy they were, but treated them like all the rest. Of course, we must consider that she had about fifteen thousand children, with perhaps several thousand more hatching out, and that would keep any mother busy. But the man concluded he would help Mrs. Queen Bee with these lazy children, and so he fixed a little cage with holes in it just large enough to let the worker bees through and so small as to keep the drones out. Then one day while the drones were out doors flying for exercise he put this cage over the entrance to the hive, and when they wanted back for their supper of honey they couldn't get in. They made a terrible fuss about it, and flew at the man's head when he came about, but he only laughed at them. for you see they had no stinger at all. So it was the drones' came to grief as the robbers had done, and Mrs. Queen Bee had so many children she never missed the bad ones that died.

"Mamma," said five-year-old Johnny, "I'll make a bargain with you."

"What kind of a bargain?" she asked.

"If you'll give me a nickel every day to buy candy," replied the little diplomat, "I'll promise not to tell any one that you have store teeth."

AFTER little three-year-old Margie had finished her prayer and climbed into bed the other night her mother prepared to lower the gas.

"Please, don't leave it big, manima," said Margie, "make it just a pimple."

"Mamma," observed small Harry the other evening, as he gazed at the twinkling stars, "don't you think it must tickle the angels' feet when the stars twinkle that way?"

[&]quot;Ir you your lips would keep from slips, Five things observe with care; Of whom you speak-to whom you speak-And how-and when-and where."

THE FALLEN SPRUCE.

BY ERNEST P. FEWSTER.

Around my home in the West, which a friend of mine once called "a hole in the woods," the trails and roadways, and in fact all clearings, are cut through dense forest. Along the sides or edges of these clearings left by the choppers, are the larger trees, unfelled, because it would scarcely pay to fell them unless they are actually in the way. There they stand, like gigantic sentinels, guarding their forests against the onward march of the armies of civilization. They grow with a luxuriance which is found only upon the Pacific coast. Their giant trunks and branches are festooned with long, green, swaying mosses and gray lichens, and they are old and rugged from a thousand years of gleaming summer suns and wintry winds.

Not far from my house, and conspicuous for its size and beauty, was a spruce. Its bark was gray with lichens, and from its giant limbs swung ragged beards of green moss. Its upper growth was so dense that even at noonday it made a kind of twilight underneath. Because of its grace and beauty this tree had become a favorite with me, and also, perhaps, because it looked so steadfast and strong; for I am an admirer of strength, when worth goes with it,-as who, indeed, is not?

One night there came a gale, and as I lay in bed, I could hear the thundering crash in the forest as one and another of its swaying children fell before the force of the wind. 1 thought of my old favorite, but soon fell asleep, comforting myself with the thought that it would surely stand, it was so strong.

The next morning, when I went for my usual walk, what was my disappointment to find my spruce lying full length across the trail, torn up by the roots; and, worse still, in its fall its trunk had broken in three pieces. Looking over it carefully, I found that the heart of it was rotten its whole length; it had only a coating of sound wood upon the outside. Thus its beauty had been a deceitful covering for a dead heart.

I glanced towards the roots. It needed no close search to discover the cause of this. The tree I had been so proud of, had never been what I thought it was, save in appearance, for it had grown in a swampy place, and there was a pool of stagnant water underneath its roots and about them, and this had wrought the destruction of the tree. Had it not grown so densely overhead, the winds and sunshine would have gone in, dried up the pool and sweetened the soil; then my tree would have been what it appeared and would doubtless have withstood the storm.

I have known people who, like this tree, were suddenly leveled before a rough, unexpected wind of circumstance, and their friends found out with sorrow that at heart they were not what they seemed. The every-day life, which appeared so fair, was only a thin coating. Looking for the cause, it was found that here too their soul-roots had drawn poisonous nourishment from unholy waters, which had killed their strength. They had wrapped themselves about with falseness, which, like the dense overgrowth of the spruce, had shut out God's sunshine, and neither the cleansing sun of his presence nor the sweetening breath of his Spirit could break through those self-raised barriers to purify. While their life's skies were bright, they stood. But when the strain came they fell,

There are a thousand other smaller trees near where that spruce lies. They are standing in spite of wind and storm, and day by day they are growing in beauty and strength, for they are sound all through, and their roots strike deep into the wholesome earth, which has been sweetened by wind and sun. And thinking of this, are we not all assured that, as boys or girls or men or women, it is far better to be sound and wholesome of soul, even though we are not noted for great growth or beauty, than to be known all over the world for short-lived genius, yet possess deadened hearts and roots striking hidden swamps of sin? God's winds will blow, and, however successfully we withstand them for a time, the day must dawn which shall fully test our strength.

Let us take a look at ourselves, and, if we see the necessity, throw open or off the overgrowths of our life, that our Father's presence, like sunshine, may enter in more fully, and that the wind of his Spirit

may blow over us, purifying, sweetening and making wholesome every part, thus giving us soundness and strength, and at last filling us with the beauty of true growth.-In Young People's Weekly.

FEEDING AN ARMY.

Few people have any idea of the amount of food it takes to feed an army in the field. Even the soldiers themselves, unless in the subsistence department, have but little idea where their rations come from, and how much it takes to carry on a war. The policy of all governments is to feed their soldiers well, and the food is usually of the best obtainable. From an article dealing with the food supply for the English army now in Africa, fighting the Boers, we take a few items that are almost be-

It may be interesting to quote in full the special South African scale of rations, which all experts agree could hardly be improved upon as a fighting man's food. Every British soldier is allowed daily:

11b. of fresh, salt, or preserved meat.

6 oz. of tea.

1/2 nz. of coffee. 3 oz. of sugar.

4 Dz. of preserves.

% oz. of salt.

1 Moz. of pepper.
12th, of fresh vegetables when procurable, or 1th of compressed vegetables.

Lagal, of time juice, with 140z, of sugar on days when fresh vegetables are not issued.

gill of rum—at the discretion of the general officer commanding, on the recommendation of the medic-

The amount of food that is eaten by the British hosts at present in South Africa, in the course of six months, is so colossal as to be almost inconceivable. Careful calculations, given the writer by a high official in the War Office, reveal that the 200,-000 men, who are being fed at the time of writing on home provisions, consume in six months as fol-

16,000 tons of preserved meat. 16,000 tons of crackers. 170 tons of tea. 3,000 tons of sugar. 340 tons of colfee. 4,000 tons of preserves. 500 tons of salt. 30 tons of pepper. 8,000 tons of vegetables.

The 80,000 horses and mules at the front have also to be supplied daily with their corn and hay. A large number of oxen are employed for the transport of tents and heavy stores, but these are fed locally on grass and on what grain the country produces. Each horse receives daily 12 lbs. hay and 12 lbs. oats; each mule 6 lbs. hay and 10 lbs. oats. The total daily amount of forage for the animals now employed reaches the enormous quantity of 883 tons, all of which has to be imported.

It will be further remembered that this tremendous expense is only one of the items of what a war costs. There are more costly things than food, and taking it all around war is one of the most wasteful experiences imaginable. Then, too, remembering the fact that at the very moment that England is engaged in this struggle for territorial acquisition, in India, one of her dependencies, millions are starving, the thoughtful man may well exclaim, Oh! Lord, be merciful!

In a country charge a young minister was settled where his house was a long way from the church, He was fond of horses and not only drove about the district tandem fashion during the week but shocked some of his conservative people by driving tandem also to and from church on Sunday. One of his elders went into the vestry at the close of the service on Sunday to remonstrate with him.

"Why," said the minister, "what is there wrong in driving them tandem more than in driving them

"It disna' look weel on the Sabbath," replied the

"Look! What about the 'look?' " said the minister. "It's a mere matter of taste."

"But," persisted the elder, "there's something even in the look o' a thing. Now, when ye're gi'in' the benediction ye hand up your hands so "-and the elder imitated the minister's gesture with outspread and uplifted hands. "But suppose ye put your thoomb to yer nose and spread out yer hands tandem fashion in front-this way-wad there no be a guid deal in the 'look' o' that?"

Advertising Column.

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ELGIN, ILL., JULY 21, 1900.

No. 29.

THE OAK AND THE REEDS.

Ax Oak the tempest from its roots had torn Was being by the switt flood seaward borne; Along the river banks a multitude Of stately Reeds in lissom beauty stood; "Ah," cried the Oak, "how strange it is to see That I, the type of strength and majesty, Must fall and perish thus whilst you so frail Unbarmed withstand the lightning and the gale." Whereat the Reeds, soft murmuring, did reply: "We bend our heads, when storms are rushing by, Meekly, as to a zephyr's soft caress, Their wrath o'ercoming thus with gentleness; But you, in pride, resist their baleful breath."

WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR EGGS?

When you take a basket of eggs to the store the merchant gives you the amount in trade, and stores them away with the others that have come in from time to time. When he gets enough on hands to warrant it he either packs them in barrels, or egg cases, manufactured for the purpose, and sends them to the city. If he makes a cent or two on the dozen he is satisfied with the transaction. But what becomes of them after they reach the city? Here we are met with a complex condition of affairs that cannot fail to interest the average reader of the Inglenoon.

After arriving at the commission house in the city they are "caudled" and assorted into grades. The foreman of one of the largest commission houses in Chicago says:

"Egg candling is a difficult trade. In it the closest attention is required with sharp eyes, for several grades are made, and the difference between one grade and another in looks at least is not observable except to the expert who is intent on his work."

Under him are twelve other candlers hired by the day, at \$2.50 a day, and besides a number of flyers, men who work when and where they can get a job. They get less money than do the regulars. A swift regular will inspect 600 or 700 dozen daily, or from fifty to sixty cases, and receive his \$2.50, whereas the flyer is paid but from \$1.20 to \$1.50 for the same amount of work. All the regulars are undoubted experts, or all should be so. There are in the city over 300 candlers of both descriptions, but the greatest number are regulars.

Until very recently the workers at the egg candling trade have had no organization, but they now have what is called the Egg Inspectors' union, organized under the laws of the State. At present its object is benevolent, rather than protective, in the usual trade union sense. The sick are taken care of and when a death occurs \$100 is immediately paid over to the family bereaved. This union now has 250 members.

The candler sits on a high stool in frunt of either an electric or a gas light, which is two-thirds in-dosed in dark metal, for the best effect. The light thrown out as from a policeman's lantern. On one side of the candler, within easy reach, is a case tases. He deftly picks up two eggs at a time, and, of each hand is now an egg held near the light—it stantly turning round and round, sideways and end outland for a few seconds. Every bit of the oval outlands of the shell is ascertained. It is softly laid a case marked high grade, or in one marked sec-

ond, third or fourth grade, according to its quality. A perfect, fresh egg answers for itself in a yellow glow, the shell is full, the yolk in the middle place and the white nearly transparent. Each of the lower grades is marked by one of several variously induced defects. One egg that otherwise looks all right is shrunken at the small end. There is an air chamber where, before the egg was too old, was clear "meat." Let this go into the second grade. In another is a slight streak of red, as of blood, and though it is sound and sweet, it has had too much warmth and in a short time will begin to decay. Let this go into the third grade. In still another the yolk is seen to be breaking up and mingling with the white substance, but no black spot has yet appeared in it-it is not bad, but soon will be had, if it be not quickly used-and so let it go into the third grade. An incompetent or careless inspector may mistake as to the quality of one or another of these eggs, but an expert never will. The "black spot" egg detects itself, so to speak, but the "white rot" egg sometimes goes undetected in inattentive hands. This is an egg the white of which is all rotten. It is not shrunken and to

Cracked eggs and eggs that are very small are discarded entirely for the present, but when the inspection is over for the day these are put in a receptacle marked "bakers," and are sold at a low price.

the inexperienced looks perfectly sound, but the

candler gets no light through its density. It is

very bad. When all of the meat of an egg is rotten

it is all black.

The country from which eggs come to the Chicago market includes a large part of the South and the entire old Northwest. Indeed the new Northwest makes some contributions, for eggs from Oregon and Washington have been received in Chicago. In the winter the current receipts of new eggs are from Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas and Oklahoma. In the summer these States ship their surplus eggs to New Orleans. The Chicago supplies, in spring and summer, come from Nebraska, lowa, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the two Dakotas.

In minute parts of this great extent of country the collection of eggs is made, in large measure, by local merchants. What the local merchants do not get hucksters who make a business of gathering in farm produce pay money for. Probably two-thirds of the whole quantity so collected are next bought up by packers and shippers at the large towns or at railroad stations conveniently situated for receiving and shipping. There they are inspected, graded and packed. The destination of the greatest quantity is the cold storage houses in this city. The other one-third of the egg supply from the country is received here in miscellaneous packages. The ultimate destination of these is to both the cold storage and the commission houses. The arrivals just now are mostly in miscellaneous packages. A large commission house in the first week of this month received forty-five car loads, or 18,000 cases. This is only one of several heavy firms. All have to be inspected and graded, and after the city and out-of-town trade of these firms is supplied unsold packages are sent to the cold storage.

There is cold storage capacity in Chicago for 800,000 cases of eggs. At the present time there are 600,000 cases thus stored. The most have been received since March 15. The aim is every year to sell off the old stock before Jan. 1. Usually the by others.—Hazlitt.

most cold storage for the new year is done in April and May and June. Last year in the first two of these months, which are the best for the production, 400,000 cases were stored. For the entire year 1,700,000 cases were stored. The selling begins usually in the early part of September, when current supplies from the country are fast lessening. Then the stock is in excellent condition; it has not deteriorated in quality or flavor in the least.

Dealers say that eggs are much oftener injured in a few hours in the domestic refrigerator than they are in the cold storage in six months' time. Eggs, like milk or butter, will taste of certain vegetables that are near. They will lose their natural flavor by contact with various substances, which they cannot be in contact with in the cold storage. Place eggs by the side of the kerosene can and in a day or two they will taste as kerosene smells. When this or something similar happens complaint is made of the cold storage. So, at any rate, the dealers say who should know whereof they speak.

USE FOR SCRAPS OF TIN.

A TWO-HORSE load of tin clippings was being transferred to the rear basement of a prominent hotel. It had come from a can factory and the narrow, curling strips had become so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable forks.

A bystander who was curious enough to inquire what use a swell hotel had for such truck was answered by an attache of the house: " We use it for rats. I mean the big, gray fellows with whiskers. The hotel rat is bigger, bolder and wiser than any other rat. He laughs at traps, fattens on poison and the killing or chasing of dogs, cats and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when energetic measures have rid us of the pests they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through almost anything for incredible distances. It is their boring ability that has given us so much trouble hitherto. No matter how we closed up their passage ways, the routes were promptly reopened. Filling the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that with marvelous patience they removed the glass piece by piece.

"But we think we've got them now. With this tangled-up tin we construct a sort of abatis, covering all places where the beasts are likely to enter our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it and they can't carry it away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single strip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a net work weighing many pounds."

BRIDE's little brother (to bridegroom)—Did it hurt you much when she did it?

Bridegroom-What hurt me?

Bride's little brother—The hook. Did it get into your lip?

Bridegroom—I don't know what you mean, John-ny.

Bride's mother—Leave the table this instant, Johnny.

Bride's little brother—What for? I only wanted to know if it hurt him. You said that sis had fished for him a long time, but she hooked him at last, and I wanted to know if—"

HR who undervalues himself is justly undervalued by others.—Hazlitt.

Correspondence

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

HOME, JULY 13, 1900.

Dear Bobbie:-

I have had a beau, a real live beau. This was the way of it. I'll tell you, but I don't want you to tell anybody else. If he found it out, though I don't care anything for him, he might not like it. One day as we were in town I met brother James Yoder's Jimmie at the store. He waited till I was off to one side when he came up to me and he said, "Miss Katie, may 1 come over and see you some night?" "Why, yes, of course, we will all be glad to see you," said I, and I didn't think any more about it. On the road home I told Ma about it, and it affected her queerly. At first she didn't say anything, and then she said, as though she were talking to herself, "We can expect nothing else." I didn't know what she meant, and I forgot all about it.

On the next Saturday evening I was back on the porch doing something when Ma came out and said, "Katie, there is somebody here to see you. Go right up stairs and put on your blue dress, fix your hair, and come down right away." "Who is it?" said 1. "You'll see," said she. I did as she said, and when I came down I went straight in the front room, just as Ma was coming out. There sat Jimmie, with his new suit on, and he was fixed up better than ever I had seen him before. "Good evening, Miss Katie," he said. "Good evening Bro. James," said I. Then we sat there awhile. He seemed to be watching a fly on the ceiling, and I was looking out at the gate where he had hitched his horse. Then he said after a little while, "It has been a pleasant day." I said that it had been. Then I said that it was a dry time, and he said that if we didn't get rain pretty soon it would be dryer yet. After a while he reached out for the big red album on the table, the one Pa got for Ma that time he went to Kansas City and sold that carload of cattle, and we began to look over it. I told him who they were as he turned the pages from the first one, that is, Uncle John's Henry's James' Aunt Mary clear through to the last one, Aunt Mary's son's wife's little boy Brumbaugh, that lives out in Eastern Kansas. Then we talked a little about church matters, and then the old clock in the back room struck nine, and he said he had better be going. I told him that he needn't be in a hurry, but he said that he better go this time. I went with him down to the gate, and as he was unhitching his horse he said "Katie," and I said "Jimmie" and he said, "Can I come back again next week?" I told him yes he could come back any time. If I wasn't home Ma would be sure to be. He said that he might be back next Saturday night, but I don't care if he never comes again. So he said "Good night, Katie, but not Good By," and I said "Good night, Jimmie, come again." And he went off, and I went back into the house. Ma was knitting and Pa was reading the paper, and I didn't say anything, and they didn't either, so I went to bed.

There is nothing at all new in the neighborhood but what I told you. Everything is going on just the same as it always did, and the corn down in the made sense, sometimes not, but they always had a bottom field is looking well. Ma is drying a whole lot of it, and I am helping her. I tell you Bobbie, Jimmie looked so nice in his new suit. I wish you had one just like it. I wish that you were back again. It is lonesome here without you, except when I have company. When you get back you can tell me all that you saw, and I will tell you all that has happened while you were away, but there isn't much to tell you more than I have written. I am feeling pretty good these days, and Ma said I go around at my work singing like a lark. Next Saturday 1 am going to get a big bouquet and put it on the table in the front room, and if Ma will let me I am going to bake a big cake. It will be nice to have it for the next day's dinner, especially if anybody comes to see us. I don't care. But I suppose we ought to be nice to people when they visit here.

Yes, I forgot to tell you that I went to the Methodist church in town last Sunday. There was no service at our own church that Sunday, and as I was in town over inight, staying with Lytle's folks, they asked me to go along to church, which I did. I went away up to their pew with them, and I just sat on the floor.

knew everybody was looking at me. Pretty soon a big organ up in a sort of garret, that I hadn't noticed when I came in, began to play. Then they sung something, that is the choir did, and the preacher began his sermon. It was a very good sermon, and it was short. Then they took up a collection, and made the announcements, and they all seemed to be about some meetings in which raising money was the object. preacher dismissed the congregation and in less than five minutes the whole crowd had cleared out. Nobody stopped to shake hands, and there were no little groups under the trees talking it over, and there were no trees if there had been the people. It wasn't like our church a bit. I tell you, Bobbie, I'd never feel at home in any other than our own church, and if I'd have to go to such a town church all the time I don't know what I would do.

This is all for this time. Write soon, Bobbie dear, to

Your own Sister,

KATIE.

P. S .- Don't tell anybody about what I said of Jimmie's coming here. I don't care a thing for him. Do you think Mohler's would lend me their ice cream freezer the last of next week?

DOONING PYR.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

REX CHORD and Burie are native husband and wife whom we have in care of the orphanage. They are good help but illiterate, so we have their daughter, Lollie, and Bula, her husband, as helpers and teachers. All are Christians and members of the Brethren church.

It was fast Saturday night. The moon was shining full. My good wife and Burie had gone to Mehmedabad, from which place we had had a letter saying there were seventy-five nice little boys and girls for us. Ren Chord was down with fever. Bula had gone to Novsari to help Bro. Forney a few days. I had gone to the station to meet Bro. McCann on his way to Bombay. Baby Emmert was asleep alone in the house. The noise and quarrels and complaints and troubles of one hundred ten orphans were hushed and wrapped in sleep. As I returned from the station, I heard strains of a weird song in a little hut near our house. I recognized the thing, but I said to our night watchman, "Brother Rama, what is that?' He said "Sahib, she is dooning; better go and see. Did saheb never see a dooning?" "Yes," I said, "I have seen and I know that sound. I always feel so sorry when I hear it." And Ramabhai stayed near the house while I went to see her dooning.

Stooping down low I crawled halfway into the entrance of the hut. Those present all knew me, and offered no objections. A woman sat on the ground before a greasy-red stone idol. Its name was Pyr. The woman was bowing forward as rapidly as she could, and at every genufication uttered an extempore sentence in wild tone of voice. Near her sat another woman flat on the ground with a little, wee sick baby on her lap. The woman who was frantically bowing to Pyr was curing the baby, or perhaps rather entreating Pyr to do so. Her words sometimes certain peculiar rythm. Faster and faster she bowed, dived, dashed up and down before that Pyr. More shrill were her shricks. Her long black hair flew back and forth like a thousand lashes on the end of a six-horse-team black-snake whip. Now and then she stopped to wipe off the beads of perspiration. It was intensely hard work, and she was intensely in earnest. Presently she stopped her words, and throwing the palms of her hands flat on the ground between her feet as she went down each time, she made a sound like a man, chopping wood -woo-woo-woo. One, two, three, four, five, ten, fifteen times, woo, woo, woo, woo, woo. Her bangles rattled on arms and legs. The little dim light flickered as if it wanted to go out. She stopped and sat straight up and drew a long breath. Then with her right hand she took a little rice from a small table before her and laid it down significantly a few inches from where it was before. Though the table legs were but four inches long and the table itself only about one and one-half by two feet in size, and about two tablespoonfuls of rice lay on it, it served well the purpose of dooning, for she

In the interval I spoke. "Sister, are you making that baby well?"

"No," she said, "I'm only asking Pyr bap to make it well." Bap means father.

" And will be make it well?"

"If he wishes to, sahib."

"But if it don't get well?"

" As Pyr bap wishes."

"But that is a stone, and I can break it," I said, referring to the idol.

"But," she persisted, "God is everywhere and he is in the stone. I know it's a stone, but it's my god, That is Pyr bap:—O, Pyr bap, hear us."

Then she laid her hands on the naked baby and stroked it from head to foot, afterward beginning a new series of genuflections with a changed tune, which was none the less striking. The tune of a woman dooning affects one much like a dog how. ing in the night under the bedroom window.

What did she say? I can do no better than pro, duce an equivalent, which will be as forcible as hers and make good sense as often. Each line is chant. ed over the same strain.

> All poor people, O Pyr bap, Sons of labor, O Pyr bap. Father in Novsari, O Pyr bap. Friends in Pardi, O Pyr bap. Oorunga River, O Pyr bap. See that baby, O Pyr bap. Make him well, O Pyr bap. Evil spirit, O Pyr bap. Got some devils, O Pyr bap, What to do, O Pyr bap. Come and help us, O Pyr bap,

This goes on for scores of lines. Often when she says something like "Sons of labor, O Pyr bag," those sitting around speak out and say, "Yes we are indeed." Or, for instance, if she should say, "Stole some rice," etc., they might say, "How do you know," or, deny it if not guilty. If she should say, "Find a rupee," etc., they would all show "Where?" and then expect the woman who is dooning to tell them really where one may be found. They think a sort of spirit of divination comes over her as she sits there diving up and down before their idol, and what she says then is the voice of the god, if they can understand it. Often they as questions, and in so doing they do not address the woman who is dooning, but address the spirit that is supposed to have taken possession of her.

Later.- Last night as I was writing the above the child died, but their dooning for sick people will g on just the same. These people are afraid of med cine, and believe that in the hospital many are killed that medicine may be made out of their eyes

Doon is the vernacular for what the woman dos before the idol, and like the word jungle, an attempt at translation weakens it.

The dooner does not refuse money, though sh makes no charge. When a rupee is laid on the tle table with the usual rice or ghee, it is placed from one side to the other as the rice is, but when put before the idol or the little light, it remains, it she uses it in the name of the Pyr. Poor Pyr.

Bulsar, May 15.

During the recent heavy travel through Mear phis to the Confederate reunion at Louisville, a amusing incident, and one which was not without its inconveniences to a load of sleeping car passed gers, happened. The train, which had seven sleepers on it, pulled in here about midnight Everyone had retired, and the porter had gathered all the shoes in the rear sleeper and brought the into the next car, when he joined hands with the other porter in polishing them. When the trireached Memphis the rear sleeper was switched another train, which was ready to leave for Love ville. When the passengers awoke in the motors they were minus porter and their shoes.

There was a great commotion when the pearance of the shoes was discovered, and hopped around in their socks in search of some out of the difficulty. A telegram was sent do the road and the lost shoes discovered, but it many nearly noon before the passengers were able. leave the car.

Once when C. H. Spurgeon fell down a man staircase at Mentone he turned a double someon in the course of the form in the course of which some money fell from pocket into his Wellington boots, Having los tooth or teeth in his descent, he humorously scribed the what scribed the whole transaction as "painless ded try with money to bout!"

Nature & Study

NOVEL BUTTERFLY SHOW.

ONE of the unexpected things is an exhibit of to butterflies by an American dealer, who is prepared to give an interesting fund of natural history with every sale-or without one. Who, for example, would think of hunting butterflies with a gun? Yet here is one that was killed with dust fired from agun. It is from Batchian, one of the Molucca Islands. It has to be shot because it always flies above the trees, and it is so rare it commands \$50. Take another from India, with a spread of ten inches. The tips of its wings are marked to resemble the heads of cobras, which is supposed to be nature's way of protecting it from designing birds. Another Indian specimen folds its wings when it alights and then looks so like a brown leaf in color and shape as to deceive even the human eye. A big butterfly from Honduras has dark spots on the inside of the lower part of its wings, which, when it is upside down, give it the appearance of an owl, This insect fools the birds by alighting with its head down. It chooses twigs, rests on the side toward the tree trunk and keeps its wings open. A pretty fellow from Cashmere is believed to have suggested to the natives the design of cashmere shawls, for there is a striking similarity. A blue insect from the Valley of the Amazon has a shimmer that has been seen at a distance of a mile. Thus one might go on indefinitely. The American firm, by the way, sends out expeditions to hunt butterflies in strange corners of the world, and one may invest \$1,500 in a collection of 500. Incidentally, it has been discovered that the United States levies a rariff on butterflies. In France, on the other hand, the exhibitor escapes the usual duty on the glass in his cases because the butterflies are the most valuable parts of the special boxes in which they are mounted by a new process on beds of plaster of Paris. Such are the vagaries of tariffs. The collection excites much interest.

ODD FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.

There is a pigeon in Belgium which regularly flies with the morning train that goes from Liege to Warenme. It began to accompany the train toward the end of January, and it has done so every day since then, except on three occasions. The Meuse, one of the leading newspapers in Belgium, vouches for this fact, and gives other curious details about the remarkable bird. The train starts at 9:57 A. M., and a crowd gathers daily to see the pigeon go with it. The bird wheels around the station while the passengers are taking their seats, and as soon as the whistle is blown and the journey begins it takes up a position a little behind the engine, and there it flies surrounded by the moist though warm steam, which it evidently enjoys. It tetains this position even while the train is passing through tunnels, and apparently is not incommoded in the least by the warm vapor. When the train reaches its destination the bird flies swiftly along the railroad track back to Liege, where it arrives about 11:30 o'clock.

This pigeon was born at the railroad station in Liege, and consequently is familiar with trains, smoke and steam. Until a few months ago it occupied, with eleven others, a comfortable cote, and when this was removed from the station by order of the authorities it refused to abandon its old home, though its eleven companions at once sought for shelter elsewhere. This fidelity was suitably tewarded. The railroad officials gave the bird carte blanche to search for food wherever it pleased, and the public liberally supplied it with corn and other dainties. A singular fact is that on the three days when it failed to accompany the train a Belgian engine was used instead of an English one, and the assumption is that the fuel consumed by the latter fives forth a steam which the bird prefers to that hom a Belgian engine.

GROWING COCHINEAL.

THE cochineal insect is reared extensively in Mexico, principally in the State of Oanaca. It lives upon a species of cactus, says a writer in the Pacific Bee. This is known as the nopal, and is planted

The insects are carefully tended during the wet season, branches of the nopal containing them being kept indoors to preserve them from the rain. When the rains have ceased the plantations of nopal are restocked by placing nests of the insects, containing females, upon each tree. The females each lay upward of 1,000 eggs, and soon the trees are well supplied with the insects. The new broods of females are picked off in succession, and are carefully dried, after being first killed by the heat of an oven or by scalding.

It takes about 70,000 of the dried insects to make a pound, but many tons are exported. Their wholesale value is about 50 cents a pound. The dried substance is used for dyeing purposes, making a brilliant purplish-red color. Among the hues produced from it are those known as carmine, and also the "lakes." Rouge is also made from cochineal, though probably few of the women whose cheeks are colored with this pigment have the least notion that it is derived from a Mexican bug.

THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

THE woodchuck sleeps for six months out of the twelve. "I've been asleep all winter, but now I'm wide awake and ready to enjoy the spring and summer," a writer in St. Nicholas fancies him saying, as he comes to the mouth of his hole under the old tree. In the early part of last autumn, when he was very fat from his many summer feasts of red clover, he filled this nest nearly full of leaves, crawled into the middle of the long mass and, curling himself up into a ball, went to "sleep."

The woodchuck's appetite makes him the plague of every farmer, and his queer and interesting ways make him the delight of every farmer's boy. If we dig him out of his home in the winter we shall find what appears to be a football covered with fur. Let us take him in by the warm fire in the farmhouse and soon he will wake up, but in such a drowsy way as not to be frightened: Before long he will roll up and go to sleep again. He is the soundest of the winter-sleepers. The gray squirrel "sleeps" (hibernates, it is really) only in the coldest weather; the chipmunk sleeps more, but awakes from time to time for a nibble at his store of nuts; but the woodchuck sleeps continually for about six months. In middle and late summer he lives alone and for a large part of the time sits perfectly still at the mouth of his hole. The scientific people name him Arctomy's monax. Those of you who have commenced to study ancient tongues know that monax means monk; so you see grown-up people have their fancies when they say, in this scientific name, that this is the bear-mouse monk,

While woodchucks are not rapid runners, it is very difficult to catch them, for they usually go but a little way from the hole and keep a sharp watch to see if anyone is coming. Sometimes the farmers' boys dig out the whole family of woodchucks in the spring. John Burroughs tells in "Riverby" an interesting story about feeding milk to young woodchucks, and says that they would hold a spoon in their little shining black paws; and in "Pepacton" he tells how the farm-dog "Cuff" outwitted an old woodchuck.

ARIZONA TARANTULAS.

" I've seen the famous 'Gila monster' often," said an Arizona man in the hotel lobby last evening. "It is simply an uncouth, horrible-looking lizard, and I'd rather encounter a hundred of them than a single tarantula. I'll never forget the first time I ever saw one of those giant spiders. I was living near Phænix then and had gone out to take a look at a mineral deposit recently discovered on my land. The place was some distance away, and I was walking across a stretch of level, sandy country, when I noticed a queer round object, about the size of a man's clenched fist, lying near a little pile of rocks. It looked for all the world like one of those snarls of hair that women take out of their combs, but when I drew nearer I saw it was alive and recognized it from description as a desert tarantula. Its legs were all drawn under its body at the time and it seemed indescribably lumpy and sluggish, but as I stooped down to get a closer view it made a sudden, quick movement, and then jumped square at my face. I dodged it by pure inplanted especially for the benefit of the cochinilla, two or three feet away. It ran several yards with didn't.

incredible swiftness and then turned as if to charge again, but I had had enough. I beat a retreat.

"Since then I have killed a number of tarantulas, and caught them alive, but I have never outgrown the horror they inspire. The coarse brown hair that covers their bodies makes them seem much larger than they really are, and they have immensely muscular legs. Their pugnacity and strength are almost incredible. They will attack anything, regardless of size, and they make the most amazing leaps through the air. The bite of the creature is said to be fatal, and I have known them to kill horses; but I have no personal knowledge of any case of a human being who died from the effect of the poison. Their ill-repute in that particular is probably exaggerated.

OVER 400,000 ANIMALS.

It is estimated that there are more than 400,000 different species of animals that have been studied and described, although there are only 150,000 different species of plants.

There are 280,000 kinds of insects alone.

About 1-30th of the number of animals is furnished by the birds, of which there are 13,000 different kinds. There are 12,000 species of fishes, 8,300 kinds of reptiles, of which 1,640 are snakes, only 300 being venomous.

Besides there are some 1,300 species of amphibia known, 20,000 kinds of arachnoids, 50,000 species of mollusks, 8,000 kinds of worms, and 3,000 kinds of echinoderms.

In the museum of Natural History at Berlin, the largest collection in the world, there are some 200,-000 species of animals represented by about 1,800 000 specimens.

A FEASIBLE PLAN.

From California comes the news of a movement to stop the slaughter of song birds in the interest of

It is proposed to arrest, fine and imprison not only the men who shoot the songsters, but the unfeeling women who wear the bodies of birds on hats or bonnets.

Undoubtedly this is the way to reach the matter. The birds are killed not out of wantonness, but to supply the demands of the semibarbaric females who adorn their headgear with innocent corpses. Make the wearing of dead birds an offense and the demand would speedily fall off.

The slaughter of the innocents can be stopped by punishing anyone who kills or "has in possession" the body of a song bird.

The bereaved milliners and their patrons can console themselves with nose rings or similar devices which appeal to the savage taste for adornment without doing violence to humane sentiments.

MR. BROWN WAS TOO LATE.

The local paper up in Penobscot County had an item the other day reading somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Binks, the well-known sportsman of Exeter village, captured a pure white woodchuck the other day. The animal has albino eyes and pink skin and has not a spot or blemish on him. His paws are shaped just like human hands, and he sits up most of the time like a monkey. All of Mr. Blinks' neighbors are coming round to see the curiosity."

Mr. Brown, of Bangor, who is making a collection of curious animals for a local park, tells me that when he saw that item he hired a stable team and rode over to Exeter through the snow and slush. He wanted to buy the great curiosity, and had a nice crisp \$10 bill tucked in his waistcoat.

He inquired the way to Mr. Binks' house. He hitched his horse. He rapped on the door. Mr. Binks was just through dinner. He came to the door picking his teeth with a sliver.

- "Is this Mr. Ezra Binks?"
- "That's me."
- "The man that caught the white woodchuck?"
- "Same feller."
- "Well, I want to buy it for my museum,"

"Ye do, eh? Wal, kunnel, ye're late. We got tired of havin' him kickin' round. We jest et him for dinner. Fust rate, too. Anything else I can do for ye?"

Yes, Mr. Brown could have gone out behind the shed and let the Bangor man kick him-but he



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter,

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

As all who follow the drift of current events know, there has been fighting in China of late. But what it is all about few know. Indeed those nearest to the scene of operations may know less than others at a distance. It is sometimes the case that persons living in China for years have to admit that the make-up of the Chinese mind, and the springs of actions moving them, are beyond their power of analysis.

In the first place the country is perhaps onetenth of the globe, and the people have been estimated at one-fifth of the race. Their origin is lost in antiquity, and their religion a blind worship of what is past while such a thing as patriotism is unknown. They worship the memory of their ancestors, and are a unit in but one thing, and that is hating all foreigners. Miss Scidmore, who paid seven visits to the Flowery Kingdom, in a book she has written, says:

"No occidental ever saw within or understood the working of the yellow brain, which starts from and arrives at a different point by reverse and inverse processes we can neither follow nor comprehend. No one knows or ever will really know the Chinese-the heart and soul and springs of thought of the most incomprehensible, unfathomable, in serutable, contradictory, logical and illogical people on earth. Of all orientals, no race is so alien. Not a memory nor a custom, not a tradition nor an idea, not a rootword nor a symbol of any kind associates our past with their past. There is little sympathy, no kinship nor common feeling, and never affection possible between the Anglo-Saxon and the Chinese. . . . Of all the people of earth they most entirely lack 'soul,' charm, magnetism, attractiveness.

"Their very number and sameness appall one, the frightful likeness of any one individual to all the other three hundred odd millions of his own people. Everywhere, from end to end of the vast empire, one finds them cast in the same unvarying physical and mental mold-the same yellow skin, hard features, and harsh, mechanical voice; the same houses, graves and clothes; the same prejudices, superstitions and customs; the same selfish conservatism, blind worship of precedent and antiquity; a monotony, unanimity and repetition of life, character and incident that offend one almost to resentment."

Yet, in the course of time, comparatively few years back, as such things go, there have been some thousands of white people resident in China, either for purposes of trade, statecraft, or for missionary work, and the bitter feeling of the natives, perhaps their only common bond, has culminated in open murder and attack on all things alien to the soil.

They have their armies, drilled by European people, armed with implements of modern warfare, and, indifferent to life or death, they have fallen on the man and woman with the white face and slaughtered right and left. It is doubtless the case that the central government is in silent sympathy with the insurgents.

But all the leading nations have taken the matter up, and soldiers are being burried to the land of the yellow man, and the chances are that punishment will be dealt out with a liberal hand and ample reparation exacted. It will make but little difference to China. The people are as the sands on the seashore, and their indifference to death or The jealousy of European powers will prevent any hear is ever likely to be placed in any position of she will be many times better off in every respect. national disaster will fortify them against reverses.

wholesale partition of their country, and the outlook is for a bloody war with uncertain results in the future.

THE CROW AND HIS FATE.

THE crow's fate hangs in the balance. Bird protection societies have been asked to answer the question, "Is he as black as nature has painted him?" The yeas and nays on this proposition are about as evenly divided as they are on the wisdom of making a compromise with the feather dealers, who ask the friends of the birds to let them slaughter all the foreign fowl they wish in return for a promise to keep hands off American birds. Ever since "there were three crows sat on a tree," Corvus Americanus has been a corn thief or the farmers' friend in accordance with the way people looked at him. Gallons of ink as black as his feathers have been used to prove on paper that he eats more grubs than corn; that he eats more corn than grubs; that he robs song birds' nests; that he does not rob them; that he is a saint and that he is a sinner. The Agricultural Department's bulletins lean a little toward the crow's side of the controversy. Professor Samuels, the Massachusetts voologist, contends that he does much more harm than good. John Burroughs, Bradford Torrey, Charles Conrad Abbott, and Ernest Seton Thompson all believe that the crow is a good deal of a rascal, but they admit a sort of sneaking admiration for the bold, black fellow who adds such picturesque interest to the life of the fields.

The crow has always shown that he is able to care for himself. He has invariably outwitted the farmer with his gun, his trap, and his poison. This fact has made his friends careless about the passing of laws offering bounties for his scalp. The omission of his name from the statute list of protected birds, even though no price be placed on his head, has never caused uneasiness. But hard times have come for the crow in Illinois. The last Legislature put bim on the pest list with the English sparrow, and now organized attempts are being made in all parts of the State to end his existence.

A few days ago in Elgin twenty men went out and between sunrise and sunset bagged 1,110 crows. If the hunters had put off the expedition a month they would not have secured a black feather, but the thought struck one of the band that the young crows were just out of the nest and that solicitude for the fledglings would make the old crows easy marks, and so they proved. They are as full of parental affection as the birds that never stole a corn kernel in their lives. A way to exterminate them through their love for their children has been found, and it is proposed to pursue them through the nesting seasons of each year until they are exterminated. If the crow can only prove his case between now and next May to the bird protectors he may be saved, but his chances are desperate.

NO TATTLING.

No persons who lay any claim to good breeding should ever be engaged in the petty business of tattling all that they know. Well-bred people, those who are really well bred, never do it. It is essentially a down-stairs vice, and you want to keep clear of it. There are some people so constituted that they can see or hear nothing that is belittling or discreditable without retailing it to everybody who will listen. It has a great many different names, such as scandal, gossipping, talking, blabbing, but it all means the same thing,-telling things that were better left unsaid.

There are some people who never talk about others. They may be safely trusted with all manner of secrets. They are not made along the lines of a phonograph—to repeat all they know about people. Then there are others, who, if they get possession of a thing of any character never stop till they have told all who will listen. They should be marked "Dangerous," and avoided by reputable people. The man who engages in this disreputable business should take his place along with a coterie of old crones whose life is given over to talking about the

No boy or girl who is given to telling all they

responsibility, or will be retained, after it is once discovered that he is unsafe to have about. Every business has its inside life that does not allow of publicity. The tattler who can not keep his mouth shut is not likely to ever rise in business or be in line of promotion.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Holding Still.

It is often the case that when we get into trouble, or think we are in trouble, that we complicate matters by adding to the confusion by our efforts to get away from the entanglement. It is a better way, often, to simply hold still, till we see the meaning of the whole matter as far as it affects us. It may be the best to go clear away from the trouble. That was Christ's way. When he was threatened he went away from his persecutors. It is not cowardly to run away from trouble not of our own making. If others snarl us with a trouble it is no reason why we should complicate matters with illadvised activity. It is time enough to takeh old when it is clearly the Lord's will for us so to do.

In case of church trouble, where there is a contention, it is the best to add no fuel to the flames, but to hold off from all participation. If two people appear to have no higher conception of their duties in life than that of starting trouble it is not our best part to identify ourselves with that which is unseemly. Hold off, stand still, take no partia it, not even commenting on it. A fire without fuel burns itself out. The old adage about minding one's own business is a good one. Sometimes, however, we get involved personally in such a way that we have little choice about it. But even if there is so much as a little opportunity of escaping we should make the most of it. If we can not entirely get away from a difficulty it is still a good method to wait until it is an absolute and imperative necessity that we act. Then, after prayer, do that which seems the most Christ-like.

But the rule of holding still is a good one, and there will be many a passover of trouble in our lives if we are sensible enough to wait when difficulty comes our way.

USING UP THE HORSES.

THE south African war has again given the horse a dignified place among the world's things of value, but it is doubtful whether he is to be congratulated upon his rehabilitation. Though he is no longer? drug on the market, he has no brighter future before bim than at any other time since the troller car and the automobile began to crowd him off the earth. For the crowding-off process continues at a rate that might well alarm the whole equine race. Competent authorities estimate that the Boer war is killing at least 5,000 horses per month, which will account for 35,000 or 40,000 animals since the beginning of the war, not counting those used for table purposes in Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking. There is every probability that the wash age of horses will be still greater when the Britis penetrate farther into the Boer country. The Boers take special pains to kill the enemy's horses. because the death of a horse is almost as great? military loss as the death of a man. The climate also causes the wholesale sickness and death of the unacclimated animals. To supply this enormous wastage the British are scouring the horse markets of the world. The War Office is said to have at ranged to convey 20,000 horses in twenty-three ver sels from New Orleans, Buenos Ayres, and Australian port lian ports, while at the same time a New York die patch states that a contract has been nearly completed in the pleted in that city for 30,000 more. If the war collins was tinues long enough at this rate the American hope breeders will be in clover.

JENNIE STUCK, of Pennsylvania, in subscribing for the Inglenook says, "This is my fourth in the line is my few in July money." Truly a good choice. A few house works or a little ice-cream would have disappeare in a few and a f in a few minutes. Now our Fourth of July girl and get a live get a live paper weekly for the rest of the year, at

SHE PAINTS SAVAGE GLARES.

THE young woman swept her tiny camel's hair brush across the daub of yellow paint and smeared forer one side of the semi-globular bit of glass hat was fastened to a small bracket on the table in front of her. Then she leaned back and looked up-

mit admiringly. "How is that?" she asked.

The visitor was puzzled, and frankly admitted it. Well," she said, "I suppose it is all right. It all

tepends upon what you are trying to do,"

The young woman with the brush was visibly

"My goodness," she retorted, "where are your Can't you see that this is just about perfect? an't you detect the savage glare in that piece of lass' Don't you feel as if you'd like to take to our heels and run away from it? It certainly is savage glare," she added, less positively. "It is meant to be one, anyway. I am making an eye, a arseye, an eye for a cat that died in battle with is tail turned from the enemy. This brave cut as been stuffed and mounted in a most warlike ose, and I must make the expression of his eyes prespond with his bellicose attitude. You can't ta good idea of the effect, though, until the eye placed in position. Just wait till I'm through ad then I'll show you how it looks."

The visitor examined the artistic production ith increased interest. "What a queer line of

"Not at all," returned the young woman with the rush. "It is very pleasant. I work at it all the me. Painting glass eyes has become quite a reunerative field for a woman blessed with a deliate touch of the brush. It is a good thing for ome of us that the glaring glass eyes of a former meration are out of fashion. No first-class taximist thinks of using them now. The time was hen the eye of a stuffed animal was considered of mor importance, and a ball of glass of almost any eor color and absolutely devoid of expression as fastened into the socket and the work was proounced complete. But all that is happily langed. To-day the eye, instead of being readed as the least important factor in obtaining a elike appearance in a dead animal, is recognized a valuable medium for conveying an impression intelligence and action, and much attention is stowed upon artistic eyes.

"People who have animals to be mounted oftenmeshave decidedly original ideas as to position and the expression of the face. These ideas are not ways artistic, or even sensible and in obeying diclions I frequently have to commit flagrant outges against good taste and natural history. Take lecase of a woman over on the West Side whose gdied a little while ago, as an example. First, selected the attitude in which she wanted the alle beast preserved, and then she turned her at-

ention to his eyes.

want him to have blue eyes,' she said, 'A aldeep sky blue. I have always been very fond Benny, but I didn't like his brown eyes. I hould have been so much better satisfied if they dbeen blue, and now that he is dead I am going makehim over to suit myself. Blue eyes I want, Ablue eyes I am going to have.

This decoration of the little cur's head with aulean orbs was a shame that cried clear to heavfor redress, but the woman was not open to contion, and I had to trim him up in accordance the her desires. The effect was hideous, but—I

Here the woman with the paint brush gave answipe at the yellow eye in the bracket. Thank goodness," she said, "that's done. Now

twill go down and fit them in."

GERMAN COURTING.

ELOPEMENTS are never heard of in Germany, and there is no such thing as getting married there bed 6. Consent of the parents. Certain prebed forms must be gone through, or the mar-Reis null and void. When a girl has arrived at atis considered a marriageable age, her parents point of inviting young men to the house, usually, to the house, dusually two or three are invited at the same t so that the attention may not seem too

house until after he has called at least once, and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession, it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them.

In Germany the man must be at least eighteen years of age before he can make a proposal, but when it is made and accepted, the proposal is speedily followed by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride, as he is then called, gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared, and naturally afterward becomes a matter of public knowledge. Sometimes the announcements are made by means of the newspapers, and formal announcements on cards, which are circulated among friends and acquaintances.

The man supplies a plain gold band ring for each. This is worn during the engagement on the ring finger of the left hand. From this time the contracting parties are bride and bridegroom. Among conservative people the affianced couple is searcely allowed to be alone, a chaperon being provided whenever the young people go out. If the young man is not in a position to settle in life at once, the betrothal may last for a number of years, but most frequently the marriage soon takes place. The banns are only called twice at the church, and in cases when the time is short, twice the same

What is known as the "pay wedding" is popular in Germany. The bride receives the guests with a basin set before her, and into this each visitor entering the reception room drops either some jewelry, a silver spoon, or a piece of money.

In some parts of the country the expenses of the marriage feast are met by each guest paying for what he or she may eat or drink. It would strike an American family as a very curious reception, but the visitors pay high prices, and the happy couple make a handsome profit out of their wedding, as many as 300 visitors often being present at such a festivity.

Among the middle class people all the girls are curiously alike, and invariably give themselves up to housekeeping, knitting, sewing and cookery, Their sober, brown gowns are as much like one another as are so many peas, and the majority of them are home made. The German girl cannot be said to be ambitious, and is quite content to spend the whole of her life in one groove. She knows and gets the full value of every kreutzer she spends, and is always an adept at making coffee and cakes.

CATS AS MUMMIES.

While the Egyptian children, no doubt, had as great regard for cats as the children of to-day, the parents had a still higher regard, rising into worship. So great was this regard that the cat came to be looked upon as sacred, and cat worship became a part of the religion of the race, while this worship found expression in great temples erected in honor of the cats that died. Shaving the eyebrows on the death of a cat in the family was a favorite means of showing the distress of the household.

So it was but natural to believe that in the future life the cats would live again with their young masters and mistresses, contributing to their happiness in the celestial land. On the death of the tabby, all due ceremony was observed, and with tender care she was embalmed and placed with the mummies of her family, says the Scientific American. You may see such mummies in the British museum, wrapped in their cerements, fold upon fold enswathing the body with as great solicitude as though it were the body of the child who had owned the cat for its companion.

These cases in which the cats were placed after embalming were capital representatious of the cat in life. Many of them were of carved wood, remarkably lifelike, the form and even the individuality of expression being admirably preserved. Now and then a cat belonging to some more aristocratic family, when it departed for the heavenly cat land, received a case of bronze, beautifully ornamented and in all ways in keeping with the standing of the family. Some of the cat cases are out with queerly made eyes, made with out with out with queerly made eyes, made e curiously decorated and some of the faces are fitted

effect frequently being decidedly grotesque. The object in giving eyes to the case was that the spirit cat might have an opportunity to look out. An opening down the center of the case divided it into halves, so that the cat, when embalmed and ready for her last long journey to the land of the blessed, could easily be inclosed.

Utmost care was given to these friends of the little children, that their lives might be prolonged to a ripe old age. Their food was prepared so that they might not only receive the most gustatory pleasure possible, but so that they might be richly nourished. One favorite dish was bread soaked in milk and mixed with chopped fish; surely no more tempting viand could be placed before the most exacting feline. In many cases cats were kept in and about the temples which were sacred to the many gods of Egypt and greater care could not have been given to human beings than that which was accorded to the cats.

HE WAS TOO HONEST.

A well-known young lawyer who has an office in the Equitable Building took in a new office hoy several days ago, and having suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he determined to test the boy's honesty at once.

He placed a \$5 note under a weight on his desk and walked out without a word.

Upon his return a half-hour later the note was gone, and a silver half-dollar had taken its place.

He turned sharply on the boy.

"When I went out of here I left a \$5 bill under the weight,"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the boy, "but you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in here with a bill against you for \$4.50. I guess the change is correct."

"You paid the bill?"

"Yes, sir; there it is, receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years and

He did not get any further before he found the outside of the door. There is another boy in the office now, and the lawyer will take his honesty for granted.

THE GROCERY STORE RIDDLE.

A GENERAL grocery store in a country village, as every one knows, sells almost anything from a needle to a ton of coal. The proprietor of the one to which this story is applied had on one occasion bought a load of oats by the bushel, and as he sold all oats by weight he found upon investigation that on every fifty bushels he bought he could by selling by weight gain one bushel.

His motto being "large sales and small profits," he sold the oats at such a price that on every dollars worth of oats he sold he made eight cents After he had sold the whole load he found that he had received therefor a total of \$82.62.

How many of our readers can tell how many bushels were on the load he bought if he paid seventy-five cents per bushel?

What INGLENOOKER will give us the figures?

A DUTCH AUCTION.

A Durch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold the auctioneer offers "fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then: "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4,900." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4,400 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries: "There are twenty-five golden sovereigns for the first man who has courage to bid £1,600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4.550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4,400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and gets off free of it all.

USE YOUR CLIPPERS.

VERY often some intelligent reader will see something in a paper that would make good INGLE-NOOK reading. Then is the time to hunt up the shears and cut it out for the Nook. Send it to us. The best is none too good for the readers of this

Good Reading

THE TUNNEL DISEASE.

THERE is a disease which attacks the laborers in tunnels and mines. It is as old as Egypt, but only within this century has it been traced to a specific parasite. It is a painful and dangerous disease, often resulting in death. A monograph on the subject of this malady, called ankylostomiasis, has just appeared, and coming as it does from Hugo F. Goldman, M. D., the official physician in the coal mines of Brennberg, near Oldenburg, Germany, it carries great weight, for it is based upon years of experience and practical treatment of this' dread disease.

It attacks not only men but animals, especially the horses or mules used in the building of tunnels and the operation of mines. It is a disease caught by infection, like typhoid or cholera. It may be contracted in the air or by contact with the germs, which are really the eggs of the little worm, or ankylostoma, as it is called. This name means "hooked mouth," and refers to the six hooked teeth around the mouth of the parasite by which it clings to the interior of the human intestine. It is found not only in the duodenum, but also in the smaller intestines, where it grows and flourishes.

Male and female can be distinguished among these parasites, the females being larger and more numerous than the males. The males grow to the length of .3937 inch, and the female is on an average half as long again. They can be seen with the naked eye. This animal has neither breathing apparatus nor circulatory system, and varies in color from grayish white to brown and even blood red, according to the condition of the person in whom it is found. The female lays a large number of eggs in the human intestines, from which they spread the disease infinitely under proper conditions. parasite and the egg develop best in a temperature between sixty-five and eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The air and surrounding medium should be moist. It is on account of the moisture and heat to be found in mines and tunnels that this parasite develops so perfectly among the toilers in these places. Darkness is also necessary, sunlight killing these animalculæ almost instantly.

Ankylostomiasis originated in the Orient. It has been long established in Egypt, but has been mistakenly called Egyptian chlorosis, or ænemia, and was treated as mere poverty of the blood in red corpuscles. It passed over from Egypt to Italy, where it was not really understood until Dubini found a parasite in 1838.

When the St. Gothard tunnel was built, in the seventies, the disease spread throughout Central Europe, especially in Switzerland. The further spreading of the ankylostoma to the mines of Europe was quick to follow. When the men were first attacked in the St. Gothard tunnel it was thought that a new disease, the "tunnel disease," had been found, but it was nothing other than the ankylostoma, as was proved by Perroncito, when he found no less than 1,500 of these parasites in the duodenum of a man who had died of "tunnel disease."

The mode of infection is very apparent. The men while at work often carry their hands to their mouths, or eat their food in the tunnels or mines, and in this way the parasite or its eggs enter through the mouth, pass on into the system and find a permanent home in the intestines, to the walls of which they cling with all six teeth, feeding on the blood of the unfortunate person attacked.

SUNK LANDS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Hox. J. C. HARRIS, of Lake County is the largest land owner in Tennessee. He has recently undertaken the colossal scheme of draining Reelfoot lake and every creek and bayou along the Tennessee side of the Mississippi river. If the project proves successful it will add some hundreds of thousands of acres of land to his holdings.

The lands of Lake County are the richest in the State, the soil being ten and twelve feet deep with the rich accretions of ages of overflow. An idea of their value is conveyed from the fact that the annual rent per acre is \$5, and often more than a bale of cotton can be obtained to the acre.

The hundreds of fishermen who secure their livings from fishing in the lake and rivers have joined together and secured an injunction restraining Mr. Harris from the big project of draining the lake, and an important legal battle will result. The fishermen allege that Mr. Harris has no title to the lands covered by water, and that the real owners are the Daugherty heirs, none of whom can be

When the earthquake of 1811 occurred that land where Reelfoot lake was formed belonged to the Daugherty grant, but the heirs desponded of ever reclaiming it, and they have been lost to sight for many years. Other claimants in recent years sold

their title to Mr. Harris.

Reelfoot lake is the most noted fishing and hunting resort of Tennessee, and thousands annually come from all parts of the country to enjoy its natural advantages. Years ago the body of water, one mile wide and eighteen miles in length, forced a passage to the Mississippi, and the outlet is known as Reelfoot river. Along its shores are hotels, hunting lodges of many sporting clubs and hundreds of fishermen's huts. Tons of fish and wild game are shipped monthly from there.

There is no stretch of country more gloomy or desolate than the vast territory in northwestern Tennessee, Southeastern Missouri and Arkansas, known as the Sunk Lands. The bottom seemed to have dropped out at the time of the big earthquake of ISII.

To a novice in woodcraft or swamp navigation it is a most hazardous undertaking to penetrate far beyond the borders of this wilderness of cypress, elbow brush and other specimens of the lowland trees and tangled vine thickets.

There are numerous lakes, large and small, some of great depth. Most of these areas of open water are dotted with islands, and in many places fallen trees and great black stumps make hiding places for enormous turtles, snakes and other reptiles in summer, while in winter the raccoon, otter, mink and muskrat perch upon them.

Hundreds of men spend most of their days in the borders or in the heart of this watered wilderness. They hunt and trap as the seasons come and go.

Throughout the Sunk-land districts are islands from a half to twenty acres in dimensions. The larger ones contain oak, hickory and smaller growths of underbrush, but most of them are covered with small cane on which deer feed and fatten.

The most remarkable of these is Bone island, which covers an area of six acres. This island is a rendezvous for professional hunters. It is literally covered with bones of animals and birds. Great heaps of them can be seen at different places.

DIVINING RODS.

THE most notable patent for a divining rod or metal finder was issued in March to F. H. Brown. Several patents had previously been granted for mechanical and electrical contrivances designed to locate gold, silver, and other ores, and a great many applications have been rejected for various reasons.

The commissioner of patents would not, for example, issue a patent for a witchhazel divining rod, because that has been in common use for centuries, and comparatively few of the devices that have been offered in this line involve original or meritorious features.

Few people realize the extent to which the divining rod and its substitutes are used at the present day to locate minerals, springs of water, subterranean rivers, hidden treasure, etc.

Large numbers of successful oil wells in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana have been and still are bored at points designated by "oil smellers," as they call them; prospectors in the mining regions use magnets and all sorts of electrical appliances, and in almost every county of the United States in the agricultural districts you will find farmers who still believe in the efficacy of a split rod of witch-

As late as 1876 Charles Lattimer, of Cleveland, a well-known engineer, wrote a book to demonstrate its usefulness in determining subterrancan water passages. The "dowsing rod," for the same purpose, is made of two prongs of whalebone, with one end of each fastened firmly in an empty cartridge

Similar divining rods were used in the time of

Moses and Aaron. Marco Polo found them China. Philip Melancthon, the religious reloin and friend of Martin Luther, testified to their ef ciency, and defended them from the inquisition, which they were denounced and prohibited,

Divining rods have commanded the faith an confidence of all races in all countries, in all time and there has been little improvement in the d

Electricity is now used, however, for such ma ters more than the ordinary rod of witchhar and, as in the recent patent granted to F. H. Brown the operator usually connects with an ordinary by tery two wires, which are attached to two stake When he reaches a place where he suspects ming als may be found, he drives the stakes in the eart turns on the current, and, if the circuit is complete by a body of ore in the earth, a bell or some of annunciator connected with the battery will; nounce the discovery. Springs of water and si terranean streams can be located in the same way

A simpler device consists of a rod with an el trical battery and a wire on the top and a wire n ning down the center. This rod is driven in t ground, and if the end comes in contact with ore minerals of any kind the result is felt by the open

GROWING DWARF TREES,

DWARF Japanese trees have recently become the rage in New York and Brooklyn. One fine with an authenticated age of 350 years was sold \$350, or a dollar for each year of its age. A Bro lyn dealer recently secured a lot of dwarf tre among which was a cedar a hundred years old a twelve inches high, and a pine twenty-five years o and of the same height.

The secret of Japanese tree training is said to in the skillful pruning of roots and branches. 1 roots of dwarf trees are cramped in small pots, the same principle that the feet of Chinese wor are stunted. In addition the trees are periodical taken out of the pots to have their roots trimm The gardener's skill is displayed in trimming enough to prevent growth, yet not enough to i pair the health of the tree.

It is said that in the course of a hundred years so these pigmy trees become so accustomed to he ing their roots trimmed that they really enjoy and when the time approaches for the period pruning they wave their little limbs in cager peals to the gardener to take them out and clipth roots. This part of the story, however, is vouched for, it is merely given for what it is we

Hugo Mulertt, curator of Packer collegiate in tute, has mastered the Japanese art of dwarf trees so thoroughly that he could grow a wholef est in a hall bedroom and yet not crowd the fore

While the Japanese confine their efforts large to evergreens, Mr. Mulertt has made a specially dwarfing deciduous trees. He has some fifty sp mens, principally maples, but also including late and bamboos, all twelve years old, and from s inches to two feet high.

Mr. Mulertt also grows dwarf fish, like the nese. The method pursued in the cases of trees and fish are the same and extremely sim It is nothing more nor less than starvation least that is the way Mr. Mulertt expresses it other words, he gives both trees and fish enough nourishment to keep them alive, but a enough to permit any growth.

THE little girl's family had been having so trouble in settling an estate, and there had coninto the settlement a bitter quarrel. So one dif school, when the teacher asked what the word lations" meant, our little girl's hand was up twinkle. "Well, Mary, what is it?" said the le er. "Please," said the little girl, "It is a people of the same family who are always quan ing, and who will not speak to each other."

LITTLE WILLIE—"Say, pa, what does do mean?

Pa-" It means to unite or stick together. Little Willie—"Then if the butcher cleans bone does he stick it together, p.1?"

Pa-" Why-er-I guess it does mean to septime. Little Willie—" And when a man separates the wife close by

his wife does he cleave to her, par in bed.
Pa—" Young man, it's time you were in bed.

ooo The o Cirele ooo

OFFICERS W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-onic, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., onic, Lizzle D. Rosemberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and represident, Mrs. Lizzle D. Rosemberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and represident Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading free, Covington, Ohio.

JOTTINGS.

I SELDOM hear the bell toll for one that is dead Isection that is dead one for of that soul before it left the body? here is one more gone into eternity! What did'st nere is the form of the And what testimony be given to the Judge concerning thee? ichard Baxter.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of hist every morning-aye, two minutes, if it is ee to face and heart to heart-will change the hole day, will make every thought and feeling diftent, will enable you to do things for his sake at you would not have done for your own sake or rany one's sake. - Henry Drummond.

When the grand old missionary, Judson, was one wput aside from work, his wife thought to divert m by reading some newspaper sketches of him-H. One compared him to Paul, another to John d so on. The modest old hero was amazed and claimed, "I do not want to be like Paul or Apolsor any other man. I want to be like Christ. thave only one who was tried in all points like we are, yet without sin. I want to drink in his int, to place my feet in his footprints and to rasure their smallness and shortcomings by nist's footsteps only. O! if I could only be more e Jesus."-Allice E. Blough.

ANTS ATTACKING A MISSIONARY.

Among a seemingly endless variety of bugs, flies dants, the driver ant is more to be dreaded than yother insect in Africa.

It inhabits the entire Temme country. The int, when full-grown, is from three-fourths of an th to an inch long. He is largest at the head, ith a pair of needle-like ice hooks protruding m either side of his head." When he closes mup and clinches them together, he cuts a small shabout a sixteenth of an inch long. If the flesh gets hold on does not come out at first, then closes up with all his might.

They are very stealthy in their approach, and bethe native or missionary may be aware, his td may literally swarm with the advancing lines the insect foe. One time the drivers came on veranda of the mission house, where they were tping a hen with some ducklings; the ants came rkilling them before the missionary was aware the attack, the hen and ducklings were literally vered with drivers when found. It took lively rk to rescue the ducklings. While a native boy sold to douse the hen in a big bucket of water ading near the door, the missionary went on re-Wing the ants from his ducklings and forgot all ut the hen. Two hours later, he found her alof dead, in the bucket of water, but she recov-

the driver is said to fear no foe. The boa and elephant are sometimes caught napping and ed by this insect army. Even a person is not tif a band of drivers enters a room where he is ep or unable to defend himself. When they kea raid on the natives, they move out of their nes, taking their live stock away with them. the drivers have left the house, the natives that all the snakes, rats, cockroaches, crickets bugs of all kinds have been destroyed.

AN INCIDENT OF INDIA'S FAMINE.

ADEAR Salvation Army officer, who has been in only about nine months, is laboring there oically, with others. A short time since, she actoss a whole family by the roadside. The atill at: a little dead child near; the poor mothstill alive, with a little dead infant in her arms. dear Swedish girl, with her heart full of comsion, laid the woman's head on her shoulder, but her for weight alarmed her, and looking down her face, she found the poor woman had died

L Sunday A School L

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE LOVED.

The people who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness, and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better natures of others. Most of us know of persons who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plain-faced man or woman who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if it came to a time of real stress, when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this plain-faced man or woman, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties, and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take. If you could look into human hearts you would be surprised at the faces they enshrine there, because beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.-Watchman.

PRAYER.

Grant me, I beseech thee, almighty and most merciful God, fervently to desire, wisely to search out, and perfectly to fulfill, all that is well pleasing unto thee. Order thou my worldly condition to the glory of thy name; and, of all that thou requirest me to do, grant me the knowledge, the desire, and the ability, that I may so fulfill it as I ought, and may my path to thee, I pray, be safe, straightforward, and perfect to the end. Give me, O Lord, a steadfast heart, which no unworthy affection may drag downwards; give me an unconquered heart, which no tribulation can wear out; give me an upright heart, which no unworthy purpose may tempt aside. Bestow upon me also, O Lord my God, understanding to know thee, diligence to seek thee. wisdom to find thee, and a faithfulness that may finally embrace thee. Amen.

JESUS is the only teacher that practiced perfectly what he taught. His life was above reproach. Men may say that his teaching is not practical, but they must acknowledge that he practiced it. On the ground that he was merely human, his superior life and knowledge must be accounted for. His life was perfect, and his wisdom far surpassed that of the world's greatest sages. Whence came this wisdom? He did not get it from the schools. He did not get it from heathen philosophers. And yet he reaches out and gathers all that is valuable among both lews and heathen, and with a vastly increased store of knowledge lays the foundation of a kingdom which is to include all nations. He legislated not for one nation simply, but for the entire earth.

The extraordinary furor raised by what is called higher criticism is lamentable evidence of the weak faith good people may have in the ability of the Word of God to vindicate itself. We do not mean that no opposition should be offered to the destructive criticisms of rationalist critics, but we do think that Christian people should have confidence enough in God's Word not to get into hysterics every time an assault is made on its integrity. No attack on the Scriptures lasts longer than a generation, and lovers of the Word should remember that God's anvil has worn out many a hammer and will wear out many more.

A LITTLE boy went to his pastor and told him that he wanted to be received into the church, for he was trying to be one of Jesus' disciples. When the minister asked him how he could be a Christian when he was so young, he said, "I put my hand in Jesus' hand, and he will lead me right."

WE are not sent into the world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts.

Whar we like determines what we are, and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

For * the * Wee * Folk

A RAIN SONG.

Don't you love to lie and listen, Listen to the rain. With its little patter, patter, And its tiny clatter, clatter, And its silvery spatter, spatter, On the roof and on the pane!

Yes, I love to lie and listen, Listen to the rain, It's fairies-Pert and Plucky, Nip and Nimbletoes and Lucky, Trip and Trimblenose and Tucky-On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen, Listen to the rain. I can see them running races, I can watch their laughing faces At their gleeful games and graces, On the roof and on the pane!

BROWN-TAIL AND PRICKLES.

MR. and Mrs. Rat had gone house-hunting and Brown-tail was left at home alone. The larder was empty, so he started on a voyage of discovery.

"If I could only get an egg!" he thought.

He ran along his tunnel, but at a turning suddenly drew back, for something pricked him sharply on the nose.

"Dear me!" he said, "what can that be?" He licked his nose and listened. Then he heard little paws busily at work, burrowing.

"It must be some of our family," he said. "There are no others that can burrow." And he went on again carefully. Again his nose was pricked so badly that he could not help crying out.

"Is there any one there?" said a small voice, and a funny little dark head appeared at the end of the

"Yes," said Brown-tail. "I was trying to find my way to the hen roost."

"Ah!" said Prickles, "that's the place I am bound for. I heard the hens cackling and I know I shall have a feast."

"I'm awfully hungry," said Brown-tail, feeling rather sulky.

"Wait a bit; there will be enough for you and me. too; only you had better not come too close."

"Was it you who pricked my nose?" said Brown-

"Yes," answered the hedgehog. "I'm very sorry I can't help it. I'm made that way."

Brown-tail sat down and waited, licking his lips now and then and thinking how funny it must be to stick prickles into your friends if they come too

At last Prickles reached the roost. A board was pushed aside, and he got in, after calling to Browntail to follow.

They had a fine feast, and Brown-tail slipped away; but Prickles, being tired with his hard work, curled up in a nest and went to sleep.

A few days later, as Brown-tail was running round the garden in the early morning, he heard a queer noise.

He was a brave little fellow, so he crept softly up to see what it was.

"Is that you, Brown-tail?" And a black nose and two little bright eyes appeared over the edge of a large box.

"What is it?" said Brown-tail.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Prickles. "I went to sleep in the hen roost, and the master came and dragged me out and gave me to the children here."

"Don't they treat you well?" said Brown-tail. "You should prick them."

"They are kind as kind can be, but I don't like being shut up. HI could only get out a little while sometimes I shouldn't mind.'

So Brown-tail began to nibble, and every night, as soon as it was dark, he came back and nibbled, until he had made a hole big enough for Prickles to get out.

"Thank you so much," said Prickles, as he scrambled through.

"One good turn deserves another," said Browntail, "Good-by," And away he ran.

LITTLE Willie had just been stung by a bee. "1 wouldn't mind it walking on my neck," he said between sobs, " if it hadn't sat down so awful hard."

HOW THEY ORGANIZED.

Ir was on a Sunday afternoon at the Hillside schoolhouse. There were fifteen people present, and they were all members of the Brethren church. It was a new country and they had moved in from different sections, and as one of their number was a minister in the first degree there had been some meetings at the schoolhouse, and on this particular day it had rained hard and the people were sitting around waiting for the shower to pass, when the question of organizing the members into a church came up. It so happened that they were all going to stay in the country, as far as they knew, and it was eminently fitting that there should be an organization into a body, but there was not one who knew how to proceed in the premises. True they had a minister, but he was in the first degree, and had no experience whatever. He could have gone ahead and organized the members into a church in the absence of others, and he could have held an election for deacons as well, but it was not advisable that he do so. So they didn't know just what to do, and decided to write a letter for advice. It is reproduced here, and when there is a similar occasion in the history of the church the bright boy or girl reader of the Inglenook can get up and read this letter which is deemed authoritative, and there will be no mistakes made.

Dear Brethren in the Lord, Greeting:-

I am in receipt of your letter of recent date in which you state that there are fifteen members in your neighborhood, and that you are desirous of organizing into a working church, and are not familiar with the course of procedure. It appears that you have no deacons, and one minister in the first degree. It is eminently considered the correct thing for you to do and this is the accepted method among the brethren.

A new church organization is only legal and in line of recognition when the members to it are so situated in relation to another regularly organized church as to render attendance either impracticable or impossible. This is your situation. You should ascertain the address of the nearest elders, two of them, and go into correspondence with them in relation to the matter. It appears that there is no other official but your one minister, and this means that there will have to be an election of deacons. This can be done at the time of the organization of the church. When you have learned the date at which your invited elders will be with you, all the members should be present with their church letters from their former homes. A record book should be had at this first meeting, and a full and accurate minute should be kept of every proceeding done in council. This is very important, and should not be neglected.

The visiting elders can hold an election for deacons, and after satisfying themselves that all the parties present are in fellowship, the name of the church can be decided on, and the organization declared completed. It will then be the immediate duty of the new church body to select an elder, and in this there is perfect freedom on the part of the members. The rule is to take the nearest elder that is acceptable to the members. Until the church has attained such a growth and standing that it has duly qualified ministers of its own it must be under the watch care of the nearest elder regularly ordained.

This method outlined here will be recognized by the church at large as regular and legal, and there will be no question as to your status in regard to the Brotherhood. The points to avoid are taking action without consultation, and ignoring the authority of those already in office.

Fraternally yours,

THE ORIGIN OF SOME COMMON CUSTOMS.

WHEN walking on the street with ladies, it is customary for men to take the side next the curb. This dates from the days when street paving was little used and the roadways were mudholes. The owners or users of vehicles had small consideration for pedestrians, and these latter were apt to be well bespattered when my lord passed in his coach. Of course those farthest from the road suffered least, and the gay sparks of Queen Anne's time had frequent fights over giving and taking "the wall." It was a mark of high courtesy to yield the inner side, us at home too often.

and, although the necessity for such action has passed away, "the wall" is given to women as a sign of deference. When escorting a lady, she takes the man's left arm that the right may be free to draw a sword in her defense.

In America it is usual for men to sit next the aisle in churches, in theatres, and at similar gatherings. A relic of our colonial history is preserved in this, as in earlier days such gatherings were liable to be disturbed by attacks from Indians, and the men sat next the aisles and near the doors so as to get out more quickly to repel the enemy.

Men's dress retains many traces of former days. The closely-trimmed hair dates from the time of Cromwell and the Roundheads. The buttons on the sleeve were intended to hold the gauntlet, and those sewed on the back of the coat, just below the waist line, were first placed there to support the sword belt. The coat itself was of the shape retained by the frock coat at present, but the skirts interfered with the free action of the limbs and were turned back. In time these flaps were cut off, and the ceremonial garment assumed the familiar "swallow-tail" shape.

NORTHWESTERN COAST SEA LIONS.

THE name of sea lion has been given to a number of large seals of both hemispheres, either from their savage appearance, roaring voice, powerful canine teeth or maned neck. The northern sea lion is found on the east shore of Kamschatka, around the Kurile Islands and down the west coast of North America, on rugged shores and desert rocks of the ocean, nearly to latitude 40 degrees. The average sea lion is about fifteen feet long and weighs sixteen hundred pounds. The males have stiff, curled hair on the neck, a thick hide, a large head, bushy eyebrows, long nose, and are covered with coarse hair of a tawny color. They live upon fish and smaller marine animals. The sea lion, although not accounted of much value in the commercial world, is invaluable to the natives of the Northwest coasts of America. The Indians use their skins for covering boats, and for making long boots; they make water-proof garments by sewing together their intestines, and convert the stomach walls into oil pouches, and dry the flesh for food. The sea lions are far less numerous than the fur seals, and as they are not protected in any way from indiscriminate slaughter, the species is becoming greatly reduced in numbers, and within this generation may become extinct.

THANKS.

CONEMAUGH, PA.

Editor of the Inglenook:-

WE have been reading your most excellent paper since it first started, and are very well pleased, yes more than pleased,-delighted with it. Our children not being able to read very well yet call for reading from it as soon as it comes, and I know it is safe to place in their hands as they grow older. I have said this: I wish it had been printed thirty-five years sooner and I could have had it ever since. Long live the Inglenook, and may God direct the pen of contributors and Editor.

M. E. H.

SPELL THIS.

Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence:

"It is agreeable to witness the unparalleled ecstasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two peeled pears."

Read it over to your friends, and see how many of them can spell every word correctly. The sentence contains many of the real puzzlers of the spelling-book.

SOUTH AMERICAN HORNET NESTS.

THE nests of South American hornets are used by the natives as baskets, being light, strong, and so tight as to be waterproof. They are cleared of the partitions and cells in the interior, and with handles affixed, make useful domestic utensils.

THE opportunity to make fools of ourselves comes to us all now and then, and unfortunately finds

Advertising Column.

The Inglenoor reaches far and wide among a class of bitelligent per mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled a class of burglasting constituency. Advertisaments of the constituency. mainly agricultural, and nearly an open-to-do. The anords an unequaled of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that are proved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of \$1.2 to order and no discount whatever by continued at \$1.2 to order. proved by the management was descently as the annountrate of \$1, inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued intensinch, cash with the order, and succeeding time. The inglenook is the organ of the church carrying advertisements.

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VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., JULY 28, 1900.

No. 30.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

We met them on the common way; They passed and gave no sign-The heroes that had lost the day, The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see Their mighty ranks contain Figures too great for victory, Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come From glorious foughten fields; Some bear the wounds of combat, some Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here, If we in aught prevail, Grant, God, a triumph not too dear, Or strength, like theirs, to fail.

HAVE AN APRICOT?

The season for gathering apricots will be about wer when this INGLENOOK reaches its readers.

Roughly estimated the present apricot yield is worth \$2,250,000 to the State, and the same estimate as it that there are between 40,000,000 and 46,000,to pounds of apricots grown in California this

The growing of this peculiar golden fruit on an extensive scale is limited in America to the Pacific to ast, and especially to California. There are a ewapricots here and there in spots sheltered from he cold weather in winter in the eastern States, but enerally the eastern apricot grows no larger than a ommon hickory nut. There are small orchards of pricots in the south of France, in Italy and in Turey, and larger ones in Japan, but nowhere in the orld are apricots grown on the wholesale plan of alifornia. The product of this fruit in California smore than treble that of all the rest of the world. afive or six years more, when the thousands of oung apricot trees now growing in this State come no full bearing, it is likely that the annual yield lapticots in California will be upward of 100,000,- ∞ pounds, and that the product of the rest of the orld will be insignificant by the side of it.

The growth of the horticultural interests in Caliorgia in the last decade is most wonderful, and the brease in the area of apricot orchards has kept ace with that of prune, peach and orange orchards. 1870 there were but 1,200 apricot trees in the thole State. In 1885 the peach, prune and apricot to the orchardists of California bout \$270,000. In 1895 they were worth over 1,200,000. In 1885 the total apricot yield in this late was about 2,800,000 pounds, and in 1890 it was 5000,000 pounds. The State board of horticulture r California reports the acreage of apricot orbards at about 32,500 acres, and it is roughly estiated that some \$4,800,000 is invested in apricot thards, the drying houses and all the appurtethes to growing the fruit and getting it ready for

The apricot orchards in Santa Clara County, in vicinity of San Jose, are the largest in the old. Several orchards there are over 100 acres in the total many cover fifty and seventy acres. total acreage of apricot orchards in Santa ata County is over 5,000 acres. Then there are ge orchards in the Sacramento valley and fough Sonoma and Merced Counties. In south-California Ventura County produces the most ticots, and this season has some 500,000 pounds

valley is another important producer of apricots and last year had some 6,000,000 pounds of fruit, or 350 carloads.

In California the apricot grows, with good care and plenty of moisture in the ground, to the size of hens' eggs. The Royal and Moorpark varieties grow as large as the common Crawford peach, and three of them commonly weigh a pound. The apricots of all other parts of the world are seldom larger than English walnuts, and have an acid flavor that is not known in the California product. The fruit is smooth skinned, has a free stone, and the flesh is of a deep salmon tint. Apricot trees are "shy" bearers, and with all that science and the arts of horticulture may do they cannot make the apricot a steady bearer year after year, like the fig, the orange, lemon or plum. One year the apricot trees will produce so heavily that the orehardist must early in June begin daily to put props under the overburdened limbs of the trees, or they will be rent asunder by the limbs tearing away from the parent trunk. The next year, in spite of extraordinary care and ample fertilization and pruning, the same tree will yield very scantily, to be followed the succeeding year by another enormous crop.

The gathering of the apricot is the first work of the grower of deciduous fruit toward his summer harvests in the orchards. Along about July 1 the orchardist in California and his men will get from the storehouse hundreds of fruit trays, each a yard square, an inch deep and made of thin slats nailed to a strong frame. The trays are repaired and made ready for another season of drying service, beginning with the apricots and ending with raisins in late September and early October. The public schools close in June, so boys and girls by the ten thousand are ready for the fruit harvest, when the apricots have turned to butter yellow at about the middle of July. Men, women and children look forward from the orange picking and packing season to the time when they can earn money in the apricot harvest.

There are lively scenes in the orchards when the pickers begin their work. Apricot picking is easy; the trees are comparatively low and symmetrical, and the picker, standing on a step-ladder, with a basket suspended from his neck, pulls away the fruit at arm's length. At regular intervals the ranchman comes with a horse and wagon and carries the fruit to the drying-house. Here is the liveliest scene of all. If it is on the property of a man who grows apricots on a large scale-that is, in an orchard of forty or fifty acres-there are several hundred women and children working at long rows of tables. The apricots are run down the middle of each table in chutes by the cartload, so that the fruit is easily reached by all of the workers at the tables.

From the slicing tables the trays, covered with halved apricots, each turned skin down, and piled on cars on a little narrow tramway, are run to the bleaching houses. These are cheap wood structures, the size and shape of the common railroad switchman's shanty. The trays and car are run into the bleacher, where a heavy cloud of sulphurous smoke is started at the bottom and fills the structure. The fruit is kept in the sulphur fumes about ten minutes, and when the trays are brought out the apricots on them are perceptibly lighter colored. From the bleaching houses the car on the tramway carries the trays and fruit to the drying yard close at nand, where the sun may shine on them all day dust and where the sun may shine on them all day

long. The ground is covered with clean cloth and on this cloth the trays are arranged side by side. Often an area of five or six acres is covered with drying fruit. In Pomona valley several co-operative fruit concerns have drying yards of fifteen acres

The total pack of apricots in California last year was a little more than 406,000 cases of canned fruit. The fruit canneries buy only the best of the apricot crop. When the season of apricots comes around the canners have contracts for its season's "buy" of that fruit. The grower must furnish a product of a certain size and weight; he must have his crop carefully picked and hauled to the cannery so that no bruises mar the fruit.

After the growing of oranges and lemons there is no fruit that is so general a money-maker for the horticulturist as the apricot. A bearing orchard of apricot trees, carefully cultivated and in good soil, will safely be worth to the horticulturist anywhere from \$100 to \$180 an acre each year. Several hundred orchards brought even \$335 an acre in 1890.

There are seventeen distinct varieties of the fruit in America, and eleven grown in California. There are, however, but three varieties known by the rank and file of horticulturists. They are the Royal, Moorpark and Blenheim. The Royal is the favorite variety. It grows in almost any well-watered soil, and comes to full bearing at six years of age, when it will often produce about 250 pounds to the tree. The Royal originated in the south of France, and was first brought to California in 1862. It has proved the best of all adapted to the soil and climate of the Pacific coast. The Moorpark came from the gardens of the Duke of Manchester in England, and is best adapted to the colder and more moist climate of northern California. It is a poor bearer in southern California. The shipper of green fruits to the eastern markets finds the Moorpark the best of all for keeping purposes. The Blenheim apricot originated in California, and the fruit runs larger than any other variety of apricots, and is the favorite with canners for its size and juiciness. Trees that have proper soil and careful attention bear some fruit when three years old, and about fifty pounds of fruit per tree when but four years old. Horticulturists say that such rapid growth is not known elsewhere in the world.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind, and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself,

A pair of feet to do errands of love, and kindness, and charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to speak, true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear music of bird and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true-God's finger print in flower and field and snowflake.

"What makes it go?" asked one of the curious

"Money," replied the owner of the automobile, who had become tired of answering that question. 'Same as a mare."

W Correspondence W

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

Mr. Morris, Ill., July 23, 1900.

Dear sister Katie:-

l came over here from Elgin, and it is a day's journey, though it is not so far away after all. This is the place where the Messenger was printed before it went to Elgin. It is a quiet, tree-grown western town, and it is full of Brethren. The Mt. Morris College is also here, and it is a very pretty place, surrounded with trees and a great big campus, or yard. The town is a place where there are a good many pleasant homes, and the people have fitted up their yards and lawns very nicely with trees, and flowering plants. The place has the typical country village look that I like to see.

What interested me the most was the Old Folks' Home, for our people, located here. It isn't a bit like I thought it was. It is on the edge of town, practically in the country, and would never be known for a home by the stranger walking about, seeing what he could see. This is the story of the institution. A brother not very far away from here left a large sum of money to the church, and the heirs made a fuss about it, as is usual in such cases, and in the compromise the church got about onethird what it should, or about \$18,000, and the interest on this goes to supporting the Home in part. It is not intended for any others than those living in the Northern District of Illinois, and if there is a brother or sister in any of the District churches, past the working, or at least the earning stage, and they are recommended as worthy, they are admitted as inmates. If they have any property it is deeded to the home when they go in. This is right, as if a man has a little property, and the church takes care of him all his life, it is only right that what he has shall go to the help of what helped and cared for him when he needed it.

The house is a two-story brick building surrounded by a large fruit and vegetable garden, and there are some thirteen acres attached to it. Inside the house the idea that presents itself first is that of homelike solidity and comfort. There is rag carpet on the floors, and the house is cut up into rooms, as at a hotel, and these are all neatly and inexpensively furnished, heated by hot water, each room with a bureau, a wash stand, a good big bed, with clean and ample spreads on it, and some of the inmates have little things of their own that they have brought along. As far as the accommodations are concerned there are few private houses that have more, and lots of them haven't it as good. It is none too good, but there is no idea of a poor-house about the affair. It is a Home. There are twentythree inmates, and they are nearly all old. In the front room are a number of rocking chairs, for the people who live there. There is a good kitchen, with a splendid range, and the whole house is spotlessly clean. Of course I don't know, for sure, but it strikes me that things are better at the Home where these people live than they had themselves when they were doing it their own way.

I saw some of the people, and they were all old and nearly helpless. It reminded me of some quiet harbor where the weather-beaten vessels once active on the ocean had found a refuge. I asked the matron what they had for dinner that day, and she told me that chicken and noodle soup, and vegetables, was the bill of fare. I don't suppose that they have that every day, but what they get to eat is good, plenty, and well cooked. Two old men were working in the garden, and they were cheerful and talkative. It is a good place, but, Katie dear, it isn't our own home after all, and though we may all get there, or in one like it, I hope not.

I read what you said about your heau. Of course you don't care anything about him. He is a pretty good fellow, even though he does come to see you. But I'll tell you something, Katic, sometimes boys and girls say and do things that are best not said or done, and it takes two to do these things. Now you never say or do or allow what you wouldn't permit if Ma was right by, and then you will always have your beau's respect more than if you allowed loose talk. I heard a man say once that he liked fast girls but that he was going to marry one of the other kind. You seem to have caught on to the right way with a desirable "steady," for there is nothing to reach a man's admiration like the road to

his stomach. Poetry is a pretty good thing, at times, but a potpie is good at all times.

I expect to go from here to Kansas, but you write me here, and I will get your letter-all right. Give my regards to all our friends and write soon to

Your brother,

A CHANCE FOR EVERY GIRL,

BY LULA GOSHORN.

[The hard common sense of the tollowing article will be apparent to most readers. The woman who is a real, an unquestioned, good cook has a sure thing of it as long as she wants to work. Why is it that so many young women speak slightingly of "working in somebody's kitchen "? Is working in somebody's kitchen any worse than working in a store or a bank? Some of the best women we ever knew worked in kitchens. There is nothing wrong in the work. The mistake lies in the objector, and it is usually a poor and very objectionable pride at the bottom of it all that causes so many girls to go out of their way to enter stores, factories or the like, when real homes are open to them everywhere.—ED.]

Quite often the all-absorbing problem of bread and butter getting becomes as imperative to women as to men, and they begin to cast about for some means to meet the never ending-demand.

Why is it that so many seek the shop and office when more healthful and remunerative employment is passed unheeded?

You no doubt will be surprised and perhaps disgusted, when we tell you that the occupation of which we speak is that old-fashioned one which so truly belongs to women,—housekeeping.

Old as it is there is much yet to learn and if onehalf the time were devoted to its intricate and perplexing problems that is spent on fancy work and novel reading by an army of our girls, what wonders would be accomplished!

What a host of healthy, happy women we would have! What delightful homes and moral communities! The demand for household help is rapidly increasing, and anyone who has had occasion to employ help readily recognizes and rightly appreciates true worth in an individual.

Let a girl perfect herself as much as she may along the lines of cooking and serving a meal and she has mastered an occupation that will yield her an assured income for life. The profession is never crowded, the work is healthful and not necessarily hard,

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience, we may live without beart;
We may live without friends and may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

This comes as nearly being true as any verse expression we know. If a girl is ambitious enough to master the details of canning, preserving and drying, and to this add general household management, her wages will increase in proportion and her success in life be permanently established. Such a person need never know want.

Fair health of course is necessary, and good common sense, but both of these and much more is required in any other line of business that pays. Housework need not be, and is not drudgery, if properly managed, but how to manage it is the secret of success.

Experience is the best of teachers, and practice makes perfect. At the very least every girl should have some good practical knowledge in this branch of work, no matter how her taste inclines or whatever else her occupation.

If she never need use it, it will not hurt her, whereas if she is thrown upon her own resources at a moment's notice, she need not despair, for the road to remunerative employment lies open before her and she has only to enter and take possession. Work one-half as hard at this as you do in office or store and you will feel better, make more, have more leisure and be a better girl, a greater blessing to humanity and a truer woman than you would be otherwise. Whatever you do, make your employer's interests your own and discharge your duties cheerfully. Be ready to learn and work with a will and as God gives you a clear brain and healthy body you are blest among mankind.

Ladoga, Ind.

AFTER listening to a parliamentary candidate's fervid appeal, a shrewd old farmer was asked what he thought of the speech. His reply was, "Well, I dinna ken, but I think six hours' rain would ha' done a deal mair guid."

HOW THEY MANAGE IN CHINA.

In Peking and in other Chinese cities all the native officials as well as the foreign representatives live in what is called "Yamens." Literally translated a Yamen is an "official gate," but the term is applied to the entire group of buildings comprising the official residence. These buildings are arranged in a series of concentric circles, after the plan of the four cities, one within the other, which comprise Peking, and the whole group is surrounded by a high wall, which is entered through a wide gateway with high, carved pillars on either hand and huge, painted doors. In the center of the mass of buildings are the private living rooms of the official and those of his wife and concubines, if he has any. In the circle about the private apartments are the rooms of his secretaries, his waiting. rooms, and the large official court or reception room. Around the inside of the inclosing wall are the little huts where live the horde of servants and "runners" by which every Chinese public man is surrounded. It is the duty of this latter class to shout loudly when distinguished guests call upon their master, to follow and form a procession behind him when he goes out of the gate and to do all the "dirty work" which he wants accomplished If the official be a magistrate his Yamen also contains a prison, and his hangers-on stand ready at any time to execute the sentences pronounced by their master on the culprits brought before him.

And it is in the punishments inflicted on its criminals that China shocks the civilized world most sharply. Tortures and barbarities of the most in human and revolting kind are common, and a description of a day spent in a Chinese court of justice would be most unpleasant reading. The magistrate himself sits upon a chair covered with red cloth, on which are embroidered mottoes from the sayings of Buddha. Behind the chair are grouped half a dozen of the big, red umbrellas, of which every Chinese official is so proud. The magistrate himself is busy writing and apparently pays no attention to what is being said by the prisoner or wit nesses who are prostrating themselves before him At intervals the magistrate looks up and says a few words in a low voice to his attendants. Immediate ly the prisoner is stripped to the skin and laid face down on the floor before the judge. Then a man with a piece of bamboo, three feet long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick, comes forward and squats on the floor by the side of the prostrate pri oner, whom he commences to pat on the back with his rod. The blows are so light that the whole per formance seems at first like a farce, but as it con tinues the prisoner begins to writhe with pain, the blows meanwhile continuing without the slighted increase in force. Soon three or four men are re quired to hold the writhing and screaming prisond to the floor, the crowd of on-lookers meanwhile loudly applauding every fresh evidence of his su

This is one of the mildest of Chinese punishmenand is inflicted for what in this country would be called minor offenses. After the first prisonerh been released, to lean half fainting with pul against the wall, it may be that a Chinese pol man who has offended against the magistrate called for trial. He, too, is found guilty stripped of his clothing. Then the same perfo ance is gone through with, with the exception the the policeman has fastened small strips of woods his back against which the bamboo strikes, making no more impression than if the wall instead of the policeman were being whipped. The deception carried on before the face of the magistrate, and of course, perfectly apparent to him, as it is tel the crowd of on-lookers, but nobody calls attend to it and in a few minutes the farce is over and l policeman ready to go about his business as belo

In every Chinese court is kept a large collection of instruments of torture suited for persons of an ing degrees of strength, and similar collections hung up outside the Chinese police stations, idea being to give intending criminals a warning what is likely to happen to them if they persist what is likely to happen to them if they persist what is likely to happen to them if they persist what is likely to happen to them if they persist what determination to break the law. Under their determination to break the law. Chinese statutes no criminal can be tortured after he has confessed his guilt, but in practice rule is somewhat reversed. A person suspected crime is tortured until he confesses, after which course, no charges could be made to lie against court officials.

Nature & Study -

SOMETHING ABOUT ODORS.

PINAUD, the elder, the famous French perfumer, says in a little book which he wrote on the secrets of what he styled his art, that the cases in which but one scent is used for perfume are the exceptions, and that mostly five or six different scents are used for one perfume. These include what may be termed the basic principles of perfume, musk—which in minim traces is probably contained in all perfumes—rose, violet, jessamine, cassia, tuberose, and jonquille, the latter a species of daffodil. Nearly all artificial flower odors contain these leading odors, of course in greatly changing proportions, according to the particular perfume to be produced, and besides these there are others of the hundreds of odors known to the perfumer.

The professional perfumer knows by experience which odors will harmonize, and in making experiments he will no doubt make many mistakes, but, generally speaking, his work will be in the right disection.

Few odors are satisfactory and agreeable in themselves. One of them is ylang-ylang, whose deligious volatile oil, however, is almost invariably created with jessamine. Violets, on the other hand, would be altogether out of all question in a pure state. The essence would have but a faint fragrance of the flower and would be repulsive rather than agreeable. The flower fragrance is imparted to violet perfume by the addition of other odors, which in the compositions lose their own character. The development of the perfumer's art during the last decades is an achievement of modern chemistry. A vast amount of fragrant preparations is to-day made in the laboratories directly from the primary matter, and hence these perfumes require no longer the enormous quantities of natural flowers and blossoms which formerly had to be gathered with much labor and expense. However, there are but comparatively few products which have become cheaper by the new method. One of these is an heliotropin, which formerly cost \$250 a pound, but which now can be produced for \$5 a pound. Jonon, on the other hand, which is used in the production of violet perfumes, is still enormously expensive. A pound of the pure substance—as arule a 10 per cent alcoholic solution is usedcosts not less than \$800 a pound. It is the most expensive scent in the trade. Formerly it required not less than 14,000 pounds of violet flowers to produce one pound of the oil of violets, an almost incomprehensible quantity of flowers when it is considered that, for instance, Cannes and Nice, the flower paradises of Europe, produce annually not more than 50,000 pounds of violets.

Artificial musk is second in price, costing about 125 a pound. It will surprise most readers to earn that the famous oil of roses, erroneously ded attar of roses ranges only third in price. So chemistry has not succeeded in producing the agrance of the rose artificially, and hence the of roses, made in the Turkish province, unclia, is still the leading stock in trade in this the of perfumes. On the southern slope of the alkan Mountains there are vast fields of roses, of tich about 1,500 pounds of flowers from 15,000 ose bushes are required to produce one pound of he fragrant oil. The price of the Rumelian oil vats from \$75 to \$125 per pound. The oil of ylangang, a species of the custard-apple family, which ows profusely in the Philippines, costs from \$50 ¤ 560 a pound.

The relation of the nose to the different odors lows curiosities which at present are just so many ddles. One would think, for instance, that the other ose the stronger would be the impression, wickly as that of smell, and as the eye is unable to be nose reacts upon an odor which is too strong.

If jonon, the scent of violet, is brought to the lose in concentrated form it will not produce the lost of cedar wood, and if jonon is strongly dilutionally when an infinitesimal dose of jonon is comply when an infinitesimal dose of jonon is lost smell of violet is produced. Now, the oil of lost of violet is produced. Now, the oil of lost in the same of violet is produced.

cedar, as well as that of raspberries, is well known to the trade, but it is also known that no proportion of dilution of these oils will produce the oder of violets.

The fact that malodorous substances in proper dilution become odorous belongs to the same category. Indol, for instance, a product of decomposition of characteristically bad smell, if diluted, becomes an integral part of the delicious oil of jessamine, and a still more popular example can be found in the fact that the obnoxious odor of the flying bug, strongly diluted, changes to the agreeable odor of hyacinths. Hence it occurs frequently that perfumes smell entirely different from what the label would indicate, because the perfumer made the mistake of adding to the alcohol too much of the scent matter.

ABOUT SLEEP WALKERS.

Somnambulism is a phenomenon that has not been solved, either its cause or cure, and the stories related about sleep walkers are never ending. Usually the eyes are wide open, but it is frequently agreed that the somnambulist cannot see at those times.

A gentleman relates that when he was a young man an acquaintance was badly given to the habit, and he would often go out into the yard and wander about. One night a number of his friends lay in ambush for him just to watch his operations. By and by the door opened in a business-like way and out came, the young man. He went straightway across the street into a lot where there was a nut tree and proceeded to pick up nuts and put them in a pile. A few moments at this task, then he started toward the house. In getting over the fence he made a misstep and fell. This awakened him, and while he was in the first act of collecting his thoughts he saw in the darkness the young men who were watching him. Just at that time their appearance so startled him that he fled like a deer. The circumstance was so impressed upon his mind that he never afterward indulged in the habit.

Another gentleman tells an amusing incident that happened in his early life, when he was not more than six years old. He often found himself at the far end of the long, unfinished chamber where he slept, and usually could not awake sufficiently to find his way to bed again, so one or the other of his parents would hear him crying and come to the rescue. Naturally they got a little tired of the bother and no one should be blamed for what followed. As stated, the chamber was an unfinished one, and in place of the guard rail at the danger end of the stairway a number of barrels had been placed. When the night's somnambulistic tour culminated that left a lasting impression on his mind, as well as his body—he was near those barrels and it seemed had been struggling to get through between them when he must surely have been killed by falling down the stairs. The noise aroused the parents, and on this memorable occasion the father visited the chamber and just in time to save the lad from getting through. He was on his hands and knees pushing through and the opportunity for administering the usual punishment of those days could not have been better arranged to order. "Talk about spanking," said the relator; "why, that must have been forty years and more ago, but I can feel the sting as if it was last night! But it cured me, you may be sure."

MANY SPONGES FROM FLORIDA.

"This year the catch of sponges in Florida waters promises to be even larger than in t899, when sponges valued at \$300,000 were found off the coast by the fishing fleet," said a prominent resident of Key West, who is on a visit to New York, to a writer for the Star recently. "For several weeks prior to my departure from home all the boats on the bars of the bay were making catches which averaged between 400 and 500 bunches of sponges, and if the fishermen continue to make such excellent haufs the market will soon be well supplied with the article.

"The Florida fishermen detect the presence of sponges by means of a water glass, which is a simple contrivance that consists of a piece of glass inserted in the bottom of a bucket. The bucket is thrust into the water, and, looking through the slippery side up.

glass, the sponge hunter can generally distinguish any object at the bottom of the sea, even if the water be rough. The sponges are gathered with a pole from 18 to 40 feet long, with a three-pronged iron claw at the end.

"The sponge, which grows either on rocks or directly upon sandy bottom, is incased in a jet-black membrane. When the sponge grows under or partly beneath rocks, away from the sun, the membrane is pale in color, but it is always full of a thick, milky fluid. As the sponge is torn from its roots, and while still in the water, the fisherman gives his pole a sharp twist, which bursts the membrane and scatters the milk in the water. The milk is vilesmelling and produces an eruption whenever it touches the human flesh; but the operation of scattering the milk is considered very necessary and also the fisherman's duty, as it is believed to hold the seed of the sponge."

THE BIRDS THAT RETURN.

THE sole business of a migratory bird's sojourn in the summerland of its choice seems to be the rearing of a family. This accomplished, the thoughts of the birds seem to turn immediately to the South-to the warm, fruitful, indolent latitudes, where harsh winds and chilling rains and fading leaves never benumb bright spirits. Then conjugal ties break, fathers forsake mothers and offspring, and the latter follow as fast as strength permits. Thus again, as wave after wave sweeps down to us from Canada, as if on the wings of autumnal breezes, it is noticeable that old males are leading the hosts of each species, and that only later-sometimes much later-come females and young. I am careful to make this matter of the succession of ages clear, because of its notable significance in the problem: How do birds find their way? The old answer was short and easy: Instinct tells them. This means, if it means anything, that a bird is born with an intuitive knowledge of a road he has never seen, perhaps crossing an ocean. Moreover, migration routes are rarely straight lines north and south; to which the little creatures might be kept by some mysterious "sense of polar direction," but are usually somewhat roundabout, often crooked, and sometimes squarely east and west for a large part of the course.

WHERE OLD HORSES GO.

The mysterious disappearance of the brokendown and aged horses in our big cities has always been a matter of more or less speculation. A prominent dealer in horses of this character explains where at least part of them go. Says he:

"We pay the highest prices for horses to kill, and have an ambulance for disabled horses. We have been dealing in broken-down horses for the last five years, and always find a ready sale for them. Persons notify me that they have a horse which they want to dispose of, and I call upon them. Sometimes I pay them \$1, sometimes \$2, and sometimes as high as \$5 for an animal. But the \$5 ones I do not sell to the slaughter-house man, because I can generally fatten them up and dispose of them for as high as \$10 and \$20. The cheaper animals I drive 13 miles out into the country and sell them for \$3 a head. It makes no difference whether the animal is old or young, plug or thoroughbred, that's all the slaughter-house man will pay me. And they do a big business, too. Sometimes I have seen as many as 125 horses driven in there in a day."

A large force of men are employed in slaughtering old horses at the rendering establishments. The hides are sold to the tanneries, the hoofs to the glue factories, and the flesh is rendered into fertilizers and the bones to the sugar refineries.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—this is duty.—Amiel's Journal.

The great wall of China is said to be the largest piece of porcelain in the world.

Queer, isn't it, that water always freezes with the slippery side up.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

KEEPING PETS.

WE have a letter about keeping pet stock, asking some questions, and wanting to know about the moral side of the matter. The INGLENOOK thinks there is nothing at all wrong in keeping pets that are accustomed to captivity. It would be the height of cruelty to turn a canary loose. It would be sure to lose its life, sooner or later. Then all such things as rabbits, guinea pigs, and the like, are best cared for in captivity, and if they receive ordinary care are much better off in clean quarters than running wild.

It is wrong, to our mind, to attempt the caging of wild animals or their young. They never get accustomed to confinement, and are continually seeking escape. The temptation to imprison any young wild animal or bird that has come into our possession is to be resisted and the captive set free. It is an altogether different matter from the prison-born animal or bird.

Where there is a choice in the matter of selection only the high-grade animal or bird should be selected. They take a little more care, but the result is so much more to be desired. Fancy poultry, highborn pigeons, Belgian hares, or good dogs are always interesting, and, if properly handled, quite profitable to the breeder. If anybody thinks these are cheap things let him try buying some of the highest grade from a reliable dealer. The writer knows of Chihuahua dogs that will bring anywhere from \$200 to \$400 apiece, even in puppyhood, and the "crop" is engaged for years ahead. Starting out with a love for animals, and ordinary business sense almost anybody can have before him an unlimited field of operation. Even if no sales are contemplated high-class pets are better than common ones, even though they take more care and attention.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE person who plays with fire is likely to get burnt, and to burn others and his own property. It is clearly understood that there is danger in it. But there is something else that is equally, if not more, dangerous and destructive of life and property, and that is alcohol. No matter in what guise it may present itself, whether in the domestic wine, the imported champagne, or the beverages sold over the bar at the entrance to the alley, at the bottom of all intoxicants alcohol is the demon. It is not a secret. There is nothing hidden about it. It has been getting in its work for the past thousand years in one form and another. The Book says that he who is deceived thereby is not wise, yet there are people who think they can play with it and not get the worst of it. Some boys who read these lines may imagine that they can tamper with the thing and not be the loser.

There is no man living, and none that ever did live, who will not get worsted in a trial of strength with rum in any of its forms. It is only a question of time. No person is proof against its workings. It will get the better of any and all who measure strength with it. In small quantities it is a slow, cumulative poison. In larger portions it is a virulent and immediate poison. That some people take it in regular and continuous doses without apparent effect simply goes to show that you are not in a position to see the result, for it is there in one form or another.

The boy who takes it into his system in any shape is not wise. He is tampering with a thing that has not a single merit, and which is not fair, has no honor, and no good in it, as a beverage. The girl who offers it is a temptress to evil, and an accessory before the fact to all that follows of bad as a result in the individual she misleads. It is best left where it belongs-on the shelf along with other drugs of poisonous nature.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Mimicking.

THE tendency among young people toward mimicking people with some infirmity of speech or manner is too common. It should never be done at all. It should not be done because it is wrong, and that is reason enough. Suppose that some man risked his life to save yours, and became a cripple as a consequence. What would you think it you saw some thoughtless people walking behind him imitating his limp? If some boy or girl is born with a defect of speech is it not wrong to mimic such an one? Are they defective from choice? Are you helping anybody or doing any good by giving a poor imitation of their disability? Never do it, never allow it to be done in your presence without a reproof.

This mocking and mimicking habit is, apparently, natural to children but when it is carried out by a grown person it is simply beyond condemnation It is crystallized meanness. It is almost, if not altogether, as bad as giving a person a nickname on account of some personal disability. If a baby pitches down stairs and is so injured that it grows up permanently lamed, is it right that others should nickname him or her "Limpey"?

When Christ was on earth and he was brought into personal contact with the blind, the lame and the crippled, he healed them. He did not go about mocking their infirmities. He helped them. No Christian will allow himself to mimic a defect. On the other hand it is well to so relate ourselves to all such unfortunates as to lead them to believe that their disabilities are never noticed. Some of the victims of these physical defects are very sensitive, and it is the refinement of cruelty to hurt them needlessly. Never do it. If you have done it, resolve never again to do so. And rebuke others who thus outrage the proprieties by mimicking the unfortunate.

ORIGIN OF "SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE."

In old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "temse," and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve and after many years, when the old-fashioned tense was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why to-day we say that a stupid person will never set the river on

A correspondent criticises an article in a recent INGLENOOK which set forth the conditions prevalent in the church about a hundred years ago. He says in substance that the early church was very active in publishing, missions, Sunday schools, etc. This is true at a time coincident with the earlier history of the Germantown church, but at a later date, when the membership had spread in Eastern Pennsylvania, and engaged in agricultural pursuits very largely, progress was slow and correctly mirrored in the INGLENOOK. The most misleading thing in the In-GLENGOK article was the statement that a century ago there were no Annual Meetings. What was meant was that no such meetings as we now have then existed. The "Big Meeting," as the Annual Meeting of that day was called, met in some big barn, or in some church where there were many Brethren adjacent, and the record of the decisions shows a condition not at all like the animus and methods of the church to-day.

GRANDMOTHER'S DIFFICULTY,

SHE is a rich and dressy grandmother who came over from Chicago to attend a social function given by her daughter. There was quite a house party and she declined to appear at dinner on the night of her arrival.

"Are you ill, mamma?" inquired the daughter,

"No, never better in my life." Then she said something in strict confidence. "Now, don't try to argue me out of it. I'm just as proud as 1 was forty years ago. Can't little Charles slip down to the tel. egraph office with the message? I'll not telephone it or trust to a messenger boy."

"Certainly," and Charles was sent, after having entered a noisy protest. When dark came the old lady ventured down on the veranda and soon asked Charles if he had attended to that little errand.

"Course I did, missus; a game of ball, too, up on the commons."

"I hope you didn't read what grandma wrote?" from the mother.

"Yep, I read it. 'Twasn't sealed up. I laughed till I fell off my wheel."

"Charles!"

"That's what I did. Went flat on the pavement, But I can remember every word of it."

"Look!" almost shrieked the grandmother, and the boy saw a half-dollar sparkling in the electric light from across the way.

"I'll take you," he whooped, with his inherited sporting proclivities, mistaking her meaning, "It said: 'Send teeth. Upper bureau drawer, left-hand corner.'"

Two of them led grandma upstairs.

WITH the new price for the Inglenook from this to the end of the year there should be thousands of new subscribers on the mailing lists. If the old readers of the paper will speak a good word for it to their neighbors it will no doubt induce others to take a personal interest in it. We would like to have many thousands more than we now have. It is readily done if a little interest and energy i manifested in what we are doing as a church in a literary way.

THE question has been asked whether those not members of the church will be accepted as subscribers on the twenty-five cent basis as well as our own people. Certainly they will be, and it will bea pleasure for us to enroll all whose names are sent

KEEP your Inglenooks carefully. Flatten them out after you have read them and put them inasale place. They cannot be replaced and in the course of time they will be a matter of interest to those who come after you.

BRO. H. D. FLORY, of Mt. Morris, Ill., was the first to send in the correct answer to the grocer's oats problem in last week's Inglenook. The whole amount of oats was 100 bushels.

"THERE is bound to be a fly in the honey," said the disconsolate-looking citizen. "There's aliant some small circumstance that prevents joy from be ing complete."

"What is the trouble now?"

"The leading paper of my community printed my picture the other day."

"And it said that I was one of the people whom everybody knew—that my fame was such that it has spread beyond the confines of my native city and was carrying light into regions beyond."

"Then they got a little bit rushed in the office and put my friend Wiggins' name under my f

"That was a little unfortunate."

"It isn't the worst. Not a soul noticed it extern my wife. And all she said was that she didn think it looked much like Wiggins."

TEACHER (to little Isidor, who is very poor fractions)—If I need 31/2 yards of cloth for as and the cloth costs 23/4 guiden a yard, what will be

Isidor—To begin with, teacher, 3 yards would be enough for a suit, and you could get it at our strong for a suit. for 2 gulden. The suit would cost you 6 gulden.

ABOUT THE CHINESE.

SIMILAR in some respects to the celebration of Christmas in Christian countries is the observance of the devil's birthday in China. On this anniverof the sary many costly gifts are laid upon the altar of the There are many other superstitions current. In sending the kitchen god to heaven every year, the Chinese housekeeper has to burn it and tet the fumes ascend. It reports on the good deeds of the family for the year and brings good luck. Refore burning it the housewife dips her finger in a at of molasses and smears the upper and lower lip of the idol, so that when he arrives at the pearly city he may tell a sweet tale on the family and thus insure benedictions. A family, when gambling, will gover the eyes of the idol until the card playing is hrough. A woman in Luhoh city went to the temple to pray for the recovery of her son from mallpox. He recovered, but was marked with the fects of the disease. She returned to the temple hagreat rage, put a coil of rope around the idol's neck and soused it several times in the river, saying: "I'll teach you to lose your benign influence, vou rascal."

The form of greeting when two Chinamen of the name easte meet is for a man to clasp both his own ands before him, make a slight bow and say: Tsing, tsing," which means, "Hail, hail," and is equivalent to the American "How do you do?" Another form of greeting consists of words which nean, "Have you eaten rice?" to which the answer s. "I have eaten enough." Besides these, there nemany other forms of salutation to be used in teeping with the rank of the person greeted. The ighest form is the "San-kin-kin-kao," which neans thrice kneeling and nine times knocking the ead on the ground. The emperor and heaven are poshiped by this salutation. It was the refusal of hefist American and English ministers to China operform this abject ceremony which caused much elay in securing treaty rights and led to the war 11858 in which the English and Americans acted

The Chinese are noted as early risers, a fact that my be accounted for by the statement that their leeping apartments are, as described by a recent isitor to Shanghai, "models of discomfort." hese rooms, even in the homes of the wealthy, are sually dark and poorly ventilated, and are like inde cupboards. The bed is usually a canopied, laborate affair, heavy and beautifully carved, and his piece of furniture is often handed down from ther to son through many generations. But there nothing elaborate about the bed covering. In lace of a mattress there is a mat, and the covering the occupant's clothing, or possibly a wadded will. Extra clothing is provided for cold weather, od in the north, where the weather is extremely ^{old}, the carved wood bedstead is not used. There, whe house of every well-to-do citizen, and in the ms, there are divans of masonry beneath which treate fireplaces, and on these divans the people eep and the fire is utilized for cooking purposes. There are no pillows in Chinese beds. They lave instead hollow square frames of rattan or mboo, or blocks of wood fashioned so that they the nape of the neck and support the head when ying on the side. People who have used these Abstitutions for pillows say they are much more omfortable than soft, hot feather or hair pillows, specially in warm weather. These substitutes for pillows are used even by those people who have 00ms furnished with modern tables and other Euopean furniture.

The Chinese have no use for bathrooms or bathparaphernalia.

The literature of no country in the world is more extensive than is that of China. The books commise the dynastic histories of the celestial centuries and works on natural history, astrology and geograble universe, with England, France, Germany, Afridad India as little islands round them—America little in anoty et discovered). Other works aphy, with all its belles letters, etc.

The imperial library at Peking contains 92,242 moks, ln 1409 A. D. an imperial commission completed a dissertation from the encyclopedia and it al work has 10,000 volumes beautifully illustrated.

It is considered a sacrilegious act to tread on a piece of printed paper. Receptacles for waste paper are on every street corner. It is a meritorious act to gather the sacred characters and save them from desceration. The love of learning is so great that many learn to read from the flowery oriental signs over the shop fronts. It is said that if all the classics were destroyed the knowledge of these Scriptures is so diffused that there are 1,000,000 men in China who could reproduce them from memory.

EGG CANNING INDUSTRY.

When the warm days of spring and summer come the hens all over the country compete with each other in laying eggs, and the receipts multiply so rapidly that the markets would be completely overwhelmed in every city if it were not for the coldstorage houses, which absorb a large proportion of the surplus. Beginning early in April, the receipts of eggs in New York average between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 a day right through the spring and summer, and prices naturally drop rapidly. The consumptive demand of the city averages only something like 3,000,000 eggs per day, and the query is, What becomes of the other million or two?

If one should visit any of the huge storage ware-houses in hot weather he would soon ascertain, for now is the season when speculators are purchasing eggs by the hundreds of thousands for future use. Next winter, when the hens go on a strike because of cold weather and refuse to lay more than a few eggs a week, prices will go up rapidly and the consumers will have to pay something like 30 and 40 cents a dozen. It is when prices have reached these outside figures that the storage-house speculators expect to unload their stock and sell them at a material advance.

The average consumer of fresh eggs may consider this an imposition, and wonder if he is going to have served up for his next Christmas dinner the eggs that are laid here in May and June. This is not exactly what he may expect, but in a more indirect way he will eat some of these summer eggs next winter, and he will be perfectly satisfied that they are all right. The eggs will not be served to him as fresh country eggs, fried, poached or boiled, as he orders, but they will be deftly mixed with his cake, confectionery and other fancy bakers' stuff, so that he will never know the difference.

When the cold-storage houses begin to stock up with the eggs in summer they have to buy in such enormous quantities that there is naturally a great loss in cracked and broken eggs. In handling several million eggs a day no amount of care could prevent breakage. Indeed, thousands of them are broken in transit to the city, and others are cracked in moving from the railroad cars to the stores. If these cracked and broken eggs were all thrown away the annual loss would easily amount up into the millions. To offset these losses the storage houses have invented all sorts of ways to utilize the broken eggs. The most successful so far is to can the broken eggs and sell them to bakers and confectioners.

Canned eggs keep just as well and fully as long as canned meat, fruit or vegetables. When put in cans that are rendered absolutely air-tight there is no chance of their decaying. It is the air which enters through the shell of an egg that causes its meat to decay. This is proved by the many methods of preserving eggs. Fresh eggs coated thoroughly with paraffine and then stored away in limed water will keep for months in a comparatively fresh condition, and their keeping powers will be in proportion to the success in excluding the air. Of course, a certain amount of air will reach the eggs even in this condition, and gradually they will show a decaying tendency, although eggs have been preserved for six months and a year.

Before the eggs are canned, however, they are separated, and the whites and yolks are put up in different cans. When the baker or confectioner wants to make white frothing for his cake he opens a can of the whites of eggs, or if he wishes to make custard for his pie or puddings he takes the canned yolks. Thus there is no waste, and time and labor are saved also.

In the middle of winter, when eggs are soaring away up in price, these canned eggs make it possible for the baker and confectioner to serve us with

cakes, pies, candies and creams at the same price charged in summer. Thus the storage warehouses which have canned the eggs for us save the consumers considerable in the winter, and also lighten the labors of the bakers and confectioners. There is nothing disagreeable or unpalatable about these canned eggs. They are fresh and sweet when canned, and they do not deteriorate in the least unless the cans happen to be imperfect, in which case they spoil the same as canned fruit or vegetables.

In hot countries canned eggs are used quite extensively, and the storage houses can considerable quantities for export. In some years the cheap eggs in the height of the laying season are actually broken for canning. In hot countries the canned eggs will keep a long time, especially if stored away in cool places, and the people can use them as needed. In many tropical countries fresh eggs are difficult to secure, and the natives often prefer the canned northern eggs to the so-called fresh eggs sold in the markets. The Americans are the only people so far who have entered into this egg-canning industry, and American canned eggs in South American countries and the West Indies have no competition from similar goods from Germany, England or France.

But sometimes the decayed and cloudy eggs are canned. In fact, all that come to the market are handed over to the canners if they cannot be sold as fresh eggs. These rotten and cloudy eggs, however, are never put on the general market, nor is there any chance of their being sent to bakers by mistake. They are canned for the leather trade, and not for the consumptive market. In tanning leather, and especially in putting on the fine gloss of expensive leather, eggs have long been recognized as indispensable articles. But good eggs are too expensive for the work, and tanners do not like to accumulate rotten eggs owing to their odor.

The eggs that reach the market in a cloudy or decaying condition are not so far decayed as to have a very disagreeable odor. If canned immediately, they become no worse. When the tanners open a can of such eggs the odor may be a little offensive, but not so overpowering as might be the case if a few dozen eggs were stored away for use in hot weather. A can of eggs is opened only when needed, and the contents immediately used. Thus the cloudy and decaying eggs find a market at prices that pay the canners and save the tanners' money.

The vast quantities of egg shells obtained from these canneries are also sold for various purposes. They are both utilized for making commercial fertilizers and for manufacturing some of the numerous hen foods that are now put on the market. In order to make the hens lay more eggs in winter it is necessary to feed them with lime-forming food, such as green bone, clam and oyster shells. The egg shells are even better than any of these, for they contain the exact substances that the hens require in their systems to facilitate the work of nature in producing eggs. So hen food that contains a fair amount of ground or powdered egg shells is excellent for stimulating the birds to greater energies in winter.

LEARNING CHINESE.

It may be that the Chinaman in the following incident knew the language well enough, but, like the smartest of babies, refused to "show off" when it was most desired that he should do so.

"I speak to the servant always in his native language. He understands me."

"Does he?"

"Certainly. I've forgotten my handkerchief."

"There's a chance. Tell the boy to fetch it."

He turned to the servant and uttered peculiar. Chinese sounds. The boy bowed and walked off.
"There, you see, he knows. I have told him to

bring me a handkerchief, and put it on the table."

The boy returned promptly—and put a pair of

The boy returned promptly—and put a pair of boots on the floor beside him.

"Miss Sweet-Mabel," began the timid young man.

"Well, Mr. Skairdee—George?" she replied, encouragingly.

"I was—er—wondering what you would say if I asked you to—er marry me. Mind you," he added hastily, "I'm only saying 'if."

Good Reading

THE BOX HOSPITAL.

What becomes of the thousands of boxes, barrels, casks, crates and other packages that are emptied daily by Chicago stores and factories?

You receive a barrel of apples from the old folks down on the farm, and when emptied the barrel is converted into kindling wood or set out for the garbage man to remove. This is generally the fate of boxes or other packages that find their way to the house. But these things have considerable value when properly utilized, and as nothing escapes in Chicago a surprisingly large trade has developed in second-hand packages.

Shippers have discovered that they can be had for about half the cost of new ones and generally answer fully as well. The demand has resulted in the establishment of a trade requiring several hundred thousand dollars capital, but about which little is known outside of those immediately interested in it.

The department stores and other big retailers receiving car loads of goods daily can ill afford to utilize any of their valuable floor space as storage rooms for empty cases. Besides, they are worse than useless after the contents have been removed. But the jobbers and wholesalers over on Jefferson and Market streets use many packing cases and want to buy them as cheaply as possible.

This has created an opportunity for the middleman to relieve the one of his burden and supply the needs of the other, with a good profit to himself. There are many small dealers in second-hand packages in Chicago, and a few whose annual business runs into six figures. The small fry generally sell to the big firms, though some have regular customers among both retailers and shippers. It is generally more profitable, however, to sell to the big concerns on account of the expense of repairing the cases.

The repair shop or "hospital" of a second-hand package dealer is an interesting place to visit. Out on the north side was a foundry years ago, and its sooty, dust-covered walls and rafters, festooned with ancient cohweb draperies, are a fitting background for the heterogeneous contents. Ranged in tiers are all sizes, shapes and kinds of boxes and cylindrical packages from the gallon cask to the monster tun. Busy coopers and carpenters are "doctoring" up the cripples, while in the center of the big structure is a pile of burning refuse which a man is industriously stirring with a long-handled fork.

There are packages from Japan, Arabia, India and almost every European country, as well as multitudes that have held domestic products. Receptacles that have held delicate perfumes, shoe blacking, table sauces, plug tobacco, sewing machines, patent medicines, soap, cereal foods and cigarettes keep company with wine bottles from California and Europe.

A shipper desires fifty, a hundred or more boxes of a particular size. If they are not in stock, deft workmen soon construct them from larger packages. The retail merchant generally makes an annual contract with the middlemen and his empty packages are removed daily or oftener if necessary. Their condition regulates the price and much care is exercised in cutting the binding strap and drawing nails so that the wood may not be damaged. Many boxes are as good as new, while others, owing to carelessness in opening, require to be almost rebuilt or are utilized for repairing others. The trade in barrels, casks, etc., is very extensive and in many cases the packages are bought and sold by the same shipper and consignee through the second-hand man until his profit far exceeds the original cost.

One soap factory empties as many as 1,500 barrels of tallow in a single day. These are taken by the second-hand man, who ships them out to the stockyards and sells them to a packer to be refilled with tallow, and so they pass back and forth.

Sugar barrels are gathered up, and in many cases go back to the refineries, although large numbers are shipped out in the country to be filled with apples or potatoes. During the fall it is impossible to supply the demand for apple barrels. One man gathered up 11,000 in one week, but said he had orders for three times that number.

Whisky barrels are about the only kind that there appears to be any trouble over handling. The demand depends mostly on the extent of the fruit crop. If the spring indications point to a heavy crop, whisky barrels command a good price all summer, otherwise there is not much demand for them. Hundreds of casks arrive in Chicago filled with olives. The wholesaler repacks this table delicacy in glass and the empty casks ultimately reach the big slaughter houses. The packers use them for pickling tongues, hearts and other fancy meats. Each cask will hold 1,000 pounds, exclusive of the brine, and many car loads of them are shipped to Kansas City, Omaha, and other smaller packing towns. Hundreds of car loads of heavy barrels are also sold to outside packers annually.

Another source of revenue is in hogsheads, many of which reach Chicago filled with chloride of lime. This is repacked in cans or barrels and the casks are sold to Ohio potteries; nine car loads went to Cincinnati recently in a single consignment. They are used for the shipping of earthenware.

Silicate of soda comes here in large quantities from Philadelphia, and as it requires a superior grade of cooperage the shippers find it to their advantage to repurchase the barrels and pay the freight back East instead of supplying new ones, so that the same barrel may travel out West from the Quaker City many times.

While only a few of the uses to which secondhand packages are put have been enumerated here, they give a fair idea of the magnitude of the industry.

THE CITY FRUIT STAND.

To the casual observer it seems as though he always saw the same pyramid of red apples, the same bags of peanuts and the same bunch of bananas suspended from the canopy of the stand. But such is far from being the case. The keeper of the fruit stand on a good corner in Chicago makes a very fair living.

How much the average street fruit man makes it is hard to say, for like other merchants they resent inquiries touching their receipts, but from the fact that they continue in business night after night for years and the further fact that they own in some cases more than one stand, it would appear that they are engaged in a profitable business. One west side man owns no less than six stands, an Italian on the south side owns ten and many others have from two to five, employing helpers at each.

Formerly the street fruit stand, night or day, was a poor thing in appearance and the goods offered for sale, with the exception of a few places, were small in number and indifferent in quality. The keeper, too, was generally a surly unintelligent person of squalid appearance. All this has greatly been changed. Some of the stands are large and elaborate in construction, lighted by gas or electricity and the fruit displayed runs nearly the whole range of horticulture, from the cheap apple to expensive tropical importations. The men in charge have undergone a change, and while they are still sharp, shrewd fellows they dress better, usually speak English well and are polite and obliging.

Some of the leading stands down town cost several hundred dollars, have glass fronts, electric lights and are well heated. One or two places in town have small motors, which run the peanut roasters, and the owners show great taste in displaying to the best advantage what they have for sale.

The great increase in the city's population and the consequent increase in the number of night workers is responsible for the larger number of all-night fruit stands. Their customers include all sorts and conditions of men and women. From the copper on the beat, to the man the copper is after; from the man-about-town in evening dress to the seedy wayfarer who scrapes the pennies from his ragged coat pocket. Everyone who loves fruit—and who does not?—buys of the night fruit dealer.

It is an ordinary thing for a good fruit stand to take in after six P. M. from \$8 to \$10, and more than that during the day. The men work in shifts. The fruit is bought at wholesale in South Water Street. Besides the \$5 yearly license paid to the city for each stand, the keeper turns in from \$1 to \$15 a month for the privilege of occupying a part of the sidewalk.

HOW PRINCES ARE PUNISHED.

That there is no whipping boy in Germany was evidenced the other day when the empress sent her eldest son, the future emperor, from the table on account of his rudeness. The prince, it appears, was unmannerly to a younger brother, and the empress, turning to the French tutor, who on that occasion had charge of the prince, said:

"Monsieur, I beg that you will ask me to excuse his royal highness the prince."

The tutor begged that the prince be excused and that young gentleman was forced to leave the table without finishing his meal. It is well known that the royal boys of Germany have had to grin and bear many a sound flogging administered by the imperial hand, along with a vast deal of discipline from governors, tutors, etc.

A different state of affairs this from the time when a boy was kept to be punished instead of a prince. In England such a youth was called a whipping boy, and a famous English artist, W.A. Stacey, painted a portrait of Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI., trying to defend his whipping boy from a flogging which he himself deserved.

In those day's a prince who was to be a king was looked upon and treated as a person of great importance. His person was held to be sacred and so it would never have done to punish him. If an English prince missed his lessons, was rude to his teachers, or committed any of the other naughty tricks common to saucy children, his whipping boy was flogged. In Stacey's picture the prince's governess, an old woman, is represented to be about to flog with a formidable bundle of switches the little whipping boy, who, with hat in hand, appears astonished when the prince, rushing up, seizes the bundle of switches.

On that occasion Prince Edward had not only refused to learn his lessons, but had persisted in teasing his old governess to such a degree that she was finally forced to resort to the extremity of punishing his whipping boy. The name of the lad who took Edward VI.'s flogging for him was Barnaba Fitzpatrick, and it is said that he and the prince were life-long friends. The painting represents the last flogging which he was compelled to take for the royal child, who was so much impressed by their justice of the practice that he ever afterward behaved himself so well as to leave no excuse for punishment.

MARINES ARE FIGHTERS.

THERE is apparently a great deal of inexcusable ignorance in the country in regard to the Unite States marine corps. It is a body of fighters just? distinct and separate from army and navy as the two bodies are from each other. It is not subords nate to either army or navy in the least, but has a entirely individual existence. Perhaps one reason that people have so little familiarity with it is the in the numbers of its enlisted men it is far behind both the army and navy. In the whole mante corps of the United States there are at press probably not over 3,500 or 4,000 men, but this num ber will shortly be raised to 6,000, and in a year so it is said it will be raised to 10,000 men. The marine corps is composed of men who are trained for fighting at sea or on land, either one, but the especial qualification is for sea fighting. That a their exclusive function, and in that way this brance of the government service differs from both the army and navy and cannot well be confused will cither.

"It is rather surprising how little people in general seem to know of the marine corps," said connel Harrington. "Its great age and the history its service would seem to warrant a greater knowledge of it on the part of citizens of our country remember once I registered myself at a San Facisco hotel as of the marine corps. Shortly always ward a man who had inspected the register came to me and we fell into conversation. We had been talking very long before he asked me what strument I played in the band. He knew the marine,' for he had seen it used in connection the famous Washington band."

SAKES ALIVE! THANKS THOUGH.

"If I know, the INGLENOOR is the best your paper in America, doubtless in the world."

C., in letter.

ooo The o Circle ooo

UFFICERS -W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Bellenormal State of Control of

CIRCLE MEETINGS.

SISTER LOVENIA S. Andes is an earnest Circle worker in Lancaster city. Their Circle meetings prove very interesting. We requested a programme of one of their meetings. She gave us the

Opening exercises consisted of singing, the reading of the first part of the Epistle of James, and prayer. Then they sang another hymn, after which the minutes of the preceding meeting were which the minutes of the preceding meeting were done since the last meeting. "Paul's Missionary Tour" was then discussed by some brother, followed by a song. A sister read an essay on "Gentle Words," and another read "A Worker's Prayer." This was followed by a paper on "Loyalty." Another hymn was sung, then a sister talked for a few minutes about their work as a Circle. After a heartfelt prayer and the singing of another hymn, the meeting closed.

Why do you not have a meeting of this kind in your church? We are glad that they are held in many places, and each week we shall present a proram for these meetings held by our Circle. Our rograms may vary, but we want to be a help to you in your meetings; that they may prove a source of spiritual strength to you all.

THE GREAT BORE.

In the Century we have this account of the great idal wave at Hang-chau. On the eighteenth night I the second moon, and on the eighteenth night fthe eighth and ninth moons of the Chinese year be greatest flood tides from the Pacific surge into te funnel mouth of Hang-chau bay to the bars and ats at the mouth of the swift-flowing Tsien-tang. henver current opposes for awhile, until the ann searises up and rides on, in a great, white roaring, abbling wave, ten, twelve, fifteen, and even tweny leet in height. The Great Bore, the White Thing, harges up the narrowing river at a speed of ten nd thirteen miles an hour, with a roar that can be leard for an hour before it arrives, the most sensaional, spectacular, fascinating tidal phenomenon real wonder of the whole world, worth going far and waiting long to see.

CURIOUS GIFTS TO A MISSION.

A MISSIONARY describing the monthly meetings seld in a little town on one of the Sandwich Islands, aid that there were usually a hundred present. Its of those who attend the meetings understand the Pauline idea of giving. When they can give no more, they contribute at least one stick of wood ach per month. It is an interesting sight to see then, women, and sometimes children, bringing this humble offerings on their shoulders, from the distance of one, two or more miles. The men go not the mountains and get the sticks, both for the mountains and get the sticks, both for the mountains. The people are very, very poor, of they give according to what they have.

LIFE OF CHRIST.—A life of Christ not written by a histian has just been published in Tokyo, Japan. he writer gives the leading facts in our Lord's life, ten using the language of the Gospel. He reads all he miracles. He says that it is a historical work. he has no desire to propagate Christianity, but simple the people. He closes thus: "For if this country work, be of men it will be overthrown, but if st, or work, be of men it will be overthrown, but if st, haply, ye be fighting even against God."

Ar our late Annual Meeting we had the pleasure meeting many of our Circle members, and local athusiasm. We were so glad to learn of the zeal and lany places. The reading of the books, the hold-lung people in church work are some results of Missionary Reading Circle.

Sunday A School

RARE EXHIBITION OF BIBLES.

GREAT interest is manifested in the free exhibition of a collection of Bibles and sacred literature at the Bible room of the Congregational house on Beacon street. The greater part of the collection consists of what is known as "workers" Bibles, and are from the library of S. Brainard Pratt, of Boston. It is probably the finest collection of Bibles to he found in the United States, and the existence of a better one in the world is not known.

One of the books which is attracting rather more attention than any of the others is the illuminated Bible long used by the late Dwight L. Moody, and containing many notes in his own handwriting. Mr. Moody once said in Boston: "Bible marking, with the insertion of side notes, marginal references, etc., converts the margins of one's Bible into a notebook at hand at any moment," and he evinced faith in the statement by making copious notes in his own Bible.

Another Bible which is of great interest is the one used for more than thirty years by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In the thirty years in which he had his Bible in the service he wore out the binding and then he had the book cut down and rebound. For twenty years after that, or until his death, he used the Bible at funerals.

Almost equaling the Beecher Bible in interest is the John Knox Bible, with oak covers made from wood from the John Knox house, Netherboat, Edinburg, Scotland. Knox was a Roman Catholic priest in 1530, a Protestant reformer in 1543, and for two years a galley slave. It was said of him that Mary, queen of Scots, was more afraid of him than she would have been of a regiment of soldiers.

Another remarkable Bible is one used on the march and in three prisons during the civil war by Rev. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, a chaplain in the federal army. He preached from this Bible while confined in Libby prison, and used the marginal leaves as a sort of diary. There is also in the collection an ancient Bible owned by Philip Melancthon, professor of Greek in the University of Wittenberg, in the sixteenth century, and between whom and Luther there was the most touching friendship. This Bible is accompanied by Luther's translation of the Psalms, published in Leipzig in 1541. There is a Geneva Bible of 1577 which is said to have once been owned by Queen Elizabeth.

One of the rarest books in the collection is that used by the Apostle John Eliot in preaching to the Indians. There is said to be no person alive who can read this Bible, but Mr. Pratt has been offered \$1,000 for it. He is a collector, however, and never sells a book.

Among the other things in the collection now being shown there are the Psalms with Calvin's commentaries of 1571; an autograph of Samuel Mather, dated 1708, and with memoranda by the Mather family; the Gospel of St. Luke, printed in Japanese raised letters in Japan for the blind; the Bible used by Phillips Brooks, with his autograph; the one used by Charles Haddon Spurgeon, in which by entries in red ink he kept track of his sermons when issued, a gift from Mrs. Spurgeon, printed in London in 1706, containing 200 quaint engravings; a New Testament from a noted spiritualist, and purporting to have been corrected by the spirits, with introductory remarks and explanations by the Spirit of Jesus Christ; two leaves of parchment found in the old Greek church of Tosia, Asia Minor, near the Black Sea; Scriptures of William E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. A. H. Quint, Henry F. Durant, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Prentiss, author of "Stepping Heavenward," and a Bible of Henry Thayer of the American Bible revision committee. There are also copies of rare Bibles and other sacred publications and manuscripts from Africa, Arabia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Holland, Japan, Siam and Microne-

A unique New Testament is the "Midget," the pages of which are only five-eights by three-quarters of an inch in size, and there is a Bible with pages one and one-quarter by one and seven-eighths inches. This Bible contains eight illustrations.

THE constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen for the help of others.—John Ruskin.

For + the + Wee + Folk

MRS. QUEEN BEE AND THE BURGLAR.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

THE man who was so good to Mrs. Queen Bee's household as to trap the lazy drones who imposed upon their more industrious brothers, was also very good to himself, as it afterwards appeared. One day when the bees had stored thousands of their little wax cups full of honey, and had put a white wax lid over each cup to hold the honey in, and make it good, there was heard a terrible creaking at the roof of their house, and then all at once the house gave a queer shake. Then those in the lower part of the hive thought everything had settled down as usual again. But a few around the edge and in the top knew differently. The lid of the hive had been raised, and it was the wax hreaking loose that caused the cracking and shaking. The lid was raised a little at first, and the bees on the lookout saw a man there, looking in. It was clear that he was a burglar, and the plucky bees made a straight shoot for his face, and had it not been for a veil they would have filled him with stings. Then he stuck up to the crack what looked like the small end of a funnel, and he pressed it and made a stream of black smoke fill the hive. This was unlooked for by the bees, and it got into their eyes and throat so bad they couldn't fight for their rights. A few plucky ones darted at the thing the smoke came from, but as it was made of tin they couldn't hurt it. Then the burglar opened the hive wide, and the bees all seemed still inside, except that their wings were fanning so fast you could hardly see them. The man could hear a peculiar tone made by all these bees, and he knew at once that they were done fighting. He had learned before that when bees give up they make this noise, and so he laid the funnel-shaped thing he smoked them with upon the ground, and began to examine Mrs. Queen Bee's cupboard. What a lot of sweets were there, and his mouth watered as it used to when a little boy stole his mother's sugar, though he didn't think it was stealing now. But the bees did, and when he cut great slices of honeycomb out, and the honey dripped over everything, they could hardly stand it. But the moment they resisted he stuck that smoke funnel at them again.

Well, by the time the burglar had finished, there was a pretty mess to clean up, and ever so many little wax cups to build again. Now, what do you suppose Mrs. Queen Bee did all this time? If any one should have been angry she was the one, I suppose, but she wasn't, and that is the funny part about it. She didn't make the least fuss, but slipped quietly around among the combs, and if she found a place to lay some eggs to hatch new bees, she just attended to it as though her house was not being robbed. I suppose if she had told her thousands of bee children to go out and fight the man they would have done it in such swarms the man would have had to throw his smoker and run for life. But she didn't. She is the queerest sort of mother and housekeeper about that I ever heard of, and I do not know why, unless it is because she has so many children she thinks they had better be at work anyway. So she had them build fresh cups, and before winter these were filled and sealed up as before.

Now it so happened that these thousands in Mrs. Queen Bee's family are so heartily of the honey, that before spring came again it was all gone and they were in danger of starving. Then it was that the burglar who had robbed them in the summer showed he had a tender heart, after all. Passing along one day he saw how the bees were, and the first day it was warm enough he put a large can of sugar syrup where they could get it. When it was all he gave them more, and they learned to think him a splendid burglar. As to Mrs. Queen Bee, she seemed to act as though she was sure it would come out all right, which it did. Then the next year she left the burglar rob her stores as before, though her children could not understand it at all. But then, you see, it wasn't the same set of children that had been saved from starving in the winter. Those had nearly all died, and younger ones had been born who knew nothing of how kind the burglar had been in the winter.

DOWN IN THE ARKANSAS MOUNTAINS.

BY MINNIE UPTON.

Would you like to hear about the "Bears?" By speaking of the Bears I mean the natives of Arkansas. They are nicknamed "Bears," just as the natives of other States are nicknamed. New Yorkers are called "Knickerbockers," and the Iowans, ^a Hawkeyes, ^a

We lived fifty miles back from the railroad, right among the native "mossbacks," as the mountaineers are called. They are all whites, no negroes living nearer than one hundred miles. The women often frighten their small children by telling them "a nigger will catch them."

They have no schools, -that is, what we would call schools. They have a three months' school, once in two or three years. It is an unusual thing if they have a three months' school two years straight. The people object to paying the school taxes. One man moved out of the school district rather than pay his taxes. A great many, when spoken to about educating their children, say, "We'uns got along without any larning, and we reckon the chaps can." If they do allow them to go to school, they insist on them studying the old blue-back spelling book. They say it is all nonsense to bother your head with arithmetic, geography, etc. Each pupil has a different kind of book, and the teacher has as many different classes as there happen to be scholars, which is sometimes one, and at the most ten or twelve. Very few of the older persons can read and write their own

The Arkansan farms,—that is, the women do, for the men do nothing but hunt, lie in the shade, and visit with one another. While the men take life easy, the women do the work. They plow, hoc, cut sprouts, burn the brush off the fields and make the rail fences. The women maul the rails and lay them. They cannot get along without fences, for the stock runs every place, there being no law to prevent it.

The woods are full of wild hogs, called " razorbacks" and "hazel splitters." In the spring the women go "sanging," or rather bunting for ginseng, for which they get one dollar and a half a pound. That is the way they get their pin money, what little there is.

Their religion is mainly that of the "Free Will Baptist." They have four or five preachers at a meeting, who do the singing, as the congregation never sings. Before the preacher commences to preach, he sings a hymn, and when he has finished his sermon, he sings another. Most of the members "get happy" and shout. The one that can shout the lundest is usually considered the most religious.

The native Arkansans live on cornbread, fat meat, bacon grease and black sorghum. They "grit" the corn. To do this, they have a large board on which is nailed a piece of tin, punched full of holes. On this they rub or grit the corn, and thus obtain their meal. Very few of them have baking powder, so they make their bread by stirring water in it, until it is thick enough to bake, and as some of them have no stoves, they bake their bread in a baker or on a board in front of the fire. Their meat is fried hard, so as to get out all the grease. This they eat as we cat butter. The sorghum is black and very often soured. The butter is often called sea foam by the northern people. They strain their milk into the churn at night and churn it in time for breakfast. Then milk and pour the morning's milk into the buttermilk and churn that in time for supper.

They have very few dishes. A stranger often is obliged to use his pocket knife to eat with. I have been at houses where they would only have a platter and a gallon crock (a teaspoon being something unknown). The platter is for the bread, the crock for the meat and meat grease. They use dipper gourds for cups. On any special occasion they have what they call, "drap dumplings," These certainly are great, for if you would drop one, it would almost go through the floor,

The houses very seldom have more than two rooms, and very often just one. They have no windows, leaving the door open for light. The floors are made out of puncheons. One room is used for the kitchen and the other for the bedroom. The beds are placed side by side, with just room enough

to pass between. The walls are papered with newspaper. The rafters are ornamented by scalloping a newspaper and pasting on, so as to let it hang down full length.

The women all use tobacco,-smoking, chewing and dipping snuff. They raise their own tobacco and very seldom get any "sweet tobacco," as they call the tobacco that others use.

Very few can afford snuff, but those that have it are generous. I have been at church and saw the same snuff box and swob or stick (which is made out of elm or dog wood), pass down a row of girls, sometimes twenty in a row, each using the same swob, cleaning the same on her dress and passing it to the next one.

They celebrate Christmas with whisky and fire crackers. They make their own whisky. They call it "moonshine." The stills where the whisky is made are called wildcat stills. These stills are hid out in the woods behind some bluff, so the revcaue officers cannot find them, and unless a person knows where they are, it is purely accidental to find one. The whisky is made out of rye and corn. A person can get a gallon of whisky for a bushel of

There is little ready money in the Arkansan's home. The people do their buying by trading their lard, fruity hogs, sheep, chickens, etc. Lard is worth five cents a pound. Fruit is very cheap. Peaches sell for ten cents a bushel. Apples you can have for the picking up. Blackberries, dewberries and blueberries are found in abundance. Hogs sell from one to three dollars a head, sheep from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half. Chickens sell for ten cents a piece. A good cow can be got for fifteen dollars. Furs of different animals are sold or traded, such as fox, raccoon, possum, bear deer, mink, etc.

A great many people never saw a railroad train. We have seen old men and women who had never seen a railroad train, nor did they care In politics they are mostly Republicans.

They are married very young, 1 attended a wedding last winter at which the bride was twelve and the groom fourteen. A wedding where the bridegroom is seventeen and the bride fourteen is very common. A girl at the age of eighteen is considered an old maid. The people say, "She ain't worth much or she would have been married long ago."

Elgin, Ill.

WILLIE'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

It was on a steam railroad going from Washington to Philadelphia that I overheard the following conversation between a little boy, just at the interesting age, anxious to know, and his aunt, whose patience was severely tested by little Willie's questions. The first to attract his attention was a buzzard flying high in the air.

"Oh, auntie!" he exclaimed, "look at that chicken way up there."

"That's no chicken, Willie; that's a buzzard."

"But, auntie, I don't hear him buzz."

"Auntie, look at the man pumping the cow; is she punctured?"

"He is milking the cow, Willie. Do be still for a while.'

After a short pause he espied several pumpkins in a field, and asked:

"Auntic, is a pun'kin a grown-up orange?"

Auntie kept quiet in hopes of bringing him to a

Next to meet his gaze was a man walking through the car.

" Auntie, is that man drunk?"

"Hush, Willie; it is the motion of the car that makes him walk so crooked."

"But, auntie, papa walks that way on the street when he leaves the club."

"Will you be quiet for a while, if you please?"

"Auntie, look at the moon. Where did all the stars come from?"

"I don't know, Willie. Don't ask so many questions.

"Did the moon lay 'em, anntie?"

And as darkness drew on little Willie began to nod and auntic gave a sigh of relief.

WE are the architects of our own fortunes, sure, but we spend too much time on the specifications to have them be of much good to us.

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VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 4, 1900.

No. 31.

THE PROOF.

Not words, but acts. Remember buman praise is So very lightly given. One kindly deed Alone is worth a thousand honeyed phrases That will not comfort you in time of need.

For who cannot rejoice in summer weather When nature smiles, and skies above are blue? Not till we face life's wintry clouds together Do we detect the false friend from the true.

Perchance, he who unnoticed lingers near you May love you more than all the world beside, But waits until you need his help to cheer you-He is your triend whose friendship has been tried.

POLLY HENDERSON'S MISTAKE.

Polly Henderson was what the world called an ld maid. She was herself willing to admit, on saret questioning, that she might be forty, but vidious gossips had it that she was nearer fifty. he was prim, not had to look at, and was methodil to a fault. Her nearest available neighbor in a atrimonial way was Mr. Jackson Mohler. Jackn was a widower of some four years standing, the mer of a good farm, and withal a very substantial itizen. But his home had run down under the hiftless methods of hired help, and it entered his ead that he better get married. Naturally his boughts turned to Polly Henderson. What there in the air that tells an old maid that a widower hth intentions is hovering near has never been nade known, but it is a fact, and when Jackson nocked at the Henderson door on a Saturday ight Polly was ready for him.

"Come in, Mr. Mohler, come right in the front om. I'm plum pleased to see you." She seated ackson near the window in such a way that prying yes of passers-by would see nothing, while she cok a chair a little to one side. Presently she exsed herself, and while she was absent Jackson ok mental note of the exquisite neatness and omeyness of the room. He groaned in spirit as remembered the littered-up condition of the ouse at home. Then Polly entered with a large tte of peach pie on a plate, and a silver fork and owy napkin,

I thought you might relish a piece of pie. It's my own making, and while it isn't as good as I merally get them, possibly it will be a change m what you are used to at home, and you'll apprewhat you have more after this visit." Jackson addered when he thought of the conditions over chill, and he said, " Miss Polly, if you only knew liouble I'm in sometimes you wouldn't talk that

Why, Jackson," she said, and Jackson noted the sing of the Mr., "Everything is in your favor. have a good home, and you can do as you at your own house. You don't have anyeg to trouble you."

It's not that, Polly, for there are some things wanting over there, and sometimes l

Oh, I see," cut in Polly, "There's a want noththat a Practical, careful woman can fill, but at time of life you ought to be very careful, you

cksop was distinctly troubled. He had been whether with his fifty-four years he realbould undertake life over again. It was all thad troubled him, and here at the very outy on his venture he was met with the fact at ys owo hands. So he said blankly, How do you mean that, Polly?"

"Well, Jackson, you see it is this way. At your time of life, and at mine, I might say, one should be careful in all such things. To marry a giddy, young girl, or a widow with a lot of unruly children, or someone not neat, might be a mistake that could never be made right. When one is getting along toward middle life he should hesitate a long time over such an important step. Now I aint saying but that someone of about your own age, somebody that is clean and careful, might not be a bad idea."

"Who, for instance?"

"Oh, I aint a saying who. I don't know. I really don't," and she blushed a real blush, only Jackson could not see it, and as the Jacksonian head was proverbially thick he would not have noticed it had he seen. But he was troubled. Here was the very thing that had kept him away from the Henderson place for a long time, the reference to his age and the lottery of marriage. It was discouraging. Polly was surer of her ground, but even she did not see through him. She argued to herself that she was as good as engaged, and she relished it as all women do. She saw herself at the head of the table at the farm house over the hill, and with all of it as sure as anything could be she could not refrain from having out her joke with Jackson.

"It's just as I tell you, Jackson, if you had a woman who was economical, clean and careful, and you could adapt yourself to her ways at your time of life, it might be the very thing that you ought to do. But it's really dangerous at our time of life, it is so. Had you anybody in mind?"

"Well, Polly, to be perfectly frank with you, I had, but since you have said what you did about being careful I have had to stop and think about it. I am afraid it would never do, though."

"Jackson, tell me who it is, and maybe I can help you out. Who knows anything till it is tried?"

"No, Polly, it wouldn't do to tell,-at least not now. Not just yet."

"Well, Jackson, when the time comes, you'll tell me who it is, and the reason. You will, I know you will."

"Well, Polly, I'll tell you, or I'll write it out,what I've been a thinking." But Mr. Jackson Mohler was clearly in trouble. Polly enjoyed it to the utmost. She was sure of it. In her mind's eye she saw herself the mistress of the Mohler place, and she even reckoned the rent the house in which she now lived, while she furnished the other place with part of her immediate surroundings. When he started home presently she was woman enough to note the fact of his mental disquietude, and she attributed it to innate modesty and delicacy.

"Good night, Jackson, and come over again. Come soon and come often,"

"Good by, Miss Henderson," he said gravely, and took his departure.

"Don't forget what you promised to tell me, or write it, if you prefer."

"I'll write, maybe to-morrow," and he was off.

When Mr. Jackson Mohler reached his own home the contrast forced itself on him. He couldn't help noticing the difference between his house, it could hardly be called his home, and what he had left behind him. He sat down in a dirty, cheerless room, waiting for his thoughts to get into shape. He had brought his courage up to the sticking point in visiting Polly, and he had set aside the scruples of his age, though he was really in the prime of life, and had ventured on the dreaded ground. To be unceremoniously turned down by Polly herself was mamma says she will.'

too dampening to be overcome readily. He sat long into the night, and then he made up his mind, He had promised to write to-morrow, and he would keep his word.

Over at the Henderson house everything was bright and cheerful. Polly secretly practiced the name, pronouncing " Mrs. Polly Mohler," and then blushing furiously. It was one of the seasons of her rather lonely, life in which a great sunshine had come. She knew he was a man of his word, and he would be sure to come around all right, and he had said that he would write. Any moment a letter might come, and it was sure to be a proposal. She decided that she would put on her best and answer it personally in the affirmative. There would be a pleasant little time, and she argued that as they were engaged, or would be soon, he could come over now at any time and she said that she would invite him to supper the next evening, and she caught a pullet and turned a basket over the unlucky fowl so as to have no trouble when she wanted it. She was planning the rest of the menu when there was a shout, and on looking out there was Mr. Jackson Mohler, in the road, having alighted from his carriage. He waved a letter at her, stuck it in a crack of a paling and drove away rapidly.

Polly possessed herself of the letter, and ran back to the house. "The dear man is so modest," she said. "He has all the delicacy of a woman. Shall I read it at once, or delay it a little?" She chose the latter course, and stuck it in the bosom of her dress, and went about her work, singing like a lark. It was delicious. There had never anything come into the life of Polly Henderson just like this. Then after the evening work was done she drew her chair to the window, slowly cut the envelope with a hairpin, and drew out the letter. Her breath came quickly as she read:

Dear Friend:-

I have been thinking of what I promised to tell you, and here it is. I think like you told me, that life is too near an end for me to take any risk, and I have fully made up my mind not to do it. If you please will you keep quiet to everybody what I was going to say to you. Others will think as I do, and as you said, that a man of my age has no right to be taking any chances, and I never will.

Yours truly, JACKSON MOHLER,

When Polly grasped the full import of it she went out on the back porch, released the imprisoned pullet, locked the house, and went to bed where she lay awake a long time considering the general thickheadedness of some people, and her own mistake at the critical period of her life. At all events it had not turned out as anyhody expected, all of which goes to show that it is the unexpected that happens at times.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosdicks he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her. But the child refused to he kissed; she struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

" Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the parlor and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?" "No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but

Correspondence

THE KATE AND BOB LETTERS.

Home, July 30, 1900.

My dear Son; -

I have sad news for you. Into each life must come something of sadness and sorrow. To some it comes early, and then it may stay away for a long time, but it finally reaches all of us. It has come to us and to you. Your sister Katie is dead and buried. We would have telegraphed you, but did not know where to reach you. It was all so sudden. It was this way. Last Thursday Katic went to town, and from there went visiting at a neighbor's house. She returned a little late, and complained of a cold. During the night she grew sicker, and we sent for the doctor. He said at once that it was a situation of the utmost gravity, that she had pucumonia, and that there would be trouble in her getting through. From the very first she seemed to know that her end had come. She showed it in her talk and her manner. She said that she wanted you to have her little saving bank, and she talked in a disjointed way of you and a dress, and something she wanted you to do. We could not understand her. She tried to tell me something, but it was too great an effort. Along about the third day, about two o'clock in the morning, we saw that the end had come. The night was just at the turn. The stillness was as it always is at that hour, and after she had crossed the River, alone, she seemed as though she slept. There was no emaciation, and she lay there as though in a deep slumber. We sent for the neighbors, and they took charge. From this time on it seems a blur to me. I have but little distinct recollection of what went on, and time passed strangely.

On the day of the funeral the house was darkened, and all the surroundings were of gloom and death. It was the first time the angel had stopped at our door, and ready and all as we often thought we would be when the time would come for some of us to go, yet we were not ready for it. The neighhors came and went, and when the time came for us all to go over the hill to the churchyard, things seemed to change. The whole country was there, especially the young folks. The Sunday-school class to which Katie belonged brought flowers, and as they stood beside the open grave and cast in their offerings it was more like the parting of a bride from her home than dismal death. A quartette sang "Safe in the Sheltering Arms of Jesus," a thrush somewhere in the tangle of the graveyard's shrubbery shrilled out a song, a cloud passed between the sun and the grave, and a strange feeling

It was not death, it was not defeat, it was a triumph over Death, a victory, a glorious victory. If Katie is lost to us here, we all know that our family has a representative on the other side. I have a daughter in Heaven, and you have a sister there. Through the gates of human suffering the path to the realms of the blest has always lain, and always will. All must tread the way, and all must go alone into the depths of the night. There is no exception whatever. But there is an inexpressible feeling that just beyond the veil they are at rest and are waiting. Possibly they stand by our side at all times, for all that we know, and walk with silent, spirit footfall, beside us when we know not, though we may feel what we cannot tell.

Now that she is gone, you are all that is left us. You know your duties as well as I and need not be reminded of them. The time will come when I will go to join Katie, and all the rest will go sooner or later. We should live here so that when we have crossed we leave behind us not even a memory of a wrong done or a duty unfulfilled.

I enclose you some money. Come home at once. When you get here go at once to your room, stay as long as you will, then come forth to meet the requirements of life, remembering that just over there, the child of a king, having come early into her inheritance, is your sister Katie, among the YOUR MOTHER. crowned. (End of the Letters.)

It was an Irishman who told his sweetheart that he couldn't sleep for dreaming of her.

THE man who suspects his neighbors is not above suspicion.

PROPELLER SHAFTS.

Or course there is a goodly minority among newspaper readers who know exactly what is meant by a steamer breaking her shaft, but for the benefit of the majority who do not know, it may be necessary, in order to show how the accident is brought about, to give a few words of explanation as simply as may be. Nearly all steamers have their engines at a considerable distance from the propeller, the four-bladed and three-bladed screw, which, according as it is turned, thrusts the hull forward or draws it backward.

The connection between the engines and the propeller is made by means of a solid cylinder of steel passing through bearings lined with gun metal generally and kept cool by a stream of water flowing over them outside and a liberal supply of some lubricant, usually tallow, inside. Now, it does not need much wit to understand that the twisting stress upon these long shafts of steel is at all times very great, needing them to be of the most flawless composition, in order that they shall be depend-

Such is the care taken in their manufacture that it may safely be said that if they were only subjected to the steady, equable strain of the engines upon them there would scarcely ever be a case of a shaft fracture heard of. But such a state of things is unthinkable at sea. Out on the ocean the frequent occurrence of gales of wind and consequent heavy seas brings about such an alteration of the conditions of service of the shaft that it is marvelous how few relatively of these accidents do occur,

When even the heavily laden steamship, with her propeller so far beneath the surface of the sea as to be out of sight, meets with a heavy gale ahead, raising a succession of confronting waves, she must of necessity pitch and dive tremendously. And in so doing it is inevitable that she will occasionally lift her propeller out of water suddenly, while the full drive of the engines is being exerted upon it. What that means to every part of the machinery can only be imagined by a layman, a nonengineer. The sudden leap from the solid resistance of the water into the nonresistance of the air is a change of condition so great that not even the most cunningly-devised "governor" can do more than attempt to modify its severity.

It is instantly followed by a return to the former strain with a wrench that seems sufficient to strip the mighty blades of metal from the propeller as if they were feathers in a shuttlecock. The "governor" mentioned comes to the relief of the sorelytried mechanism by automatically shutting off the supply of steam with the cessation of strain, and turning it on again as the propeller plunges into its proper element. But the changes are so instantaneous, the pressures are so enormous, that a tiny flaw, a slight weakness, is almost sure to be fatal. Perhaps not in that gale, but in the next.

And if this be so in a loaded steamer, how much more is it so in a light one. Experts are at one in considering that from this cause alone, although there are others that cannot now be touched upon, an underloaded steamer is quite as unseaworthy as an overloaded one. How often does one pass a large steamship coming down channel bound over sea and notice that even in the smoothest water nearly half of her propeller is idly beating the air. Just a little head sea gets up, and that vessel's engines, shaft and propeller are immediately subjected to a succession of shocks that make their escape from damage almost a miracle.

Then it is that the engineer's lot, never a light one, becomes truly terrible in its burden. He knows in his innermost fiber all that is going on, the potentialities of disaster there are in every plunge of the ship's stern, from its high poise on the back of the sea down into the weltering valley between-knows, too, what lies before him and his trusty helpers if the shaft should break, if the engines should go to smash.

No warrior in the deadly breach ever showed more perfect courage or reached a higher plane of self-sacrifice than does the marine engineer, and that not as a mere episode of his calling, but almost continually. What apparent miracles have been wrought by these sons of steel at the call of duty and under the most terrible circumstances we need an engineer's "roll of honor" to teach us-not that any public recognition of their worth could possibly

add to the fidelity and heroism continually man fested by them.

One word, in conclusion, on an unfavorable cos parison which has been drawn between men-0's and merchant steamers, unfavorable to the latter account of the almost complete immunity from shaft breakage of the former. The comparison unfair, and should never have been made. I loadline of a warship is almost a fixed quantity.

This has, perhaps, more to do with shaft fractes than aught else.

BIG HOUSE RENTS IN LONDON.

PRETTY nearly everybody understands, of course that house rents are very considerably greater London than they are in provincial towns, and that in the metropolis they vary greatly and are ver stiff in the regions in which society hovers. But writer in Tit-Bits ventures to think that even for Londoners have much idea of the enormous figure paid for the rentals of fashionable houses in Be gravia and Mayfair, or realize how few squar yards of the West End it takes to produce a million sterling in this way.

Now, take to start with Park Lane, that highly fashionable thoroughfare. It is rather staggering to learn that \$50,000 a year is really not at all very extravagant rent to pay for a good house this quarter! The plain, simple fact of the matter is, however, that you cannot get a decent how here for less than \$15,000, and even such a or would only have three or four bedrooms, and, go erally speaking, would not have greater accomm dation than a house at \$250 or \$300 a year in the suburbs, or at half that price in a provincial town.

Grosvenor Square and Berkeley Square are to nowned headquarters of society, which pays astor ishingly for its residence there.

Consider the former first. The whole squa comprises fewer than sixty houses, but it is a fa that their combined annual rental is about \$750,00 Big as the rents are, getting a house here is a m ter of great difficulty, and seldom is there one to for long. Nothing can be got for less than \$5,000 year, and from this figure an intending tenant m go up to \$30,000 a year.

Berkeley Square is likewise difficult to get into It is rather old fashioned and severe, and the avera man or woman from the country might not be a to see anything about the houses which would ju fy a heavy drain being made upon a tenant's po et. But, all the same, houses here are always a premium, and you will not get much of a residen for \$2,500 a year, nor yet, so far as that goes, is t accommodation very astonishing if \$10,000 ago

is paid. St. James' Square is another ultra-fashional quarter which a millionaire might have to years to get into if he desired to live there-Sign or \$20,000 a year is quite a moderate tent fe house so situated—while Norfolk House, where Duke of Norfolk resides, and such others as I Derby's residence, at 33, would easily realize s ooo a year in rent.

Carlton House terrace, where statesmen and bassadors live, also costs its tenants dearly least \$20,000 a year must be paid for anything\$ in this particular neighborhood, and Mr. Astor more than \$300,000 when he purchased one houses in the terrace, formerly occupied by Granville. Yet the ordinary man would rethat the houses are not even semi-detached. that outwardly, at all events, they are far from posing.

HONEST POLLY.

A matron was one day teaching a little of girl on her plantation how to spell.

She used a pictorial primer, says the M Scimitar, and over each word was the accoming illustration. Polly glibly spelled "O-X, OX "b-o-x, box," and the teacher thought she nas ing "right rapid progress," perhaps even 100

So she put her hand over the picture, and

- " Polly, what does o-x spell?"
- "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly.
- "How do you know that it spells ox?"
- Polly was as honest as the day.
- "Seed his tail!" she responded.

Nature Study

A WALK WITH THE BOTANIST.

COME on, Frank, come, Mary, lay aside your In-GLENOOK for the present, and we will take a walk to-day and talk natural history and, perhaps, plants and vegetables. Where will we go? Anywhere, it matters little where. Here we are out on the roadside. Now let us walk slowly along and see what are can see. And you may ask all the questions

Here is a cornfield, and in one corner the planter bas dropped a bean or two in each bill, and it winds around the green shaft of the sweet corn in a close fold. Now there is something strange about these the vegetables, for out of the entire lot of garden truck, as it is sometimes called, these are the only two which botanists do not have a knowledge as to their origin. All plants have started somewhere, and spread over more or less of the earth, but corn and beans have been cultivated "from time immemorial" to use a phrase not exactly original, and nobody knows where they started. Moreover they are the only two that are never found growing wild anywhere. This means that the original plants from which they are derived have passed away in some manner, and only their civilized followers sur-

Now here is a man's garden, and looking over the fence we may see a row of radishes. This is a plant known to have been in use for not less than four thousand years, and it originated in western Asia, perhaps Greece, and it is readily self-seeding wherever it is given a chance and becomes a common weed almost anywhere. The builders of the pyramids were fed largely on radishes. We know that it originated in Asia, because only in a certain part of that country does the wild plant reach the perfection of the cultivated species.

And there is his row of cabbages. This vegetale originated in Europe, and was known for thouands of years. The wild plant is simply a loose bunch of leaves, and it does its best in a bard headng way where the weather is cool or cold by reason if altitude or what is the same thing being farther both. There are endless varieties.

Then there are the man's beets. Everything toes to show that this is a modern plant, as it is beeved not to have been cultivated more than for hree or four hundred years before the time of brist's coming. It is one of the readiest plants to plit up into varieties. And say, children, you mow the rings that show in the body of a boiled tect. Well, sometime you might take a parboiled time, peg it down on the table in the kitchen, and with a sharp knife dissect out the leaves. You ould probably find, if you were skillful, that the wers or rings hore some relation to the whorl of aves at the top.

There are the tomatoes. Now we have someing that is strictly American. It originated in en, though it was cultivated in Mexico for some undreds of years. There is no word for it in any dworld language of the long ago. For a long me people thought it was poisonous, and single g red specimens were put on the mantle in the ont room as an ornament. Then people learned at "love apples," as they were called, or "tumas you have heard them called, were ood for food. No plant gets back quicker into wild form than the tomato. Let a lot of fine matoes seed the ground, and the next spring, You plant out the volunteers that come up adily, all the fruits you will get will be the round the fellows, that grow in more or less of a cluster. tis just the way the wild tomato grows on the way the wind tomato g.c.... get to their original form is a clear case of "throw The only really American plants that are used

d beans. Tomatoes came from the South, away med the tropics, and all the rest have been image, unknown elsewhere. The persimmon and the ltis very interaction.

tis very interesting to know these things, and plant that grows anywhere has been hunted have had enough for this time, and possibly will take a look at the weeds that infest

the gardens. They all have their history, and some of it is very interesting.

A BIG BIRD'S PLUMES.

Government naturalists are much excited over the arrival at the National Museum of some feathers of that wonderful bird, the moa. When it is considered that this fowl was probably the largest bird that ever existed, attaining a height of fourteen feet and a weight of 1,000 pounds, one realizes in some degree the interest that must attach to such a "find." For the moa became extinct a long time ago—some authorities say as much as 500 years ago, though there is no absolute certainty on that point—and inasmuch as no feathered creature resembling it seems ever to have lived in the world before or since, facts that throw a light upon its history are eagerly sought.

The reason why the feathers in question are known positively to be those of a moa is that they were found attached to a piece of skin still hanging to some bones that were readily recognizable as having belonged to a moa. They were discovered in a cave, and just how the bones got there is not wholly obvious, though it was probably through human agency. In earlier days the birds seem to have inhabited both the north and south islands of New Zealand, where they must have been exceedingly numerous, though they never found their way to any other part of the world—a fact not at all surprising, inasmuch as they could not fly at all.

Until recently their extermination has been attributed to the Maoris, but now it is thought that they were more probably wiped out by a race of people who preceded the present natives of New Zealand, the date when the giant fowl became extinct being set back some hundreds of years. Whatever may be the truth as to this point, it would appear that the people who ate the mon off the face of the islands dwelt to some extent in caves, into which they dragged the bodies of the birds for the purpose of cooking and eating them. That they did not eat them raw is shown by the fact that many of the bones are charred. It followed that in the course of time considerable collections of such remains went to form the deposits in which the naturalist of to-day discovers such interesting relics of the dinornis, as the creature is scientifically

The word dinornis signifies "terrible bird," but this term is not very accurately descriptive, unless it is to be considered as referring to the alarming size of the fowl, which, it is true, must have been able to inflict a dangerous kick, such as might have killed a man if he stood directly behind. In other respects it was harmless to the point of helplessness, being without power of flight, incapable of running fast, and slow and clumsy in all its movements. Besides, it was extremely stupid.

The moa was remarkable for its enormous legs and feet, which were so heavy that it could not possibly move about very fast. It is probable that the natives who hunted it for food used spears, and owing to its helplessness, its extermination was a question of only a very short time. Nevertheless, the birds must have been very plentiful before the slaughter began, as is shown by the large quantities of their remains which have been dug up. Masses of the bones have been obtained from reclaimed swamps, in one instance as many as 400 skeletons, fairly complete, being recovered from a single locality. The National museum possesses a thigh bone of a dinornis which is over three feet in length and every scientific institution of importance in Europe has one or more skeletons. The feathers, however, are entirely new.

The thigh bone above referred to belonged originally to a specimen of the dinornis maximus, which, as its name indicates, was the largest of the moas. There were several species of the moa in New Zealand-certainly more than a dozen-the smallest of them all being no bigger than one of our domestic turkeys. So far as can be ascertained from the remains discovered, the numerous species were the smaller ones, the giants, such as the dinornis maximus and the dinornis ingens, which latter was about the size of an ostrich, being comparatively rare. New Zealand is a large country, and it has been suggested that possibly a few moas yet survive in the unexplored regions of the south island; but, though the surmise is interesting and even picturesque, it is not plausible.

There are in existence to-day a very few eggs of the moa—probably not more than half a dozen—which are distributed among various great museums. The British museum has one, but our National museum has only casts of two, and no original. In the Museum of Natural History in New York, however, is a dinornis egg which is, in one important respect, the most interesting one in the world, inasmuch as it contains the bones of an unhatched moa. The egg of the dinornis maximus is equal in size to six ostrich eggs, being nearly a foot long. A silk hat would just about make a suitable egg-cup to hold its contents. The eggs of different species vary in color from pale yellow to dark green.

Naturalists say that these birds went about in pairs, with their young ones, and used to have tremendous fights, two against two, using their feet with formidable effect. They fed chiefly upon a kind of ferns, which they dug up with their feet, and their nests were huge heaps of dried grass.

THE QUICK DOCTOR.

Concerning a late popular physician in a distant city many stories illustrative of his quaint, kindly qualities of head and heart are told. One of the most amusing was about a runaway. The doctor, as the tale goes, was sitting in his surgery one Saturday afternoon, when he heard a terrific hubbub, and, looking out of the window, saw a runaway horse dashing down the street. Seizing his hat, he hurried out and found a big crowd collected about the curb. "Anybody hurt?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied a bystander, "the driver's almost killed." The doctor pushed his way into the throng and caught sight of a young man whose head was twisted to one side, and whose body was bent half double. "Ah, ha!" he exclaimed, wrapping one of his powerful arms around the unfortunate's neck, "this is evidently a case of dislocation of the shoulder. I'll reduce it at once!" Suiting the action to the word, he seized the young man's clbow and gave him a herculean wrench. The victim howled vigorously and made frantic efforts to speak. "Oh, doctor!" he gasped, "please stop! Oh, stop him, somebody! He's killing me!" "Be quiet, you fool!" said the doctor, sternly; "can't you see I'm reducing this fracture?" "But, doctor, w-w-want to tell you," stuttered the young man, "that I was b-b-born this a-way!" "Born this way!" thundered the medica, suddenly letting him go; "weren't you hurt in the accident just now?" "No, sir," said the cripple, humbly, "they're takin' that feller into the hotel!"

WASHINGTON'S WONDERFUL SEA.

THE results of a survey of Lake Chelan in the northern part of the State of Washington has been given out by General Merriam, Commander of this department. He says in his report:

"The cliffs on each side of the lake were most precipitous, towering up in many places to a height of 1,500 or 2,000 feet. But it is the lake itself that is the greatest marvel. Its waters are clear and blue, and by actual soundings has been found to be of an average depth of 3,000 feet. This seems almost incredible, but it is the truth. The width of the lake varies from a mile and a half to two miles, but the length of this body of water is the most remarkable of all.

"When I pointed up toward what appeared to be the head of the lake and asked the Indians if the lake was not about three miles long, they laughed and shook their heads. They said it was a three days' journey for a four-oared canoe. I determined to see for myself, so the next morning my engineer and I and two Indians started up the lake in the largest canoe the natives possessed.

"It was impossible to go on the lake shore, as in most places the mountains ran sheer down to the water's edge. Well, we rowed along until we came to the northern confine of the lake and there we found that it made a big bend to the right and stretched on and on. The next day we started out again, and on the third day at nightfall, just as the Indians had said, we reached the head of the lake. On the return trip we measured the distance and found the length of the lake to be a fraction over sixty-five miles.

"This curiously narrow and deep body of water was cut right down through the mountains by the glacier of by-gone ages. At the foot of the lake is a great moraine."



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

STAND UP FOR OUR OWN.

THE history of our publishing interests would be a very interesting chapter could it be given the public from the very incipiency of our papers. Out of nothing a great business has grown up. But there is also a side to it that is enough to make one stop and think whether, after all, we are the earnest people we would have the world think we are. Now let us review the situation a little and see where we really stand.

Beginning with our Sunday school literature it is a fact that it is as good as any, and better, by far, for our own people than any other. One would naturally suppose that in every Brethren Sunday school our own literature would obtain. But there are schools that deliberately select outside publications and use them in preference to our own. At least one-fourth of our Sunday schools do not use our publications in full. If it is said that what they get is better than what we have to offer, is it any wonder that we sometimes lose our young people if we put the means to wander away right before them, choosing that form, and paying for it in preference to our own? Have these objectors ever done anything to help our own literature?

Take the Inglenook, as another instance. In class and character of contents it is not surpassed by any other publication, even though we do say it ourselves. Yet there are lundreds of homes where people pay for other young people's papers and neglect our own. Then, in the course of time, the parents will wonder why their boys and girls want to go to the circus when for fifty-two times in the year they have had circus papers laid before them, and have done it of their own free will.

In the case of the Messenger the results of an analysis are even more to be deplored. The Messenger is a good paper. It is the best paper, the only one of its kind, in the church. No man or woman in the fraternity can keep abreast the times without reading the Messenger. Yet it is a certainty that there are fifteen thousand members who ought to be taking the church papers, but who do not. It is not poverty. It is indifference. One would naturally suppose of all men our own preachers would take the church's publications, yet it is an astonishing and most deplurable fact that at least three hundred of our ministers are not on the list of the Messenger, while there are many more deacons who never see a copy. Ought these things to be? Is it right or is it something to be ashamed of?

COURAGE.

THERE is a certain kind of courage that enables a man to do things that have every element of danger in them, and where this is in a good cause it is most commendable. The man who plunges into a burning building after the baby left up stairs, or who goes over the wharf after the drowning man, shows true courage of an admirable type. But there is another courage that the world thinks highly of that is best ignored and left out of all consideration and practice. Reference is had to the fighter. In all ages of the world the successful man of violence is lauded for his destructive qualities. When he dies he has a monument erected to his memory, and the man who spent his life in a quiet and unseen struggle with himself, or in a cause that left the world better than before he came into it, is forgotten entirely.

What the writer wishes to impress on the reader is that it takes more courage to keep out of fighting than it does to get into it. It is often the case that one may think a dose of superior strength and brutality is deserved, and in one way it may often seem to be, but it is not right to do it. It is not the way Christ taught, and it is not Christian to do it. That settles the thing to do at the hands of the Christian. He is not to engage in it. It is not easy to walk away in the face of personal taunts, but it is the best in every way, and the sooner the walk begins after the provocation the better for all concerned.

Fighting never settled anything but personal prowess. If one man is able to settle another by mauling him into insensibility does any part of that method settle the matter of the shield's being white or black? Not a bit of it. It only further complicates the question. So when there is a fight in prospect take yourself away from it. Animals may fight, at least they do, but people, gentlemen, Christians, never do. Keep out of it.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Kind Words.

It is the Christian's duty to speak kindly to those about him. The low voice, the kindly utterance, the well-meaning effort to be helpful are all better than any other method of life. Sometimes a very little thing changes an entire life. A little stone rolls down the hill into the river. On its way it strikes a larger one, that another, and then the landslide and the change of the river's course for ages. A boy stands at the forks of the road. He does not know which way he will take, and he follows those who come next to him. There comes a pleasant, soft-spoken person near him and whispers low, "Turn to the Right." He turns and is saved. The gruff man comes and passes him by, and the boy looks to the left, if he does not immediately go that way. If we who have been on the road a long time, will look back over our lives we will find that what turned us one way or the other in the path was a very little thing indeed. And many a time the strongest of us would be grateful for the cup of cold water, or what is the same thing, the kind word spoken by the passer. As with us so with others. It cost nothing to give the kind word, it may mean much to him who hears.

People generally have to take up what they lay down. Pay out the gold of kindness, and the chances are that you will get your change in kind, and if you do not here you certainly will hereafter. Nothing good is ever lost. It may lie dormant for years, but in the end it germinates. That is something we all fail to fully comprehend. We think that evil seed germinates first and quickest. So it does. But we forget, or never knew that good surely germinates, and lasts. In fact it never dies. Then speak the kindly word in passing, for none of us are going this way again. Each kindly word or deed is a stepping stone into the kingdom.

Assurewo looking individual stood in front of a jeweler's window, gazing at a peculiar sort of clock. The affable shopman was standing in the door-

"That's a funny clock," said the man. "What do you call it? "

"A spring lever chronometer," was the reply, " and it will run for 400 days without winding."

"A very long time!" exclaimed the man. Then he said quizzically: "I say, how long do you suppose it would go if you were to wind it?"

WATERLOO, IOWA.

Dear Editor:—

I FEEL it my duty to write and tell you what I think of the INGLENOOK. I have read every paper that has been printed thus far, and I think it is just fine. I wouldn't be without it. I don't see how anyone can afford to get along without the INGLENOOK. Every brother and sister should read it .- From a Young Sister in the South Waterloo Church, Iowa.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A NUMBER of questions have accumulated on the desk of the Editor, and are bunched up and inswered below. It has been suggested that we reas regular query column. What do you think of &

In the articles on the making of the Bible writing is spite of. How was writing done in those days?

Writing was done with a pen made out of a reed sharpened to a point very much like a quill pen of to-day. The ink was in solid form, rubbed down with water as occasion required.

What is the war in China about?

The war in China is between different factions of natives, one of which is opposed to the incoming of all foreigners, and their residence in the country, and this last lot has taken to murdering all foreign people, and native Christians. Other nations have sent soldiers there for the protection of their seven al peoples, and the armies have combined to compel China to do the right thing. In the end the yellow man will get the worst of it.

For a young man wishing to become known, which would you advise, public speaking, or writing for the public?

Either one if you are expert in it. It is rarely that an orator is a good writer, or conversely. speaker moves a few strongly, a writer many more but not so definitely as that done by personal presence. Either writing or speaking will give yo fame,-if you best the other man.

Why is Elgin called a dairy town?

Because it is a center of a great dairying and milk shipping country. It would not appear so t a stranger, as nothing is seen, but it is all the same and has been for years.

Can Sunday schools take the INGLENOOK for distributed among their scholars?

Certainly, why not? Quite a number of copies are sent out for this very purpose.

Why do you not want essays for the Inglenook?

For the reason that the vast majority of its readers prefer something else.

Is it possible for me to make some arrangement whereby can make my way through college?

Thousands of people are doing it now, other have done it, and in all probability others alway will. More depends on yourself than on any other person.

Are there any vacancies in the Publishing House that could fill?

Write the Business Manager. We know of noz-

Are the cheap printing outhts offered for sale any good? Only as a toy for pastime, or to keep young pa ple out of mischief. To do good printing requis

an outfit that costs much money. Would you advise a young woman to go into the po

business as a means of livelihood? If you have grounds that are ample enough. liking for the business, and a good near-by mariyou might succeed. It is a business that will a run itself. Read up about it, and get a pour journal.

Is it morally right to take subscriptions for the INGLEN'S on a Sunday?

Considering that the paper is issued by 15 gious publishing house, that it is mainly read Christian people, and that its profits, if any, to the cause of missions, we see no wrong in the subscriptions on the Sabbath, unless it is done a view to personal profit by a regular agent he would do better to make it a week-day manual

Is it better to travel than to read?

Travel is much more available than reading the way of personal advancement, but one can of places that he will never be able to combination of methods is the best way.

* * *

THE EFFECT OF LITTLE THINGS.

We are very apt to regard our influence as amounting to little, and we look on the way we impress others as unimportant and immaterial. The fact is that there is nothing small or unimportant. Read the following from the Strand Magazine. It tells how the curvature of a solid glass lens may be influenced by the touch of a child's hand, and note that it takes many times longer to settle back to normal conditions.

Ever since the first glass for optical purposes was made it has been accepted as an axiom that the polishing could only be efficiently performed by the human hand. When it was noised ahroad, however, that there was a glass of 6½ ft. in diameter to smooth down and polish perfectly flat and level, the doughtiest champions among the polishers paled d stood aghast. The existence of the telescope seemed again in jeopardy, when M. Gautier came forward with a proposition he had been revolving nhis mind for years past. "Why not polish and rind down the surface of the glass by machinery?" easked. The polishers, scouted the idea as utterv ridiculous. According to them, the human hand, nd the human hand alone was sensitive enough for uch work; but a glass with a surface two meters in diameter was beyond even the most sensitive hand to attempt. M. Gautier persisted, therefore, and has triumphantly vindicated the superiority of mathine over hand labor, though at cost of what efforts twould be too long to set down here at length. It senough to say that he had to construct special workshops and invent special machines, modifying he latter as the experiment proceeded. One of he greatest obstacles to be overcome was to counleract the heating of the glass by friction during the polishing process, which has taken the greater part of a year. It was at times not possible to continue the polishing for more than ten minutes in he course of the twenty-four hours, all the rest of he time being spent in cleaning and regulating the machines. A variation of a single degree in the emperature of the workshop, or an excessive amount of dust in the atmosphere, was sufficient to destroy the effect of a week's labor. The workman harged with the task of supplying the fine emery powder to the machine had to hold his breath each ime he approached. M. Gautier proved to demonstration that, if a hand were laid for an instant on the surface of the glass, the heat evolved was though to raise a sort of bump at the spot, not distinguishable, of course, by the naked eye, but quite sufficient to destroy the uniformity of the surface and render it useless for the purpose for which it was intended. A bump raised in this way by the contact of a hand for a few seconds may take hours before it finally subsides and disappears. If such a bump passes under the polisher, a hollow at that Particular spot is the result, which, in turn, has to egot rid of by polishing down all the rest of the surface! It was even found necessary to regulate he temperature of the various parts of the machine iself by making careful and continual tests with a elicately graduated thermometer, placing a movagas-burner, with the flame lowered to the merest seck, near any part that was colder than the rest.

BRIAR WOOD PIPES.

How many smokers know what their briar root Fipes are really made of? In one of those valuable tepertories of fact, the consular reports, we find one information on the subject which will no be read with interest. Our vice-consul at Lghorn, Mr. Carmichael, writes: "The wood from briar pipes are made is not the root of the carrose, but the root of a large heath known botany as the Erica arborea. Our 'briar' is Corruption of the French 'bruyere.' The riar root industry has had a somewhat curious his-First begun in the Pyrenees some fifty years the the the coast, taking Corsica by the way, to the Maremma, and has now reached Calabria in which is at present its most flourishing Leghorn has always been the center of the of Tuscan briar root since the Maremma incame into existence, but as the South Italthat root is of admittedly superior quality, a The quantity of the Calabrian root is also im-Leghorn for selection and subsequent

How the briar root pipe is made is also explained by Vice-Consul Carmichael, who says all the root that comes into Leghorn has already been cut into the shape in which it is exported to the pipe manufacturing centers, which are principally, at least as regards Italian briar, St. Claude, in France; Nuremberg, in Bavaria, and various towns in Rhenish Prussia and Thuringia. The roots, which are sometimes of a circumference of two fect or more, are cut into blocks, and then boiled. If there is any defect in the root which has not been discovered before the boiling process the blocks are bound to split sooner or later. Briar root blocks are cut into about twenty-five different sizes and three principal shapes. The shapes are "Marseillaise' "releve," and "Belgian." The first two are the more usual shapes; from the "Marseillaise" blocks are cut the ordinary briar pipes, which have bowl and stem at right angles, "releve" blocks are cut into a shape for converting into hanging pipes, and "Belgian" blocks, for which there is but small demand, are shaped to fashion into pipes which have bowl and stem at an obtuse angle. A considerable quantity of blocks is sent to the United States of America, but apparently none whatever to the United Kingdom.

YOUNG HOPEFUL WAS FRANK.

There is a young matron in Kansas City who is the possessor of a highly nervous temperament, as well as of a son, aged six, who keeps his eyes and ears open and generally knows what is transpiring about him. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in at the home of this nervous woman and observant boy for the evening, and the husband, who, by the way, is a southerner, suggested that he make a mint julep for each of the company. At the same time he informed his guests that the mint was of an exceptionally fine quality, as it came from their own private garden. The suggestion was received with delight and the juleps were promptly mixed.

In his wife's glass, however, he put in only enough whisky to flavor the water—probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same. She was troubled with insomnia all night long, and it was not until five o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep, and as a consequence was not called for breakfast.

At ten o'clock she came downstairs and, hearing the voices of children on the front porch, stopped to listen. Her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of six, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise, as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young hopeful added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."

LUCK AT NOME.

A WRITER, telling about the varying luck of the gold seekers at the new fields at Cape Nome, has the following to say:

It is quite impossible to forecast with any exact ness the outcome for the people who will try their fortunes in the new fields this season. That great hardships await many of them, with, perhaps, complete disappointment to their hopes, is quite certain. But, on the other hand, returns unparalleled in all the history of gold digging may come to others. Here are some of the wonderful stories told of those who fared well in the new fields last season, when, as it is believed, only the merest beginning toward getting at the treasure there was made. One miner, who had formerly been an engineer, tending a stationary engine at \$75 a month, was able to send 200 pounds of gold to his wife in Denver as a birthday gift, a present worth in the neighborhood of \$45,000. A medical student, lately gradnated, went to seek his fortune in the Klondike, and lost nearly all that he had. He finally went on to Cape Nome, where he rendered some service to two miners who afterwards died, leaving him claims from which he took \$24,000, and for one of which he refused an offer of \$60,000. A Swede who, under the exposure of his prospectings, had lost part of one foot and an entire ear by freezing, took up a claim, and before the season was over he sent 750

pounds of gold to the mint at San Francisco. A New Jersey man landed at Cape Nome with \$400. He took up one claim and bought two at \$100 each. Sixty days later, he refused \$35,000 for one of the claims; still later, he sent \$47,000 to the mint at San Francisco, and his property is now valued at \$400,-000. A Lutheran missionary, receiving a salary of \$600 a year, took up a claim from which he sent 400 pounds of gold to the mint in August, and his claims are now worth \$250,000. He promises to give twenty per cent of his earnings to the church. A young man from San Francisco, still in the twenties, cleared up \$80,000 from three months' work. One miner on the beach washed \$8,200 out of a space of forty-five feet square. A newspaper man, "flat broke," succeeded in getting hold of a bit of ground thirty by twenty-four feet, and with the help of two men took out \$5,200 in eight days. A miner near him took out \$1,700 in one day. Two men took advantage of a very low tide, and going out almost into the sea, secured \$2,200 in two days' time. C. D. Lane, of California, now one of the richest men of Nome City, had in his safe in October, awaiting shipment, 1,400 pounds of gold, worth over \$400,000. Four men on the beach seven miles from Nome City took out \$3,000 in four days. On August 29, \$6,400 was sluiced out of Number 8 Anvil in seven hours by six men. On August 14, Linderberg mine under the work of six men yielded \$18,000 in eighteen hours. Number 3 Snow Gulch yielded \$1,000 an hour for twelve hours. A man named Loss-there's nothing in a name-took out \$240 in two hours with a rocker. All the good fortune has not been in mining, however. The man who owns all the horses at Nome, eight in number, as might be guessed he is from Kentucky, made \$500 a day with them during the mining season; and when the mining stopped, he set about hauling the driftwood which is the only available fuel, up from the beach and storing it for the winter demand, at from fifty to sixty dollars a cord. A lawyer, who went to Nome expecting to work as a miner, found a demand for legal talent, and he and his partner made by their legal services over \$100,000 in dust, not to mention numerous interests in claims on contingents. One woman became independently rich on the profits of a hatel and restaurant. Gamblers, of course, do a brisk business, and it is estimated that the eight or ten in the town clear \$100,000 a month.

"POLLY" WOULDN'T BE COAXED.

The parrot that has been making its headquarters in Washington Square park for the last two weeks was perched in the top of its favorite elm tree yesterday, squawking itself into the good will of the crowd of street urchins that gathered below, when an aged woman with white hair and a large bonnet of peculiar, semipoke design, stopped and asked what drew the crowd.

"A parrot," she exclaimed excitedly. "I believe it's my Polly that got out of its cage three weeks ago. It sounds just like its voice. If it would only say, 'Get away, now,' then I'd know for sure."

She finally induced a boy to climb the tree in an attempt to capture the bird, and by a promise of ten cents extra she persuaded the youth to don her wonderful poke bonnet on the plea that the parrot would permit the wearer to approach.

The boy, thus wonderfully arrayed as to headgear, climbed to within five feet of the parrot, which eyed him curiously and squawked dismally. Then it spread wings and flew across Dearborn avenue, shricking at the top of its voice, "Get away, get away, get away."

"And just to think," commented the old lady as she adjusted her restored headgear, "that Polly had forgotten my bonnet so soon."

"This is the New Montgomery Ward Building, is it?" inquired one of the strangers.

"No," returned the Illinois Central official with a shrug of his shoulders. "It's Montgomery Ward's new building. He's the same old Montgomery Ward."

"When you buy, keep one eye on the goods, the other on the seller; when you sell, keep both eyes on the buyer."

IF I lose mine honor, I lose myself.—Shakespeare.

Good Reading

SEEN AND TOLD AT THE PAWNSHOP.

One of the curious things about this loan institution is that money itself is one of the most common collaterals presented upon which to obtain other money for the every-day uses of life. That is, people often become financially embarrassed who still have money about them, but it is money which they don't care to spend-or burn. For example, a man ealled at the municipal pawnshop a few days ago and borrowed a certain sum by depositing as security a collection of silver half-dollars representing half a century in consecutive dates. It was a valuable collection, from a numismatic point of view, but intrinsically the coin was worth no more than fifty half-dollars of haphazaid dates or all of a single date, and would buy no more goods. The Pawners' Society was a good friend to him, for while it took custody of his sentimental collection, so highly prized, it furnished him with spending money at the nominal rate of one per cent a month. When things begin to come his way again and he goes to redeem his pledge it will not be such a tough pull as if he had to forfeit the usurious rate of six to twelve per cent a month, as in many of the old shops with the sign of the three golden balls.

The trade dollars of 1876 and 1878, that have long since totally disappeared from general circulation, turn up here in the form of keepsakes with which the owners are loath to part, and are left in the big safe while cash with no sentiment about it is obtained to bridge over a temporary embarrass-

The manager was greatly astonished one day when a seedy fellow with no extraordinary marks of pathos about him appeared at the window, thrust his bands deep into his pockets and dumped on the counter a mixed collection composed of silver halves and quarters, nickels and pennies, and four paper dollars. There was not a piece of money in the lot that had any premium upon it in the numismatic market; yet the man with mysterious mumblings said he had a particular reason for retaining ownership of the collection. When counted, the mixed lot amounted to \$7.95, and he was given a loan of \$6 upon it. But his secret he did not divulge. It was surmised that he was a gambler or policy player who believed in hoodoos, fetiches and such odd superstitions, and upon this ground he attached peculiar value to his money, holding it so that in some future contingency he might make a fabulous winning under its charm.

Old and white-baired, a man and wife feeble of step but still affectionate companions, like Joan and Darby, toiled wearily up those back stairs last week, after a stranger had courteously pointed out the way, and asked for the use of a few dollars of Uncle Sam's good money, which was required for immediate needs. What they left in pawn was an English gold piece in perfect condition. That gold piece of the country of John Bull doubtless has its story, too, which would prove wondrous in the hands of the deft romancer; but it will probably never be written.

The woman whose last refuge is to pawn her wedding ring is a frequent visitor. Whether she is making her first call or not is readily betrayed to the men in the cage. If an unfortunate woman has been deserted by her husband, or has lost him by death, and thus comes suddenly face to face with want, she will usually dispose of every available article of furniture or household goods to obtain bread for herself and children before she will part with the little gold band that was placed on her finger at her wedding. When at last she is compelled to go to the Pawners' Society and offer her wedding ring as security for a dollar or two, tears start in her eyes as she walks up to the window; she pulls the ring half-way off and then pushes it back to its place, which it has sacredly kept for many a year, through joy and sorrow; this process she repeats several times before the little band-sometimes worn very thin-is finally slipped entirely off and passed to the charge of the stranger inside. All this hesitation, this emotional display, this opening of the floodgates of memory is read as an open book by the manager. Although he says not a word to indicate it, he knows that the poor creature has never before gone through the ordeal of even

temporarily parting with her wedding ring. On the other hand, he knows equally well that the woman who shows little or no emotion in a like transaction is not pawning her ring for the first time.

The rings are tested with a little acid, the money is passed out and the borrowers hasten away, fearful lest the eyes of the whole world are about to be turned upon them.

All the precautions incident to the business to prevent imposition are practiced by the State Pawners' Society, yet a short time ago a smooth talker and "nervy" young man succeeded in borrowing money on a "fake" ring. He had a ring which is a sort of gold brick as to character; that is, it is made of gold at the edges where the acid tests are usually applied, while the inside is base metal. The manager frankly admits that he was "taken in" by one of these rings, but he proudly adds that the borrower for some reason that seems inexplicable came back and redeemed this spurious pledge. The intention probably was to use the ring in securing a larger loan elsewhere. Great watchfulness, too, has to be exercised to prevent the working of petty swindles by persons who offer rings set with emerald or ruby doublets, which they represent to be genuine stones.

One day a Chicago millionaire walked into the office of the l'awners' Society and nearly caused the manager to fall in a fit by asking for a loan of SI,-800 for twenty-four hours. Recovering from his shock the man in the cage told his would-be customer that \$250 was the limit, but this sum did not meet the exigencies of the millionaire's case, and the deal was declared off,

Mr. Shields says that women borrowers are far more talkative and confidential than the men. "All phases and conditions of life you will see here," he adds in the tone of a philosopher. "Often women who come down town shopping will run short of cash and step in here and borrow \$5 or \$10, which they will pay back the next day, the interest being less than car fare to and from their homes. The foan, of course, could just as well run a month for the same charge, but the women are afraid their husbands will find them out. Many indeed who are of the middle or well-to-do class are borrowers here, requiring accommodations for a day or two, but eighty per cent of our customers, I should say, are persons in actual need. Many, too, are persons once well to do who are now very poor,"

The society does not accept as collateral violins, typewriters, photographic lenses or things of that sort, chiefly for the reason that it has not the means of testing the value of such articles or of storing them safely. People who come with such articles or with bundles of clothing are necessarily turned away, with directions to shops where they will meet with favor.

In the six months of its operation the society has loaned an aggregate of about \$110,000, this amount being distributed among some 8,000 persons, the average loan being about \$14. There are outstanding to-day some 5,000 loans, aggregating about \$70-000. The society began business Nov. 6, 1899.

THE MAN-EATING TIBURONS.

In response to the frequent plaint that very shortly the dark corners of the earth will all have been illuminated by the lamp of civilization, and that there will be no more unknown lands for the traveler to explore, or the novelist to exploit, it may be pointed out that actually, within 400 miles of Juna. on the Southern Pacific railroad, there is an island inhabited by a tribe of savages as treacherous and bloodthirsty as any that have existed on the earth, says the Washington Post.

A little above the midway line in the Gulf of California, close in to the Sonora shore, lies the island of Tiburon, a compact body of land about twenty miles in length and fifteen across at its broadest part. To an observer from a safe distance, the low shore line presents a thickly wooded appearance, with high mountains in the interior, though beyond the fact that it is inhabited by savages who are cannibals little is known.

From time to time a few sailors who have had the misfortune to be wrecked on the island, and the good fortune to escape, have reported that upon reaching the shore they were decoyed inland by natives, who spoke an unknown language, when their companions were killed and eaten. That there is probable truth in this assertion is borne out by very like the Welsh national emblem.

the survivors of the expedition sent out two or three years ago by Jesse Grant, of San Diego, to prospect the island, when some members of the party Rho had ventured into the interior never returned, and the remainder were obliged to sail hurriedly on account of the threatening attitude of the natives So fierce, indeed, has become the reputation of these Tiburon islanders, that the Mexican soldiers are much averse to being sent upon expeditions to punish their depredations upon the mainland, to which they appear to resort for the purpose of obtaining wives, much after the way in which the Romans first obtained theirs from the Sabines.

Many theories have been put forth as to the origin of this tribe, a very probable one being that they are lineal descendants of the Aztecs, driven to this island retreat by the Spaniards under Cortex: where, rumor further adds, they still practice many of the strange rites of that conquered people. It is possible also, they may be akin to the Yaquis, with whom the Mexicans seem now to be engaged in a desperate conflict.

To the man in search of adventure, Tiburon island offers an unknown field comparatively close to the borders of the United States, where he may test his powers of courage and endurance to the utmost.

WHO ARE THE CZECHS?

Who are the Czechs? Have we any?

Czech or Tshekh is the native name of the people of Bohemia, which is a province of Austria, h is also applied to the people of Moravia, Northern Hungary and Austrian Silesia. They number 7,000,000.

The Czech language is cherished and cultivated wherever the Czechs are. Of more than 2,000 papers published in Austria, 522 are in Czech. That tongue is taught in 5,000 schools in Austria and the schools are well attended, for nearly ninety per cent of children of school age in Austria are attending

The Czechs are among the early settlers of this country. Longfellow's "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem" throws charming light on their relation to the American revolution and illustrates the sweetness of their aims.

There is a large immigration from the Czech countries, as the census now taking will show. They are quick, sensitive, eager, aspiring and industrious people. They are especially gifted in music and fond of dancing and sports. They become thorough Americans.

FEW PERSONS FEAR TO DIE.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, who represented the University of Edinburg for seventeen years, naturally can in contact with the most eminent medical men England, and, according to Health, he put the question to most of them: "Did you, in your exletsive practice, ever know a patient who was afraid die?" With two exceptions, it seems, they swered," No." One of these exceptions 1835. Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one cas The other was Sir Robert Christison, who had see one case, that of a girl of bad character.

BERRIES THAT GROW IN THE ARCTIC.

THE Eskimo children have other things the snowballs and icebergs to eat. Things grow is fast in the short arctic summer. As soon as the snow melts off in many places the ground is a ered with a vine which bears a small bern's thing like a huckleberry, porwong it is called is sour and has a pungent taste, and the lodization leave off work and go porwong hunting, crams themselves with the berries. It is a lucky thing them that the sommer is so short, or there would? an epidemic of cholera.

OLDEST OF VEGETABLES.

Onions and cucumbers are two of the very known vegetables. Like peas the Egyptians them at least thirty centuries ago. Indeed the onion belongs probably the honor of being vegetable primeval man ever made trial of. are not found growing wild anywhere, but ake leek is not oncommon in Southern Siberia,

ooo The o Circle ooo

CFFALLS - W B Storer, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belleterado Dhio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1622-60 Dhio, Secretary and Wirthcodent, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Wirthcodent, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Machine Machine Communications to Our Missionary Reading Course, Covington, Ohio.

CIRCLE NOTES.

YOUR READING.—How many of your Circle books can you read during your vacation? They are very different from the light, frivolous books that usually pass for summer reading, but they are infinitely better, and new resolves and high purposes may result from the keeping of your promise. You will read of heroism and self-sacrifice, and become more willing to deny yourself, that others may know the sweet story of Jesus.

New Members.—Then there is the other part of your promise, you will try to get at least one new member to join our Circle; how many of you are neglecting that part of it? If you were not so neglectful, instead of thirteen hundred members, we would number thousands. But we do feel grateful to those who remember this part of their promise and send in not only one new name, but a great many. Pray for the Circle.

CHINA.

The recent disturbances in China have caused much anxiety in this country. The news of the murder of missionaries and the dangers to which many of them are exposed make us think of the great need of the Gospel of peace in every part of the world. China with its boasted heathen civilization presents a sad picture to-day. Internal dissensions, strife and bloodshed will eventually end in the dissolution of that empire. The missionaries there lead pure and self-sacrificing lives. All over the empire are schools and colleges which they have established.

Before the missionaries came, the Chinese did not know what surgery was. Now there are many charity hospitals presided over by men of great ability. Li Hung Chang has for some time maintained at his own expense a foreign hospital at Iren Tsin. The circumstances which led to its establishment are quite interesting. A number of years ago Lady Li, the wife of the viceroy, was seriously ill, and the native doctors could give no hope of a cure. After much hesitation foreign physicians were called in, but no relief was afforded.

In this emergency the name of Doctor Howard, the lady physician in charge of the mission hospital at Peking, was mentioned to the viceroy. He at once dispatched an urgent message to her, sending his own steam launch to ensure her the speediest journey possible. Doctor Howard responded to the appeal promptly, though with reluctance, ince the important position which she relinquished ust remain vacant until some one could come from America to fill it. But the result was that Lidy Li recovered and the hospital at Tien Tsin is he witness to her husband's gratitude.

Statesmen say that missionaries should be proted and encouraged, if merely in the interest of inlication. And yet to-day a martyr's death maits some of them in China. How long will it be not the heathen are the Lord's inheritance?

What One Cent Can Do.—"A son of one of the thicks of Burduan was converted by a single tract, ecould not read, but he went to Rangoon, a disnee of 250 miles; a missionary's wife taught him read, and in forty-eight hours he could read tract through. He took a basket full of lat his own home, and was the means of convertable flower to God. He was a man of influence; people flocked to hear him; and in one year members of the church. And all this through the cent was it? God only knows, Perhaps it and offering of some little girl—perhaps the well-ssing it has been!"

The Indian Famine.—As a Circle let us give to relieve the sixty-one millions in the support one life, two dollars will save a life unduality the harvest, five dollars will save a man, wife and until the next crop is gathered.

Sunday A School

A REMEDY FOR "SCRAPPY" BIBLE STUDY,

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The unexpressed though commonly prevailing idea among children is that the Bible is a book of verses. Since the days when as infants they lisped "golden texts," the young people have considered the book chiefly as a string of disconnected verses. The typographical arrangement of the Bible, and the ordinary method of Sunday-school study, has helped to promote this general misconception. Most preaching, naturally, is from single texts, and the larger part of Sunday-school instruction is based upon isolated passages of Scripture.

Few classes are taught anything about the general character or purpose of a book of the Bible, in connection with the Sunday-school lessons from that book. Thousands of pupils, it is to be feared, spent the first half of last year in considering selections from John's Gospel without ever learning for what the whole book was written, or wherein it differs from the other three Gospels. It would not be difficult to find entire classes of young people today who, notwithstanding last year's course of lessons in the Fourth Gospel, believe that the book was written by John the Baptist!

This criticism of "scrappy" study is justly made concerning much of our present-day dealings with the Scriptures. Possibly the arrangement of the Authorized Version is largely at fault. Perhaps the superficial spirit of the times has somewhat to do with the evil. Whatever the cause, there is no escaping the truth that we do not study or teach the Bible in a broad enough fashion. We treat the Scriptures in a manner that our own common sense, as well as all rules of honest scholarship, would not permit in our dealings with other books.

The Bible was not written as an encyclopedia. Every book in the sacred canon has a message, and that message can be understood only by treating the book as a whole, and by keeping its parts in proportion. The time, the place, the authorship, and the motive of the book, all need to be taken into account in any same study of the book's contents.

However slight the portion of a book assigned for study in Sunday school may be, the teacher should see that the pupils receive at least a general impression of the mission of the entire book. Only thus can the Sunday school produce men and women who know the Bible as a whole, understanding, in a measure, its peculiar purpose and nature, and the relation of its parts one to another.

It is said that a few years ago a number of candidates for service in the foreign mission field were rejected, solely because of their ignorance of the Bible. They knew the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of John's Gospel, and they were quite familiar with a few of the Psalms and other select portions of the Scriptures; but their unfamiliarity with the Book as a whole was so great as to disqualify them for the high posts they sought.

Efficient Christian service and symmetrical Christian character are never founded on only a few favorite and precious scraps of God's Word. Breadth and power in life and activity come from a knowledge and an assimilation of all Scripture. Therefore we who teach are not doing our full duty by our classes unless we handle aright the word of truth.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Placing too many limitations about one's own possibilities for work is as unwise as placing none. Many a man chafes under a duty that is new and unexpected, and spends good strength in duty dodging instead of in duty doing. "This work is not in my line," he expostulates. "I never have done it, and I don't see how I can now, Anyway, I wasn't hired to do this." Thus he hedges himself about with limitations of past experience or present contract, and gradually recedes from among active men into disuse and oblivion. Limitations are good when they vitalize and concentrate our possibilities; bad, when they stunt our proper growth. When duty calls us to another service, let us leave with God the question as to whether it is "in our line" or not. He may be preparing a new "line" for us, and a better one.

For + the + Wee + Folk

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

My teacher doesn't think I read So very special well,
She's always saying: "What was that Last word?" and makes me spell And then pronounce it after her, As slow as slow can be,
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find, Some one of these bright days
You're 'way behind the primer class,"
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then be'll sit and look
At me, and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great, long word,
He'll say; "Why, httle Grace,
You'll have to teach our district school
Some one o' these hight days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That's what my grandpa says.

BE CONTENT.

Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day,

"How much nicer it would be to live in a house, as men do," said the robin. "There's a black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure it's going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice."

"I have to hide away, too, when it rains," said the butterfly, "'Twould be a great pity if the water washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown me."

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted. "Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open." And she flew in at once, The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window-sill, and pecked around. "I don't see any place for a nest."

"Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house," said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in, and perched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen, and made believe it was a flower.

Fretty soon there were sounds, and the robin listened as hard as he could,

"O papa!" a child's voice said, "Look there! Sh-sh! Keep still! You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection. And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in a cage? I'd like a robin with my canary."

A man's voice answered low: "Run around outside, then, deary, and close the window softly, so they can't get out."

Master Robin's brains were wide awake now. He spoke quickly: "That man's an en ento—well, I can't say it, but he's crazy on insects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!"

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment as they dashed by her.

"O, papa! they just went out like a flash; and they're both gone."

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed happily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone, and the warm spring sun was shining on the garden beds of crocus and hyacinths. How beautiful it was out of doors! Living in a house was not to be compared to it.

"Better be content where our Maker meant us to live," said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the highty-tighty little creature.

HARRY, aged six, and his little four-year-old sister Margie were watching the soldiers as part of the 1st I. N. G. marched by.

"You don't know where they are going!" said Harry.

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Margie; "they are going to shoot the chutes."

ONE of little Bessie's eyelids was badly inflamed, and finding it rather painful, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, come and look what's the matter with the curtain of my eye!"

THE DINING CAR.

"First call for dinner! Dining car in the rear!" The porter in white jacket and dark trousers, who goes through the train, usually makes the proclamation three times in each car, and unless a passenger is very deaf he cannot be in doubt as to the dinner hour on board a railroad train. On some trains the tour of the cars is made several times, and the cry is changed from "first" to "second" and finally to " last " call for dinner.

But there are trains on which the dining car is occupied to its full capacity before the train leaves the station, although nothing is served until the train is in motion, and while those who came first are being served other passengers, equally anxious to take dinner, but less thoughful about securing places, stand in the vestibule of the car and wait their turn.

When the tables are all occupied, and the chances for prompt service are poor, the vestibule of a dining car is a good place to avoid. The old, experienced traveler, who is never in a hurry, who can always wait, may be there; but the infrequent traveler, who is usually the man dissatisfied with the railroad, or some member of his family, may always be found in the group, and the wails because all the tables are occupied are not pleasant to bear.

"We don't mind the complaints of the waiting man," said the officer in charge of one of the dining cars, "because we are accustomed to them and we know that the dissatisfied man usually forgets all about his troubles as soon as his soup has been served. There are complaints at the best managed hotels, and so there are in our hotels on wheelsfor that is what dining cars are in many respects."

The man who takes his place at a dining car table does not realize what an amount of work must be done and how much money must be invested to make the service possible. Table linen, glass, silver, cutlery and kitchen utensils are kept in large quantities, and the number of pieces needed are delivered on requisition to each car, and are charged as they would be to an individual. As they show signs of wear or are broken they are replaced from the stock on hand, so that the quantity and the quality always remain the same. The silver is charged to the waiters on duty at the tables, and is returned and accounted for after each trip.

"Our breakage is greater than it is at ordinary hotel tables," said J. T. McKee, superintendent of the service, "but considering the fact that some of our meals are served at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour that is no wonder. We lose very little by theft, but occasionally a foreign passenger will take a coffee spoon or a toothpick holder as a souvenir

To keep the cars well supplied with these articles is a comparatively easy task, but the difficult part of the business is the food.

"We strive to serve the same class of meals as one may find in any first-class hotel, and in order to do so we purchase the best we can find," said Mr. McKee. "We run the station restaurants at Poughkeepsie, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Suspension Bridge, and at those places we do all our baking, so that with the exception of waffles and buns we bake nothing on the train; but everything else on our bills of fare is prepared on board."

The commissary department has officers at the principal stations, who buy everything that is required, and the meats, groceries, fruit, etc., are kept on hand subject to the call of the dining room car service.

Every article, down to the smallest, is charged to the car, and as soon as the article is used it is placed to the car's credit, so that at the end of the run the steward in charge knows how many pounds of roast, how much soup, how many oranges, how much ice cream, coffee, bread or anything else has been consumed, and the difference in dollars and cents between what remains and what was on hand at the beginning of the trip gives the actual cost of the meals served.

The meals are served at one dollar each, and the calculations of the dining car people show that the actual cost of the food is about fifty cents. To this must be added the pay of the crew, salaries of officers, coal, ice, laundry, the wear and tear on the linen, china, silver, etc., cleaning the car and overhaufing the kitchen at frequent intervals and a number of other small but sure expenses.

The cars, the supply stocks and everything pertaining to the service are inspected regularly by officers who are appointed for that purpose, but there are other inspections of which the dining car crew has no knowledge.

Passengers take their places at the tables whose only object seems to be to get their money's worth in food, but they are really taking note of the condition of the waiters' coats and boots; they scrutinize the napkins and the silver, and pay close attention to the manner in which the orders are executed. Other patrons of the car look for defects in the food, and note the size of the portions; there are inspectors also who make the tip question a specialty.

"If a man is well served and wishes to tip the waiter we do not object to his doing so," said Mr. McKee, "but we would not keep a man in our employ who would linger over a table and pretend that he was busy while he was really waiting for a tip, nor would we keep a man who would serve a man from whom he expected nothing, less expeditiously than the man who was 'holding the quar-

The American dining car service has been improved wonderfully in the last few years, and the care which has been bestowed on it and the expense which has been incurred to make it attractive and popular have resulted to the benefit of the traveling community; but all roads agree that the dining car service is an unprofitable investment.

DOOR KNOBS OF TO-DAY.

Builders' hardware, comprising such things as door knobs and hinges, and all the various things required in the construction of a house, are now made in multitudinous variety. The catalogue of a big concern manufacturing such things would be a book of five hundred or six hundred pages, in which there would be enumerated things of thousands of varieties. Take, for example, the door knob, which, simple a thing as it might seem, is made now in hundreds of varieties, an assortment that wouldn't have been dreamed of fifty years ago, when all door knobs were included within a dozen or two va-

The door knob of fifty years ago was of brass. Then came into use the mineral knob, which plenty of people of middle age will be able to recall. Mineral knobs were made of clays of different colors, and sometimes of clays of different colors mixed, the knobs being baked with a glazed surface. A common and familar form of the mineral knob was about the color of dark mahogany. In their day mineral knobs were highly esteemed, and some of them cost as much as twelve dollars a dozen pairs. Now there are mineral knobs that can be bought for seventy-five cents a dozen pairs. Mineral knobs are still used.

After the mineral the bronze knob came into fashion; and after the bronze the wooden knob came into more or less extended use. The prevailing door knob of to-day, as used in cities, is made of bronze. The first bronze knob put on the market cost seven or eight dollars a pair. Many bronze knobs in one form and another are now produced very cheaply, but it might easily be that fine, handsome bronze knobs would cost from two and a half to six dollars a pair. More or less brass knobs are still made, but nowadays mostly in bronze designs.

Door knobs are now made of iron, and they are still made in considerable variety of shapes and sizes of various kinds of wood. There are also made door knobs of glass. These are now produced in greater variety than formerly. They are made in smooth and in cut glass, and some of them simple in design, as they may be, are beautiful. Glass door knobs cost up to four dollars a pair. But while door knobs are made and sold in all these various materials yet the prevailing knob in city use and the one that would be found, in one grade and quality or another, in most of the city's dwellings, would be one of bronze.

Among the hundreds of varieties in which door knobs are made there may be found not only knobs in various conventional forms, but knobs made in conformity with architectural styles and historical periods. For all that, door knobs are not infrequently made to order for single houses from designs furnished by the architect.

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OMARA, NEELS

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 11, 1900.

No. 32.

IF I CAN LIVE.

IF I can live To make some pale face brighter and to give A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,

One throb of comfort to an aching heart, Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by:

Il I can lend A strong hand to the fallen, or defend The right against a single envious strain, My life though hare Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair

To us on earth, will not have been in vain. Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,

Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine, And 'twill be well If on that day of days the angels tell Of me: "She did her best for one of thine."

-H. H.

COFFIN HARDWARE.

As you run into Elgin on the Northwestern Railay from Chicago, one of the first factory buildings at you see is the Elgin Silver Plate Co. establishent. It is on the edge of town, and came from licago, moving here in '92, and employs over a indred men. It makes nothing in the plated line atcoffin hardware, as it is called, the shining jewwand ornamentation that goes on coffins. It almanufactures what is known as coffin trimming. r gewgaws that are put on the last boxing of the

One would suppose that several styles of handles ould be enough for the average living mortal select from when it came to ornamenting the of not some friend, but right here at this place, hich is only one of some sixteen of its kind in the atted States, eight hundred and seventy-three difrent styles are made. In other metal ornamentaons there are several hundred designs, all differd. Several men are kept busy in making new dens, keeping up with the fashions, so to speak, dall parts of, say, a coffin plate, are made and lished right here. It gives employment to over a added people when business is brisk. It is a ange commentary on human nature that there and be fashions in trimming coffins. It is a little of for a common man to think of the mental ony of the afflicted woman attempting to select appropriate and satisfactory style of handle for coffin of the dear departed, who must be laid to long rest according to the prevailing mode. It at be a satisfaction to the widow to know, that, the coffin is up in front of the congregation, trything is in style. And the factory is turning new things all the time.

the product is sold all over the United States, dasmall amount goes to Canada. This is the statestablishment of its kind in the country. In ha hardware there are prices and prices. A pair the best handles will cost about eight dollars, they come in a bewildering number of styles. plates with "Father" or "Mother," or anyg you want on them, will cost, for the best regones, about two dollars. It is often the especially with Germans, that the survivors at the coffin plate used on a coffin, for purposes their own. They usually have it framed, and to anal. home, though it would be a little diffito analyze the feeling that prompts the preserof the gruesome relic.

The plating is done with silver, gold, copper and

used and lost to the world is said to be not less than a quarter of a million dollars' worth a year. That is, the amount of precious metals alone, buried with the dead, annually, amounts to that enormous sum. At the Elgin Plating Company, alone, they use thirty thousand dollars worth of silver, yearly. This is, of course, all a dead loss, going back, as it does, to its reburial in mother earth.

Here is a short story of how the plating is done. The silver, say, is dissolved in acid, and by the addition of salt is turned, chemically, into chloride of silver. This is put into a vessel of distilled water, along with cyanide of potassium. Now around the edge of the tub, or vessel, is a framework on which are suspended sheets of solid silver. On another framework across the tub, or vessel, are suspended the articles which it is desired to plate, hanging in the solution. The articles must be absolutely clean, and if not they will not take the silver, When all are in place the current of electricity is turned on, and the silver at one pole is given off into the solution, and at the other, where the article to be covered with the metal is hung, it is deposited on the metallic surface. It takes about half an hour to get the thickness wanted, and in the case of spoons, knives and forks, and the like, probably three times as long. After the proper amount of metal is deposited it is simply a question of taking the articles out of the bath, polishing and finishing them, when they are ready to be packed for the market. A man or two is on the road, selling to hardware stores, undertakers, and people who deal in such things.

The concern buys its precious metals in Chicago, and like all other businesses it is worked for all that it is worth. The goods turned out are guaranteed against discoloration for two years. What impresses one most in a visit to the factory, or works, is the immense number of funeral trappings that are made here. They are all different, some of them very artistic, and high-priced. It is a well-managed concern, with courteous officials, and in its line is the largest and best in the United States. But what a commentary on human pride it is that all this goes on for the gratification of show and parade of the last resting places of the houses in which the tenants are gone never to return. It will make no difference at the last day whether your coffin plate was silver or gold plated, or none at all.

FELLING GIANT REDWOODS.

It is a most interesting sight to behold one of these giant redwoods fall. The process of cutting is effected through the use of the ax and the saw. All axes are double faced, through which much time is saved in sharpening.

Sometimes the axes start the cut on both sides of the trunk and at places about opposite each other through the thickness of the tree. After the chopping has penetrated to a depth of about two feet on each side the saw is started in the line of incision and the job completed with that instrument.

Generally, however, the direction in which the tree is to fall is determined and the cut is made in that side to the depth of from one to three feet, Then the choppers pass to the opposite side and begin sawing at a point several feet higher than the place of the incision.

As the saw moves through the heart of the giant he begins to sag down on the side where the wound The amount of precious metals that is thus opens the section which the saw is making, thereby the custom has been kept up.

keeping free play for the saw. This is aided at times by driving wedges at the place where the saw

Presently it is apparent that the section is opening wider, and that the tree is beginning to lean away from the cutters. They continue with their work a moment longer, then is heard the cracking of the wood fibres in front of the saw teeth.

Another swish of the saw, and the noises increase. They give a report like firing pistols and the rapidity of detonation of a gatling gun. The sounds, getting ever more rapid, presently become a continu-

Then, if you are standing near by and the tree is large, you will get the impression that everything above is coming to earth; that the whole forest is falling.

The great mast starts slowly to topple, cracking and exploding ever louder at its base, until with a fearful momentum it comes sprawling down, cracking and crashing and roaring and hitting the earth with a clump and thump as it a whole broadside of 13-inch bombs had simultaneously struck a bastion.

The choppers quickly run over the trunk with their axes and cut away all the branches. Almost before you can recover yourself the long stalk is bare of limbs, and then the men begin crosscutting it into logs or sections of from twenty-four to thirty feet, as long as it is desired that the boards into which it is to be reduced at the mill shall be.

This done, the logs are peeled of their bark, the crowbar being used to pry off the thick integument, which is sometimes a foot in depth, the log being turned with jackscrews, when that is practicable, to get at the under side.

MANY KINDS OF FROGS.

FORTY species of frogs are known to the world, according to the frog man of the Smithsonian Institution, who has given the matter laborious atten-

As this is the frog season, it is interesting to know that the crop promises to be an imusually large one, and that the market price should not be

The government's frog man will not acknowledge that Canada produces finer frogs than the United States. He contends that in the marshes back of the Potomac, the Louisiana swamps, and the swamps and marshes of New York State, are to be found the largest, finest and most succulent frogs in the known world.

It is admitted, however, that the Canadians understand the art of preparing frog's legs for market in a manner superior to Americans and that this fact has brought the Canada frogs prominently before the lovers of good things to eat.

He believes that frog farming is certain to be one of the most profitable industries of many parts of the United States, and that already many men are engaged in it.

Of the forty species of frogs known, the largest is the gigantic bellower of the Louisiana swamps, which grows to four pounds weight, and is one of the most choice for table use. Next come the Potomac and the New York frogs, all large and of superior flavor.

It is asserted that the pickings on the body of a frog are just as good as the meat on the legs, but in the days before the deluge frogs grew to such size that the legs furnished sufficient meat to satisfy all demands without eating the body, and apparently

Correspondence

JAPANESE DINNER CUSTOMS.

To an American given to stiff joints and corpulency a Japanese dinner is a tedious experience, especially when he's used to business lunches and the like. But it is worth trial and discomfiture if one is fortunate enough to be the guest of a rich man, for in Japan hospitality is one of the cardinal virtues.

Western customs and usages have found their way into many homes of the wealthy, whose dinners and lunches are the counterpart of those with which we are all familiar. But a real Japanese dinner, including chopsticks, lacquer trays, and tiny cups, is a thing never to be forgotten.

Japanese houses are made up of sliding screens instead of our solid partitions, and in summer are all left open, so that seated at dinner one looks out over the gardens, seeing the lights of the city in the distance and the scent of a thousand flowers blows in with every breath of air.

The guests remove their shoes on entering the house, and, except when provided with a pair of cotton overshoes, must spend the evening in stocking feet unless happily the host has an extra pair. The wife of a Japanese gentleman does not preside at his table unless there are ladies in the party, but appears with the tea and sweetmeats which always precede a dinner. She merely greets the guests and appears again only when the good-bys are said. Silken cushions are scattered about the floor and the guests are arranged according to rank, for the Japanese are, of course, great sticklers for form and ceremony. Little tables, some six inches high, are placed before each one, and barefooted waiting maids in graceful and prettily tinted kimomos bring in lacquer trays with several tiny, covered bowls. Before leaving the trays on the tables they set them on the floor, and dropping on their knees make their best bow, touching their foreheads to the floor. Chopsticks take the place of knives and forks, but unlike our weapons of attack are made of wood. They are never used twice, unless family heirlooms, when they are of carved ivory of the most exquisite workmanship, as are also the lacquer trays, bowls, and cups.

The host sets an example by removing the covers from the tiny bowls, and the guests, doing likewise, find an assortment of food quite new and generally most distasteful. Mustering up much skill one attempts getting the food on chopsticks from the tables to one's mouth. The first few times most of it falls on the floor or on one's lap. The wretched sticks wabble and cross each other as if focused. When almost desperate the good host is apt to come to the rescue by suggesting lifting the bowls and with the aid of a chopstick shoveling the food in, as one would potatoes into a barrel.

In each course there are half a dozen dishes and the host tells what they are. First, suimono, a bean soup; kuchitori, chestnuts boiled and crushed into a mush; kamaboko, fish picked fine and rolled into little balls and baked; sashimi, raw fish cut into thin slices and covered with ice. This is dipped into rich sauce called soy, and is really good. Little cups of warm saké, the native brandy made of rice, are served with each course. Napkins and bread are unknown quantities.

The second course is a small fish boiled whole. One has a chance here to get in some fine play with the chopsticks; umani, bits of fowl boiled with potatoes or lotus roots; a salad of onious, peas, and string beans, with a few leaves of lettuce; sunomono, sea snails served with eggplant mashed; and chamanmushi, a thick soup made of fish and vegetables, with mushrooms for a relish.

The third course is a curry of rice and picked vegetables, and for a fourth and final course you have sobo, a sort of buckwheat vermicelli served with soy and a sweet liquor called mirin; shiruko, rice cakes, seaweed, and confectionery of all sorts, which are sweet and tasteless.

During the dinner each guest rises and proposes the health of the host and one other guest until the whole party is disposed of. This custom is rather hard on the guests, for sake is fiery stuff and goes to one's head more quickly than our own brandy. To make matters worse, after one has drank the health of all the company, it is customary to drink

the health of the waitresses, who bow their foreheads to the floor in acknowledgment.

SANDFORD'S ODD SECT THRIVES.

ELDER FRANK SANDFORD, chief apostle of the Holy Ghost and Us sect, whose great temple stands on Beulah hill in the town of Durham, Me., has just returned from a trip across the continent, and there is now in progress at the temple, which is called Shiloh, a convention of the converts to the faith, which is in the nature of a farewell to Sandford, who is about to depart, with seventy of his disciples, for a tour of Europe.

Never in all the history of religious crazes in Maine, noted as a State much given to such excitements, has there been anything to compare with the progress of Sandford's evangelistic movement. This man, educated for the Baptist ministry, has for years been posing as the representative on earth of the Savior, and by his undeniable gift of oratory, his great energy, and his power to sway those affected by the religious mania, he has established a numerous colony at Beulah hill, where there have been erected several buildings of grotesque architecture, the chief structure being the famous Temple of Shiloh.

From all over Maine, and from distant parts of the country as well-even from Europe-Sandford has collected money for the erection of his temple and other buildings, and for the various purposes of his mission. He has established a sort of co-operative colony, where are gathered at times as many as two hundred persons, some of whom work in the fields and gardens, while others perform a variety of labors, and all are students in Elder Sandford's Bible class. These people have been taught by Sandford that the only way to salvation is to cast aside the world and all material interests, and devote their time to the propagation of the Gospel as he teaches it, for the saving of the world, relying upon God alone to provide them with all needful things for the support of life. Many have given up all their property to Sandford, and some few who have tired of the gospel life have returned to their homes broken in purse as well as spirit.

Sandford claims to possess the power to heal the sick and raise the dead, and it is not long since he gave out a long statement detailing the process used by him in bringing to life a young woman who had apparently died. He made a trip to England and came back with much money that he collected there. Then he went to Boston, where, after indifferent success, he abandoned the field, the police closing the house in which he held forth. Next came his trip to the Pacific coast, from which he has just returned, and now he has announced his intention of taking seventy of his strongest disciples to the Holy Land and through Europe.

Strange stories are told of the meetings in the temple at Beulah hill. On one occasion, so Sandford himself said, the congregation prayed unceasingly for seven days and nights, with only enough refreshment to keep them from fainting. Some of the women, it is said, have become insane from the excitement, and it is certain that many of them have the appearance of being mentally unbalanced. It was one of Sandford's disciples who was tarred and feathered by a mob in the town of Levant, near Bangor, last year, after he had caused a tremendous excitement in the place and induced some of the people to give up their property to the cause.

CITY OF BAGDAD.

Bagnan is one of the last of the unspoiled great cities of the East. The Bazaar of Constantinople has been defiled by Western innovations, and European fashions are stealing into the shops of Tabriz. Bagdad is changing, too, but its colors and ways are rich still with suggestions of the days of the Caliphs and the luxurious era of Islam. The old part of the custom-house is the palace of the Caliphate, hoary with the marks of more than eight centuries, and mosque and minaret recall great names of great days which will never come again.

In the palace court now are iron from Birmingham and cotton from Manchester, matches from Sweden, and cheaper and more sulphurous ones from Japan, chinaware from China and Russia, spirits and sugar from Marseilles, with wheat for shipment to London, and wool and hides for America.

Where the Caliph's favorites once sold kingdom inspectors now take their petty bribes. It is curious bedlam. Caravans come in from Personal Arabia, and Mesopotamia. The laden came horses, and donkeys surge out east, north, and and south. A hamal, or porter, pushes by carring on his back a three hundred and fifty possible of cotton. And the Bagdad natives are detinguished from the rest by the Bagdad button, a scar about the size of a date, often on the end the nose, always on the face, the mark of an use scab, which sooner or later comes to disfigure even resident of Bagdad.

Hebrews, of whom there are forty thousand, one third of the population of the city; Armenian many of whose women have been married to Estropeans; Arabs from the desert; Turks, soldiers, and fat civilians, some dark, some blond as the januaries; chavadars, with their caravans, Persian traden of all kinds, pass to and fro under the covered streets between the bazaar shops, displaying all the produce of the East.

WHAT SHE THINKS OF BOYS.

The following is from the school composition of a twelve-year old Ottawa, Kans., girl:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold that tongues till they are spoken to and then they are swer respectable and tell just how it was."

CAPE Nome is a jut of land on the northwester coast of Alaska, only 150 miles removed from Ber ing Strait, and washed by the waters of Ben ing Sea. It is 135 miles from St Michael's, 81 miles from Siberia, 155 miles south of the Arctic Circle, nearly 2,600 miles from Scattle, 900 miles in a straight line west of Dawson City, or 1,900 mile by way of the Yukon River from the same point 2,300 miles from Skaguay, 2,700 miles from Portland 2,800 miles from San Francisco and 4,700 miles from Chicago. Just at present Cape Nome is the center of the greatest gold rush in the world. Mavelous stories come from the northern world as to the discoveries that have been made there by goll seekers. At the American assay offices Cape Nome gold is worth \$18.50 an ounce and Klondik gold \$16.50 an ounce. It is easier to reach Cale Nome than the Klondike. The gold output to 1900 from the Cape region is estimated at as high as \$10,000,000. The fare from Pacific coast poirs is \$100 first-class and \$75 second-class, with free at \$40 a ton.

We had a cat named Tibby, and one day noted put baby on the rug in front of the fire while is was busy at the table. Tibby happened to have set tens at the time, and they were on the sofa.

Tibby evidently thought that if baby was on the hearth rug her kittens ought to be there, too, 50, 19 brought them one by one and put them on the

When mother saw what she was doing she the kittens back on the sofa, but Tibby brother again three or four times, mother put them back each time.

At last puss got discouraged, but mother head cry from baby a minute later, and when she look round there was puss trying to drag baby to the fa by her hair, of which, naturally, baby very disapproved. Puss had made up her mind to there own way, somehow.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WILSON says that Nebraska nowadays the skins of superfluous are tanned and made into gloves—a plan which fords a valuable suggestion, inasmuch as every community kills off great numbers of curs and the hides of which might just as well be utilized wasted. Dogskin, of course, is one of the best terials for gloves, and for this purpose we it hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of pelts annually. In Manchuria and on the borders of Mongolia, where the severe cold velops a beautiful growth of hair, are found sands of flocks of young dogs. There is a great mand for both dog skins and dog hair in not Asia. A bride in Mongolia or Manchuria con ly receives a number of live dogs as weddies

Nature Study

CODFISH.

PERRAPS, next to herring, the cod is the most imextrant fish to mankind. This may be partially Leto its extensive distribution over the globe, for it pabits both of the northern divisions of the Atastic and Pacific oceans, and even the polar sea to distance beyond the Arctic circle.

The Dutch claim the honor of having been the intrace to discover its food value, and tradition systhey ate it in the fourteenth century. Howper, we have authentic records that the banks of Sewfoundland were visited by the French as early F 1504, and by the Spanish about a dozen years latg. It is said that Cape Cod was so called by Battholomew Gosnold in 1602, who caught so pany fish off the coast that "he pestered his deck

The gadus morrhua (the cod's scientific name) is I the galidae family, and, unlike the other memcrs, is not a migratory fish, but lives in great colon a limited territory. When fresh from the sates the back of the cod is a greenish brown coln, thickly spotted with reddish yellow dots.. Its elly is a silvery opaque white, and the fins are a pale green. It may be distinguished from the hadlock, with which it commonly feeds, by the lateral ine that runs from the end of its gills to its tail. On the haddock this line is a dark color, while on he cod it is a pure white.

The cod spawns in February, from 4,000,000 to ,000,000 eggs being the deposit of a single female. whe end of spring the young fish have grown to bout an inch in length. However they are not witable for market before their third year, when bey usually measure three feet and weigh anythere from twelve to twenty pounds apiece. It is rate thing (in the South county) for the codfish nattain a weight greater than twenty-five or thirty ounds. Upon the Banks few are caught which eigh over eighty, and those that weigh from wenty-five to fifty pounds are more common. two men can catch upward of five hundred fish in day off the Newfoundland coast. South county shermen are more conservative in their estimate.

The fish is of the greatest food value during the bee months previous to Christmas. It is then aught by means of "long" or "hand" lines cast I from shore or from a boat. When the warm leather of spring arrives the cod resorts to deeper rater—usually from twenty-five to fifty fathoms— Bit is strictly a cold water fish. Here it feeds upnworms, sand cels, shell fish, crustacea, and other mall fish of various kinds.

During this season, which may last from April mil fall, the men live in rough shanties along the past, in order to be near their work, as the vocaon occupies all their time. Since the fish now well in too deep water for the seine or hand lines be used advantageously, they are caught by a locess known as " trawling," which was first introaced into this country about 1860 by the French.

Altawl consists of a main line about three thouand feet in length, having shorter ones, which are cherally thirty-six inches long, with a strong iron ook tied to each, attached to the main line from fee to six feet apart, so that every trawl has from thundred to one thousand hooks upon it. Each of the main line has a small anchor attached to and two buoys, which may be nothing more than appy kegs, are also fastened, one at either end, by tans of long ropes. It is customary to put a ort pole in the head of each buoy, to which is tached a flag, bearing the initials of the owner, or Ser trademark by which he can tell his property a short distance.

Clams, lobsters, squid, herring, and other small are used to bait the hooks with. Each fish will of four or five hooks. Squid is preferable to all the but cannot always be obtained. As fast as hooks are baited the trawl is coiled up in a tub act out of a barrel that has been sawed in halves. he main line is wound against the sides of the tub. the baited hooks fall toward the center. To done, but toward the control of two or two done half hours, but it is sometimes done durthe fisherman's spare moments.

when the men are ready to go out, the trawl is

-to be used in case it is necessary to rebait any of the hooks on trawl line already set. A jug of water is customarily carried under the seat in the stern, and a few skeptical men surreptitiously conceal a half dollar in their trousers pocket as a safeguard against shipwreck upon a desert island off the coast of South county,

The system of trawling is somewhat as follows: The men row to a good fishing ground, which may be four or five miles from the coast, and approach a buoy whose flag bears their mark or insignia. When it has been reached the end of the trawl that is attached to it is drawn up to the surface, and the hooks examined by one man, while the other rows the boat the length of the main line. The fish that are caught are taken from the hooks and thrown into the boat, and the hooks rebaited with the material brought along. Not all are cod, however. Some will be haddock, others hake, and even a dogfish will now and then turn up. At times mere slimy masses are hauled up by the hooks from the oozy bottom.

The process of curing the fish is at least two hundred years old. It consists in removing all the entrails and cutting off the head. The fish are then split from head to tail and the backbone extracted. After this they are rinsed in a hogshead of water and packed in barrels, with an ample layer of salt covering each stratum of fish. Two or three men can do this quite easily, but a greater number facilitate the process. After a certain length of time, which depends upon how salt it is desired to make the fish, they are removed and spread upon flakes to dry. "Flakes" are wooden frames about seven feet wide and raised three feet from the ground, usually covered with triangular slats. It requires considerable ability to dry the fish properly, and the perfection of this part alone is a fine art. If the sunlight is too strong it softens them up, or, as the fishermen say, "washes" them. To prevent this, the flakes are sometimes covered with screens from one to three feet high. In case the men have no flakes the fish are dried upon the roofs of their

When thoroughly dry the fish are shipped to market, bringing from two to five cents a pound at wholesale. The flesh, however, is not the only part that has a value. During the past fifteen years the production of oil from the cod's liver has increased immensely, and now its medicinal qualities are recognized throughout the world. The swims or air bladders are carefully dried and kept until cold weather, when they can be converted into isinglass. In Norway the cod's head was formerly used to feed cows upon, it being thought to be a milk producer, while in Iceland their ribs are used as fuel. Both of these parts are now more advantageously employed in the manufacture of glue.

THE PUSSY HOME.

THERE is a place in Washington, D. C., where cats are boarded and lodged in what is called the Bertha Langdon Barber Cat Shelter. There are all kinds and conditions of cats at the Shelter, and they are fed and cared for very well. The institution is in the nature of a bequest for the pur-

For the information of those who have feline pets, the bill of fare as prepared at the Washington cat shelter may be of interest:

Breakfast-Oatmeal and milk, stewed beef, wa-

Lunch-Boiled cornstarch, sweetened; rice pudding, crackers and milk, water.

Dinner-Fried fish, with the bones removed; boiled mashed potatoes, boiled eggs, fried liver,

Raw meat is not used at all as an article of diet, as it is said to cause mange and a bad temper.

The total cost of maintaining the institution for sheltering stray cats in Washington, where several hundred or more are domiciled, is about one hundred and fifty dollars per month. This does not include rent, as the grounds and buildings of the Washington cat shelter were a bequest to the soci-

One of the most interesting of the cat's traits is a trick of kidnapping, as revealed in the "nurscry" of the sheller. There one day to go out, the trawl is of the sheller. There one day with two kit-

tens, and the other a fine specimen of the Maltese variety, with eight kittens. A few moments after the arrival of the visitors, the latter shook the kittens, which were clinging to her, viewed them with a look of solicitude as though to assure herself that they were all right and it would be safe to leave them to themselves, and then quietly crept to the other side of the room, where she began drinking from a dish of water. All this time the gray cat had been an interested spectator, and as soon as she saw the Maltese kittens alone, she quietly crept over to them, critically examined them, made a selection, took one of them in her mouth, and quickly deposited it in her own bed. She was about to repeat the performance when the Maltese mother returned. Wicked and determined glances were exchanged between the two mothers; the gray cat hastily returned to her own bed and arranged her kidnapped kitten out of sight, while the Maltese pawed over her little ones as though to assure herself of their safety. Then she nestled among them, apparently ignorant of her loss,

Inquiry brought out the information that the kidnapping of kittens by would-be foster mothers was a matter of every-day occurrence. The superintendent said:

"We have now two cats, kittenless and with no means of nourishing a family, who are habitual kidnappers, gathering all the kittens they can find and playing mother.

RAISES SNAKES FOR A LIVING.

ABNER DODGE is an aged mountaineer of San Francisco, Cal., who makes a living by raising rat-

He owns a snake farm at the headwaters of Lytle creek. There he raises thousands of snakes a year and kills as many. He sells their oil to druggists and their rattles and skins to curio shop keepers. Miners and sailors believe there is no remedy quite so efficacious as rattlesnake oil for rheumatic pains, boils, bruised skins and swollen joints, besides a dozen other of the disorders that human flesh is heir to. The old man is proud of his title, "The rattlesnake king."

He has been in the "snake business" for twenty years and in that time has handled forty thousand rattlers. He recalls that 'the summer that Blaine ran for president" was the best year he has ever had in business. "That year," he said, "I got over five hundred snakes and made two hundred dollars." A black hog is his snake trailer. He uses her as a hunter does hounds to scent and run down the quarry. When she scents a snake she grunts eagerly and excitedly, and that is her master's cue. He kills the snake with a big stick, throws it into a gunnysack that he carries over his shoulder and discontented Piggy goes on trailing. Piggy has been bitten many times, but the poison of the rattlers has no more effect upon her than a mosquito bite.

At the rear of his house Abner Dodge has fenced in, with boards and stones, a few acres that constitute his snake farm. Here the reptiles breed rapidly and add to his wealth.

MADE FROM CORN PITH.

To read of the variety of useful things that are to-day being manufactured from Indian corn pith, neglected for centuries as worthless, is like delving into the mysteries of an Indian fairy tale. There are three cellulose "plants" in the United States.

The largest has just been completed in Indiana and has a mechanical equipment costing over \$100,-000. Here is an interesting list of some of the numberless articles that corn pith will become on its devious progress through the machinery: A product for protecting battleships, smokeless powder, dynamite, face power, patent-leather finish, kodak films, varnish and car-box packing filler.

It sounds like a modern Aladdin's lamp, as though one had only to put in the corn pith, start the machinery, murmur an incantation and, presto, the desired article is at hand, from dynamite to face power. The outer lining of the cornstalk, that incloses the pith, furnishes a separate revenue of its own, as it is converted into a flour that is used to feed and fatten cattle and chickens.

Over 160,000,000 tons of cornstalks have been annually going to waste; to-day this farm product is worth three dollars a ton.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$4.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elglu, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Eighn, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

TO OUR YOUTHFUL WRITERS.

ONE of the mistakes a young person usually makes when he thinks of writing something for publication is in the choice of a top-heavy subject, oftener than not something he knows next to nothing about, and then proceeding to use big words in telling nothing either new or instructive. Now there is a much better way than all this. It consists in choosing some familiar, every-day subject, and handling it in an unfamiliar way. It is hardly possible to say anything that is new along the lines of any moral matter, and such a subject is best avoided by the beginner. But all around us are things that, at the touch of a skillful writer, appear in new lights. Taking these, and handling them well, is pretty sure to give the author an attentive and interested constituency. But most people, when they "take their pen in hand" proceed to preach, or what they think is preaching, and people do not read because they do not want to. One of the mistakes the tyro makes is thinking that his mission is to instruct the world at large. This, in the abstract, is a very good and commendable way, but if an audience is what is wanted no attempt should be made to educate the people. excellent men and women have failed to catch and hold their people by this very thing of getting over the heads of their readers. If the attention of the reader is what you want you must give him what he wants, not what you think he ought to have.

Then again, if the article is declined by one editor the aspirant for literary honors should not be discouraged. No one man knows it all. His judgment may not be perfect, and many a good thing has gone wandering around the different magazine and newspaper offices, only to be returned after the usual time had clapsed. Then when it finally did get a hearing it has often been the case that the whole world applauded. There are quite a number of just such instances on record in the book world. Let no young writer be discouraged. All things come to those who wait and hold on.

WHY THE INGLENOOK?

This paper has passed the experimental stage. It is no longer a trial effort. Beginning with little much has been accomplished. It is a welcome guest in hundreds and hundreds of homes where its coming is awaited patiently, and its contents eagerly devoured. It grows on one, and to begin reading it is to continue a reader. But there are thousands of homes among our people where it ought to be found, but where it is a stranger. Every member of the Brethren church, taking the Messenger, should have its companion publication, THE INGLE-NOOK. This should be the case for two reasons. They are that the publication is authorized by the Annual Conference, and that it is a good paper, well worth the money, and is, in fact, better than many or most all of similar publications. Some say that it is the best of its character to be found anywhere,

The Inglenook is not a beggar. It is not asking patronage because it is authorized by the church. It is worth many times what it costs. The whole wide-spread earth is hunted over for instructive and interesting fields of exploration, and there is a weekly feast set before the readers that is fully valued by those who know the paper best. Every home of the Brethren faith should have a copy, for

its intrinsic merit as well as for the fact that it is the church's effort at providing an instructive and interesting paper. Look this copy over, it is a sample, to a certain extent, of all that will follow, outside of the fact that it is continually being improved, some going so far as to say that each successive issue is more interesting than its predecessor. There will be distinctively Brethren articles in the course of the year not available in any other publication. It will pay every present reader to have it visit him regularly.

DO ANIMALS UNDERSTAND SPEECH?

This is a question which every observant Ingle-NOOKER can help solving. It is not meant to ask whether all animals understand what is said at times, such as calling a dog, a horse, or a cat by their names, but whether or not some of them can go further than that and grasp ideas requiring them to differentiate their actions according to intelligent perception of what is wanted. That there is a wonderful difference in the intelligence of animals everybody who has had much to do with them knows full well. Take dogs for example. Some of them are away ahead of others of the same breed, and such learn readily, while others are not worth an attempt at training.

The Editor of the Inglenook is inclined to the belief that some animals do really understand human speech within certain limits. He once had a dog that understood thoroughly well the difference between right and left in the matter of direction. He would turn either way at command, and would mount one or the other chair as directed, or when hunting in the field would move as ordered, to either side. He also understood the difference between the words handkerchief, hat, boots, and the like. When an order was given and it was not understood, the facial expression showed the mental condition perfectly. It is also the ease that eats and dogs can be taught the moral right or wrong of an action. The cats and dogs in a butcher shop soon learn that they are not to touch that not intended for them. It is perfectly clear that some animals, at least, learn a good many of our words, and it is a certainty that we hardly ever learn one of their words or their signs for ideas. Exception to this is shown in a case of a dog on the track of a rabbit. He is perfectly quiet on the trail, but as soon as he catches sight of the prey he "gives tongue," as we say, in a succession of barks never mistaken by the owner who knows him and his ways.

We would like every reader who has had personal knowledge of an intelligent understanding of speech, among any class of animals, to send his experience to this paper.

THEY ALL LIKE IT.

"I READ the INGLENOOK, as my granddaughter is taking it, and she is staying with us, and I think it the best young people's paper I have ever seen."

REUBEN WELLER.

A WORFUL thing it is to any man to have continuous prosperity. A most sad lot is his. He does not know it, because he is little, and half blind and wholly deaf. See a man who for the last century has done nothing but win, and you do not see the most chastened, spiritually refined, sympathetic soul that can be found.

A good many people, in subscribing for the In-GLENOOK, find it of such absorbing interest that they want the back numbers. It is useless to ask. They could not be had "for love or money." There are none. The moral of this is to get hold of the paper at as early a date as possible, and not miss a single issue.

. It is strange how differently people are constituted. A man on the battle field had the tip of his ear cut by a Mauser bullet and made an endless noise about it, while another, with his head taken off by a cannon ball, never said a word.

ued by those who know the paper best. Every IT is hard to believe that a man is lying when he home of the Brethren faith should have a copy, for is telling you pleasant things about yourself.—Sel.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Our Example.

There is not a person living who does not increase himself to a greater or less extent upon he surroundings. And there is not a person living who is not more or less influenced by what goes to around him. We may say that we are not marked by those with whom we are in touch, but the facts are just the opposite. Insensibly our environment make us more or less like them. We take on color without our intending to do so, or without our knowledge. We impress and are impressed. It cannot be avoided.

There, is a lesson in this, and that is to keen away from evil, and to keep from setting others bad example. It is always best to be on the sain side, and where a thing is doubtful in its mora bearings it is best to avoid it, to pass not by it, but to go around it. Children are peculiarly alert mentally, and they take note of things said and done in their presence, and more, they imitate us. It hardly a question in the mind of anybody of mature years but that our relations toward these little on lookers and listeners should be of a character to make them better, and not worse by having bees about us. It is not necessary for us to be repellant in an assumed piety, but it is advisable to remember that at all times we leave our marks behind us and let us not forget that we are responsible for

A good natured kindliness of feeling for every body, habitually carried with us, soon becomes second nature, and when we are dead and come to judgment we are not likely to be horrified by having brought up against us a long list of moral misdeeds born of our acts before those who are not about us. Therefore let us be more careful, not only of what we say and do, but of where we allow ourselves to be taken by evil desire, for as we are others about us become, and what they are we become. Choose the best and keep close to it.

A FABLE.

Once there was a rabbit that went hopping along on one side of a wire netting fence. On the other was a dog. Said the dog to the bunny, "Will you not step over on this side, Mrs. Rabbit, as I have something to say to you?"

"What is it that you would communicate tome All you have to do is to whisper it through the fence, if it is a secret."

. "It is something that I can only tell you on this side of the fence."

"Well," said the Rabbit, "I heard from a grandmother, of precious memory, that when a grandmother, of precious memory, that when a gratleman dog could not tell a lady rabbit something he had on his mind through a wire netting she had better not hear it at all." And with this she gave flirt of her ears, a sidewise kick, and away she were across the field and out of sight.

MORAL.

If William Henry can't tell what he has to st from his own chair it is time to tell him that is should go home.

If those who read the Inglenook, and think mofit, will speak a word of commendation to the about them, urging them to take the paper, the will be more subscribers and readers. By the strong of those about us we have made a paper that motion compare favorably with any other in the country People who know say so, and we want to reach to the ends of the earth. Say a good word for to your friends, if you like the publication.

The war in Africa and latterly in China brought to the fore some very uncivilized and landish names of places. Now we know a few landish names of places. Now we know a few nounce off hand without the trouble we have some of these foreign names. There are Punnsuran ney, Susquehanna, Chillisquaque, Cowanshanan and others like them. Why do not these distributed have such easy names?

What signifies knowing the names if you kee not the nature of things?

KING'S SAVINOS.

THAT a king or queen has considerable of an income es without saying, and the most of them, all over the world, have a habit of banking their surplus in one place thought safe outside of their own counin case there should be trouble at home, and bey should "lose their jobs" they are protected for a time, at least, against the visits of the wolf. Most of these people choose the Bank of England s their depository.

The King and Queen of Italy are eareful, and economize as much as they can, and while, perhaps, the best portion of their joint savings is invested at home, not an inconsiderable part finds its way to be city of London, where it is invested in sound holdings that realize for the royal couple a nice ad-

ition to their income.

The late Tsar was another thrifty and economical oyal personage, who, at his death, had over 5,000,000 to his credit at the Bank of England. the bulk of this, however, was left to the Princess Wales, to whom he was deeply attached.

Alexander II., grandfather of the present Tsar, ras another monarch who economized in order to provide at his death a large sum of money for the comfort of his morganatic wife and children. He deposited in her name at the Bank of England no ess than \$20,000,000, to which fortune the lady and her family duly succeeded.

The Tsar banked that money in England, firmly convinced that in no other institution in the world would this large fortune be more secure either from eizure by his successors on the throne or from disppearance through the collapse of the bank.

Had this money been placed in the Bank of France, or in the national banking establishments any other country—say Austria, Germany, or Holland-the local registration of a decree of innetion obtained by the Russian Crown would have ken sufficient to debar the widowed lady from outhing the money destined for her use. But Mexander well knew that once the money had ken credited in her name in the Bank of England he setting in motion of any complex legal machintry for depriving her of it would have been fruitless and a sheer waste of energy.

The Emperor Frederick only reigned three nonths, but in that short time he was able to place the credit of his English wife, the Empress frederick, a fairly comfortable sum he had saved, the interest of which principally the Empress inds living easy.

When the late Napoleon III. found that his brone was tottering, in the latter part of 1869 and the spring of 1870, he had the wit to place his avings—which were considerable, notwithstanding hat he was considered lavish in his expenditure therally-in the Bank of England in the name of Empress Eugenie, and it is due to this preeaution at the ex-Empress remains to-day one of the tealthiest of royal widows.

The present Sultan of Turkey may have wild nohas on the question of humanity and its bearings matters connected with his throne and person; d, fearless though he is in many things that afat his government, he is, nevertheless, apprehenne that there is nothing sure or safe in this life, so k, too, saves—cautiously dropping his savings in sorts of hiding places in Constantinople. He is shrewd enough, in case the latter are discovad at any time, to send vast sums to London; but tooks askance at fluctuating stocks, and consepently prefers the deposit system.

The Khedive, too, sends all his savings to Lona. in fact, there is hardly a ruler of any imporace who fails to send his overplus income for instment in the British securities in connection and governed by the Bank of England, ex-Queen Victoria, who, eurious to say, does place her money with the national bank, but the private firm of Coutts.

JUQQLINO WHITE-HOT BOLTS.

Tee passing of white-hot bolts from section to constant of white-hot boits from the new building in course of erection at corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets is one the spectacles in connection with the setting of steel for the structure.

be bolts and rivets necessary in joining the steel girders are heated in portable forges, with the attendant, are placed high in the air on platforms of boards. It is the method by which the blazing bolts get from the forge to the riveter that supplies the spectacle-a fascinating and at times an alarming one.

The bolt is caught securely in pincers, and, by a deft twist of the wrist, is sent spinning through the air in the direction of the men at work on the structure, from five to ten feet away, and sometimes

There is a swift, brilliant flash through the air, and then a shower of sparks as the bolt reaches its destination—the bottom of a bucket held by one of the workmen. There is play for dexterity both in throwing and in catching the blazing metal, and while misses rarely if ever occur, still there is a chance, and this chance gives zest to the interest of the watchers on the sidewalk.

The bolts, in their comet-like flight, ordinarily pass from girder to girder, with open way through the skeleton structure below them, so that a miss means that the hot metal will come earthward at an alarming rate of speed, and with probable dire results to one or more of the scores of men at work between the sky line and terra firma. The men, however, who do this little turn have done it before a few times, and they and the hundreds below them have confidence in their ability.

STOPPING THE TRAINS.

THE following dispatch shows how caterpillars have stopped trains in the West. This is also true of grasshoppers, and it may be of interest to explain that it is not because of the density of these pests in the way of the cars, but because they crawl on the rails in such numbers as to prevent the wheels catching. The solution of the trouble consists in liberally sanding the rails, and trains in those sections where this trouble is met with always earry a liberal supply of sand with them for this very purpose.

Caterpillars are obstructing traffic on the railroads just now. Trainmen on the Florence and Cripple Creek railroad had to shovel the worms off the track to-day between this city and Cripple Creek. The eaterpillars were crushed beneath the wheels, and the tracks became so slippery that the train could not proceed.

The country about Rhyalite and back toward Florissant is also covered with the pests, which eat up everything green in their path.

PRETORIA.

Besides being the seat of the Transvaal government Pretoria is the most beautiful town in South Africa. It nestles in a valley and is good to look upon. Nowhere else in South Africa is there such a blending of new and old or are there so many contrasts in the way of architecture. There are quaint, low Dutch roofs, sturdy English architecture and the big government buildings completed ten years ago at a cost of \$1,000,000.

In the center of the square, between the new and the old government buildings, stands a typical Dutch church, around which, four times in the year, during the nachtmaal, or communion celebrations, the wagons of the burghers who come in from the surrounding country are drawn up, and in these, or tents erected alongside, the Boers and their wives and families live for the four or five days that the festival lasts.

When one eatches a glimpse of the town for the first time, it seems to be luxuriating in a huge grove of trees of various descriptions, so great is the profusion of foliage. No matter where one looks in the town or the exquisite suburbs of Sunnyside and Areadia, every residence is flanked with trees of one kind or another, and in the streets are several beautiful avenues of the eucalyptus and willow varieties, some of which have been planted for many years.

Another great feature in Pretoria is its water, of which there is a plentiful and excellent supply. The Aapies river skirts the town, and the Fountains, the name given to some springs which rise in the hills about two miles to the southeast of Pretoria, furnish an abundance of water for all purposes. Indeed, so great is the supply that beautifully elear water runs down on both sides of several of the streets, and most refreshing it looks during the summer season.

For the rest, it may be said that Pretoria pos- How fast was the train going per hour?

sesses a street-railway service, the electric light and a telephone service, innovations introduced gradually in spite of the opposition of the unprogressive doppers, and in a short time, under a proper municipality, the town should be rendered more healthy, and in that respect more attractive, than it is at present. For years there has been a strong leaven of British in the population of Pretoria, and under the new regime it is reasonable to suppose that a much larger number of Englishmen will be attracted to the town. It is known that gold and diamonds exist in payable quantities in the district of Pretoria, but President Kruger and his executive have steadily set their faces against having a mining community in the vicinity of their capital, and, therefore, the properties on which minerals have been found have not been exploited so vigorously as they would have been under more encouraging circumstances.

OWNERS OF NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE fact that the Natural Bridge tract is soon to be sold has opened the way for some writers to romance about it.

It is stated that it was a part of the inheritance of Thomas Jefferson, but that is not our information, says the Richmond Despatch. We have always thought that Mr. Jefferson patented the land-i. c., bought it from the crown at about a shilling an

Mr. Jefferson and George Washington both were far-seeing men and good judges of land and " took up" numbers of valuable tracts. Washington, particularly, owing to his personal knowledge of our Western, Virginia, lands, was fortunate in his selec-

Mr. Jefferson acquired the bridge tract in 1774. Of the bridge itself he wrote that it was worth a trip across the ocean to see; but for a long time its inaccessibility caused it to be seldom visited, even by our own people. The construction of the old James river and Kanawha canal put it near a highway of travel. Later, railroad lines came within a few miles of it, and now thousands visit it annually.

Since Jefferson's time the bridge has had many owners. At one period it belonged to the Harman family. Colonel Henry Clay Parsons bought it about 1881, and formed a stock company to "run" it. His residence there led up to his death, at the hands of conductor Goodman, at Clifton Forge, on June 29, 1894. To what extent he or his family held stock in the bridge company at that time we are not informed, but the amount held is supposed to have been considerable.

THE BENT MATCH MAGIC.

BEND a wooden match in the middle, which will, of course, almost break, being held together only by a few fibres.

Now, place it at an acute angle across the mouth of an empty bottle, with a penny on top of the

The problem is to eause the penny to fall into the bottle without touching either the bottle, match or

Unless you know how to do it, it would no doubt seem impossible, yet it is so simple as to cause one to say, "O, that's nothing to do."

Dip your finger in a glass of water, and holding it above the angle of the bent match, allow a few drops of water to fall upon it, and, lo! swollen by the water, the fibres of the wood will straighten themselves, and you will gradually see the angle of the match grow larger and larger, until it opens so far as to permit the coin to drop inside the bottle.

TELEGRAPH POLE PROBLEM.

A DRUMMER, having traveled over almost every railroad line in the United States, through long practice could always tell the speed the train was going at by merely counting the telegraph poles that the train passed in a given time.

All telegraph poles are, of course, not exactly equal distances apart, but on an average they will be found to be very nearly so.

On a certain road on which the drummer was traveling at one time he knew that the telegraph poles were fifty-eight yards two feet apart. He counted sixty poles that passed him in two minutes.

Good Reading

IN THE CLIFF RUINS.

THE most populous cliff-dwelling spot of all is that where Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico meet. The cliff dwellings are generally alike throughout this region. In this dry, mild climate nothing has changed during centuries, except where white men have built railroads, planted farms, mined gold and silver and herded cattle. Here, where intermittent streams of water wind between precipitous walls rising sheer from the narrow beds of canyons, the ancient cliff dwellers' homes hang like swallows' nests on narrow shelves of sandstone, In places the accumulations of talus from overhanging bluffs and sand shifted by wind and water have made access easily possible. Sometimes approach to these cliff dwellings is gained from below by aid of pikes and ropes. Two or three clusters of cliff dwellings yet remain inaccessible to exploration. Several lives have been lost among explorers in this region by accidental falls hundreds of feet down precipices to the river bed below. Above the ledge where the cliff dwellings hang as if glued to the rock the top of the cliff bulges out as if it would topple and fall at any moment. Here and there a stunted cedar clings to the rocks, and occasionally amid the growth of cedar and chaparral one may find a narrow passageway to the cliff dwelling carved up the rocky walls with infinite toil ages ago.

The present exploratory party has had its best finds of relics in a narrow canyon among the Bronco Mountains, about thirty-two miles south of Holbrook, on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. The canyon was nameless until the explorers went there last August and named it Darwin, in honor of the author of the Darwinian theory. No white man, except an occasional cowboy, had gone there in years. The canyon was an ideal locality in which to take refuge. The aborigines might there withst md indefinitely attack from savage tribes. The twenty-two stone houses of the cliff dwellers were perched upon a ledge about thirty feet wide and more than nine hundred feet above the bed of a tiny stream, that trickled between the granite canyon walls. It was two days before the explorers devised a way to gain access to the cliff dwellings. Then they hired vaqueros to let them down one at a time by ropes thirty feet from the overhanging rock above, when a foothold was obtained on the cliff where the homes were built. It was a hazardous thing to do. The least misstep would have meant death. But the explorers (elt that their labor and risk of life would be compensated by some very rich finds.

No person had been in those cliff dwellings for hundreds of years. The explorers took photographs of everything just as they found it, and went systematically to work uncarthing relies of the people who dwelt there long before the Christian era began.

A week before exploratory work here was suspended temporarily the expedition found the finest mummy of its collection in one of the larger caves along the Santa Maria Canyon. The cave was protected by a wall seven feet high of bowlders and adobe, and how the builders ever managed to get there bowlders that weigh fully ten tons each is a problem that none of the explorers could explain, in spite of thorough investigation and long study. There was nothing within the cave to show how it had been used. No implements or articles of domestic or other use were found, and the explorers were about to descend when one of them remarked that he "believed he would see what was in a mound of sand near the rear of the cave." Pick and shovel were brought, and a hard crust nearly two feet thick was removed. Three feet of comparatively loose sand was next dug away, when two immense slabs of granite, lying parallel and about three feet apart, were uncovered. Here a perfectly preserved minimy was found. The body was entirely enclosed in a huge basket of woven vucca fibre and was in a sitting position. Over the head and shoulders was a smaller basket-woven tray of vucca stems and fibre, and the limbs, which were drawn up against the trunk of the body and held there by cords, were covered with a second tray. Beneath these and drawn closely about the form was a woven robe or blanket of yucca fibre, and alter-

nate strands of feathers and mountain lion fur sewed to the fibre strands.

PETROLEUM.

What is petroleum? Nobody knows. Chemically it is little else than carbon and hydrogen in variable combinations. But how those elements came into combination, and why that combination is where it is, are questions that geologists cannot definitely answer. It is generally agreed that peroleum doesn't belong where it is found; that is, that it was not originally a part of the sandstone. It came from somewhere else after the rock was formed or while it was forming.

There are three leading theories to account for its creation and presence, of which this is perhaps the best believed:

It is thought that petroleum is the oil that has resulted from the decomposition and distillation of animal or vegetable matter; chiefly animal matter. That is, that the oil you burn in your lamps is fish oil, distilled by nature from inconceivable millions of Silurian carcasses. It is supposed that all the territory under which oil is now found was once occan-covered; that in the steamy Silurian days animal and vegetable life flourished in the waters to an extent we cannot conceive in these colder and later times. That in western Pennsylvania and eastern and central Ohio, where oil is most plentiful, there was a veritable Sargasso Sea. That in the course of the crinkling and folding of the earth's crust, the Appalachian mountain range was lifted into the air, and tilted up with it the country on each side of it, as the raising of the ridge-pole slants up the sides of an A-tent. So New England and the Middle Atlantic States became dry land, and so also the bottom of the Silurian sea to the west was lifted above the surface, carrying its multitudinous life with it-to extinction. Other changes in the crust in the course of ages buried this ancient ocean bottom hundreds of feet deep. The ooze and sand of the old ocean bed became the present shale and sandstone, and the pressure and heat distilled the carcasses into a thick and heavy oil, which permeated the hardening rock,

SOMETHING ABOUT ICEBERGS.

The glory and the terror of the sea is the iceberg. Under cover of the night or the fog its dread form steals silently over the broad waste of waters, menacing commerce and presenting, at a safe distance and in the broad sunlight, a spectacle of rare beauty. There is a short summer season in the far northland, and when the sun's rays are powerful enough the rivers, which are immence glaciers, begin to move toward the coast and reaching there, freeze the waters of the ocean far beyond the shore. Then, as this mass of ice increases, its weight above water becomes too great to be supported by the layers underneath, and crash into the sea go great fragments of ice enormous in size.

Frozen to the bottom of these mountains of ice are rocks and large pieces of earth torn from the river bottom and carried down to the sea. This berg-launching is accompanied by thundering and splitting noises such as never greeted any warship gliding from the stays. Strong currents formed by the motion of the earth seize these enormous frozen blocks and hurry them southward toward the banks of Newfoundland. Hundreds and hundreds of miles they travel, invading a region where icebergs are a novelty and where also they are a terror to the crews and passengers of vessels whose paths they are likely to cross. A collision with one of these vast accumulations of ice is certain destruction to any ship that floats, and during certain seasons the navigators of the deep keep a sharp lookout for them, lest they encounter one in the night.

Many miles off the coast of Newfoundland the bottom of the ocean rises in a remarkable way and forms a comparatively shallow basin enormous in extent and surrounded by water five miles deep. This region is known as the Newfoundland Banks and is the famous trysting place of the merciless fogs and ice-clad brotherhood of the north. As these icebergs approach the warmer climate the action of the sun and water upon them is remarkable and does for them what the sculptor's chisel does for the block of marble. Out of shapeless masses appear forms of the finest architecture; a drifting

mountain careens, topples over and finally twice self into a beautiful cathedral or a many turrers fortress, set high upon an elevation of clearest and ble; vast interiors formed by icy arches springle from great bits of a breaking berg, and all the forms draped with rich traceries of cream-wallace in designs undreamed of. Then, too, the note ing ice on the crests of these bergs falls down to slippery sides and into the sea in streams and calcades; and, strange as it seems, this water is alway fresh, despite the surrounding salt of the ocean.

Sometimes the government sends a warship scouling over the waters to crush or blow up these greenemies to navigation, but despite this they stand very near the top as commerce-destroyers.

LOCK OF HAIR IN A TREE.

T. J. Braddocks, of near Mount Vernon, cut dont a large oak tree and was splitting it into posts when he found a lock of hair in an excellent state of preservation imbedded in the heart of the tree. Upon examination he found that the hair had been to serted there years ago by boring a hole to the center of the tree, placing the lock of hair therein and then plugging the hole with wood. The bark of the tree had grown over the plug to a depth of three inches.

VENERABLE PENNSYLVANIA GOOSE.

MRS. W. R. BROWN, who lives near Milner, Pahas a goose that is nearly fifty years old. This old goose has laid yearly for forty years, and each year since 1854 up to two years ago she has hatched and raised goslings. The famous old fowl was given to Mrs. Brown by her mother in 1854.

THE official publication of the Papal Court of the Vatican gives the full title of the "263d Pope," L XIII., born March 2, 1810, elected Feb. 20, 18 and crowned March 3, 1878. It runs as follow Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince the Apostles, Supreme Pontiff of the University Church, Patriarch of the West, Frimate of Ital Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastic Province of Rome, Bishop of the Diocese of Rom Sovereign of the Secular Possessions of the Ho Roman Church. The last of these titles is rather reminiscence than the expression of a fact; but it curious to find, amongst other historical surviva in this "Court and State Handbook" of the l'apar that the Pope stills nominates such a municipal functionary as a "Magistrate of Rome" and such political functionary as the "Minister of the Intel

"You ran at the first fire, did you?" said the colonel of a colored regiment that distinguished sclf during the war of the rebellion.

"Yes, sah," was the unblushing reply, "an' would have run soonah if I had knowed it was cost in'."

"But have you no regard for your reputations

"Reputation is nuffin to me, sah, by the side life."

"Well, if you lost your life you would have be satisfaction of knowing that you died for you country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, sah, who de power of feelin' it was gone?"

"Then patriotism is nothing to you, Sam?"
"Nuffin whateber, sah."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors me have broken up the government without rotance."

"Yes, sah, dat's so; dere would hab been no be for it. I wouldn't put my life into de scales 'graany gubernment that eber existed, for no gubernment could replace de loss to me. I 'spect, though, de gubernment would be safe 'nuff if all de soles were like me, as den dere couldn't be no fina."

Missionary—Was it liquor that brought me this?

Imprisoned Burglar—No, sir; it was house delin',—spring house cleanin', sir.

Missionary—Eh? House cleaning?

Burglar—Yes, sir. The woman had heed to cleanin', and th' stair carpet was up, an' th' stair carpet was up, an' th'

heard me.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS—W. B Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS—W. B. Stover, B. Stove

TOMLINSON.

avo they came to the gate within the wall, where Peter holds

the keys.

The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so

lone:
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rainwashed

This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me,
ad this I have thought that another man thought of a prince

in Muscovy.

And Peter twirled the jaugling keys in weariness and

wrath.

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said,

"and the tale is yet to run,

y the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer,—what ha' ye done?"

-Kipling,

ABOUT FORMOSA.

Many years ago some Spanish navigators, who adired the rich tropical scenery, the forests of aloe ad palm found on this island, named it Formosa. The missionaries are now at work in this strange far-off land.

As is often the case in heathen countries, the women did all the hard work. They cultivated the ice until it was ripe, then they cut it with mall knives. In the evening they brought a few unches of grain into the house, in the morning hey arose early and tramped out enough to do for he day. Their simple meals were good enough for he idle men, who never did any work. Only the old men of fifty and sixty sometimes helped the women little in the fields or hunted in the forests. On cerain feast days the women were not allowed to wear ilkorany extra finery; if their vanity led them stray and they were found dressed up too much. heir clothes were torn off or cut to pieces. They were found of jewelry, and pierced their ears four or ive times, and wore as many rings in them. The hildren belonged to the mother until they were hree years of age, after which they were given to be father. The boys all slept together in one lace, usually a temple, in order to make them brave. They have a curious way of sealing a friendship. hey throw an arm around each other's neck, and ring their heads together at the same moment: they drink from the same vessel. It is a trying exerience for a foreigner, but the vow of friendship thus made is never broken. A Judas kiss is unnown among them.

Their funeral customs are very curious. When me dies, they build a hut before his house, covering it with green boughs. Inside they place a vessel of pure water and a cup. They say the water ill purify the soul. They believe that there is a sarrow bridge over which all souls must pass after eath; beneath this bridge there is a deep, horrible tole. When the wicked soul strives to pass over, he bridge swings suddenly around and drops the sarross it in safety and lands in a beautiful country of pleasure and peace.

Sometime ago a scientific American visited Formosa to make a collection of animals, insects, and lowers. He told some of the boys that he wanted me specimens of a beautiful green snake, that ad a poisonous bite. The boys were just as deshed as American boys would be, at the idea of the more snakes brought than could be used, but the professor paid for every one. Among the boys at tame was a little yellow-faced fellow in wide musers and skull cap. He shyly entered the room the him the "cash," and then as the boy was leaved to boy saw him, and immediately turned and laid takes.

"Why do you return the money?" asked the "You do not surprise.

You don't want my snakes, and I don't want ronning away in dispointment. No amount of persuasion could into take the money. The professor never bim again.

Sunday A School

SOME BIBLE FACTS.

In the Bible, Old and New Testaments, there are 3,586,473 letters, 775,693 words, 31,373 verses, 1,189 chapters, and 66 books.

The longest book is Psalms, which has 150 divisions. The shortest is Second John, which has one chapter of 13 verses.

The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm, which has 176 verses. The shortest is the 117th Psalm, which has two verses.

The longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. It has 90 words. The shortest is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John. It has two words.

The eighth verse of the 118th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible.

The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of Second Kings are alike.

In the 107th Psalm the eighth, 15th, 21st, and 31st verses are alike.

Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike.

Esther is the only book in which the name of God is not found.

The 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned, every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor suffer thine holy One to see corruption; for now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and the King of Glory shall come in.

A BUD is seldom unprotected: it is usually covered with thick and firm scales, which shield it from the cold winds and frost of early spring, as safely as a brood of chickens under the protecting wings of the hen. Like this is the protection the all-Father throws around childhood, in the family relation, and the influence of the Sunday school. The helplessness of childhood appeals to us for instruction and care.

MEN cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little.

LET him who has promised before heavenly and earthly witnesses to renounce all sin and live for God examine himself daily and remember his solemn promise. Satan asks not for promises, but he begs and labors for compromise. A compromise with sin nullifies the promise to God.

The resurrection of the dead is regarded by some as only a wild fancy; others consider it a future possibility; but soon it will be to all a solemn reality. Many looked-for events never come to pass, simply because something has transpired that prevented them, but nothing can prevent the dead from rising.

THE resurrection is the hope and joy of the Christian church.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps he thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

A CHILD'S kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad:
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall-make thee strong;
Thou shall be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

For * the * Wee * Folk

WHAT BUMBLY FOUND TO MOTHER.

BY MAUDE VON PLEES.

How many of you children ever saw a Klondike hen? Not many, I'll venture to say. They are not called Klondikes because they came from Alaska, but because they have down instead of feathers and can withstand the most severe cold. Instead of wing feathers they have only the rib of the feather, so cannot fly.

As a rule they are what poultry men call nonsetters, but we have one little hen that was determined to have a family and she would cluck so vigorously and cross her poor little stubs of wings over her back that we named her "Bumbly" because she looked so much like the ragged bumble bees you see in the fall of the year.

Well, the man that owned Bumbly decided to humor her, so gave her some eggs and let her set until she brought out ten little chickens. Wasn't she proud though, but pride must have a fall, so the chickens were given to another hen and Bumbly was put back in her old yard.

The next morning I was called to see Bumbly. She had found a little robin and was sitting on it very contented but the old robins in the apple tree were in great distress for their baby.

We let her alone until after breakfast and then went again to see them. The little bird was hungry and was chirping pitifully, opening his mouth wide, expecting to get a nice fat worm or bug. But Bumbly did not know anything about the way robins were fed, so tried in vain to quiet him.

Now Bumbly has not much patience and was begining to think she had more than she could manage, so flew at him and before we realized what had happened had given him such a vicious pick on the head that she almost ended his frail little life. Of course he was rescued at once and Bumbly was in disgrace. This she did not seem to mind, but has given up the notion of raising a family.

This is a true story and can be made to bear this moral. Never meddle in other people's affairs, because if you do you are likely to make matters worse than they were in the start.

THE ANIMAL RESTAURANT.

BY ZELIA M. WALTERS.

Mary was only eight years old, but she had listened closely when her father and mother and big sister and brother talked over plans for helping the poor about them through the hard winter. To her great disappointment, she was accounted too little to help in any of these plans. But one day she thought of a simple little deed of therey often overlooked by older and wiser heads.

Her own pets were fed bountifully, but after they were satisfied there remained scraps from the table that were burned in the kitchen stove. Mary asked leave to put these scraps in the sheltered back porch for poor, stray, homeless dogs and cats.

"But, my dear," said her mother, "I'm afraid you will make the back porch very untidy."

"No," said Mary, "I will put the food in wooden butter-dishes, and what isn't eaten I will bring in again and burn. I won't leave anything lying about."

"Very well," said her mother. "I will let you try it for a week."

So the next morning Mary filled a dish with bits of food from the breakfast table, and she had the pleasure of seeing two thin, frightened cats steal into the porch to eat during the morning. Afterward a forlorn dog came and cleaned up every remnant of the feast, while the birds ate the crumbs she had scattered on the ground. Brother Gerald said laughingly that Mary's animal restaurant was a success.

It was a great deal of work for a small girl, but she kept it up faithfully. The homeless dogs and cats of the neighborhood soon learned the place and the gentle little girl who supplied their wants. As the weather grew more severe, she put two boxes, lined with bits of old woolen carpet, in the porch. They were tenanted almost every night, and one very cold morning, to her delight, she found three pussies sleeping in one box.

Akron, Ohio.

GETTING MARRIED IN OTHER LANDS.

MARRIAGES may be made in heaven, as the old optimistic proverb is food of asserting, but man, at least, has his say in the disposition of the ceremonies which mark the cementing of the bonds of holy wedlock.

Wedding ceremonies have a special significance of their own in every country of the globe. The advent of Hymen is celebrated in a manner peculiar to the offices which the god performs. Each nation honors him in its own peculiar way and in each the nuptial happiness of the bride is made the occasion of the performance of a series of queer and interesting ceremonials.

Marriages in India take place only in March, April, May or June. If the bridegroom has been married before, however, and desires to join the ranks of the benedicts a second time, he may wed his second wife in November or February. In India, too, the poor little bride is bought by her husband as well as married. He must arrange to pay her father a certain sum of money, and if the amount is not forthcoming immediately after the ceremony the groom is sued by his new masculine relative and his wife is returned to her father and kept in pawn until the stipulated sum has been paid.

The various ceremonies which attend the celebration of a Brahmin wedding are very claborate and continue for a period of five days. First the married couple sit under an alcove or canopy supported by twelve pillars. Then the married women among the invited guests go through a form of exorcism in which lighted camphor is supposed to put to flight the sorceries of the "evil eye." Then the bridegroom indulges in a bit of coy acting, costuming himself for a pilgrimage to Benares and actually departs from the village which contains his wife. He is met on the confines, however, by his fatherin-law, who readily persuades him to return to his home. The thread which is fastened to the wrists of the couple typifies their united condition of wedlock. Fire, stones and water have their share in the curious marriage customs of India and the whole concludes with a royal procession in which the bride is covered with jewels and precious stones. At its conclusion the young wife returns to her father's house to stay there until she has grown up sufficiently to look after the home of her husband.

The nuptial ceremonics of China are very complex and elaborate. Many observances attend the preliminary engagement or notification of marriage, and at the actual marriage performance, there are a number of other curious customs to be observed. The night before the wedding is spent by the future bride in a state of wailing and lamentation, in which she is ably assisted by her friends. She must protest that she does not want to leave the home of her maidenhood all through the night, but on the morrow she forgets her grief of the preceding evening and enters the sedan chair which the bridegroom has sent to convey his wife to him.

The future husband, instead of his bride, provides the wedding feast in China. Her parents await her arrival in the entrance hall of their home, where their daughter kneels before them. Then she enters the presence of the groom veiled in scarlet, which is removed by the husband, but not before his wife has been lifted over a slow fire of charcoal. When the veil is at last withdrawn the couple enter the ancestral hall and prostrate themselves in subjection before the altar. Then they enter the banqueting hall and the bride finishes the subjection of her condition by waiting upon her new parents as a servant.

The weddings of Japan are far gayer than the marriages in China. The young bride has a decidedly better time of it.

She is brought into the apartment which contains the bridegroom by two young girl friends. The groom is modest and keeps his eyes fastened upon the floor. The wife follows his example and seats herself opposite him, while both are waited upon by the two girl attendants and prescoted with symbolical fruits and cups containing saki, which they are expected to drain until they reach the good luck placed at the bottom.

The bride and groom then retire for a time, only to return again, however, in more brilliant apparel, the bride still wearing her veil of white silk, which is one day to be her shroud. The two damsels in

waiting again go through a form of service, offering more food and saki to the wedded pair and the parents-in-law. The ceremonies conclude with the dual drinking of the man and wife from a double-spouted kettle, each one drinking alternately until the contents are drained. This is symbolical of the mutual tasting of the jays and sorrows of life.

Greek men and women may be married at any period of the year except during the month of May. The preliminary ceremonies usually last a week. On Sunday a copy of the marriage contract is sent to the groom, who returns the compliment by presenting his bride-to-be and her parents with a number of simple gifts. The next four days are devoted to the preparation of the wedding cake. The grain is sifted, the friends of the couple come and knead it into dough. Theo pieces of the dough are distributed among the company and parts of it thrown over the heads of the future husband and wife. Friday witnesses a procession of the presents through the streets. Saturday is reserved for the preparation of the bride, which is done by her girl friends, who sing to her while attending to her toilet. Sunday is the actual marriage day, and the ceremonies of the wedding are very intricate and curious. Water is used freely to deluge the heads of both husband and wife. Her shoes are presented by her husband and put on by the best man. They are married with both rings and crowns. When they return to their home the mother of the bride places a loaf of bread upon her head, and when she leaves on a wedding tour the bride returns half of it to her parent.

Russia has scant respect for the dignity of women, but her weddings are attended with elaborate ceremonials. They are mostly church performances, in which the ritual is most impressive. After a number of prayers and chants, sung by the minister, rings are exchanged and a carpet or rug is thrown upon the ground, upon which the couple are requested to step. This is a matter of great moment, for the one who first puts foot upon the rug is supposed to exercise the mastery through life. Crowns are then placed upon their heads and a cup given them to drink, whose contents have been tasted previously by the minister. The ceremonies at church are supplemented by a three days' observance, consisting principally of feasting and dancing.

Germany is the great land of weddings, as it is of every family and home celebration. Each special province has its own observances to add to the general regulations of feasting and gayety common to every section of the united fatherland. The observances last a week or longer and when the bride and groom are finally married and allowed by their importunate friends to seek the seclusion of a wedding journey they must be a very exhausted couple, as well as a happy and loving one.

SHOES FOR GEESE.

In Prague there exists a goose "bourse," where yearly 3,000,000 geese change hands. Its most active time lasts from the middle of September till the first days of November. During this time immense flocks of geese are driven into the suburbs, especially from the districts lying on the right bank of the Weischel. These are then driven at night over the bridges to the Jewish quarters, the trade being principally in the hands of the Israelites.

As the geese are driven in from long distances they are "shod," that is to say, walked repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with fine sand. This forms a hard crust on the feet of the geese, and they are able to cover immense distances without fatigue.

KATIE and Willie are twins, aged five. During a recent visit to their grandparents who live in the country and keep chickens, the twins were cautioned in their strife to see which could find the most eggs, never to take away the nest eggs. One morning Katie reached a nest first, and seizing the forbidden egg, started for the house. Willie hurried after her shouting: "Grandma! Grandma! Katie's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

NATURALISTS assert that the tiger is a much stronger animal than the lion. When these monarchs of the jungle engage in a combat Leo is generally whipped by his striped antagonist.

Advertising Column

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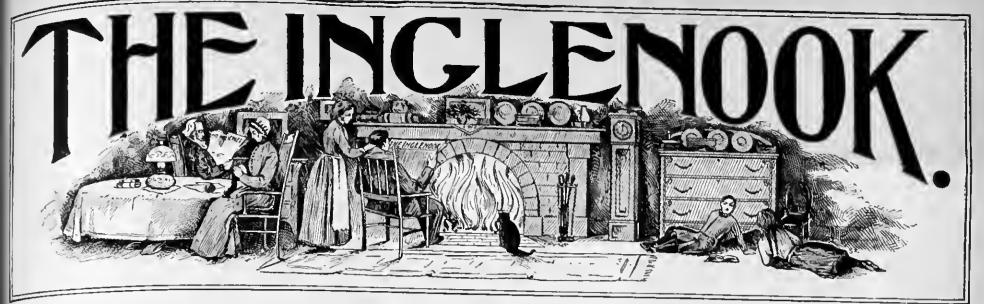
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VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 18, 1900.

No. 33.

THE BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me,
Across to that strange country, the beyond.
And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
It makes it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear 1 think I almost see the gleaming strand, 1 know I feel those who have gone from here Come close enough sometimes to touch my hand, 1 often think but for our veiled eyes We should find heaven right round about us here.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead
And join the lost ones for long dreams about.
Hove this world, yet I shall love to go
To meet the freeds who wait for me I know.

The seal of death set on some well-beloved face
But that I think one more to welcome me.
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there,
One more to make the strange "Beyond" seem fair,

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing with abated breath,
And with set face a little strip of sea.
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

A READING.

Good Morrino, little boy! Where go you? I am traveling the path to manhood, where I great deeds are done. I am going to be among egreat, and mayhap I will be one of them myself. It world is all so far ahead, and Time, the lag-rd, goes so slow. There's a rainbow in the sky, it is a pot of it is a pot of it. All the way is golden. It is trees. There is joyous company on the way. There is joyous company on the way. There are colors, music and song, on the road. It is sweet, and earth is beautiful. Only Time

dood Morning, young man! How now? "I am ading in the threshold. Before is the whole world choose from. I know where Fame rests in how-of laurel. I see the listening multitude swayed to tears, now to laughter, as I hold them spell-and. Wealth comes and sits down with me. Wer waits my nod, and all the people will do me nage when I have passed before them. The sun well up in the heavens, and all the future is gold-lask nothing, not even a chance. I will make need to

some, but though the way be weary yet there is y to do. The work goes not so fast as I ught. There be others to the forefront, and is a struggle that I had not foreseen. Yet dreams and a shading of bright pictures. Yet well with me. There has heen a falling off day is but fairly on. Call later, I am busy now. I them. They are clusive in their habit. I am ied, and you will excuse me till later."

Afternoonl What of the day? "The day been hot and the struggle has been exhausting, to me that the evening is coming on. The

shadows are growing longer, and Time, the runner, is going faster than there is need. All the visions of the morning have proved a mirage. There has been a bitter where I thought all was sweet. Fame, the hurried one, is still as far ahead as ever. The world has been so busy that I have not won its entire attention. In fact, I have not stopped the multitude at all. I am looking toward the sunset these days more than I did. My children have grown up in a night. But yesterday they were at my knee, now they are at college or nesting for themselves. Time is running now. Would that it were slower."

Good Evening, Graybeard! What cheer's "The day is far spent and the night cometh on. I have found the way a weary one. It was full of traps I had not seen. Others were faster than I. I saw Fame, the harridan, smile and lure many a good man to destruction, then abandoning him. To some all they touched turned to gold. Yet it carried in its yellow bosom a curse that wearied the owner to his death and it was a veritable burden to those who followed and to whom its care fell. It has been more of emptiness than I had looked for, this thing called living. Looking back I see two fair people by the shady wayside that were strangely overlooked in the race. They are Love and Peace, both white robed and ever young. Happy those who tarried with them. And ahead beyond the sunset there is a brighter world than this. I often sit and think of it, I am not looking ahead now as I did so much of yore, I am looking beyond where those who have gone before me are at rest in the shade of the trees, and the Saints are there, and, best of all, the dear Lord is among them, and there are eternal peace and happiness. I am only waiting the call to come home. It has not been for the best here, and I am weary and would rest."

Night! What of the Night? There is a turf-covered mound in the graveyard, over which once the flowers blossomed while there were hands to tend them. It is grass-grown now, and the only sound is when the bird pipes its note in the wild shrubbery. The Spring spreads its greenery over the place of those who have passed, the Summer burns the flowers, the Autumn winds pile the dead leaves by the sides of the graves, and Winter robes them in white, and, wonder of all, none are there. They have passed and are at rest and in peace. Greenery, fire, dead leaves and snow, and after all the rest. Surely what we have said is the coming lot of all who read. But the best of all is that just beyond is the Cross towering over all, and every reader who looks upon it shall, in the beyond, walk hand in hand with him who was pierced for our infirmities. And so all things here pass as a tale that is told.

THE WEARING QUALITIES OF GOLD.

In the manufacture of jewelry, or other articles in which gold is used, the pure gold is never used at all. It is too soft, and must be alloyed. A carat, one-twenty-fourth part, is the unit of computation. Eighteen carat gold are eighteen parts of gold added to which are six parts of baser metals, thus making up the requisite twenty-four. Now it sometimes happens that persons wearing even the best qualities of commercial jewelry find it tarnishes, and stains the skin. The inference is at once that it is a common metal, not gold at all. But there are instances in which this view is not correct.

The wearing qualities of the various grades of geons found the shoulder al solid gold alloys are dependent to a great degree sent him back to his vessel.

upon the state of health of the wearer and his general constitutional and physical condition. Especially is this the case if the article is worn next the person. Many persons complain of articles they have purchased as good gold, because of blackening of the finger or of the skin, where constant touch and contact with the perspiration or moisture from their system has caused a dark discoloration to appear. In some cases this blackening affects only the skin of the wearer. In more aggravating form the gold itself is also discolored or tarnished, and turns into varying surface colors from a bluish, filmy white, easily removed, to the rusty, dark, and reddish brown that is only removed by persistent scrubbing. In such cases the article is at once condemned as brass, or, at the best, poor gold, when it really may be an eighteen carat genuine gold al-

Most people are able to wear a fourteen-carat article with satisfaction in this respect. A smaller proportion can with equal satisfaction wear the tencarat gold of the trade. Where there may be five persons in a hundred who are necessitated, by the peculiarities of their physical make up, to wear better than fourteen-carat gold, there are probably fewer than one in the hundred who have any diffi culty with eighteen-carat metal. Fewer still are they who cannot wear it, be it ever so carefully alloyed and made into the article to be worn. There seems to be no distinction of persons. The fairest lady or young miss, or stalwart young athlete showing health and good condition in every line of his face and form, may in the moisture of the skin possess that tarnishing quality that will admit of the wearing of nothing less than twenty or twenty-twocarat gold.

Even among the jewelry dealers the facts as described are not generally recognized, so well-nigh universal is the satisfaction with which eighteen carat is used and worn. The ordinary dealer is himself quite as apt to believe he has been imposed upon by the parties selling him the goods, as he is properly to place the difficulty when confronted with a badly-tarnished ring or button of eighteencarat gold.

HE FEARED TO PRESUME.

The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence.

"What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship.

"Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk.

"That's altogether too much," said the young American, "H's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it."

"Zen it would be I zat gave ze prezent to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know mademoiselle."

RHYME OF BRAMBLE BUSH IN REAL LIFE.

A STREET car struck Giuseppe Marate, a sailor, in Philadelphia, knocked him down, and dislocated his shoulder. He was put into a wagon and hurried off toward the Pennsylvania hospital. The wagon jumped over a rut in the pavement and the jar reset the shoulder. When he got to the hospital the surgeons found the shoulder all right, bandaged it, and sent him back to his vessel.

Correspondence

IN CHINA.

JUST now the whole world is aghast at the butchery in China, of all foreigners by the fanatics. The country and the people are being much discussed in the papers and one who has lived in the country tells something of the strange people.

"Did you ever get socially acclimated, ever feel at home in China?" I once asked an acquaintance who had lived and traveled extensively in that country for fifteen years.

"No," said he, "unless you can call getting thoughtless and occasionally careless by that name."

." How do you mean? "

"Well, just as the lion tamer does occasionally. Though he knows he's always in danger at times he gets used to it and forgets it and is liable to pay the penalty. So in China. Foreigners need to be constantly on their guard. They or their governments must make the Chinese fear them.

"You may get some faint notion of it," he went on, "if you've ever gone as a perfect stranger into the foreign quarters of a big city like New York or Chicago, or the east end of London. The very fact of your being well dressed and apt, like a stranger, to peer and peek and stare about you excites suspicion. And especially if you take out paper and pencil and begin making notes. They will spot you at once. The first thing you know the swarming denizens- the women particularly-will be looking at you and whispering to one another. Some of them will frown and scowl. If you ask your way or ask anyone's address they will probably grow angry or sullen, and refuse to answer. The children, even, will notice you, and undge one another, following your every motion with their eyes, and running to tell their parents of your presence. They are instructed to mislead you if you put any questions to them. They take you for a collector, assessor, tax gatherer, or some one that wants to get money out of them.

"Now multiply that feeling toward you, say fiftyfold, and know that they are, besides, liable to break out in riot and murder at any moment, and you can get a notion of the way a European or even a Japanese feels in a Chinese city, especially when he is alone and at a distance from the foreign quarter, if there is one.

"They are liable to crowd about you and jeer and make unpleasant remarks. I don't mean that all of them do. But in the interior cities and villages, where they seldom see foreigners, they are almost certain to do so. Then besides they will feel of your clothes; take off your hat and put it on their own heads, generally with unpleasant subsequent results to yourself. They will feel of your hair to see if it is of the same texture as theirs. If you should happen to have a sketch book and a pencil, or any European writing materials, or any trinkets like a watch chain, a foot rule, a pocket knife or anything queer and odd to them, they do not hesitate to seize it, examine it, pass it around, and if possible, keep it. I have even known them to snatch a bundle from a European's hand and calmly open it and inspect its contents. Once a parcel was snatched from a woman missionary, in Wusuch, I think. It was opened and her nightdress spread out and flapped about to the great delight of the

"Among the lower classes in China they are strangers," said my acquaintance. "I seldom saw a friendly smile upon their faces in presence of a foreigner. They are almost sure to either frown or grin at you. Many of them believe that foreigners have the evil eye. I have seen mothers snatch their children away and hide them when they detected a European woman looking at them. Women put their hands before their faces if you look at them, and old women will curse you to counteract the bad influence.

"You can always tell whether they are friendly or not. If they are friendly they will call you 'yan-se-sang'—foreign mister; otherwise, 'yan-kwei-zu'—foreign devil—though this last may be a term of admiration as well as of enmity. Their conviction is that the foreigner has come there, whether pretending to be a missionary or not, to confiscate their property, take it away from them and kill them off.

"The Chinese say that white men smell like He looked at me and asked, 'Did she counsel thee box.

sheep. It certainly is true that a Chinese dog knows the difference. The approach of a white man will wake one out of a sound sleep and set him to barking, thinking perhaps that he is to have a mutton chop.

"Some say that the Chinese as a race are incapable of either speaking or believing the truth. This is a sweeping accusation, and is itself, I am afraid, an illustration of the very thing it condemns. Yet there is a prevailing notion that they do not feel under the slighest obligation to speak the truth to a foreigner if a lie will better serve the purpose. In other words, the foreigner is a natural enemy. Certainly they are willing to believe any lie that is told about him.

"They believe that the missionaries gouge out the eyes of their converts and use the eyes for medical purposes. They believe that white children are made so by their mothers licking them, as cats do their kittens. They have been told that Europeans cook and eat Chinese children. Cans of condensed milk have been exhibited, with the explanation that the stuff is the children's brains cooked for the deprayed appetite of the foreigner, and that gelatine is Chinese babies boiled down to a jelly for the foreign epicure.

"The riots at Tien-Tsin and other places in 1891 grew out of the fact that the sisters of charity and the Wesleyan ministers took charge of Chinese female infants that had been either thrown or given away. Owing to their feebleness and exposure, the mortality among them was very large, and these missionaries were accused of kidnaping and slaughtering them, and making their eyes, hearts and brains into medicine. About the time of these riots placards were posted up warning Chinese fathers and mothers against allowing their children to wander about the streets. They believe, too, that cameras take pictures by means of dead Chinese babies eyes, with which they are packed full. The difference in looks of European and Chinese eyes they believe enables the European to see into the ground and detect hidden or buried silver, which he will take away from them. In short, they look upon the foreigner as a predestined malevolent enemy to be watched, thwarted and if possible gotten

"They are also much prejudiced against the Europeans on account of what they deem the improper behavior of the sexes. They are highly scandalized at a woman's coming into personal contact with a man who is not her husband. The spectacle of a woman's shaking hands with a man is very shocking. They immediately set her down as unfit to associate with. And they think it the height of immodesty for a woman to kiss her husband in public. They do not understand, therefore, how a woman who is unmarried can come out there as a missionary and live on friendly and intimate social terms with masculine missionaries and masculine converts, and be the good woman that she pretends to be. They naturally do not want their own womon to associate with her, and they resent all efforts to convert them to her religion.

"They are offended at the conversion of their women to the new religion because it does away with that exclusiveness which they insist on for their women. They object strennously and bitterly, therefore, to female missionaries and female converts."

A TUNKER WAR EPISODE.

[The following interesting communication has been contributed by Henry Holsinger, of California. It is an extract from his forthcoming book.]

Ar a Communion meeting, held near Plattsburg, Missouri, in 1873, Brother Addison Harper, formerly a Rebel general, and Brother Franklin Holsinger, a Major in the Union army, present prohibition candidate for Governor of Kansas, met, kissed each other and then wandered off to a grove where the following colloquy occurred:

"You spake of my being a Rebel officer. Now, brother, I will tell you the most remarkable story of my life. I participated in many battles, including first Manasses, where I captured, with my command, some seventy non-combatants, Congressman Ely, of New York, and others. I was ordered to Romney to reconnoitre a Federal force advancing. While near there I stopped at a farm house where I found they were Tunkers. In conversation with the old brother, I told him my wife was a Tunker. He looked at me and asked. Did she counsel then

to go to war and fight?' I remembered her place ings with me to stay by the fireside and it smore me to the heart. I at once resolved to resign and go home. As I was returning to camp, a young man was taken, on whose person a letter was found written by a Brother Leatherman, giving full intelligence of our forces to the enemy. The colocal commanding the expedition approached me and ordered, 'Captain, go over to that house and take that man and bring him along. There he is bring him.' I knew him to be a Tunker, and his crime punishable with death. I had no alternative but to obey, so, taking a lieutenant and sergeant we rode up to the house, when I accosted him with, Mr Leatherman, I am sent to arrest you. - Amer me, what for? '-' For that foolish letter of yours' I said. He turned ashy pale, but answered, May I go into the house and get some articles of clothing?'-' Certainly,' I answered. I waited outside and inwardly prayed to be relieved of the responsibility of this arrest, as I was more than half a Tunker at heart. He remained in the house some time and I noticed that he came to the window and looked out upon the road several times. Then he came down, went to the stable for his horse which he saddled and mounted. Hearing a clatter of horses feet approaching, I looked behind me, and not fifty yards distant came the Federal force. Brother L rode around the house and the Union men fired a volley at me before I could leave the yard. Have ing a good horse, I put spurs and got away safely, Arriving at camp I at once resigned and went

"The war ended. The Brethren commenced their meetings again, preaching peace on earth, good will toward men. I was baptized into the Brotherhood.

" Some time after, two men came along by ou house and asked the road to the Tunker meeting house. I answered, that if they stayed over night! would be their escort to the meeting. They stopped. We took care of the horses. One of the brethren now came forward holding out his hand with 'Brother Harper, this is a different meeting from our last,' laughing,-'I do not know to what you refer,' I answered. 'Why, Brother Harper,'he said, 'don't you know when you took me a prisoner, when the Union men came in just the right time to save me from going with you, while you were forced to fly for your life, with the Union men pour ing a volley after you?' 'Yes,' said the goo brother, 'blessed be God, this is a far different meeting,' and we sealed it with the salute of the Brethren; 'And believe me, Brother Franklin, will ever be looked upon as one of the most into esting epochs of my whole life."

Truly, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

A LADY had issued invitations for a dinner of twelve, and on the morning of the appointed day when conferring with her footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which so loped oysters were to be served had been misplaced. Rigid search for the missing article having province availing, the lady decided that, sooner than group that course, she would simply decline oyste when they were handed to her, and so the clere shells would be sufficient.

It happened that when the oysters were served dinner the hostess was engaged in a very animal conversation with some of her neighbors, and figetting her determination, she took one of the shells of oysters and set it before herself.

If the servant's heart fell in consternation at he gave no external sign of it, but, speaking tones distinct though low, said respectfully: "E cuse me, madam, but you said I was to remind that the doctor forbade you eating oysters."

SIGN NOT TOO EXPLICIT.

"Now," said the fussy old gentleman, put one of the biggest berries in his mouth and pide up another, "what is the sense of having that's read, 'Fresh strawberries for sale'. Don't you that 'Fresh strawberries' would be enough? you suppose that everybody his we they are sale?"

"I donno," answered the grocer.

seem to think I'm givin' them away."

And the old gentleman put the berry backet box.

Nature & Study

STARFISH AND OYSTER.

The oyster when at home lives in a hard lime shell which nicely protects him from the attack of enemies, says St. Vicholas. Man with his tools can open the shell and remove the soft animal, but bendes man the oyster has few foes. Oddly enough his greatest foe is not, as might be expected, an animal with powerful jaws and strong teeth, but one wholly without jaws. It is the common starfish so common everywhere at the seashore.

Now, the starfish is a soft, dexible creature, very sluggish, seemingly helpless, and utterly unable to attack such an animal as the oyster. Its mouth, which is in the center of the disk, has no teeth or aws. How can such a helpless creature open the formidable oyster shell and get at the animal concealed within:

Its method of doing so is odd enough. It first clasps the oyster in its arms, wrapping its five arms around the shell tightly. Having thus seized the oyster, it quietly waits. Just exactly what happens next even our scientists do not exactly know. The two shells of the oyster are held together by a hinge which is opened by a spring. The spring is so adjusted that the shells will be pushed open unless they are held together by the muscles. Some scientists tell us that after the starfish has held the syster for a while the oyster opens its shell in order to get food, and the starfish that has been waiting for this now injects into the shell a little reddish liquid. This acts as a poison, paralyzing the muscles and thus making it impossible for the animal to close its shell. Others tell us that the proess is simpler, and that the starfish simply holds the shells tightly together until the oyster is smothered. As soon as it is stupefied by the suffocation the muscles relax and the shell opens.

Whichever of these two accounts are true it is cerain that after a little the oyster shells fly open. Now comes the oddest feature of all. The stomach the starfish is very large and elastic, and it is now thrown out of the animal's mouth much as one rould turn a bag inside out. This stomach is then hrust within the oyster shell and wrapped around he soft animal, beginning at once to digest it. The starfish does not take the trouble even to rejove the oyster from its shell, digesting it in its winhome and eventually crawling away, leaving chind the gaping, empty shell.

LEOPARDS AT KINDERGARTEN.

THE first active step which a trainer takes in the ducation of an animal which has never been handed is to test its temper.

As he slipped into a cage in which were a leopid and a jaguar, a trainer thrust before him an ormary kitchen chair of light, hard wood. This was eld in his left hand by gripping two of the central pindles of the back, thereby obtaining an excellent purchase, which enabled him easily to hold the bair outsretched with its legs pointed directly to be animals. In his right hand he carried a short contraining rod

The instant the trainer faced his pupils there was regular feline explosion—a medley of snarls, towls and hisses. And the way those spotted we slapped and cuffed the rounds of the extended it, which served as a shield to the trainer's legs, as something to be remembered. Never before ad I seen such a startling exhibition of feline unckness as in this preliminary skirmish between master and pupils. The latter's claws seemed to be crywhere in a moment and played a lively tattoo a the shield and against the point of the rod with saidth the trainer protected himself. During all sexcitement the trainer was as calm as if he while one in the safety outside of the cage.

While one of the beasts was engaged in carrying an offensive warfare the other would invariably stempt to sneak behind the trainer. How alert thich apparently claimed little of his attention, was spressed on me by the fact that every time the entwith quick, sidewise thrusts of the prod, which the back, spitting and hissing, into the cor-

la less than half an hour the leopard and the jag-

uar seemed to realize that they, and not the man, were on the defensive. Their savage dashes were less frequent and they were more inclined to crouch close to the floor and lash their tails in sullen defiance. Then it was that the trainer, their master, began his first attempt at teaching them.

TRADE IN QUEER ANIMALS.

THERE is no branch of the animal kingdom, nor any corner of the world, that is not ransacked and explored nowadays for the purpose of collecting natural history curiosities to supply the commercial demand. Firms dealing in such merchandise in a large way are located in most big cities both in this country and abroad, and, judging from the comprehensiveness of their catalogues, it would seem as if there was nothing that flies or walks or swims that they are not prepared to furnish on short notice at list prices.

One of these catalogues advertises a large assortment of "live material," as it is termed. From this document, says the Saturday Evening Post, one learns that he can obtain large bullfrogs at \$3 a dozen, alive and kicking; medium-sized bullfrogs are cheaper, costing only \$1.75 for twelve. Turtles are \$2 a dozen for "adults," and small ones for aquaria are offered at 15 cents each. Pond snails, "in assorted lots," are listed at 25 cents a dozen; crayfish cost St a dozen, and newts are 15 cents each. In ordering crayfish, it is requested that a few days' notice be given in which to secure them in case the stock should be low. No such reservation, however, is made in the case of earth worms, which come at 60 cents a dozen. It is safe to say that any small boy will furnish earth worms under this rate.

Crabs are not offered alive, but in alcohol, and in this shape one can buy sand crabs, blue crabs, spider crabs, fiddler crabs, mud crabs and hermit crabs at prices running from 10 to 75 cents apiece, spider crabs being the dearest. Insects, similarly preserved, are so cheap as to tempt purchase. Squash bugs cost only fifty cents a dozen, while giant water bugs come at only half that price. Earwigs are quoted at 50 cents a dozen, ant lions at 10 cents each, crickets at 50 cents a dozen, seventeen-year locusts at 10 cents apiece and June bugs at 50 cents a dozen. Horseflies invite the buyer at only 10 cents the fly, "true wasps" may be obtained for the same price, and bumblebees foot the list at 6 cents.

In London, which is the great bug market of the world, auctions of insects are held every year, and startling prices are paid sometimes for rare specimens. As much as \$800 has been brought by a single butterfly, while an out-of-the-way beetle may be valued at many times its weight in gold.

Hamburg is a great market for wild animals, largely from Africa, that city having an important trade with the Dark Continent. To London comes much material of the same sort from Australia and New Zealand, and many rare creatures are obtained from sailors who fetch them from various parts of the world. An American dealer, not long ago, made a special trip to White Bay, New Zealand, for the purpose of procuring a kind of lizard called the "sphendon," which is regarded by scientists as a wonderful curiosity, inasmuch as it is the only survivor of an entire order of reptiles, all the other genera and species having long since become extinct. This lizard, which is known to the native Maoris as the "tuatera," is about a foot and a half long, and, oddly enough, seems to have affinities with the crocodile. Of course, all the kangaroos, wombats and flightless birds come from Australia and New Zealand.

BIRD FLIGHT STILL A SECRET.

"Thousands of learned papers have been written on the flight of birds," said a mechanical expert of this city, "and all the flying machine enthusiasts have given the subject endless study and investigation, but, strange to say, we know almost exactly as much about it now as we did in the beginning—in other words, nothing at all. Every theory that has been advanced has been knocked sky high by other theories equally plausible, and the only result of all the labor that has been expended is the accumulation of a mass of data from which some genius of the future may be able to evolve an explanation. The great secret of secrets is what is known as 'floating' or 'poising.' Most of us have seen a hawk, for instance, on a clear, still day hanging apparently

motionless in the upper air. Whether the outstretched wings are really still or whether there is a slight but continual shifting to take advantage of aerial currents is not fully determined. Floating birds have been watched for hours through powerful glasses, and lately they have been photographed in infinite detail with that wonderful new instrument called the 'telephotoscope,' which is merely a combination of the telescope and the camera, but not one clew to the mystery has been obtained.

"It used to be thought that birds could float only against the wind, but that has been exploded. Then, again, the faculty is possessed by comparatively few varieties, and others, with equal or superior wing spread, are unable to do it at all. The why and wherefore are unanswered questions.

"Lilienthall, the German scientist, seemed to be on the right track with his 'gliding machine,' but he fell and broke his neck and what was peculiarly unfortunate was that he failed to commit his most valuable facts to paper. Hiram Maxim, the machine-gun man, wrestled with the same problem for years and spent thousands of pounds constructing what he christened 'aeroplanes,' but at last he gave it up. It was too hard for him. Now Oliver Chanute, the veteran American engineer, and Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, are both at work on the same lines. They have made no actual progress, but if persistency counts for anything it is only a matter of time when the secret will be wrested from nature.

WATER LILIES IN TUBS.

A FEW years since the water lily was cultivated only in a few botanical gardens, and was universally supposed to be manageable only by the specialist. But year by year it has outgrown these quarters and proves itself to be a plant for the million. Any person possessing water and a two-gallon pail may have aquatic plants and flowers. Water hyacinths, water poppies, parrot's feather and even the miniature nymphaeas may be grown in a vessel (wooden preferred) having a superficial area of one square foot. Tubs the size of oil or whisky barrels, sawed in two, make suitable vessels for a variety of nymphacas and lotuses. A most pleasant addition to a lawn, noticed lately, was a group of four tubs-three of them placed in a triangle, their inner edges supporting the fourth--making a pyramid. In the upper or central tub was a lotus, its flowers and umbrella-like leaves towering up several feet high, while parrot's feather was trailing down over the sides almost completely hiding the tub. In the lower tubs were red, white and blue nymphaeas, with some other aquatics, while around the margins a few rocks were placed, and interspersed with moisture-loving plants, the whole making a mound of fresh, bright-green foliage and brilliant colored flowers, all summer. Tubs, pails or casks for water lilies should be filled two-thirds fall of good, rich loam, the roots planted two inches deep, then be given a warm sunny place and kept full of pure water. At frost the water may be poured off and the tubs carried over winter in a warm cellar or under the benches of a greenhouse.

In tropical countries are found a number of species of insects that counterfeit leaves in a wonderful way, and some kinds among them are said actually to assume in dying the changing hues of the decaying leaf. Their coloring-matter has been subjected to analysis, and has been proved to be practically the same substance as the chlorophyl which gives the green hue to living leaves. It is not, after all, so very surprising that the untutored natives of regions where these creatures abound should believe, as they commonly do, that they are in reality transformed leaves—in other words, that a bud developing into a leaf becomes at length a leaf insect by a mere change of habit.

A REMEMBRANCE of our own youthful mistakes and follies will lead us to judge those of others with sympathy and indulgence, and the recognition that we have reached the time of life when gentle dignity and cheerful serenity are more becoming than sparkling vivacity or any affectations will save us from appearing ridiculous.

TEACHER—Now, Tommy, give me a sentence, and then we'll change it to the imperative form.

Tommy—The horse draws the wagon. Teacher—Now put it in the imperative.

Tommy—Get up!



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois Price, \$2.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. Ingli nook wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stones or any with killing or cruelty in them will be convidered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Indianone, to the following address:

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THE CHANGE IN BOOKS.

When the writer was a boy there were very few books for children, or young people, and such as we had would not go very far these days toward satisfying the literary longings of the present generation. We remember that we had the "Peter Parley Tales," "Robinson Crusoc," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a few other books of the same character. There was not a single publication intended for the young, such as we have in abundance to-day. The demand for good reading was just as insistent then as now, but there was nothing to fill it. On Sundays we got a Sunday-school book, and it was generally selected at random from a pile passed by the teacher of the class. If our memory serves right they were without much literary merit, being generally written by some superannuated preacher who had utterly forgotten what it was to be a boy.

It is all changed now. The best literary skill of the world is employed in the making of reading for our boys and girls. Contrary to the general impression it requires much more literary ability to get up a book or paper for the young than it does to fit one out for the grown up. A little thought will tell the reason why. Young folks may not be able to give an intelligent reason why they like a certain paper or book, but the real reason is that it appeals to the youthful view of things and is neither over their heads nor beneath them. It is not an easy task to produce the required result.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Be Courageous.

THERE is comage and courage. Some kinds of it require little more than brute fearlessness, and then there is another kind that is most commendable. The preacher refers to standing up for the right in the face of the whole world, dying for it if necessary. Have we our share of this bravery? Anybody can fight, and animals can do more of it than people, but it is distinctly a human quality to be conrageous in the face of opposition, especially when it is armed with barbs of satire and ridicule.

Back in the days of the martyrs there was no flinching of which we have a detailed record Doubtless there were those who denied the faith and were forgotten, but there were also those who stood up for it and who gave then lives as a pledge of their earnestness. But while the time of general martyrdom has happily passed away, there are yet struggles and battles as hard as any ever fought The peculiarity about these is that they must usually be fought out without help from human friends,

Many persons, young and old, are so related to the world, that they are victims of unjust assault, or they stand alone, objects of unjust ridicule, and they must fight it out against the whole world, Happy the one who has the ability to do so. Remember Gethsemane. None of us will ever be brought to that trial, and we should be firm. Help often comes in a way we do not dream of. It is all from the same source, and it is free to all. We need not tell our congregation where or who it comes from. What we want to do is to not forget that if we find ourselves alone somewhere, and the silent enemy assaults, we are on guard, and that the glory of the kingdom may be entrusted to us, and we are to not cower or retreat from our espoused side. Failure is impossible with the Lord beside us. God and one make a majority. Be courageous.

ABOUT THE KRUGERS.

MRS. PAUL KRUGER is the embodiment of homeliness. In her appearance, in her manners, in her speech, she is as unassuming as the wife of any Dutch farmer. And she is just as thrifty and fru-

Oom Paul Kruger is believed to be worth \$25,-000,000; and the credit for amassing that immense fortune he gives to the woman who for nearly half a century has cared for him and watched over him, and striven and saved for him-farmer, herdsman, soldier, clergyman, ambassador, President of the Transvaal—in every phase of his wonderful career. "Tanta" Kruger has always believed implicitly in her husband, has always shown him a humble, devoted admiration that is somehow pathetic to look npon. Paul Kruger to-day is, in her opinion, the greatest man that ever lived. And she is the proudest woman in the Transvaal. The struggling, ambitious farmer found a treasure when he found that gentle, blue-eyed lass, who, when he asked her to marry him, looked down demurcly and said, "1 can bake, I can cook, I can sew, I can clean, I can

Even in these latter days, according to a recent visitor at Pretoria, the first lady in the Transvaal bakes, and sews, and scrubs, to save the wages of a servant. She may be seen at five o'clock any morning the President is at home bending over a little kitchen stove preparing her husband's morning cup of coffee. The only accomplishment in which "Auntie" Kruger claims to excel is in making coffee; and President Kruger affirms that she attains better results with less coffee than any other housewife in the Transvaal.

HOW PHRASES ORIGINATED.

THE origin of the phrase, "I can't see it," is traced to Lord Nelson, who at the battle of Copenhagen was told that a signal was given to cease firing, and the direction pointed out to him. Seizing a telescope he applied it to his blind eye and exclaimed: "I can't see it."

"Hauling over the coals" dates six or seven centuries back, when foudal barons often used barsh methods of extracting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their victims above slow fires until they paid ransom or died. There was a scene of this sort in "Ivanhoe," in which the Front de Bocuf endeavors to extort money from Isaac of York, father

The term, "blue stocking," was originally used in Venice about the year 1400 to designate literary classes by colors. In Mill's "History of Chivalry" we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women originated with Miss Hannah More's admirable description of a "Blue Stocking Club " in her " Bas Bleu,"

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who, in the sixteenth century, was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says in one of his treatises: "Cornorations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

The phrase, "I acknowledge the corn," originated with a slave. He was charged with stealing corn found in his possession. Having a sack with him. he was also charged with stealing that. His reply was: "No, sar; I 'knowledge de corn, but I ain't gwine to 'knowledge de sack.'

"Any color so it's red" originated among a class of characters called Jakeys in the local drama. One of them, being on a committee appointed to procure a new fire engine, was asked what color the company desired the apparatus painted. He replied: "Why, any color so it's red."

"Drowning the miller" originated from the following fact: If the mill stream below the mill is dammed or stopped, the water is pounded back. and the mill becomes what the millers call "tailed." If there is too much water, the mill will not work, and the miller is said to be "drowned out." Hence, when too much of any one article is put into a mixture it is called "drowning the miller."

"Better late than never" was used over 300 years house."—Effie King.

ago by Thomas Tucker in his "Five Hunder Points of Good Husbandry." Later on Buays used it in his "Pilgrim's Progress"

Not a few of the phrases in use at this day or > nated with Lyly, and are found in his "Euphues," popular book published in 1580. Among the might be mentioned " caught napping," "a croolstick or none," "brown study," "catching birds b putting salt on their tails," etc.

When people do not particularly like each of it is sometimes said " there is no love lost between them." The phrase occurs in the old ballad, "The Babes in the Wood," and in a tale of the days of Shakespeare, entitled "Montchensey."

TORN BANK-NOTES.

TWENTY-NINE bundles of mutilated national bank. notes, aggregating \$1,000,000 in value, were n turned to Washington, on January 1, by the Subtreasury, in New York. The consignment represents "holiday money" received by local banks throughout the land.

Since it is estimated that mutilated bills returned by the banks represent in value only 25 per center the "holiday money" sent to the metropolis from interior points, it is believed that at least \$4,000,000 has recently been received. Notes of the smalle denominations, \$1, \$2 and \$5, were most mutilated The money is turned into the bureau of redemption at Washington, where it is verified. The notes ar then cut lengthwise, and sent to different divisions where they are counted. The "top and bottom" divisions then compare notes to discover possible discrepancies. After that the notes are ground into pulp, and sold to paper manufacturers, who make it into little statuettes or busts of famous men. These are then sold as souvenirs, and bring in a considerable sum of money to their makers Before this disposition was made, the notes were burned in a furnace. Upon one occasion the heavy draught drew the notes up the flue, and one-dolla bills, with fractional currency, were found all over Washington.

THREE TIMES WAS ENOUGH.

DANIEL WEBSTER was notoriously careless in bus iness matters. He did not seem to know the val of money and scattered it about with a lavish han -when he had it—and borrowed it when he cod An incident illustrating the first mentioned trait his is related. On one occasion a man presented bill to him for payment.

"Why," said Webster, "I have paid that bill be

The neighbor assured him that he was mistaken "All right, then; call again in the morning and will settle with you."

As soon as the man was gone Webster called h son Fletcher and told him to look over his par and see if he could not find a receipted bill. the surprise of both, two receipted bills were fo showing that the bill had been paid twice. V ster put the receipts in his pocket and said noth

In the morning the neighbor returned for money. Webster took his seat under the old and ordered Wright to bring out the decan Filling the glass to the brim, he handed it to man and told him to drink. Webster then begar

"Mr. Blank, do you keep books?"

The man assured him that he did not. "Then I would advise you to do so," said We ster, and, pulling one of the receipts from his pos

The man was covered with confusion, while W et, handed it to him. ster continued:

"And while you are about it you had better so bookkeeper who understands double entry!" a! same time handing him another receipt.

"Now," said Webster, "I am going to pay bill just once more, but I assure you upon my of honor that I will not pay it the tourth time

THE INGLENOOR

"An excellent young people's paper." __list Underhill.

"I like it first rate just as it is " H. R. Has

"All think it the best paper that comes for

ARE YOU AN INVENTOR?

The fever, or disease, or whatever it is, that leads is a lead become inventors is much more common is a lead to become inventors is much more common is a would appear on the surface. Nearly all of the think that they have something that will bring the and fortune. The vast majority of them are and fortune. The vast majority of them are demed to disappointment, but that should not determed to disappoint the should not determed to disappoint the

Stored away in the old post office building on G stored away in the old post office building on G stored away in the old post office building on G stored are the models of some fantastic inventions, which, for the most part, are unknown to the world they were designed to astonish and benefit. One of these, the "automatic cook," has been described at the hour for which it has been set the night better was to start a fire in the kitchen stove, heat the nater, and, in short, prepare the breakfast out of the raw material left in the pot or pan. The inventor of this device was one John Smith, of Chicago, whose failure to secure some capitalist to back he invention is said to have affected his mind to sch a degree as to necessitate his removal to a suprarrum.

What is rather remarkable is that the late President, Abraham Lincoln, figures among these old insentors. It was long before the marvelous executive abilities of that great man were known to the world that he patented, in 1849, the "unsinkable geamship," the model of which is here to be seen and which was never considered practicable enough for a trial.

Lincoln's invention, however, was tame and commonplace compared with that of a genius whose
device is labeled "the velocipede boat." It was designed as a pleasure craft to accommodate only two
persons, who sit upon a kind of seesaw, the motion
of which operates a wheel hidden in the floor of the
loat, which in turn causes two paddle wheels to reticke on either side of the vessel, thus doing away
with the necessity of oars or sails.

More remarkable still is the so-called "windmillteadmill boat." Upon the deck of this craft, which is not otherwise curiously constructed, is rected a windmill, which, by means of an elaborate og system, turns the propeller at whatever rate he wind may happen to be blowing. In the event is calm, the thoughtful inventor has provided hat a horse, which is to be always kept on hand for that purpose, be brought out and set to work upon treadmill mechanism which would also set the popeller in motion. Another invention is that of aronan, who is said to have met with an accident ha rocking chair through the seat turning over ackward. She presented a means to guard against ath mishaps in the future by having the rockers, edead of terminating in a short distance from the mes, continued around in a circle until they eached the upper portion of the back of the chair. The hootjack is commonly regarded as a rather aple device, but the freak inventor has managed turn and twist it into so many and hideous tipes that the innocent thing becomes completely Paslormed. There are over seventy-five kinds of otjacks in the model cases. The freak inventor flie-saving appliances has not only provided for ety of mankind under trying circumstances, their comfort as well. One invention is that i a chair in which a shipwrecked person has If to lash himself firmly and float in ease comfort upon the treacherous flood, supporting and further upon hardtack stowed away in a the chair until reaching land or being seed by a passing vessel. Besides this device, tables, sofas, beds, etc., for ocean vessels, chan case of shipwreck, can be used as unsinktheboats. There are even corsets with aircompartments designed for life-saving pur-

Its thoughtfulness displayed by many of the interors and the solicitude evinced in meeting every
of their fellow creatures in a small compass
the positive them to consideration. The inventor
the breycle for tourists," for instance, has evito insure an almost luxurious amount of comtourists insure an almost luxurious amount of comthe road. But the methods by which he
the stille not differing much in appearance from
tridinary bicycle, is really a combination of bi-

cycle, chair, washstand, kitchen, larder and dining tens of thousands an hour. It requires only a few

About the only thing out of the ordinary one notices when looking at it is a steel plate joining the upper and lower bars of the diamond frame, evidently to strengthen it. The forks also are of unusual thickness. But let a person initiated into the mysteries of the affair touch a button, and, prestol the large nickel-plated lamp emits a shower of water, which the inventor writes, "will lay the dust, and if the rider is thirsty be can drink this water, and if his hands are soiled he can wash his hands in it with the aid of the little bit of soap which is concealed in the open space under the saddle."

There is no looking for the towel, either, for that indispensable adjunct to the operation, by pulling a cord, is made to appear wrapped around a small bar operating inside the top bar of the frame by means of a spring, and, when done with, is made to fly back in its place by means of another pull of the string. It turns out, too, that the steel plate between the top and bottom bars is really a folding ehair. And then one can account for the dropsical appearance of the front forks when he sees the operator open one of them in a mysterious manner and take out several pieces of steel, which he adjusts into a narrow table, and then the other, which yields him eggs, bread, salt, etc., and a little alcohol cooking stove. This bicycle weighs fifty pounds, with its various departments completely stocked.

A walking engine, with a pair of human legs and large brass shoes which look like those worn by the peasants in Holland, is a rather striking affair among many other wondrous devices in the way of steam engines.

The vagaries that are wrought in fountain pens form not the least striking conception of the freak inventor. One is a brass cylinder filled with mk, in one end of which fits a piston rod. The other end of the cylinder tapers to a fine point near which is a stopcock. The piston rod is for the purpose of forcing the ink downward, but it would occur to most people that when the pen was held in the hand, the ink would naturally flow in the required direction without the aid of the piston. The stopcock lets the ink flow copiously or meagerly. Another penholder is provided with two pens, as the inventor writes, "so that the writer will not be forced to stop so often to dip his pen in the ankwell." This inventor's idea was to dip both pens at the same time and use them alternately, thus saying one dip in every two penfuls.

It is said to think that each one of these waifs of the patent office represents in all likelihood somebody's lost and last hope of fame and fortune,

TOOTHPICKS.

NINETY-FIVE per cent of all the toothpicks made in these United States are formed from white birch timber in Franklin county, Maine, and yet scarcely more than one hundred persons are employed in the industry in that State. Outside of the pine-tree commonwealth the principal factories are in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Western New York. Maple and poplar are sometimes used in the manufacture of American toothpicks, but white birch is the standard timber in all the factories. The industry is a very simple one. First, of course, comes the work of the foresters. In the woods of Maine every winter there are great camps of lumbermen engaged in felling and hauling out timber for various commercial uses. Whenever the foreman of a eamp comes across a particularly fine white birch tree he orders it cut down and the main part of the trunk laid aside to be reserved for the toothpick factories. That the vast supply of toothpicks comes from a very small quantity of timber is shown by the fact that not more than 5,000 cords of wood are used in this industry annually.

When the logs reach the factory they are first stripped of their bark. They are then placed on trucks moving on rails and pushed to the automatic machines by which they are cut into veneers, which are thin strips of wood about the dimensions of an ordinary piece of blotting paper—that is, the strips are about as thick as the toothpieks are intended to be and as wide as the picks will be long. The machine works automatically and with tremendous speed and is so constructed that the finished picks the Sawbeth?"

tens of thousands an hour. It requires only a few weeks for the factories to turn out a supply sufficient to' meet the demand for a whole year. The factories are shut down again, to remain closed until the following spring. The wages paid to American workers in this industry range from \$1.50 to \$3.50 a day.

Many of the toothpicks made in Maine come from timber that has been seasoned in the open air and retain something of the natural sweetness of the birch and maple and are soft and pliable, while retaining sufficient firmness, Kiln-dried wood is apt to result in too much brittleness, causing sharp splinters to break off, which injure the enamel of the teeth.

The best toothpicks made anywhere in the world come from Portugal. They are whittled by hand from orange-wood splints by peasant girls, the only tool used being an ordinary jackknife. These picks are as smooth as ivory and will not break into splinters. They are expensive. Few hotels in Philadelphia supply them. The girls who make the picks receive less than ten cents a day. As the duty on the foreign-made picks is only thirty-five cents, they can be sold here for less than picks of similar quality could be manufactured in this country, despite the improved American machinery and skilled labor. The profit on American picks is almost exclusively on the cheaper products. Some of the Portuguese picks are highly ornamented with hand carving.

Next to Portugal, Japan sends the greatest supply of toothpicks to the United States. These are made by hand from fine reeds. They, too, are sold in close competition with the American product, owing to the cheaper labor in Japan. The cases in which the Japanese picks are inclosed are fine specimens of skill with the jackknife. They are of wood, cut into strips as thin and delicate as tissue paper, but very strong. The cases are ornamented with hand-painted Japanese scenes and are of a size convenient to be carried in the vest pocket.

STORIES TO ORDER.

In the eager controversy concerning new and novel methods of earning a livelihood, suitable for girls and young women, it seems strange that more have not thought of this ingenious plan, which has proved of special success in at least one instance.

It is a novel and certainly original scheme -that of a young woman in one of our large cities who has started out to tell impromptu stories at children's parties. She engages to tell as many stories as the children may desire. They are to name a topic and tell what kind of story they wish, and without any previous preparation she will proceed to tell the story.

If you are going to give a children's party, why, all you have to do is to notify her, stating the ages of the little ones, and for a consideration, on the suggestion of a subject, she promises to relate something original, instructive, and entertaining. "Your children want something new," she says, "something fresh and bright. Children are good judges of stories, and enjoy with keener zest those that are told in an off-hand manner than those which are read to them. Why is this? Because they prefer simplicity, brevity, and reality to affectation, detail, and exaggeration. Besides, a person can tell a story much more effectively than she can read it, and she can more easily impart to it that natural sympathetic feeling which the little ones enjoy."

The idea is a unique one, and for this very reason is meeting with merited success.

A STRICT SABBATARIAN.

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scotlish minister.

He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so that they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinnaye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this hoose on the Sawbeth?"

Good Reading

CHINESE WOMEN IN BOSTON.

THERE are over 10,000 Chinamen in New England, and the male Celestial in his quaint dress and queue has become such a familiar object in our streets that he attracts no more attention than does the ordinary citizen.

With the Chinese lady, however, we are not so familiar. She is something of a rara avis here, and many persons will, doubtless, be surprised to learn that there are sixteen native Chinese women at present residing in Boston.

All the Chinese women in Boston are married, and have been brought here by their husbands, all of whom are prosperous business men, merchants, importers, interpreters, etc. Most of them have children, some of whom were born in America.

Although, as yet, none of the mothers have embraced Christianity, many of the children have received Christian names. One little girl responds to the name of "Mamie"; another who goes to kindergarten is called "Lana"; "Edith" is only an infant; "Willie" can just toddle round, and the "youngest inhabitant," a baby boy of three months, rejoices in the name of "Russell."

The babies are attractive little morsels of humanity, have an abundant crop of black bair and are dressed very much as American babies are except that they mostly wear bright-colored, little, crownless caps. They receive the individual attention of their mothers, whose chief recreation is found in "playing with the baby."

The life of the Chinese lady is extremely monotonous. She is locked up in her own apartments continually. Her meals are carried to her by a servant from the restaurant at which her husband dines. Her husband can never make an unfavorable comparison between her cooking and that of his mother, for among the Chinese the cooking is all done by the men at the restaurants.

If there are other Chinese ladies in the same house she calls upon them and receives their calls, sits and gossips, smokes her curious water pipe and plays with the babies.

She is never allowed to meet with men except near relations, and occasionally members of the "company" to which she belongs. If, for instance, she is a "Moy," a "Lee," or a "Chin," she may meet a man of the same name, because in China all persons of the same name, although not related in any way, belong to the same company and, according to Chinese law, cannot marry.

Occasionally the monotony of her existence is broken by a shopping expedition or a trip to one of the parks with her fellow country women under the chaperonage of one of the kind-hearted American ladies who have sacrificed so much in order that they may make the lives of these interesting people better and brighter. For these rare occasions, which are highly appreciated, the Chinese lady dons American dress, including a hat and veil. No American shoes will fit her diminutive feet, but she conceals her tiny shoes by wearing rubbers over

Seven ladies in Chinatown wear shoes from four to five inches in length. These dainty specimens of foot wear are imported from the celestial empire, and made of rich silk, handsomely embroidered. They have heels that somewhat resemble French heels on the tiniest scale. The dress of the Chinese lady is similar to that worn by the men, except that it is supplemented by a good deal of jewelry. She always wears earrings and bracelets, some of which are costly.

One bright little body, who took evident pride in her curious, heavy earrings and her bracelets, told us that one pair of bracelets which were of polished wood and wrought gold, had cost \$50. When we had duly admired her trinkets and her six-monthsold baby girl, she looked us over with much apparent interest, and exclaimed:

"Amelican lady like man! No wear earrings!"

Then sitting down and slapping her knee, she added, with a merry laugh, "Chinee lady like man! Wear pant!"

When asked if she liked America she replied in the affirmative, but said, with a very expressive gesture of the head, "No likee Amelican dress; no likee skirt. Babee not like Amelican dress. Babee

cry and not know her mamma when she put on Amelican dress!"

Seeing she objected to skirts and evidently regarded the American lady's close-fitting waist with about as much horror as we look upon Chinese bound feet, we questioned her as to our materials.

In spite of their close confinement and indolent lives, the ladies of Chinatown appear to enjoy good health and seem to be not only contented, but in excellent spirits. One of them, her countrywomen assert, weighs 222 pounds.

She may not, perhaps, actually weigh as much, and, although overburdened with flesh, is decidedly good-looking and of very pleasing address. Many of the ladies are exceedingly prepossessing, both in appearance and in manner, and all of them welcome the "Amelican lady" caller in broken English that is quite fascinating. They love flowers and greatly appreciate the gift of a bouquet.

A lady doctor occasionally visits them professionally, but, as a rule, they receive no medical attendance when they are ill, and must recover without the aid of doctors or medicine.

The suites of rooms in which they live are furnished in most respects like an ordinary American home. Sometimes Chinese pictures hang upon the walls, Chinese curtains drape the windows, a Chinese rug of brilliant hues and marvelous workmanship is spread over a piece of ordinary furniture, and there are always plenty of fans lying conveniently about, but otherwise the arrangement of the rooms is American; one home, even, being provided with a telephone.

HAVE YOU A RUG?

A NEW railroad is being built between Damascus, one of the oldest cities in the world, and Mecca, the holy city of the Moslems.

There are to be thirty-five stations from Damascus to Mecca, and if the trip will occupy a fortnight it is because in Turkey trains do not run by night and that the rate of speed is always a moderate one. What with the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims who annually flock to Mecca and the large freight business in corpses, every well-to-do Moslem being anxious that his remains should be interred in the neighborhood of the Holy City of Mecca, the railroad promises to be a paying concern, although it will, of course, put an end to that peculiar Oriental institution known as the "Caravan of the Dead "-that is to say, of the caravan of hundreds and sometimes thousands of camels, wandering Indian file across the desert to Mecca, each with two or three coffins swinging on either side of its hump, the coffins containing the corpses of the rich Moslems, destined for interment at Mecca. It is de rigeuer that the remains should be enveloped for the trip not in a shroud but in the costliest rug or carpet in the possession of the family of the deceased. These rugs and carpets, after the interment of the remains at Mecca, become the perquisites of the camel-drivers of the caravan of the dead, who make a point of selling them to the bazaars at Cairo, at Damascus, Smyrna, and Constantinople, where they find generous purchasers among the foreigners, owing to their exceptional beauty and to the mellow and artistic blend of the coloring. I have sometimes when at Cairo watched foreigners bargaining in the carpet bazaars for rugs of this kind, and have wondered silently if they were aware of the use to which they had been applied while on the road to Mecca.

TWENTY MILLION PINS A DAY.

It requires an average of more than 20,000,000 pins a day to sustain the falling skirts, replace the missing suspender buttons, and meet the other needs of the American people. What becomes of all these pins is a question that nobody has been able to answer, but there is no falling off in the demand, so that this number must disappear in some manner every day.

It is hard to imagine anything simpler than a pin, and it is a striking proof of the complications of our modern industrial system that every pin in the course of its manufacture passes through a dozen separate processes, involving the greatest skill on the part of the operatives employed and the action of a great amount of automatic machinery.

The pin makes its appearance at the factory in ter's last chance.

the form of barrels of coiled brass wire. The & process is that of straightening this wire. The collare placed on revolving racks, and fed from the into little machines, from the vicelike grip of which they emerge perfectly straight. Thence the wire fed into the pinmaking machine, which is almost a complicated as a printing press. A sharp kall cuts the wire off into uniform lengths of the desired size. As each little length of wire drops from the knife it falls upon a small wheel, the edge of which is notched into grooves just large enough to hold the bits of wire.

Each piece is carried along by the wheel until as iron finger and thumb seize and hold it firmly, while an automatic hammer, by a single smart blow, put a head on one end. Then the embryo pins fall up on another grooved wheel, which revolves horizon tally. As they move on in the clasp of this second wheel the projecting ends pass over a number of circular steel files, which neatly grind them to point. Further on they encounter a pumice stone which smoothes off the filed ends, and then they drop into a wooden receiving box. So far no work man's hand has touched the pins in their progres from the reel. The cutting, heading, pointing, as smoothing has all been done by the wonderful automatic machinery.

From the wooden boxes the pins go to the "whitening" room, where they are cleaned in revolving barrels filled with sawdust, and receive nickel coating in big vats. Then they are dried in the sawdust barrels and are run through a "sorting machine. It is impossible to get the better of this machine.

The big department stores and wholesale dealer buy their pins by the case. A case contains to dozen papers, 360 pins in each paper. A single order from the largest stores usually calls for to cases, or nearly 50,000,000 pins.

THE STY IN YOUR EYE.

As is well known, sty, or orgeolet, makes its appearance in the form of a hard, red pimple, sensitive to the touch, which forms on the outside edged the eyelid—most frequently the upper eyelid. I generally begins with a small point of induration about the dimensions of a grain of millet, but of becoming an inflamed tumor assumes the dimensions of an oat, and is sometimes accompanied to oedema of the cyclid. At the end of a few days the tumor accumulates, becomes white, and breaks, discharging a small quantity of pus and a greenic core. Cicatrization usually takes place rapidly an without leaving any trace.

A sty is neither more nor less than a boil ont outer edge of the eyelid. It is the result of infl mation of the glands that surround the eyelast It is of no gravity in itself, but in the case of so persons it returns with such tenacity that it comes a real infirmity. With persons of this cla therefore, preventive treatment requires to be a ducted with extreme care. As soon as the sty pears an attempt may be made to stop it at the set by a slight cauterization with nitrate of silver else with a pencil dipped in tineture of iou When it has reached the full period of inflam tion the treatment should be limited to the appl tion of a few poultices of starch or of compl dipped in a slightly antiseptic liquid. If the does not discharge it should be made to discharge by means of a slight incision.

Sue said she knew better, but that was afterward the time she was earnestly inquiring into

ways of nature.

They stood outside the fence of the buffalof in Lincoln Park—she and the man and some other. Before she spoke she scarcely noticed (he present the others. After it happened she thought others numbered a thousand.

others numbered a thousand.

The animals lay idly blinking in the sunshment the girl an idly added this question:

the girl as idly asked this question:
"Do they make buffalo robes out of the hard

falls off their backs?"

The crowd began to shout and the man to the The girl protested it was a joke. Perhaps it is but the man found the point too dull for his was

HE (addressing the little sister of his betrote —Don't you know me, little one? Who am little One (brightly).—I know. You're me the last change

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICE ACTION OF THE PRESENT OF THE

CIRCLE NOTES.

UNTIL HE FIND.

*OTESDER Shepherd! climbing rugged mountains,
And wading waters deep,

How long would'st Thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?"

"T count no time," the Shepherd gently answered,
"As thou dost count and bind

The days in weeks, the weeks in months, my counting Is just-until I find.

"And that would be the limit of my journey,
I'd cross the waters deep,
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience
Until I found my sheep."

THAT land is henceforth my country which most weds the Gospel.—Count Zinsendorf.

Gold is never so bright as when it is used in do-

LIGHTNING is seen before the thunder is heard. Do the deed and talk about it afterward. People to have no time to listen to your plans will be muck to hear what you have done.

A MAN WITH A NET.

ty the ancient days of Rome, when sports in the mobitheatre were very popular, considerable innuity was exercised in giving amusement to the eople. On one occasion, when the vast building as crowded with pleasure-seekers, two men repped into the arena. One had on a heavy armor [mail; he bore a shield and carried all the implepents of warfare; the other was entirely unarmed; held in his hands only a net. It was a novel noffict. The first man thrust at the other with a pear, but he kept out of his reach, and in the meanhile spared no effort to throw the net over his angonist. After many maneuvres the second sucuded in throwing the net over the head of his med antagonist. What now availed his armor, is shield, or his spear? He was powerless in the ands of the enemy, completely conquered and sub-

We think that the books of our Reading Circle ill help you to keep clear of the net. They will cupy your leisure time, and inspire you with no-endeavor, so that you will not cross the path of cman with the net. When once within his reach the is no assurance of safety.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder vd. Right in the midst of it, he said to himself, Now, this will never do. I get too much excited at it. I cannot study so well after this reading. here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. chas Richter, the great German philosopher.

You can study the harder after reading books has are found in our Religious Course. Day and day boys and girls are drawn into the net. The way apapers bring us the news of the victims, as Yare slain by the thousands. May you never be ad within reach of its meshes.

DO NOT LET IT BE SHUT AGAIN.

la Cambridge, over forty years ago, Livingstone se of the future of Africa. He said, "I know in a few years I shall be cut off in that country to is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go to Africa to try and make an open path for shich I have begun; I leave it for you."

in the center of a very dark continent. Now a way is projected from Cairo to the Cape. Lively and Gordon and Mackay have helped, by these and death, to open up this highway.

Attywhere the doors are open, and missionaries met; what if, by being slothful and at ease in let us work while we have the opportunity.

legging must be done somewhere, it is better for bread on earth than in hell to cry for wa-

- Sunday A School

A LADY was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with "never-slacking speed, turning his swift wheel around," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be," the man raised his eyes and said, "No, ma'am; it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands! That's it." If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to go to for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty oftime on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most who are always willing to do a little more. The people who are tired of life are not those who work, but those who are too proud or too lazy to do so. Many of the rich are morbidly restless, while those who have to earn their daily bread are comparatively contented and happy. The Bible says that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he cat little or much," Eccl. 5:12; and the busy worker has health and blessing which the listless idler never knows.

Unlike people of other nations in early times, the Jews tenderly cherished and trained their children. They had no fewer than nine terms by which they designated what age the child had attained. In a godly home, thoughts of God would be associated with the child's first awakening consciousness. When he reached the age of five years he was expected to begin reading the Bible. He would be instructed first by the father in the home, then sent to the school which was supported by the congregation which worshiped at the local synagogue. The great object of Jewish education was to bring the child to know God, and the teacher paid strict attention to his training in right habits of life. At the age of ten years, he was expected to begin the study of the Mishna, the book of laws of the Rabbis. At thirteen he became a "son of the law," and soon his training at his father's trade

In a certain battle a soldier was seen to fall and on being picked up it was found that he was simply stunned. There was a bullet hole through his clothing, but no blood could be found. Upon examination it was found that the bullet had lodged in a Bible which was in his inside pocket, and which had therefore saved his life. This is not the first time the Bible has saved a person's life. Many are being saved by it every day. The Bible is the textbook of the Sunday school, and about thirty millions of people throughout the world are engaged in the study of the Word. Thousands and thousands are being saved every year through the study. of the Book. The Sunday school has done more to popularize the Bible and to increase its circulation than any other agency in the world. The Bible is printed in more sizes and languages and more copies are sold than any other book published.

In Chicago a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday the boy came past thirty or forty Sunday schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday school, met him, and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good." "Ah," he said, "they may be just as good, but they are not so good for me." "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered. Ah! love won him. How easy it is to reach people through love.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, asks the following pertinent question: "Do you know that boys are more particular who they go with than girls are? You may think it a strange statement, but it is so. A girl will go on the streets in open day with a boy that gets drunk, but the minute a boy finds out that a girl gets drunk, he won't go with her. I wish our girls would be as particular with whom they go as boys are."

"Some people are willing to live up to their light as long as their eyes are bandaged."

For + the + Wee + Folk

WHY CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

You may have noticed, little friends, That cats don't wash their faces Before they cat, as children do, In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat.

The pangs of hunger feeling,
He chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

"All genteel folks their faces wash Before they think of eating!" And, wishing to be thought well hied, Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash, Chance for escape affording. The sly young mouse said good-bye, Without respect to wording.

A feline conneil met that day,
And passed, in solemn meeting.
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

When grandma came into the nursery she saw Ted staring out of the window with a scowl on his forehead. Mary Esther was lying stretched out on the floor, drumming her heels up and down; and Dick was pulling the cat's tail.

"What's the trouble, Teddy?" she asked, sitting down in her chair and beginning her knitting.

"Oh, this rain is such a bother!" said Ted, "I was going over to John's to make a bird-house and I took my tools over last night to have them there; and now I can't go because I've got a cold and it rains."

"I saw a carpenter making a mud house the other morning without tools," began grandma, and the three children came over and clustered around her chair.

"And that wasn't all," she went on. "He had no arms, and he made it with his head."

"He acted very oddly, too," said grandma, lifting Dick upon her lap. "First, he rubbed his floor in, and he sang a funny little song as he did it. Then he went off for more mud. When he got back he walked in every direction but the right one, and I thought he had lost his way; but I really think he wanted to make me stop watching him, for he finally got there and he went on building, always singing his queer little song. After his pile of mud was large enough he pressed his head against one end until he had bored a little, round room in it. I thought it must be hard work; but he always sang and seemed determined to make the best of it."

"Where is his house?" asked Dick.

"Out in the roof of the back porch," said grandma. So they all scampered off to find it.

"Oh, yes!" said Ted, pointing up in one corner, "There it is. It is a mud-dauber's nest,"

"It's a wasp's, I think," said Dick.

"Well, a mud-damber is a wasp," said Ted, laughing. "That's built better than I could do with tools," went on Ted. "I believe I'll make the best of it, too."

So, when grandma saw them again, Ted was mending Mary Esther's doll's head, which had waited a long time for her glue medicine; Mary Esther was sewing on her doll's quilt and Dick was rubbing up the nickel parts of their bicycle, and they sang so hard and worked so steadily that when the dinner-bell rang they were surprised to find the rain all stopped and the sun shining.

A LITTLE GIRL.

If no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should,
For norse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good—
If no one ever marries me—
I shan't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-butch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.
And when I'm getting really old—
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl,
And bring her up as mine.

" SAY! "

Ir was at the Union Station that the gentleman first met "Say." It was at a way station about an hour from the city, where he left him, and he hopes that he will never set eyes on him again. It happened on this wise. The gentleman was sitting on a seat in the woman's room waiting on the train, when he saw a middle-aged lady approach with a boy about ten years of age, and after a courteous and well-bred inquiry he informed her that he was going right by the station in question, and that he would take pleasure in caring for "dear little Augustus" up to that point. It was very easy, for the child had his ticket, his folks were waiting at the station for him, and all that was necessary was to see that he got off at the right place. Then the lady loosened her grip on the boy's wrist, she had held him all the time there, and after a few earnest admonitions to give the gentleman no trouble she

The man started to read his morning paper, and forgot the boy a moment. Looking for him he was not seen. He had slipped off, A hurried hunt found him in front of the station with a couple of street gamins. He was requested to come back, but refused till he was gripped by the arm, when he went along readily enough. In the cars he began

"Say, do you know where I am going? I'm going out to Uncle Henry's place. Say, do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to enjoy myself. I'm going to have lots of fun chasing the pigs, and stoning the chickens. I was there last year and they sent me home because I throwed the cat in the spring. It was a no-account cat, anyhow, and it had sore eyes.

"Say! Do you see this woman in front of us? She has a mole on her neck. When she goes this a way, and that a way I can see it. Can you see it? When I see it again I'll put my finger on it for you, Why musn't I do it? I can do as I please. You ain't my boss." The lady in front got up and seated berself in another part of the car.

"Say! Do you see that man a coming down the risle? He's drunk, see him stagger. What? I tell you he is drunk, and it isn't the motion of the cars," and as the man passed he called out "Hello, Sporty, how are you, old Sport?" The man scowled at him and seated himself in the rear.

"Say, do you know my Aunt Kate?" On being informed that such was not the gentleman's pleasure, he said that he knew it all the time, only he wanted to see whether or not be would lie about it. "Say! Do you see that woman on the other side? What a nose she's got! Did you ever see such a nose? Say! my Annt Kate's got a mole. You don't know where it is, do you? Of course you don't. I'll tell you," and he reached over and whispered where it was. It would hardly bear repetition in print.

Said the gentleman, "I'll give you five cents if you will tell your Aunt Kate that you have been telling strangers about her mole," "Say! will you cross your heart that you will, will you gimme it now, if I promise to tell her?" The coin was transferred, and he clutched it in his hand,

"Say! This is my money, this is my mole money. I'll tell Aunt Kate just what you said. Say! See that man with a bottle in his pocket? I'll bet he has whisky in it." The gentleman with the white cravat and the bottle of cod liver oil, went to a seat in another car.

"Say! this girl behind us has a button off her dress. She ain't got no watch on the end of her chain. I see. Have you any money? How much have you? Will you give me some of it? Did you hook it? I aint going to tell, not if you give me some more to put to my mole money."

Here the cars reached the station where Aunt Kate was waiting for "Precious." She was a tall, shapely girl, faultlessly attired, when "Say," seeing her, tried to get out the ear window, head first, to reach her. He was hauled back, and delivered at the steps, where he simply dove his head into her, and clasped her around the body. Then he re-

"Say, Aunt Kate, this is the fellow that came out with me. He is a bully fellow. He said you would show your mole to anybody for five cents. He gimme a nickel to tell you so. I told him where it was. I seen it once." Aunt Kate turned a vivid crimson, and the cars began to move off. "Say!" he placed the golden image. Juan Diego and his

he yelled at the retreating train, "If you want me uncle became the servants of the Virgin in the to I'll come out to see you if you come after me, and I'll stay with you." The cars gathered momentum, and the gentleman shuddered.

AT GUADALUPE.

GUADALUPT is considerable of a village a mile or two out of the City of Mexico, and it is the holiest shrine in all that sunny, sleepy land. It is reached by street cars, and is a place full of interesting sights. It is especially an Indian shrine, and pilgrimages of a thousand miles, and more, are made on foot annually, to be present at Guadalupe (Wada-loop-ce). The story is of a miraculous picture of the Virgin. Every native Mexican believes the miracle. The INCLENOOR man has seen the picture, and the Virgin wears a blue dress spangled over from Padre Vetancourt:

with stars. We append a translation of the miracle Juan Diego, a native of Cuahtitlan, who lived with his wife. Maria Lucia in the town of Tolpetlac, went to bear mass in the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco on the morning of Saturday, December 9, 1531. As he neared the hill called Tepeyacac he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he amid splendors a lady, who spoke to him, directing him to go to the bishop and tell that it was her will that in that place should be built to her a temple. Upon his knees Juan listened to her bidding, and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the bishop with the message that she had given him. But while the bishop heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy that was told him. And with his disconsolate answer Juan Diego returned, finding again there the lady, who heard what he had to tell and bade him come to her again. Therefore, on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside, when she appeared to him for the third time, and repeated her command that he convey to the bishop her order that the temple should be built. The bishop heard the message still incredulously, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which it might be shown that he told the truth; and when the Indian departed the bishop sent two servants to watch him secretly. But as he neared the holy hill he disappeared from the sight of these watchers! Unseen, then, of these, he met the lady and told her that he had been required to bring some sign of her appearance, and she told him to come again the next day and he should have that sign. But when Juan came he found there his uncle, Juan Bernardino, very ill, having that fever which the Indians call "cocolixtli". Through the next day he was busied in attendance upon the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12 Juan went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by that lady's importunities, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But as he passed the hill be saw the lady coming down to him and her calling to him. He told her of his errand and of its urgent need for quickness, whereupon she replied that he need feel no further alarm, as already his uncle's illness was cured, Then ordered she him to cut some flowers in that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the bishop as the sign that he had requested; and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to none other until they had been seen of the bishop. Therefore he wrapped them in his tilma, blanket, and bastened away. And immediately, from the spot where Most Holy Mary had stood, there gushed forth a spring of brackish water, which is now greatly venerated, being an antidote to all infirmities, . . . Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the bishop's house until he should come out, and when he appeared and the tilma was opened, behold, there were no flowers, but the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's, Juan Diego's, tilma! The bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego, returning to his home with two of the bishop's servants, found that his uncle had been healed of his

sickness in that very hour that the Virgin declared

that he was well. As quickly as could be, the bish-

op caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared and where the miraculous

roses had sprung up from the barren rock, and here

sanctuary, and Juan Diego, being moved by a semon preached by the Holy Fray Toribio Motol and his wife, Lucia Maria, consenting and taking like vow, took there a vow of chastity. There forth he lived in a little house beside the chape and there he died a most Christian death in the year 1548.

Advertising Column

The Inglenook reaches far and wide among a class of intelligent promainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequated ma mainly agricultural, and density and onstituency. Advertisements that are of reaching a cash purchasing constitueing. The transfer libit are proved by the management will be inscribed at the uniform rate of the inch, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued inserts. st.co per inch, first and each succeeding time. The Inglenoon is the organ of the church carrying advertisements.

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118 W. Fourth St.

ELGIN, ILL., Aug. 25, 1900.

No. 34.

A LEGEND.

RE has come to my mind a legend, a thing I half forgot, hether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not. widthat in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings, man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that

puls from his beart's inner chamber all the passion, pain,

maches and weary longing that throb in the pulses of

hethrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked

can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angel

I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to see, what of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me; us hook in our hearts and question, " Can pure thoughts

asoul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?" then, let us ponder a little; let us took in our hearts and

the twilight belt of the angels could ring for-you and me.

A RABBIT ROUND-UP.

WHERE is the boy, or at least the country boy, ho has not hunted Bunny to a violent death? iven a live boy, a wiry dog, a skift of snow, and ing ears would do well to stay in the stone pile till edanger goes by. The rabbits are a feeble folk, of what they do not have in their legs, and the art doubling back after a run, is much indeed. Nothe writer knows ever accused a rabbit with g overburdened with sense. His enemy is the all boy, the dog, and the fellow from town with bundred dollar gun and no sense of right and in the matter of trespass.

Over in Australia they have become a veritable nor to the farmer. Introduced in the first place ty have come to stay, and their numbers are bend available figures, and the damage they do simply the limit of the possibilities in the case. this country, out on the sunny Pacific Coast, whave multiplied and increased till they have come a terror to the farmers. The agriculturist as his field of alfalfa in the evening with much disfaction. He retires to rest, and when he rises the morning with the lark and looks again on his falfa field, lo, the field is still there, but the alfalfa manting. Rabbits, rabbits, nothing but an overth visit from an army of jack rabbits, mingled a few thousands of common, everyday, Eastern anies. Then does the agriculturist rise in his ah and declare that he will organize a hunt and sabout things, whether or not he sows and the

It may be well to say for the benefit of those of r lxGLENOOK family who have never seen a jack bbit, and whose knowledge of the beast is conto the cotton-tail of the East, that the jack shis name from the burro or jackass, which animal he is in the small. Any Eastern boy fold know that he is a rabbit the moment he sees but he is apt to remark that the size is about ce of four times as great as any rabbit he ever before. He has ears and he has hind legs. his back, loosens up his hind legs, and lets himout in earnest he is in the next county before know it. He is always hungry, and five or six ne is always nungry, and ...

e does a year he and Mrs. Jack see to it that the e does not become extinct, and he generally from six to a dozen children to admire, and dehildren to the third and fourth generations denildren to the third and fourth generation. And his progeny have gone into business

for themselves. Given some four or five hundred thousand of him and his family, and it does not require a very vivid imagination to see that in a year of undisturbed family relations there will be quite a few of him by the end of the next twelve-month.

But sometimes the farmers rise in their wrath, agree on a date, and then placard the countryside with the fact that on a given day, and at a certain hour and place the rabbit-drive will begin. The public is told where to meet, and then a suitable place is chosen, and a great yard is enclosed in wire netting, and at the opening two great wings are flared out, so that when jackie gets in between them he is bound to go into the trap. When the people assemble they are in carriages, on horseback, and on foot. The small boy and the dog are there, too. The marshals get the crowd in a rude circle, and slowly the curved and incurving procession starts toward the final rendezvous. The carriages and horsemen are thirty or forty feet apart at the start, and inside the ring are the boys and the dogs, beating up the sage brush with sticks and rousing the terrified jacks with their cries. Starting early in the morning it may be considerably in the afternoon before the circle has closed in. Then the carriages will be almost touching, and there will be several rows, within one another, and as the beaters get near the wide open month of the enclosure the jacks pour in like a river. The numbers nobody knows or cares to know, but it will run into many thousands.

Once in the trap they try to hide along the edges, as long as there is an unoccupied edge, and until the enclosure is full. Then the "knockers" go in and the poor, frightened animals, receive their quietus with a stick. The rabbit is easily killed, and a very slight blow back of the head does the business. The jack rabbit is not regarded as being good for food, compared with the cotton-tail, but there is no reason why a young one, raised on alfalfa, or clover, should not be fairly edible. In fact it is, as the writer has eaten them. Later in life, and fed on the sagebrush, he is a poor dish, though the Indians eat him at all times.

But think of the delight of a boy and a dog inside the ring as it closes up! There are rabbits, rabbits, rabbits, everywhere, and it degenerates into murder. Even the dog tires of killing. But then, the alfalfa field must be saved if the baby is to have a new dress, and the cattle enough to eat. But what a place for Baby Bunting to get a skin to be wrapped in is the final round-up of a successful drive!

немр.

What is hemp, where does it grow, and what does it look like when growing? Probably few INGLENOOKERS could answer all these questions. As it is one of the world's most important crops it may be well to tell something about it. Strangely enough hemp comes from a plant that looks very much like a banana plant. In fact it is a banana plant. It grows in the Philippines, to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet, and in all respects resembles a regular edible banana plant. A hillside is chosen, some place where the water does not stand, and after the land is cleared of the undergrowth, the young suckers are set out in regular rows, to the number of some seven or eight hundred to the acre, and if the ground is kept free from weeds, and the larger trees are left standing for shade, which the plant wants, the growth will be plied the Scot.—The Argonaut.

very rapid. The young suckers cost about a cent apiece.

In three years the plant will be ready for the cutter. The inside leaves are closely wrapped together, and this central stalk is cut out. It is so tender that it can be done with a butcher knife. It is about as thick as a big stovepipe, and the hemp is a fibre that lies on the outside of these tender leaves.

A leaf is taken up and passed through a treadle machine that squeezes out the pulp and sap and then the fiber is wound on a stick, drawn out of the crushed leaf, and afterward dried in the sun. It is worth about twenty-five dollars for a picul, 140 pounds, and the labor of getting it out is performed by native laborers who get less than twenty cents a day. The hemp from a single plant is something over half a pound, and the production goes on all the time. A man with a hemp plantation has a sure thing of it, financially, yet Europeans who have tried it have not succeeded, on account of not understanding native labor as well as old residents. The time will come when the profits will be greater than now, as better agricultural methods will be adopted by American growers. It is made into all kinds of ropes, and the finer qualities are woven into fabrics, mixed with silk. It is a very valuable commodity the world over.

A NEW advertising device is worrying the police of a certain lower Broadway beat and is puzzling the bureau of encumbrances. Recently a downtown jeweler had a hole cut in the sidewalk at the corner where he does business. When a heavy piece of plate glass was inserted it was presumed that the object was to secure more light in the cellar than was afforded by the bull's eyes with which the pavement was studded. However, that little rectangle of clear glass has kept the police busy ever since, for under it the owner of the store has placed a new device for telling time. In figures six inches high the time is given in hours and minutes, which are changed by clock work and every passenger stops long enough to see the figures change as the minutes pass. The policemen who have to keep that crowd moving want to be transferred to other beats and the bureau of incumbrances cannot see how it has any jurisdiction, for the device does not project a fraction of an inch above the pavement.

SPEAKING of vice-presidents, here is an anecdote of the man who was Lincoln's first running mate: In Hannibal Hamlin's earlier days, at a certain caucus in Hampden, the only attendants were himself and a citizen of large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable "gathering of voters. "Hold on," cried the other man, "we can't pass that, for it ain't true! It ain't a large and respectable caucus! There's only two of us." "You keep still, brother," commanded the wily Hannibal; "It's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You keep just still," So the resolutions were passed without further demur, in the presence of a "large and respectable" gathering.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL was approached by a Scotchman, at the close of a lecture on Robert Burns, who said, "Colonel, the title of your lecture should be the epitaph on your tombstone." "How is that?" asked the orator. "Robert burns," re-



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

This is a term for a condition of things very hard to explain in detail. It seems to be the custom among people when there is a fact or a condition not well understood, to coin some phrase for it and let it go at that. We all know what personal magnetism is, but it is very difficult to explain. Some have even denied the existence of anything of the kind, but there seems to be no good reason why there should not be allowed the fact of its existence. That some people have the knack of impressing themselves on those about them, is beyond a question, and they are able to do it without effort. There is a something about them that impresses all who come in reach of its magic influence. It is not learning, not wisdom, not picty, not wit, and not a combination of any of them. What it is nobody can say in full and in detail. But it exists, all the same.

The professional and successful politician has it, otherwise he would not likely be long successful. The confidence man has it. Not that there is any similarity between the two professions, but because the methods of the two are pretty much the same, in that both are temporarily endeavoring to make the other party see and act as they like. It is not by any means always used to disadvantage, for it is often employed in good works. Whoever has it has a wonderful gift, and should see to it that it is not abused.

We frequently find this atmosphere to extend to places, though it is perhaps only the individuals and their ways that produce the pleasing effect. How often have we been in places that impressed us pleasantly and made us feel comfortable while there. No reason for the fact could be assigned. It was in the air, that was all we knew. On the other hand all have known the chill of unpleasant places. Some people have this gift in a wonderful degree. They could figuratively pick the pockets of individuals, before their very eyes, and the next minute have them carrying water for them, apparently willing to be robbed again. Whoever has this gift of moving others, no matter how few are impressed, should use it so that good, not harm, follows.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a man who was pretty sure of himself. He met a Tiger and the beast said to the

"Let us play together." The man and the Tiger had a romp, and then Stripes took himself away for a while. The man boasted that he and the Tiger were the best friends. The Tiger would never hurt him, oh no. After a while the man began looking up the Tiger, and they had some wonderful times together. Then the man said, I can play with the Tiger and stop when I want to. So it went for a long time, some days the Tiger hunting the man, and then the man hunted up the Tiger. They were together a long time. One day an old man told the other man that nobody ever made friends with the Tiger who did not get the worst of it in the end. The man laughed and said he could quit the Tiger's company any day. But once the Tiger laid hold of the man and chewed him up. There was not enough left of him to make a respectable funeral. Then the Tiger, licking his chops, was heard to remark that any man was a fool to begin playing with

a beast that had slain everybody who dallied with it, even for the past 5,000 years. Not one had escaped. But the crop of fools is endless.

MORAL.

The Tiger's other name is Rum.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Look Ahead.

What we wish to impress on the reader's mind in this talk is the importance of considering the results of some proposed action. Many of us go ahead, and allow results to take care of themselves. Then most repent bitterly, and resolve that, in the future, they will consider their ways. It is a better plan to consider the outcome before the act that will control it. Therefore, when the pressure to do a certain thing is most persistent, it is well to stop and consider the result. Infinite trouble would have been saved countless thousands had their foresight been fairly good, and had it been exercised and its promptings followed.

The thing to do when confronted by an act that has in it the possibilities of trouble in the future, is to look ahead, and, seeing the possible outcome, consider whether the present enjoyment is going to compensate for the long aftermath of trouble. It is simply a case of considering where we are going to alight before jumping. Yet simple as it may seem it is not at all a common attribute. How often we hear the phrase "I didn't stop to think," or "I did it on the spur of the moment."

It is especially the province of the Christian to look ahead. What he does influences a series of subsequent actions in a way that he cannot foresee. With all our forethought we will still make the most lamentable blunders, a matter incident to our common lack of omniscience. But we can absolve ourselves of blame by doing the best we know, and this best is only reached through looking ahead and thinking over the outcome of the projected move-

With our short sight many a muddle would we make relying on our own judgment. But, thank God, we have an ever present help in time of need. If uncertain, or confused, carry it all to the foot of the Cross, and out of the darkness will come light for our footsteps.

Do you live in a town where there are stores? If you do, and you make an inquiry, you will find that there is more money spent for tobacco than there is for religious purposes. It may not seem true, but get some storekeeper to give you an approximate total of his tobacco sales, and then multiply by the total places of sale. And it is all wasted money, with only a gratified sensuality to show as a result.

The amount of money wasted in war, and given over for luxuries and injurious things intended to gratify the senses, would care for every orphan and help to competency all the poor in the land were it properly used. But then who ever heard human ambition or greed listening to the still, small voice?

A LADY who takes a great interest in raggedschool work tells this excellent anecdote:

The other day the lesson was on the peculiarities of our language. Words that are pronounced alike and spelt differently and words that are pronounced differently and spelt alike were discussed at length.

She explained the difference between lead, the metal, and lead, the verb, and the children quite understood.

Then she took the two words "week" and "weak." She explained the difference in the meaning and use, and then called up a little fellow, aged five, to use the word "weak" in a sentence.

The little fellow thought a moment, then answcred:

"A weak old woman."

The teacher nodded her approval.

"Now, Jerry," she said, turning to another little boy, "you take the word 'week' and use it in a sentence."

Jerry thought a minute, and then he, too, replied: "A week-old baby."

OUR QUESTION BOX.

Is the phrase "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb found in the Bible? I fail to find it .- . I. P.

It is not in the Bible, but was originally used by Sterne, an English writer of repute in his day,

Are any of the alleged pictures of Christ correct? -M. E. M.

Not one of them. Nobody knows how Christ looked, beyond the fact that he had, probably, the common and current national caste of countenance.

I have a hoy so bad that I can do nothing with him. What course would you advise to help him?—A.

A great deal depends on the turn his "badness" takes. A very good way with such a boy is to have him live with other people, under different surroundings, and often this produces the desired result. It is also possible that less talking to him. and more of the strap, would have a beneficial effect. Many a boy is talked to death by his parents, who have forgotten all their own youthful feelings.

Is there any chance for a boy to learn the machinist's trade in a railroad shop?-C. A.

Yes. Make application to some official of the nearest road for advice in the matter.

Do animals have the power to communicate information,

We think they undoubtedly do have this ability. but to what extent is uncertain.

What is the Greek church I read about?

The Greek church is part of the Catholic church, the leading difference between it and the Roman Catholic church being that the Greek church denies the infallibility of the Pope. There are also many other differences, but this is the greatest.

I have been aujustly dealt with by the church, and seem unable to get justice. What would you advise?

As a rule those who get into trouble in the church deserve all they get, as the body is long suffering and slow to act. But if you have really been wronged and have no appeal we advise silence and letting the matter take care of itself. As a matter of fact the member with a grievance is usually a member with a very flexible and mobile mouth. Lay hold of active church work and never mention your trouble. It may then wear itself out.

If I think I have a call to preach, would it be wrong to say so to the church?

No, it would not be wrong to say so to the church. But I would not, if I were you, ask to be elected to the ministry. If your life and ability are such as to commend themselves to the members you will likely be regularly chosen. Whatever you do attempt no irregular, guerilla tactics.

Please settle this for several of us. If a significal is creeping slowly around a tree, and a man is circling around to see his does the man go around the squirrel?-P. A.

The man goes around the tree and everything else inside of the circle he describes

Is there any book that teaches shooting on the wing? - f. #. * * *

There are books that tell how it is done, but the art can never be learned from a book. It is a make ter of practice and dexterity. It is a very comm accomplishment. Some can bring down a bird and

Is it a matter of worldyism for a country boy or his sister to have visiting cards?-M. M.

The boy and girl can make complete fools of themselves by the use of a card at home, and home people, but away, in certain classes, railro offices, government people, and the like the card an absolute necessity. Inglenoor advises a plant heavy, engraved card, with no flourishes. This fill the bill the world around.

Is there any cure for bashfulness?--.4. . \.

It can be overcome by going out among people It is a much better thing than brazen effronters.

WING SHOOTING.

Possibly a good many Inglenook boys, and perhaps some girls, would like to know how shooting haps some is done. Some of them have learned on the Editor personally knew a woman who it, and use a gun as well as anybody. It is an accomplishment that comes naturally to some, and others never learn it. One person will go along through the fields with a gun on his shoulder, when, neous front of him, a rabbit jumps up and runs mith long leaps. Down comes the gun, it is cocked, sighted, bang, and over goes the rabbit, dead. It is done as quick or quicker than the description is written. If you were to question the man about how he does it the chances are, that unless he is a person of considerable education, he can give no elear exposition of the act. Another man, with the gane gun, in the same field, sees the bunnie jump. His eyes open, he thinks a moment, down comes the gun, up to his shoulder it goes, and then he sees that the rabbit is in the next field and is a hundred and fifty yards away. Now the chances are that the last man would never be able to learn it in a lifetime. He is not sufficiently alert mentally, or quick physically, to master the art. He simply can't do it. The writer has taught several people p shoot flying and running, and has found that the mental habit of the learner has a great deal to do with it. The wits of some people work very slowly and their bodies are the same. The quail will be faraway, and the rabbit in the next township before they get ready. Others will be so quick that not one in ten birds or cottontails will get off Much depends on the shooter. He must be so quick that his judgment of distance and direction, his movement and knowledge of each separate condition, no two of which are ever exactly alike, and the shot, are practically simultaneous.

Now let us suppose that a boy, or a girl, or both, are out in the woods hunting. Each has a double gun, and the shells are in place. If game is expectd the guns will be held in half position, finger on the trigger, and every sense alert. Out goes a rabbit ahead, running straight ahead. Up comes the gun to the shoulder, a rapid sight is taken, and the and "loosed off." Now right here is one of the most difficult things to tell. The rabbit is only visible during his leaps in the air above the weeds, beis describing a curve, and he is practically flyng. How far shead of him shall the shooter hold he sight, and when shall he fire? No two persons will fully agree on the time, the place or the dislance. It is not that there is anything to conceal, or that they are uninformed about what they are boing, but because it is next to impossible to tell it. The writer would say that he would hold the gun so \$ to catch the rabbit on the descending curve, and litwas thirty yards ahead and going fast he would old two leet in front and under the game. Anothperson, equally successful, would tell another loy. Both would be telling what he thought was e, but the facts are that in no two cases that old ever happen would the relative positions of eman, the gun, and the game be exactly alike. be judgment of the difference must be so instanatous that it is impossible to intelligently deibe the mental action.

A moment after, and only a moment, a quail, ghtened by the shot at the rabbit, flies straight toss the path, twenty-five yards ahead. The girl tings her gun up, sights, fires, and kills her bird the writer were doing it he would hold about six thes, as he thinks, in front of the hird. She ght tell a different story, but in practice both ould do pretty much the same thing, otherwise quail would not be hit at all. The next shot is a squirrel going straight up the trunk of a tall Here the conditions are entirely different. the is tumbled off in a trice. Now all this takes yet it is common enough. Thousands would no better chance at game than the conditions If this is prostituted to indiscriminate killing,

ply because it can be done, the shooter ought to stat to jail for his murderous art.

But when the rabbits are ruining the young thard, or the kingfisher despoiling the trout prethe hawks are taking little chickens, then the instant exercise of correct judgment. He to can shoot the quickest and the most correctly apt to be the quickest witted.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE MAILED.

FLORIDA tourists mail swamp rattlesnakes and juvenile alligators; south Texas scientists hairy tarantulas, with fangs that work their way through the first glimpse of a business opening.

In the State of Tamaulipas, Mexico, they have red ants as large as a gadfly, and so horribly venomous that a mere rip of their pincers will make a sanctificationist elder squirm, and on a trip to a summer camp in the Ozark mountains an assortment of those pets worked their way out of their pasteboard prison and very soon afterward out of the seams of the United States mail bag. The mail rider was half asleep and beginning to nod in his saddle, when to his astonishment his equally drowsy old mare suddenly rose on her hind legs and then started off at a gait beating the record of the best Arkansas State fair races.

In an attempt to clear a gully she spilled her cargo, rider and all, and then commenced rolling in the gravel, defying approach with a storm of kicks. The stunned carrier eventually gathered himself together, but in attempting to continue his trip afoot was seized with convulsions that induced a plowing farmer to rush to the rescue under the impression that steed and rider had been attacked by St. Vitus.

Rat poison and corrosive sublimate are not the worst chemicals sent through the mails, and more than one pouchful of miscellaneous consignments has been drenched with fluids as destructive as nitric acid, or the solution of fluorine that will eat its way into a man's finger bones like the touch of a red-hot poker.

Explosions in post offices and street letter boxes, too, occur every once in a while, and in Tucson, Ariz., a conflagration was caused in that manner, the flames having spread with a rapidity that precluded the chance of obtaining a clew to the identity of the mischief maker.

The Washington post office museum has a collection of some fifty different venomous bugs and reptiles captured by the vigilance of United States mail clerks, and the fifteen per cent duty on West Indian products may not prevent the completion of the assortment by the arrival of a fer-de-lance snake, warranted to beat the sharpest Texas rattler at his own game.

SARDINES CANNED IN AMERICA.

"Next to the French the American people are the largest consumers of sardines in the world,' said a leading wholesale dealer in such canned goods in New York to the writer recently. "Last year the consumption of sardines in the United States amounted to 2,000,000 cases, or 200,000,000 cans. Of this quantity 1,400,000 cases were the product of the state of Maine, 150,000 cases were put up in California and the remaining 450,000 cases came from France. Thirty years ago all the sardines eaten in this country were imported from France. To-day nearly three-quarters of the sardines sold here are put up in fifty-one packinghouses in Maine. These concerns are controlled by a trust company, which employs 6,000 workmen. who can turn out 1,500,000 cases of the fish annual-

shores of the St. Croix river and Passamaquoddy bay. The fishing season commences early in May and lasts until late in the fall of the year. The fish are taken in brush weirs, resembling ordinary pound nets, into which they are led by means of large leaders and wings, which terminate in a funnel-shaped entrance. Their escape is prevented by the extension of these wings into the inclosure, thereby forming a triangular hook at each end of it, so that the fish, as they circle inside the weir, are directed past the entrance. When the fish are plentiful in the nets quantities of scales appear upon the surface of the water. The nets are then lifted and their contents are dumped by the fishermen into their boats. The fish make a little squeak when taken from the water and die almost instantly. An ordinary catch of sardines gives to each boat anywhere from 2,000 to 6,000 fish, the price of which is from \$2 to \$2.50 per 1,000, according to the quantity of fish that are being caught.

"Arriving at the packing-house the fish are carefully cleaned. This operation over, they are sorted according to size and carried into another part of the establishment, where they are put in to pickle.

"The length of time required by this operation varies according to the size of the fish. After this the fish are washed and placed with care upon wire nets, called 'grills,' on which they are sent to the drying-room, where they are dried by means of large fans or ventilators run by powerful machinery, When dry and while still upon the grills the fish are cooked by plunging them into tanks containing boiling olive oil. After this cooking the sardines, still upon the grills, are left to cool, and when cold the work of placing them in halves and quarter cans filled with olive oil, tomato and mustard sauce is begun. This work done, the cans are sealed with solder and are ready to be put in cases, holding 100 tins, for the market.

"Like canned goods of every description, sardines are cheaper now than they formerly were, and American sardines are sold for less than the imported. American sardines are now exported from this country to the West Indies and South Ameri-

CHINESE "BOXERS."

"Boxers" is a rough-and-ready translation of the three Chinese characters, Romanized as E Ho Chuan, meaning, in bald literalness, "righteousness, harmony, fists." They are the men who smite righteously, on behalf of the true harmony which exists between heaven and earth. They would exterminate all who do not take the Confucian theory of the universe. Foreigners, with their strange doctrines and religions, their outlandish ways and fearsome magic, have disturbed this harmony, says Leslie's Weekly in explanation of the fanatics who are stirring up the present trouble in China. The men that smite with "the righteons fist" propose to set the universe in order by driving out the hairy-faced, blue-eyed aliens.

One knowing the condition of things in China wonders neither at the frequency of riots nor at the rapidity with which vast crowds can assemble under fanatical and bigoted leaders. Peaceable and law-abiding citizens are suddenly transformed into yelling and infuriated monsters of destruction. The average Chinaman lacks the power of thinking as an individual. He acts in mobs and hordes. Ignorant of the commonest facts of science, such as our children are familiar with, he is credulous to an extent which it is hard for us to conceive. Seeing the foreigner's wonder-working engines, machines, lenses, medicine and surgery, he imagines him gifted with magical and malevolent powers. Being as credillous as they are ignorant, the populace need only a few shrewd fellows to play upon their fears and to arouse their superstition and fanaticism.

Hence the rapid rise of the Boxers, who have spread over the northern provinces and threaten the stability of the government. Whether, as usual, this mighty mass of bigotry and fanaticism will melt away before the onset of the determined men of the West, or whether, like a prairie fire, it will sweep over the empire and probably overthrow the effete dynasty in Peking are questions which no man at the present moment can answer. Unfortunately, the disturbed district is pretty thickly dotted with American mission stations. The imperial "In Maine sardines are caught off the western troops sent to face the Boxers have flown like chaff before the wind, or have openly joined their enemies. It may be that as unexpectedly as Uncle Sam walked into Cuba and the Philippines, he may now be called on to take a hand in rebuilding

> THERE was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked very tired.

> "Thank you, my little gentleman," said she. "Why didn't you take the seat yourseff? You look quite weary."

> "So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father found out yer went fishin' like mine did."

> One of the most delicate replies ever made was that of a Frenchman who had not found " a life on the ocean wave" all that could be expected. He was sinking, pale and disheveled, into his steamer chair, when a passenger asked cheerily: "Ah, good morning, monsieur. Have you breakfasted?" "No, monsicur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary."

Good Reading

PRIVATE CARS.

LUXURY in railroad travel has reached its highest point in the United States in the form of the private car.

The idea of a habitation on wheels every whit as comfortable, convenient and luxurious as the finest private residence, the most perfect club or the most magnificent hotel, in which the traveler could be whirled over the country with the speed of the wind would have been scouted by the fathers, but the private car fills this description with exactness.

It is true that Queen Victoria, the czar of Russia, Emperor William of Germany and a few other crowned heads, have special trains so bulliantly painted and emblazoned with the royal arms and carrying such an abundance of gilding as to bring to mind Milton's phrase, "barbaric pomp and gold," yet it is a fact that there are more than 100 private cars in the United States which far surpass any cars in Europe.

There is not a transportation line of any importance in the country which has not cars set aside for the exclusive use of its president, vice presidents and several others of its leading officials. Even division superintendents of some of the great roads have gorgeous private cars. These rolling palaces cost from \$15,000 to \$50,000 each.

Seeing railway officials traveling in such regal luxury, it was not long before the multimillionaires of the country not connected with railroads began to follow suit.

To-day there are more than 300 private cars in the United States, and in them the owners live the same as they do at home, having their own servants, their favorite books and means for amusement in abundance.

One of the latest and most interesting additions to this class of rolling stock is a private car built for Henry M. Flagler, the Florida millionaire hotel and failroad man.

It is 78 feet 8 inches long. At the entrance is a large observation room fitted with reed furniture and with a writing desk and bookcase. The interior finish is of white mahogany. The car is lighted by gas and the chandeliers are fitted with cut glass globes. There are staterooms accessible from the corridor, finished in white satin wood.

The upholstery throughout is in varying shades of green, with carpets, draperies and ceiling decorations to harmonize.

Adjoining the dining room is the pantry, fitted with chinaware, lockers and a large refrigerator. The kitchen has a steel range and all the conveniences of a kitchen in a hotel. In the extreme end is a stateroom for the servants. The outside of the car is painted orange and the decorations are in gold leaf.

After the very wealthy men of the country began having cars built for their exclusive use, the great car building companies saw in such cars a new source of revenue, with the result that at the present time there are many rolling palaces kept for hire by any one who can afford to pay for them.

Thus it has come to pass that in this age of unceasing progress and in this land of universal equality a hod-carrier may enjoy the luxury of speeding over our iron thoroughfares for a few days like a prince or a millionaire—if he can scrape up the price.

One of the millionaire private car renters is George Westinghouse. For about 10 years he has continuously chartered the "Glen Eyre," preferring to pay for it at the rate of over \$12,000 a year rather than purchase it outright and have the responsibility of taking care of it.

In order that he may always enjoy the advantages of the latest and best in car building, while he was using the original "Glen Eyre," an entirely new private car was constructed for him and dedicated to his exclusive use, the name of the old car being retained on the new traveling apartment.

In round figures the average private car rents for \$1,500 a month. The price paid for its use for one month would pay a family's rent for more than four years in advance in a neat five-room-and-bath flat in New York or Chicago, and it would pay the rent for more than twelve years of a cottage in many of the smaller cities.

The first charge for these cars fully equipped is \$50 a day for the first 30 days and \$45 a day thereafter. When a millionaire is so ready to part with his money as to be willing to charter an entire train he must pay \$215 a day for it, the regulation private train consisting of one composite, one compartment, one sleeping, one dining and one observation car.

The rental cost of such luxury for a month would give rent free to the ordinary New York East side tenement family for more than 50 years.

But the rent is only one item of the expense. For moving a private car the railroads east of the Mississippi, as a rule, demand 18 full first-class fares for the distance over which they haulit, no matter whether there are 18 people aboard or only one.

For instance, if the fare between New York and Chicago is \$20, it costs \$360 in fares to move the car that far. Railroads west of the Mississippi demand \$15 fares. The lessee pays for all commissary supplies.

CHINA'S CAPITAL CITY.

The city of l'eking, China's capital, about which so much of present interest clusters, has a population of about a milhon souls. It stands in the midst of a desert and covers an immense area. There are no sewers in the city, and as a result it is unusually filthy, even for a Chinese city. There is no public water supply, and water is hard to get and never very pure. None of the streets are well paved, and it is difficult to make one's way around the city, especially after dark. Many of the streets are impassable for vehicles. The main part of the city is surrounded by a wall, but for years the place has been outgrowing its bounds and thousands of persons now live in the suburbs.

Peking has no foreign quarter, as have some of the other cities in China. The foreign residents are principally members of the legations and missionaries, and there are not many foreign merchants. Each foreigner's house is surrounded by a compound, but they are not grouped very closely. About the only clean places in the city, according to the foreigners, are inside of these compounds. The legation of the United States occupies a small compound near the wall of the city.

All the walls of Peking, unlike those of most cities in China, are kept in good repair. The outer walls measure about thirty miles in circumference. Those of the oldest portion of the city, the Tartar portion, are fifty feet high and have a width at the hase of sixty feet, while at the top they are forty feet thick. The walls of the Chinese part of the city are thirty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at the base and fifteen feet thick at the top. On the outer faces of the walls are square buttresses, built at intervals of sixty feet, and on the tops of these are guardhouses, which are occupied by troops. There are sixteen gates to the city, and each one is surmounted by a high tower. The towers are built in galleries, and all have many loopholes from which their defenders can fire in any direction. There are not many crowded neighborhoods, and viewed from the wall the city looks like one large garden. Inclosed within the fartar part of the city is the "imperial city," which, in turn, incloses the "Purple Forbidden city," which contains the emperor's palace.

HAPPY, LAZY RUATAN.

RUATAN, the largest of the five "Bay islands," a little chain or key lying some thirty miles off the coast of Spanish Honduras, southeast of Port Cortez, and only four days' travel from New Orleans—is some forty miles long and three miles wide.

It has a population of about 3,000 people, mostly Carib Indians, and I doubt whether there is in all the world a more beautiful and prolific spot. The people are lazy simply because they don't have to work. Cocoanuts form their mainstay, and there is nothing easier to grow.

To start a grove, one merely burns off a piece of land, and plants the nuts in rows twenty feet apart. In from four to five years' time the trees are a dozen feet high, and are beginning to bear, and after that the planter is fixed for life. He may bid adieu to care.

The nuts are never picked, but as they mature they drop off, and this shower of fruit goes on steadily month after month all the year around. How long a tree will bear nobody can say, but there

are some on the island that are known to be over half a century old, and are still dropping their har, vest of nuts.

When the native needs something at the store, all he has to do is to gather together some nuts and trade them for what he wishes. He hulls them by striking them on a stake driven in the ground, and a man can easily hull 3,000 a day in that manner.

Other fruits grow just as easily as the coconnut, and the only reason why that especially is grown is because it furnishes an easy crop, for which there is always a ready market. There are plenty of bananas, oranges, mangoes, plums and pineapples, and they are all delicious. They grow wild, without the slightest cultivation, and all one has to do is to pick them.

Vegetables are equally prolific, and the native yams easily average forty or fifty pounds in weight A piece of cane stuck in the ground takes root and renews itself perennially for years. Roses and flowers of almost every imaginable variety run wild from one end of Ruatan to the other.

A stranger who comes to the islands is invariably amazed at the prodigality of nature and the apathy of the natives—that is, before the lazy feeling gets into his blood.

The thermometer has never been known to fall below sixty-six degrees or to rise above eighty-eight degrees. Being part of Spanish Honduras the island is, of course, under the government of that republic, but it is too far away ever to be disturbed by the storms of revolution, and at present things are peculiarly serene.

The Honduranian government is represented by an administrator, a commandante and a governor. There is never any friction, and their simple dates are confined chiefly to the collection of customs

There is no military establishment, and the only jail on the island is a small one-room but, in which a plant drunk occasionally sleeps off too much notive brandy. These and other crimes are unknown, and doors are never locked.

CURED BY ABSENT TREATMENT.

"My wife solemnly affirms that she will get advorce if I say anything about it," said Jones with smile. "But it is too good to keep, so here goes

"Mrs. Jones had been ailing for some time, and falling into the hands of one of the neighbors win is a faith carrist, she became imbued with that belief. I laughed at her, but she remained firm and said she was convinced that she could be card only through faith. As her illness was nothing to rious, I said nothing more, congratulating myst that I was ahead what a doctor would have charged bear.

"It ran along for some time while my wife continued to gain, and at last she announced that she was fully cured.

"Now then, John Henry,' said she, 'I need again wish to hear you say anything about miss cure being all imagination. I am sure that I would have been a dead woman if I hadn't taken the treatment that I did. And to think he never set ever me.'

" ' He never what? ' I gasped.

"'Set eyes on me! I took the absent treatment."

I sent Prof. Fake S5 to treat me by his famous as sent treatment."

" Do you mean to say, said I, that you sent

fakir \$5 to treat you?"

"'That's just what I did! And to think the most wonderful thing about it was that I was aware to moment that he received my letter and opened to though he was a thousand miles from me commenced gaining right from that moment simply wonderful! You can't deny that I am well woman, and all through the wonderful about treatment that I received."

"I should have said something right then and there had I not heard the postman's whistle as gone to the door to get my mail. There was a ter for my wife from the dead letter office to when she opened it out dropped her letter to when she opened it out dropped her letter to have. She had misdirected it and the fakir have received it. She says—but on second thousand the hadn't better tell you what she says."

A CHRONIC loafer fills a place in society corresponding to that occupied by a weed in the result ble kingdom.

ooo The o Circle ooo

FEGERS -W. 8 Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Belleger, Ohio. Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1932. Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading circle Corington, Ohio.

CIRCLE NOTES.

CIRCLE MEETING.

TOPIC.—Honoring the Lord's Day.—Ex. 20:8-11; Rev. 1. to, SOME people seem to think that it is not necessary in our time to keep the Sabbath a holy day. But who gave us the right to break this commandment, which God himself gave on Sinai? If we are under obligation to obey any of the commandments, we must obey all.

Christ did not sanction the Pharisaic ideas about Christ did not sanction the Pharisaic ideas about the Sabbath. One of their traditions was that one must not scatter seed to chickens on the Sabbath day, for the fowls might not pick up every seed, and the kernel might start to grow which would be kind of seed growing. They found fault with Je sus because he told the man to take up his bed and malk, they said the carrying of the quilt which was the Oriental bed was breaking the Sabbath.

In a certain English coal mine, limestone rock is constantly in process of formation. While the miners are at work it is colored black by the dust of the coal, but their weekly day of rest is marked by a line of white which is called the "Sunday stone" Are your Sundays lines of pure white, free from the cares and labors of every-day life?

The Sunday which honors God best is that which belps men most. The deeds of kind thoughtfulness for others that you do on that day help to halforest.

"It a man who had seven good ponies should give you six, would you steal the seventh one?" sked the missionary of an Indian. "No, indeed," he indignantly replied, and so she showed how saked it is to break the Sabbath.

Ivarecent Sunday-school lesson we studied the peal of the Gentile woman, her prayer for help. Only Jesus could heal her daughter and she plead—with him to cast out the devil, craving only the tumbs" that might fall under the table.

As she fell at Jesus' feet, and his love and power tere made known to her, she felt that a little of it wild be spared, that a fragment even, would be ficient for her great need. To her was revealed a small degree, the inexhaustible fountain of

There are always crumbs left over. You can alsigne a little love, or help, or strength. You renot quite reached the limit of giving. If you that you have nothing to spare for those about U, then it is time to give some anxious thought to wsurplus. Every member of our Circle especi-Is should realize that we become terribly selfish by agonly for ourselves. When we have not even trumb to give to others, we are shriveling up in verty ourselves. How mean and niggardly to hase the crumbs that would so richly supply those in are dependent upon them, how hard the hearts a can resist poverty's plea. "Only the crumbs," t was content with them, knowing the crumbs te sufficient. We cannot keep any more religion owe can use.

Tag parable of the wheel and the diamond is re"Alast"

"Alas!" cried a diamond to the wheel upon ich it was being cut, "here I have been tortured the last three days. What a misfortune it was say not a say our way!"

Say not so," replied the wheel in encouraging is. "The last stone that came to me was so mond, but when I had done with it, it was a king's crown."

A king's crown!" exclaimed the astonished palace of the king?"

It is quite possible, but if not allowed to enjoy trat an honor, you may find some other exalted building position; but you will never see the royal house unless I do my utmost for

Then grind away," said the gem, as it nerved itto endure the trial, "I'll stand it if it means increase of beauty and promotion."

Sunday A School

RELIGION.

It is the great principle of the world; found in all nations and in most hearts. It is that which unites earth and heaven; it binds back man to God. It causes man to feel that he is responsible to his Creator. It gives power to law; so that statesmen, who themselves are not religious, desire the people to be religious. It reforms the wicked, and gives safety to the weak. It sends forth streams of goodness, comfort, and happiness. It is the comfort of the living, and the hope of the dying. It is the force that draws the prodigal back to his father's house, and causes martyrs to die for Christ.

It is a sacred bond, a most holy covenant. It is like an oath made not merely in the name of God, but to God: for the sinner has come to God on his knees; there is no other way to get "pure religion and undefiled." It is a promise to God. It is made on condition of pardon.

It has been said that those professing religion are considered as having God, and the irreligious as "without God." The religious are called "children of God," "servants of God," "friends of God," and "heirs of God," and Jesus teaches them to pray, "Our Father." They expect to see God and live with him.

Religion is not merely a bond between man and God, but between man and man. It is the bond of society. Without it, there is no fear of God, and no appeal to a higher power. Man would not respect his brother man, and would only regard him as another brute; he would know that all must equally die, and crime would only hasten the inevitable end. Society would simply dissolve in sin. This is why there are no irreligious nations. Laws are really made for the irreligious; not for "the righteous, but sinners." The irreligious include the dishonest, the disobedient, the murderers, the violent; those who fill the prisons, and who are the enemies of God and of society. They are unwilling to be bound to God. Religion binds us back to God our Father, makes us sons of God, gives our souls a Savior. It builds us up. It makes us kind and forgiving, pure and generous. Its rewards are peace, comfort, happiness, grace, a useful life, a happy death, a home in heaven, and eternal life.

Religion suggests Christ; irreligion suggests Satan.

Religion suggests the Bible; irreligion suggests cards,

Religion suggests the church; irreligion suggests the sabion.

Religion suggests the school and college; irreligion suggests the theater and gambling hell.

Religion suggests salvation; irreligion suggests dammation

EVERY lover of the Bible discovers for himself riches that he peculiarly appreciates. Have you felt anger and resentment rising in your breast? Has the fact that you have been wronged and misunderstood filled your heart with bitterness? Then, perhaps, you have sought, with trembling eagerness the place where the heart-breaking story of that Tonely and rejected One is told. You have watched him dying under the most awful ingratitude and injustice that was ever inflicted upon a great heart. But when you came to these words, " Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," where, then, was your resentment? The life and death of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the Bible, are thus comtinually uplifting and inspiring those who look upon them. Knowing the Bible is the matter of a lifetime. It is for this reason that we cannot master it and lay it aside as we would another book. Realing it to-day, in the light of an experience of which yesterday you were ignorant, makes it a new book to you. The way to know the Bible is to make it a part of your life.

When we pray to God, who knows us through and through, who kens our secret thoughts and is acquainted with our ways, what will we say to him? Consider well, for how can we deceive God, or why should we lie to him?

CULTIVATE forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness.—Spurgeon.

For * the * Wee * Folk

POPPYLAND LIMITED EXPRESS.

THE first train leaves at 6 P. M.
For the land where the poppy blows,
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle, a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep in the train.

At 8 P. M, the next train starts
For the poppyland afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear;
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to poppylaid?
I hope it's not too dear,
The fare is this -a hug and a kiss,
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of him who the children took
On his knee in kindness great;
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at 6 and 8.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear,
And a special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer,

THREE LITTLE OKLAHOMA BOYS.

Dowx in Oklahoma live three as happy little boys as can be found anywhere on a long day's journey.

They are too young to go to school. They run about out of doors from morning until night, here, there, and everywhere. They are fond of counting birds. They bring in so many kinds of forest and prairie flowers that every bottle, pitcher, tumbler and goblet in the house is generally filled long before noon.

They are wonderful little fellows for "taking notice" and finding new creatures.

One day all three came in from a ramble, much excited. "Oh, oh! we've found a nest of eagles!" cried Earl. "They are all white, and they have no feathers on their heads, and they must be the Bald Eagles!"

Their mother thought it hardly probable that the birds could be eagles; but from the little boys' description she could not decide what they were. So after dinner she went with them to the woods to see the birds.

When they came to the nest she found it on the ground, and two perfectly white birds in it, about half as large as a hen. They had large, strong beaks, and as she came up with the fittle boys they both made a strange hissing noise. She could not tell what kind of birds they were. She decided to visit them again and keep watch of them as they grew—for large as they were, they were plainly haby birds.

But it so happened that she was unable to go again. Frank, Ralph and Earl, however, visited the forest nest daily. After a while they reported that the birds were turning black. Then, one day, little Earl said he wasn't going any more; and when his mother asked the reason, he said, "Mamma, their breath is bad!" Mamma laughed, for now she had a suspicion as to the kind of bird they might prove to be.

She went with the boys next day to the nest in the woods. Sure enough, the birds were all black now, excepting that there was a fittle white ring around their necks. Their heads were quite red, like a gobbler's.

Now what do you suppose these birds were? They were young turkey buzzards.

A LITTLE girl who had been tearing her doll to pieces during the week attended. Sunday school on the following. Sabbath, and was asked what. Adam was made of.

" Dust," she replied.

" And what was Eve made of?" asked the teach-

"Sawdust," promptly answered the little miss.

A THIN fittle girl was moned Kathleen— Now, what do you think of that? She always did as she was told, And so grew nice and fat, The best fittle girl that ever was seen— And what do you think of that? She said, "I ain not any more Kath-leen I ought to be called Kath-fat!"

CASTES AND CUSTOMS IN INDIA.

FORTY-THREE years ago, upon the 10th of the present month, the great Indian military center of Meerut saw the kindling of that terrible blaze which was destined to ravage the whole of British Hindoostan.

Nowadays every schoolboy knows that the Indian mutmy was directly the outcome of a religious misunderstanding. In 1857 the British soldier could not understand why the smearing of a little grease upon his cartridges should offend the Sepoy. But the grease used was that of animals which were unclean alike to Hindoos and Mohammedans. Thus it came to pass that this same misunderstanding resulted in the shedding of oceans of innocent blood and the near loss of an empire of 250,000,000

To-day Tommy and his officers know better than to offend native susceptibilities. Nevertheless, there is much in Hindoostan that the average European finds it hard to understand.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks is that of caste. There are now four principal Hindoo castes: Brahmin, or priest; Kshatriya, or soldier, Vaisya, or industrial, and the much despised Sudra, servile caste. These four divisions are subdivided again and again into many others. For instance, every village has its dhobi, or washerman; kumbar, or potter; mali, or green grocer; sunri, or publican; chamas, or cobbler; kanar, or palkie bearer, and a dozen other rigorously exclusive sects. The hoasted blue blood of our European nobility pales into insignificance by comparison. In the United States, for instance, every ambitious boy, however humbly born, may aspire to just such a position as his talents may fit him for. In India it is different. Not only does the son never aspire to rise above the father's station in life, but, in addition, he could not if he chose.

Consequently the brass-working father of a dozen sons will bring them up as brass workers; the potter father, as potters, and so on, ad infinitum. Nor must the lower-caste man in any way violate the sanctity of his higher-class brother, for the penalties as to the purification of the latter are many and inconvenient. Similarly, he must marry within his own caste, he may only eat with his own caste, and, if a Sudra, he will esteem it an honor if he is allowed to imbibe the water in which his superior Brahmin has laved his feet.

But what undoubtedly strikes the Britisher with greatest force is the fatalistic way in which the lower-class man resigns himself without a word of grumbling to this treatment. He is saturated with caste. He is overwhelmed with a distorted sense of its magnitude. And before its imposing juggernaut he is merely an abject piece of limp, kickless

Another curious custom is that of "ruksut hai," you may go. In England it is etiquette for an afternoon caller to himself take the initiative in the matter of his departure. Indeed, it would be considered the height of ill breeding if the hostess gave the slightest indication of any desire to be relieved of her caller's presence. In India the custom is reversed and the native will never leave the white man's presence until told he may go. The shoe and turban question is a constant source of discord. As any schoolboy knows, the Hindoo keeps on his turban and discards his shoes on entering a house. Not to do so is the height of disrespect. When Lord Lawrence occupied the viceregal chair he was compelled to issue an official mandate upholding the custom. Similarly your native servant would as soon think of appearing before you minus his cummerband as your English footman would wait at table in his shirt sleeves.

The vice versa customs of the man in the street are legion. The native clerk sits upon the floor to write and his characters run from right to left. The plowman uses a miscrable little plow which is utterly unfit for its work by reason of its shortness -said shortness being due to the fact that the plowman will only drive his team by twisting their tails and cannot therefore be far behind them. The tailor, like his English brother, squats to his work. but with important distinction that he uses his toes to hold the work while his fingers are busied with

The interior of the native houses is equally opposed to European notions of comfort. They are devoid of all furniture, unless one can dignify a few |

rugs, cushions and curtains by such a name. Even the wealthiest bankers and merchants do without crockery, glass, tables and even plates, knives and forks, while you might search the entire wardrobe of their large corps of retainers without coming across a single hook, eye or button.

Native relaxations are not particularly elevating. The gambling element is provided for by the showers which occasionally visit even this parched land. The usual practice is to bet upon the probability of some particular rain tank overflowing by a certain hour of the day. The drink habit is responsible for much crime.

GET THE KING'S CLOTHES.

THE rarest collection of women's and men's clothes is said to be owned by the Duke of Hijar, Count of Ribaldeo, in Madrid, From the year 1432, up to the present time the Count of Ribaldeo has received every spring, as a present from the rulers of Spain, the clothing worn by the sovereign on the day of the Epiphany, says the New York Times. The collection therefore includes more than four hundred and fifty garments representative of the height of fashion of their various times and for both sexes and all ages-from the babies' skirts and girls' frocks to the garments of old men and women.

The annual presentation of the gowns at the residence of the Ribaldeos is accompanied by curious ceremonies that have been in vogue ever since the first presentation in 1432. Escorted by a regiment of cavalry, in command of a colonel, a royal chamberlain sitting in a royal gala coach drawn by six full bred Andalusian horses proceeds to the Ribaldeo palace. Besides the chamberlain sits a servant carrying on his knees a silver tray, whereon the garments are placed. Upon reaching the palace the chamberlain and the servant enter and deliver the garments to the count, who, in humble words, expresses his thanks.

The origin of this ceremony was in 1431, when the King of the Castiles, Juan 111., was visiting Toledo. A number of the dignitaries of Spain, headed by the infant Don Enrique, had conspired to assassinate the king. The murder was to take place at a banquet on the day of Epiphany, at which the king was to be present.

During the banquet Don Rodrigo Villandrando, Count of Ribaldeo, approached the king, and after a few hastily whispered words with him, left the hall with the monarch for a side room. The dignitaries supposed from this their plan had been discovered, and with drawn swords rushed after the king to cut off his escape. In the side room they found a man clad in the royal robes. They fell upon him and backed him to pieces and made their escape. The king, however, had changed clothes with the loyal count, and it was the Count of Ribaldeo who had been killed.

In recognition of the sacrifice Juan III. gratefully extended to the descendants of the count the privilege to sit to the king's right at the annual royal dinner on the day of the Epiphany, and to be presented with the garments worn by the ruler on that occasion.

DISAPPOINTED STUDENTS.

THE war in China has been a disappointment to a number of this year's graduates of Eastern colleges, who had received appointments in the Chinese customs service, and who were to report in Pekin in August. The appointments were made a year ago, and the young men had a year in which to complete their college courses. Their salaries were to begin as soon as they started for China and were to continue during the two years allowed them to master the Chinese language. After three years' service the inspectors were to have two years' vacation at half pay.

FAIR-HAIRED people usually possess between 140,-000 and 160,000 hairs on the scalp, the number being about the same for man and woman. Darkeyed people have, on an average, about 105,000, while red-haired people are said to have only 30,000 hairs. But the latter apparently possess one great advantage in the fact that they retain their hair better, seldom becoming bald.

THE prime of life in a man of regular habits and sound constitution is from 30 to 55 years of age, of a woman from 24 to 25 to about 40 years of age.

Advertising Column.

THE INGLENOUS reaches far and write among a class of intelligent mainly agricultural, and nearly all well-to-do. It affords an unequaled of reaching a cash purchasing constituency. Advertisements that proved by the management will be inserted at the uniform rate of such, cash with the order, and no discount whatever for continued has the control of the church carrying advertisements.

The Inclessor in the land each succeeding time.

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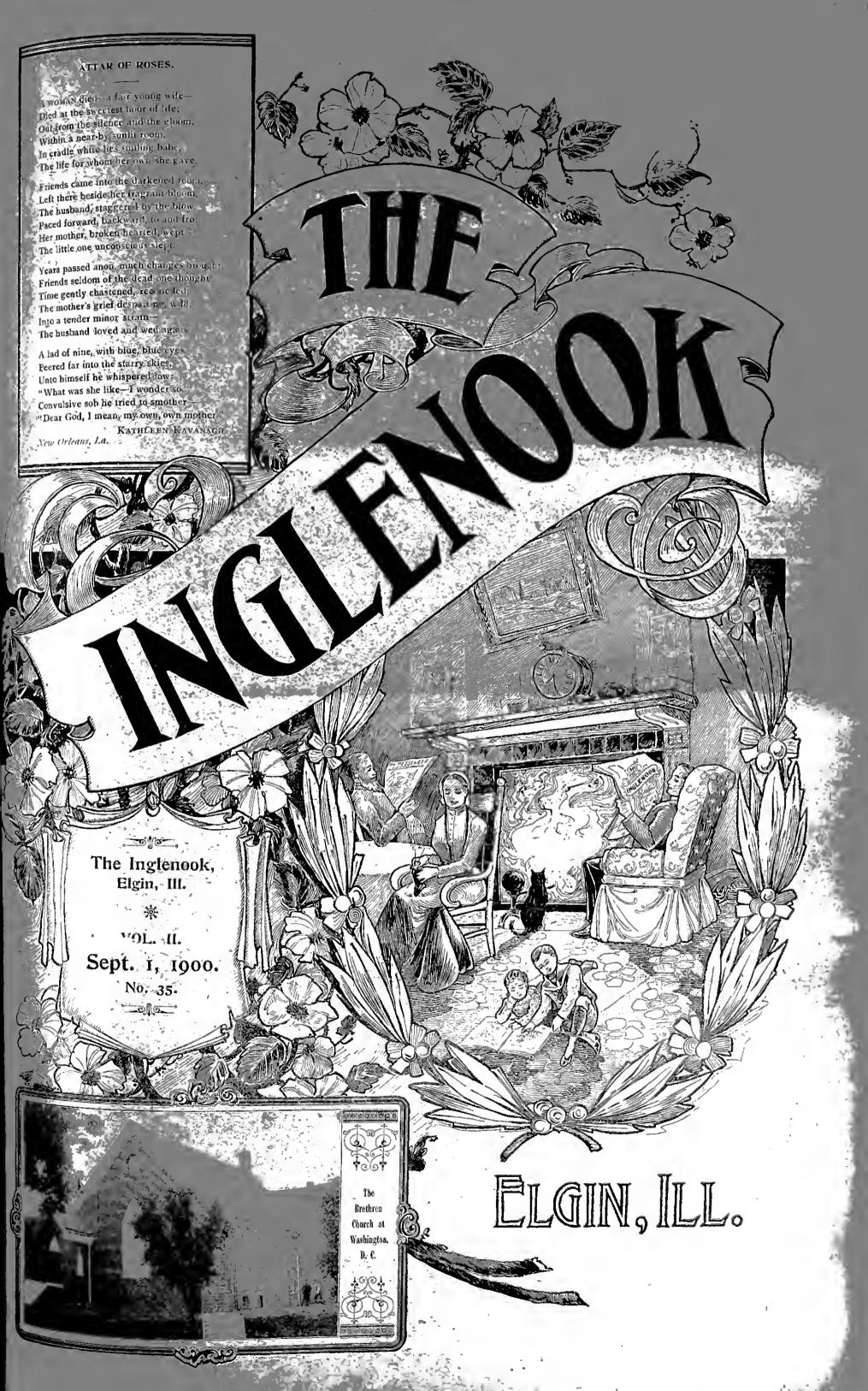
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THE INCLENOOK.

"The Inglenook" will be Sent to any Address the Rest of this Year for Twenty-five Cents, or in will be Sent the Rest of this Year and all of next Year for One Dollar.

The Best Way is to send the Dollar and be Done with it. After You Have Read it for a Week or two, You'll be Some that You Didn't Save Money by Subscribing for the Whole Year at Once. It's a Paper that Grows on One. Once Read, Always Read!

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In Every Part of the Country. Anybody can solicit Subscribers at the Twenty-five Cent Rate, and Whoever Sends in Club of Ten of These, Can have his Choice of ONE of the following books:

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Drummond's Addresses,
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, Adventures of a Brownie, Imitation of Christ, Etc.

If he gets twenty subscribers he can have two books; for thirty subscribers three books, and so on. And they could be had in an hour's work in many a place. Whoever shows himself an efficient agent will be put in line for the Fall work connected with the Inglenook. There is a library of Fifty bound books waiting for somebody.

The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems, Child's History of England,

Confessions of an Opium Eater, Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life, Drummond's Addresses, Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust, Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles, House of Seven Gables, Imitation of Christ,

.Intellectual Life, Lays of Ancient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Stories from the History of Rome, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and I, Rab and His Friends, Reveries of a Bachelor,

Samantha at Saratoga, . Sesame and Lilies, Sketch Book, Sticket Minister. Stories from the History of Greece, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, Thirty Years' War, Twice-Told Tales,

Window in Thrums, Education, In His Steps, Minister's Wooting, Professor at Breakfast Table, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Lallah Rookh, On Liberty, Tanglewood Tales, Sign of the Four.

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. The third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of these cloth bound books. There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent l he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the INGLENOOK is not going to be the last in anything. If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions re Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

A Live Paper for Live People.

The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper in who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing of and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it was Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK next year. never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list know what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life, T. T. MVERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast.

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance,

MRS, GEO, L. SHOEMAKER. Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

Twenty-live Years?

College.

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAVS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY; School Development in the Church. NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last 'H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions, 1. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moraviaus, QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion,

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews. D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to Europe. CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side of an Evangelist's Lin L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary is Made. D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better, City or Country NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Do with Ex-convicts. M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas About Magnetic Roll. L. A PLATE: Recollections of Switzerland GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide Missions GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Germany J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side of an Aditor's Life. E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bible Study

And there are Others. You Can't Afford to Miss all This.

There will be serial stories especially adapted to the church. They are already written and on file. It will run through four issues of the pape by members, for members. One is begun in this issue of the INGLENOOK. You'll want the next number sure, and if you delay subscribing you may miss something of more than passing interest. There will be a story illustrating the old time banning or avoidance, which will be a revelation to most readers

Strange occupations will be described, and foreign lands visited, and now hear the conclusion of the whole matter YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS HAVING THE INGLENOOK, and you will do well to write us, enclosing your seriotion to day scription to-day.

> Brethren Publishing House, PUBLISHERS.

> > Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., SEPT. 1, 1900.

No. 35.

KISS ME BEFORE YOU GO.

Your way lies over the hillside,
Out in the rain and sleet—
Out in the world's wild turmoil,
Where bustle and business meet;
But mine by the noiseless fireside,
Where the fanciful embers glow
With a changeful, life-like motion—
Kiss me before you go,

My quiet way will be haunted
With visions none others can see,
Glances more precious than diamonds,
Smiles full of meaning to me.
The sound of a welcome footstep,
A whisper thrillingly low,
Ah, thought will clasp memory closely!
Kiss me before you go.

For this world is full of mischances,
And one of those chances may fall,
That we ne'er again in the firelight
Make one shadow upon the wall.
Oh, thence, once more in the parting—
Alas! that it must be so—
Leave me a fond benediction—
Kiss me before you go.

LEVI AND LEAH.

Chapter 1.

Levi and Leah were Jewish children, living not far from two thousand years ago, at a place called Capernaum by the Lake of Gennesaret. Levi's father was in the service of the Roman government, and his place of business was in a large, one-story stone building, down near the water's edge. This was the customhouse, where the Roman officials took tribute, or taxes, from the traders coming and going by either land or water. The Roman talked the Latin language, while the people of Capernaum, and the surrounding inhabitants, spoke the Aramaic, a form of Hebrew. So they, the Romans, had to employ a man or two who knew the speech of the people with whom they dealt. Levi's father, Matthew, was one of these, and because he was in the service of the hated Roman he was despised by all his people. Leah's father had forbidden her to play with Levi on this account, yet they were often together. He was a typical Jewish boy, dark-eyed, black of hair, and swarthy of complexion. Leah was very much like him, only she was of a more delicate beauty, and in any land would have been called beautiful.

"Levi," said Leah, "is that strange man still living at your house, and what is his name?"

"Yes, he is still with us, and his name is Christus. He is father's cousin, and he has had his home with us ever since he has been in the city. He is my best friend, and we all like him."

"Does he work at aught?" said the dark-eyed

"Yes, he is a worker in wood, and he has wrought at his trade ever since he has been with us. But he does not work all the time. He is employed only that he may pay his way. He says that he will not be an idler, and so he does the carpenter's work when he is not going about doing good."

"I saw him, the other day," said the girl, "and he was going down the narrow street, when a blind beggar arose, hearing his step, and said something to him I could not hear. Then Christus spoke to him, passing his hands before the man's eyes, and he commanded him to go home. The man strapped up the shell in which he collected his coins given by passers, and leaving his staff in the street, an homeward, shouting, 'Hallelujah! Christus!' The blind had been made to see. Think you that league with demons that do his bidding?"

"That I know not," said the boy, "but it is nothing new to us. But last week a child came to our from his work, lay wearied on the divan that runs hand that had been burned. As she sat on the bound of the wip him she wiped the perspiration from his

He, for answer, took her hand between his for a moment, and when he had released her the hand was as the other, whole and without blemish."

"Strange, indeed! Yet I heard the other day, when I was at the shore, that he claimed that he was a king, that he was the One for whom all Israel has looked for these four hundred years since the Prophets and the miracles have ceased. Surely this is blasphemy, and worthy of death."

"Sure it is blasphemy to doubt the Prophets, and they say that a King, a Deliverer, shall come, one who will free the nation of the Roman with his short sword and his long tyranny. Christus is not thus a King, and the other night, when he and father had gone to the housetop that they might get the cool lake breeze, I sat by him, resting my hand on the coat Rachel had made for him because of the healing of her husband, and I heard him say, in answer to father, that the kingdom of God that he was about to establish had neither sword nor shield, but was ruled by love. He said that instead of a sword there had come the palm leaf, and in place of the eagle the ring dove."

"Surely this is the picture of a dreamer. What part would the Roman play in this comedy?"

"Father asked Christus that very question, and he said that his projected kingdom would include the Roman. He said that the Father, which he calls the God of our fathers, and himself, I say it low that it may not be charged up against me, that he, his son, knew no nationality, no language, no sky, no difference, that all men were loved of God alike, that all men must love one another alike, and that his kingdom would be ruled by love and kindness."

"And what did your father say to all this? He knows the Roman."

"Father said that he talked with a Roman captain, in a lull of business one afternoon, and strange to say, the man of war had told him that what Christus taught was a beautiful thing, and that even far and wicked Rome would be adream of moral beauty when it was in practice. The Centurion even added that when the time came he would turn in his sword, his shield and helmet, and follow the carpenter."

"They will kill him for that," said Leah.

"Aye," said the boy, "it was only last week that Marcus, down by the customhouse, said something of the kind in the presence of a Roman soldier, and the man with the sword smote him on the mouth till the blood flew. Then, as Marcus picked up a stone to crush the soldier, Christus appeared, and when he laid his hand on the man's shoulder and spoke a few words to him the stone dropped. Then Christus put his hand on the man's bleeding mouth and he was, in an instant, made well. Together they passed out of sight. Such things as these are against the teachings of our great lawgiver, who said an eye for an eye."

"Levi," said the dark-eyed girl, drawing close to him, "what dost thou believe? Is he a Deliverer?" And she watched him closely. Then she added in a whisper, "Levi, if you believe, I do, too. If you follow him, I go too, with you—with you, remember that. If he dies, and you die, I will die as well."

Levi was silent a moment. He looked down into the eyes that shone and then up into the Syrian sky where the evening stars glittered with their wonted brilliancy. The lap of the waves on the shore came to them, and then he spoke:

"Leah, in another month I will be a man according to our law. It becomes you and me to act with prudence in all things. I love this man Christus for I have seen his gentle ways, yet that gentleness and courtesy is not an evidence that he is the son of our God. I doubt. That a Deliverer should come is not a subject to discuss. The prophets have said. But we all have thought that he would come as a devouring fire, and that the first act would be the rehabilitation of the glory of Israel.

Then comes this quiet, dark-haired man, the son of a carpenter, in a wild country, born in a stable, unmarried and loving no one woman more than another, bearing in his hand the palm branch and not the sword, doing things that are unlawful, but always doing that which is good, and 1 know not what to think. But, I will tell you, on the morrow he will meet the multitude on the hill just beyond the town, and there he will explain all that he has been teaching, and he will tell what must be done that we may inherit a place in the kingdom. You and I will meet here at the third hour to-morrow, and we will go to the mount and hear what he has to say. If it is good we will cast our lot with him. You will love me as I love him, and we will live and die, if need be, for each other."

"To-morrow be it. At the third hour. We will go together and hear what he has to say. And now, Levi, Good night, and peace be with you."

The next day, at the appointed hour, the two, following Christus, who was with Matthew, wended their way to the mount. Once there the crowd assembled was one of unusual character. Seated on the ground Christus began his speech while Levi and Leah, hand in hand, commented on what was being said. The first thing Christus did was as follows:

(To be Continued.)

HORSES TWO FEET HIGH.

PERHAPS the most remarkable discovery ever made in America was the diminutive race of horses found recently near a great lake in the wilds of Wyoming. The tiny equines, though less than two and a half feet high, were perfect specimens of fully matured horses. Exact images of fine horseflesh as seen today, they were, nevertheless, smaller than any pony living at present. Amazement filled the minds of the scientific men who uncovered the little animals.

Thousands of them inhabited the shores of the lake, yet they have never been found elsewhere, Perhaps some choice food peculiarly adapted to their needs grew only along its shores. It is doubtful if they were ever ridden by man, and certainly a human of normal size would never have attempted to bestride so small a creature. If dwarfs rode upon the Lilliputian steeds, no traces of their presence have yet been found.

THE only place in the world where violin-making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, are all constantly employed making some part or other of this musical instrument.

M. P. CASTLE, of London, has sold his collection of European postage stamps for \$150,000, which is believed to be the biggest price ever paid. Now that the Orange Free State has been taken off the map as an independent republic, collectors are paying as much as \$25 for a single stamp of that government, and the price is rising. A full set of Transvaal stamps would now cost about \$5,000.

MANNY. "Well, Nellie, what did you learn at the Sunday school to-day?" "Nellie.—"That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent, and—that Noah built the ark."

"What is an anecdote, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"A short, funny tale," answered the little fellow.
"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny,
you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word."

Johnny hesitated a moment and then wrote this: "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

Correspondence

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

QUINTER, GOVE Co., KANS., Aug. 25, 1900. This is in the Western part of Kansas, and is one of the places that presents a typical western view. It is the furthest west church in the Brotherhood till you come to Denver, three hundred miles further toward the Rockies. The town itself is only a hamlet, and is not worth considering, only as a location for several stores, the station, and the post office. There is a substantial station, erected by the Union Pacific Railway Company, and it is a shipping place for a large territory on either side.

One of the first things in view on the arrival at the station is the Brethren church, and the twostory brick schoolhouse near by. The school is a good one, and is well patronized in its season. The church is a typical Brethren building, and is a great deal better in every respect than many a one further east. Moreover the church is out of debt.

As this country is being brought before the Brethren for purposes of emigration it may not be out of the way to say something about what it is like. The church is about a round hundred in membership, and is in good running order. The members, or a good many of them, live in the immediate vicinity, speaking from a western interpretation as to nearness, and when they are all together it is a typical Brethren congregation. What is better yet, is that the entire outside community think well of the Brethren, and it is a wide-open field of operation, with nothing to hinder accretion.

The country is a magnificent one. It is rolling in character, and the broad sweeps of the prairie are miles and miles from crest to crest of the great earth waves. At one time this country was the bottum of an ocean, and there are no abrupt transitions from tillable land to worthless. The soil is an ideal wheat producer, and when the combination of rain and shine meets, the product of a wheat field is something wonderful. It was all that last year, and the present yield is something equally astonishing. The residents of this section of Kansas have learned a trick or two that makes farming as sure a thing as in any of the far Eastern States, with several advantages added to the enjoyments of life. These are mainly in combining stock raising with agriculture, and adapting their field operations to the climatic conditions. Whoever does that has a sure thing of it here. But the main thing these people boast of is the climate. True, one cannot live on climate or scenery, but it is a mighty help toward personal satisfaction not to be freezing half the year. The most of the days of the year here are long dreams of quiet sunniness. For the most part the skies are as blue as those of Italy, and the season is a long one. It is frequently said that this is a lazy man's country, and it is a fact that a living is to be had here with less personal exertion than in many another section, and the returns are just as sure, with the added satisfaction of an almost per-

What is apparent to a visitor is the perfect satisfaction of the residents with their country. They wouldn't go away for any other section on the map anywhere. That is what they say, and that they have succeeded is apparent on all sides. Their horses, their carriages and their home surroundings make one involuntarily ask, "What's the matter with Kansas?"

The secret of the sureness of the cattle business is due to the gramma grass, a close-curled prairie grass that comes green in the spring, and cures into a very nutritions hay right on the ground, available every day in the year if not snow-covered entirely, which is a rare thing. On this natural grass cattle fatten for the market, and the proximity of two great cities, Denver and Kansas City, makes a certain thing of the cattle business as a money maker. If one can get hold of them it is about as sure as money in the bank.

As to this country's being a good place to come to I think it hardly admits of a doubt, if the new-comers will adapt themselves to the natural conditions of agriculture, the necessities imposed by season and climate. At least all here are satisfied, and there is but little that is to be done in the work line, compared with the back-breaking methods of the East on the ordinary farm. It is a good place for a poor man, and the people here will gladly help and welcome incomers.

John E. Mohler.

A LONELY SPOT.

UNCLE SAM is about to build a home for lovers of solitude on one of the far-off Midway Islands, where there is to be a cable station when the cable from San Francisco to Manila is laid. Those who go to take charge of this wildest of all posts in the American Government service will have to be prepared to spend their days on what seems like nothing more than a big rock in the midst of the broad Pacific Ocean.

The largest of the two Midway Islands, Sandy Island, is only about a mile square. The other one, known as Eastern Island, is half a mile by three-quarters. As this is the more fertile and habitable of the two, it will probably be the one selected for the cable station. Even this island is almost without trees, and is absolutely without interesting features. Life on Eastern Midway Island will be as dull and monotonous and bound by routine as existence in Joliet or Sing Sing.

The United States tug Iroquois, in charge of Lieutenant Commander Pond, United States Navy, is about to leave Honolulu to make the surveys and charts that are necessary before the government can go ahead with the plans. It is a journey of 12,000 miles from Honolulu to the Midway Islands, which, when reached, are nothing but a collection of hits of coral, a strangely-formed wall of coral and two little patches of land, which rise so little out of the water that they seem to be nearly submerged when winter storms rise around them.

There will be no monotony of weather during the winter months for the two or three cable operators and attendants who will make their homes in this outlandish spot. When the fearful winter storms come, winds and rain sweep the little island bare of everything.

Midway Islands are near nowhere. The men will get mail only when Uncle Sam sends a vessel with supplies. They will have one occupation. Day and night, year in and year out, the cable will have to be watched. There will probably never be a moment out of any twenty-four hours when messages will not be flying under the Pacific to Midway, and from Midway on to Honolulu or Manila. It will be a ceaseless routine, turns at the instruments, sleep, and whatever the men can find to do. If they want to take a walk it will have to be in a circle or up and down, as on the deck of a steamer, for a straight line from the beach in any direction will end at another beach in less than fifteen minutes' walk. There will be one consolation. The cable men will keep thoroughly in touch with the news of the world. Press dispatches will constitute a large part of the cable's business.

SODA WATER FOUNTAINS.

THOSE whose pleasure is commensurate with the cost of the source whence it is derived should be raised to the seventh heaven of bliss when drinking soda water. Not that the liquid itself is so expensive, but the fountain it is drawn from is. A confectioner or druggist who makes up his mind to keep up with the march of progress by putting in a soda water plant will have to be equipped with something more substantial than determination. He must have money, and a good deal of it, according to the kind of fountain he buys.

"The cost of a soda water fountain, like everything else, is determined by the fixings," said the head clerk of a 1st Ave. manufacturing house. "There are soda water plants in this town that cost as much as \$12,000. I could take you to a dozen within half an hour, over on Broadway and 6th Ave. that did not cost a cent less than that amount. These are the big 20-foot plants in the popular stores where a rushing business is the rule. These expensive plants are made of onyx, the faucets are of heavily plated silver and they are provided with fine mirrors for the accommodation of feminine soda tipplers.

"Besides all this outside show, the high-priced funntains are finished off with exceeding care on the inside. They are lined with glass, instead of tin, which is utilized in the cheaper fountains. The use of glass naturally raises the price considerably, but it is a sure preventive against accidents from poisoning that are likely to result at any time from the use of metal, which is bound to be affected, to a greater or less degree, by the acidulous

"After considering the \$12,000 and \$10,000 plants the prices range all the way down to \$1,000 and even \$500. The average price is \$4,000 to \$5,000. These cheaper grades are made of various kinds of marble and have less ornamentation. Styles in 50. da water fountains change from year to year, the same as in everything else. A season or so ago it was the fashion to run to architectural display, and fountains are seen in many stores to day whose onyx and marble pillars and ornamental facades form quite an imposing picture. In this season's output the prevailing feature has been simplicity.

"All the soda water fountains in use in New York do not represent a cash sale by any means. The renting of fountains is a big business. In fact more than half the fountains in operation in this city to-day are still owned by the manufacturer, who lets them by the season. This applies more particularly to the small fry druggists and confectioners, a large percentage of whom avail themselves of the renting system. The more expensive plants, however, are of course owned by the proprietors of the stores, for the charges on a \$12,000 plant would be so great that it is more economical in the long run to buy the whole business outright

"The rental of a soda water plant varies from \$10 to \$800 a season, according to the size and material. Some stores keep the plants in the year round, while others store the apparatus with us during the winter, which can be done free of charge. Often one man will rent the same plant season after season.

"We guarantee the life of each fountain to be to years, but we have plants in operation to-day in parts of the city where the latest improvements are not insisted upon that were used in that same store 15 years ago. A \$12,000 plant couldn't show a much better record than that. Anyway, the longevity of a \$500 plant is almost as great as one costing 20 times as much. The difference lies in the appearance and the number of people that can be accommodated.

FIGHTING FIRE FROM THE RIVER.

Suppose a city is built along a navigable stream, or on the edge of a lake, with the houses built close to the edge of the water, as they often are, and a fire broke out among them. If there were no ways of reaching the rear of these buildings that overlook the water the whole street would burn up or down, if it could not be extinguished. The difficulty is met with a fire boat. Briefly a fire boat is a specially constructed steamboat, every part of which is built with relation to fighting fire. Some of them are so arranged that they can throw twenty streams of water, each three inches through, into a fire along the water front. Such a boat has steam up all the time, day and night, and it costs not far from \$100,000, if it is an up-to-date institution.

When a fire alarm is sounded, one in which the boat is likely to play a part, it is steamed up to the building, or even to the other boat, or boats, that may be on fire, and the huge machinery is turned loose on the flames. A set of pumps on one of the latest models of fire boats will weigh sixteen tons, and throw 6,000 gallons of water every minute it is in action.

CHINESE LEARN QUICKLY.

A GERMAN officer who has been instructing the Chinese writes to a Berlin paper that they learn the ordinary drill as quickly as Europeans and become good marksmen. And he gives some striking as amples of close work at 7,000 yards with a Krupp He regards the war with Japan as no test whatever of the military quality of the Chinese, who, he says will fight well under a leader whom they can trust will fight well under a leader whom they can trust will fight well under a leader whom they can trust as to the marksmanship of the Chinese with rifes Lieutenant Colonel De St. Paul Sertz says in the Lieutenant Colonel De St. Paul Sertz says in the Westminster Gazette that they shoot well up to 70 yards, but beyond that, for some reason, then aim becomes erratic.

A TEACHER in civil government had told be pupils that once in ten years the State of Mass chusetts takes a census. Little James, who is attentive scholar, upon being called up to recite said:

said:
"Once in every ten years Massachusetts come to its senses."

Nature & Study -

A WINGED TERROR.

PERHAPS no boy or girl INGLENOOKER fails to know the dragon fly, or as it is called in many places, the snake feeder, and sometimes the snake places, the snake feeder, and sometimes the snake places, the quick flying insect, hovering over the ponds, flying now straight ahead, like a winged streak, then poising and again flying backward, is a familiar sight to all country boys. Most people are afraid of the insect, though it has neither bite not sting, and could not harm anybody if if wanted to, yet its looks are againstit.

It is not generally known that it is death to mosquitoes. It should never be disturbed. To test the matter two able-hodied dragon flies were put in a cage and watched, recently, with the result that in six hours and forty minutes they got away with eight hundred mosquitoes.

The dragon fly and his capacity for destroying mosquitoes are thus described by Professor L. O. Howard, of the Bureau of Entomology:

"There is not a particle of doubt that if the dragon fly can be produced in sufficient numbers it will prove a blessing to mosquito-infected districts. In fact, complete immunity from the pest is more than probable. The dragon fly is innocent of harm to mankind, but is a fierce enemy of the insect tribe. li seems to have a special hatred for the mosquito. The insect has powerful jaws and an abnormal appetite, and will kill every mosquito that it finds. The dragon fly is the swiftest of the insect tribe. and its wings are closely netted and of such strength as to make it untiring in its labors. I have seen ten or twelve dragon flies completely destroy aflock of mosquitoes in a very few minutes. The only obstacle in the way of the wide propagation of these cannibal insects is their peculiar manner of hatching their young. The female invariably lays her eggs on plants that grow in water. When submerged the eggs are destroyed. Many of the young are also drowned as soon as they are hatched out. The dragon fly belongs to the insect family known to scientists as the Libellulidae. It is, when full grown, over an inch in length and presents a very formidable appearance. The eyes are large and the lower lip, when extended, reaches far out and is armed with powerful hooks, with which the insect grasps its prey. When the lip is folded upitis so large that it is called a mask and gives the insect's face a comical resemblance to that of the bulldog. Little attention has been paid to the propagation of the insect, but the department will make a complete study of the matter during this and next summer."

The dragon fly is simply a marvel of voracity. The common pig is but a modest eater compared to him. All small, soft insects like mosquitoes and flies are food for him. He goes on swallowing them until his long stomach swells up, but it does not seem possible to give him enough to burst him. After his appetite the second great qualification of the dragon fly is his swiftness of flight. It is doubtful if there is an insect that can keep up with him. He can pursue a hundred mosquitoes strung along a distance of a hundred yards, catch every one and swallow it as he goes. The dragon fly also has the singular and useful gift of being able to fly backward.

Every female dragon fly that has a proper sense of her duty lays about a hundred eggs a season, but owing to her manner of laying them, already referred to, and the ancient hostility that exists hetween her offspring and the doughty diving beetle, only about ten per cent of them survive the battles of their youth and have a chance to perpetuate their kind. Under government protection they may perhaps multiply so rapidly that never a mostilitio or gnat will grow to maturity.

There are two branches of the house of dragon by the Libellulas are those members of the famight angles to rest with their wing extended at dragons, fold theirs along their abdomens when bround. The Libellulas have heads that are neared if minus wings and legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the legs would look like so the later than the later than the legs would look like so the later than the later than the legs would look like so the later than the later th

The dragon fly's eggs are hatched in the water. from New York State, though of an inferior grant to water plants just below the surface of the Virginia and Maryland.

water. She lights on a plant, thrusts the end of her long body below the surface and attaches a bunch of eggs to leaf or stem. Perhaps that is what she was about when Mrs. Browning saw her and wrote:

"The sun on the hill forgot to die, The lilies revived and dragon fly Came back to dream on the river."

Sometimes those eggs are a bright, apple-green color. Sometimes a vivid yellow. When hatched, the larvæ, who are pale-brown little fellows, with legs as translucent as horn, swim away in search of food. Almost from the first they are bold to attack any and all, from the mosquito wriggler to their most dangerous enemy, the diving water beetle. They are strong in legs and jaws, and the bully of every water pool is a dragon fly.

As the dragon fly, even when a youngster, has an appetite out of all proportion to his size, he is forced to shed his skin often in order to have room to grow. This is done repeatedly until finally a moult is secured in which he becomes a pupa. He continues, in spite of all rules to the contrary, to be active, and he never ceases to stuff himself. His wing pads, however, or the places marking the future wings, are growing larger and clearer. When the insect moults, the skin breaks along the back. He fastens himself to some object at the bottom of the stream, and the skin is gradually pulled off by the current. After ten or eleven months in the water the dragon fly prepares for one brief and crowded month of life on land. He climbs up a watercress; he sheds his skin for the last time, and he bursts into life as a full-grown dragon fly. The mighty effort makes him drowsy. His wings are soft and crumpled, like the skin of a new-born babe. With a little sleep they harden, they straighten out and their colors bloom.

GINSENG TRADE AFFECTED.

Among the trades which have been affected by the Chinese troubles is that in American ginseng. The demand for this article comes almost altogether from China, and owing to the interruption of communications in that country Hongkong agents have cabled their principals here that it is useless to make further shipments. American exporters in consequence have their stock left upon their hands, prices have fallen and are liable to go lower. According to Mr. Lowenstein, of Hirsh & Lowenstein of 147 Chambers street, the situation is not so bad as has been reported.

"It has been reported," said Mr. Lowenstein, "that ginseng has fallen from \$4 to \$1.75 a pound on account of the uprising in China. This is doubly untrue. It is true that the price at this time last year was \$4 a pound, but now it is not lower than \$3, or at the lowest \$2.50. Nor is this altogether due to the war. Prices always go down at this season of the year, for the reason that the ginseng dug in the spring is less sappy and altogether inferior to that dug in the fall. In the ordinary course of things values would rise from now on, but, of course, if the war continues we will not be able to sell and prices will go down lower. I should say that the fall due to the war would amount to about twenty-five per cent.

"The ginseng trade is among the most extraordinary in the world. American doctors believe it to be practically valueless medicine, or at the most about as potent as licorice. The Chinese, on the other hand, hold it to be pre-eminently the greatest of all medicines, a universal cure-all. At the same time, though I have been selling the stuff to the celestials for over twenty years, I have never been able to discover exactly what are the peculiar virtues ascribed to it. My Chinese customers cannot be induced to give me a precise answer. As far as I can gather, however, they endow it both with ordinary medicinal properties and certain miraculous virtues as well. Of the latter the most remarkable is the power of determining the sex of children. They seem to believe that the eater of ginseng will have male progeny, the most desirable from the Chinese standpoint.

"The exports of ginseng from this country runs to about \$1,000,000 a year, all to China. The root is to be found in the mountain districts of almost every State in the Union. The best quality comes from New York State, and the greatest quantity, though of an inferior grade, from Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland.

"The American ginseng is the ordinary article of commerce. The quality of the Corean, however, is superior, and its price often runs as high as \$18 a pound. The Japanese, on the other hand, is not worth more than twenty-five cents a pound, while the Chinese fetches about \$12."

ANIMALS ARE TRUE SAGES.

"Well, that isn't superstition; it's reality," and Coal Mine Inspector Denman didn't seem a bit pleased with the suggestion that superstition might sometimes be responsible for the actions of miners.

"Coal miners," he went on to say, "are not superstitious. Hear noises? Of course they do, but do people suppose those noises are imaginary? It beats all how little is known generally about coal mining.

"Folks get it into their heads," the inspector continued, "that a man who will quit work in a certain part of a mine because he sees the rats deserting that section is superstitious, when, as a matter of fact, he simply displays sound judgment. Very soon after the rats quit sounds will be heard, and later on a slide follows. What would have happened to the man had he credited his fears to superstition by disregarding the exodus of the rats and the subsequent noises?

"Rats are the first of a mine's inhabitants to realize danger, and then comes the mule. Man is the last. So it is only natural that he should take as positive indications of trouble the actions of the others, and he should not be regarded as a superstitious creature on that account.

"After rats desert an entry it is next to impossible to get a mule into it, not because the rats left, but because the mule realizes the danger. Left to themselves rats or mules would never be caught in slides in mines, but it is different with men, who will not follow the lead of the other two."

GOATS ARE GOOD DAIRY ANIMALS.

The usefulness of the goat in clearing foul lands and the profitableness of the animal for its hair, skin and even carcass is becoming pretty well understood. But the goat is valuable as a dairy animal. If the cows, for instance, are being used for supplying a city milk trade the keeping of goats for the home milk supply would be an excellent policy. The goat will live where a cow would starve, and while it, like every domestic animal, will do best on good pasture, it will live and yield milk on astonishingly little food.

The animal and its milk are almost entirely exempt from disease; the milk is more nutritious than that of the cow and agrees with stomachs that cow's milk frequently offends. The animal requires only the cheapest kind of shelter, but it needs shelter from the storms and in winter. If by reason of drouth soiling is necessary, leaves, vegetable refuse, peelings of the apple or potato, bread crusts or stale bread, if they are sweet and clean, will be all the feed that is needed.

All goats, however, will not eat the same food and the feeder will have to study the appetites of the individual animal. Frequent feeding and a variety of food in winter will be found beneficial. Roots, oil meal, oats, corn, of the latter in the whole state the goat is very fond, are proper feed, especially for the milking goat. Rock salt is greatly relished. The flavor of goat's milk cannot be distinguished from that of cow's milk if it is properly cared for. From three to four pints a day is the average yield of a good milker. The milk is so rich and of such a character that in making pastry it will take the place of eggs.

Boy.—"Wat's a genius?" Mother.—"A genius is a very smart person." Boy.—"Well, I am one. Teacher said so." Mother.—"Did she? Bless her heart! Of course you are." Boy.—"Yes'nı; she said I had a genius for inventing." Mother.—"That's glorious! What did she say you could invent?" Boy.—"New ways to spell words."

EVERY stranger who enters the white house is counted by an automatic register. The instrument is held in the hand of one of the watchmen stationed at the door, and for every visitor he pushes the button. Congressmen, senators, members of the cabinet and newspaper men are not counted.

INGLENOOK. THE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOR wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. He you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

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TO YOU, READER.

The paper you hold in your hand is the literary publication of the Brethren. It was first a thought in one man's mind, who he was we know not, but that is the way all things start, first a thought, then the idea spreads, and takes form and color. We began with the Pilot, then changed its name and make-up, and at last dressed the child in the new, and introduce it to you as the Inglenook.

There is room for it in the church, and it trenches on no other publication issued by the Fraternity. The Messenger is for church news and higher thought, the Young Disciple is for the little folk, while this paper is for young and old, and weekly brings its budget of articles and contributions from all parts of the wide world. Those who read are informed of many a thing in the domain of the unusual and the little known. Its pages are clean, its articles instructive, and it is a fitting companion for the spare moments of the schoolboy and the graybeard. If daughter loves to read it she will ask grandfather where he laid it when he finished it, should she, wish to take it up again. This is the testimony of hundreds.

Examine the appearance of the publication. There is nothing superior to it in the whole list of weekly papers intended for the home. Young and old appreciate it. This is not the strained opinion of the Editor, naturally prejudiced in its favor. Read the testimonials, far and near, and note the similarity of expression as to its merits. They all think alike, and they know, for the "Nook" is a welcome guest in their homes.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. We want you to invite the Inglenook to visit you weekly. We want you to subscribe for it. We are not so anxious for the small sum of money it will cost you, as we are for the extension of its acquaintance. Where it once is fully known it stays, That's the point. If you don't want to be a continuous reader don't begin with it. It will grow on you. When you go to the post office for your Messenger you will find yourself thinking of the "Nook," and if you don't take care you will be reading it on the road home. It's not egotism on our part, it's not conceit, it is a fact that can be proven by some thousands of readers who can't be made to say a thing they don't believe.

Now what are you going to do about it? Let us advise you. At once write us, sending a quarter for the Nook the rest of this year, or a dollar for the paper this year and all of next. And let us tell you something, confidentially, you know. Don't you know a boy or girl somewhere so fixed that they couldn't possibly subscribe, and how they would like the paper! Don't tell anyhody, but make them a present of it for a year. You couldn't do better with your money. Lots of people do this, and the pleasure it gives none can ever tell.

IMPERIALISM OR NOT.

A good many Inglenook boys and girls will meet with the words imperialism and anti-imperialism in reading and they may not be very clear as to the meaning of these terms. Let us have an understanding of the situation in a measure.

The United States, a few years ago, was a compact country, every part of which was practically contiguous. It was secure from invasion by a foreign power, or at least from any successful one, and it was prosperous and growing in every way. It was at peace, and there was no reason for complaint that there was not territory enough for all and live with us. One set of people thought, and said, that there was no need and no necessity in any way for spreading out and absorbing more territory. In other and common newspaper phrasing, territorial expansion, as it was called, was not deemed a good thing for the country and its best interests. It was held that we had all that we could well man-

On the other hand there is a large number of people who believe in reaching out in all directions and acquiring all the territory we can get hold of, either by conquest or in any other way. These people hold that the United States has a right and a duty to colonize in every part of the world, and to carry civilization to the natives of less favored countries. It is held by this party that, say in the case of the Philippines, the country was not what it would be under the rule of the United States, and that it would be better off, the land produce more, and the people improved, if our country were to take possession and begin the developing process. This party says it is the duty of the United States to reach out and help less favored countries. This idea is called territorial expansion, or imperialism. That side which thinks we have no right or good reason to involve ourselves with other countries or peoples is known as Anti-Imperialists, opposed to territorial expansion. Now, are you an Imperialist or an Anti?

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: The Broad Man.

THE broad man is he who is sure that all knowledge is not his. He knows that there are several sides to most questions and not everybody sees them equally well. He may be pretty sure of himself and his own personal views but he allows that there are others, equally honest, and to them he accords the right of personal interpretation. The narrow man sets himself, and says that wisdom is taking a rest with him. He never gets any further than his personal mental vision allows him to see, and he challenges everybody's judgment when they differ from him. The broad man allows that others have also a knowledge as well as himself.

What has all this to do with a sermon, long or short? It has a great deal to do with it. Some people are so wrapped up in their personal ideas of things that they come to believe that all truth is in their position, that outside of their ken it is all error and darkness. Now the broad man sees truth on all sides of him. Those who possess it may not have quarried it from the same ledge of truth as he has the gold that he possesses, but he has sense enough to see that the truth is not all wrapped up in one party, one faith, as represented by sectarianism, nor is it all in one ism at all. Wheat may grow in many fields, more to the acre in one, or more to the bushel in weight in some fields than in others, but still wheat is found in more fields than one. This the broad man knows, and he does not belittle the spiritual farming of the other man. The narrow man is at it continually. He sees nothing but the mistakes of others, and has no sense of his own limitations. The broadest man that ever lived was Jesus Christ. He took in everybody. He laid down universal rules, and he drew no lines as to methods of expression. Follow me, he said, and some follow at a walk, some run, and some creep. The following is the idea. What the broad man sees is that they are headed right, and he credits them with being right at heart. Love thinketh no evil, and love is true religion.

SHE was a woman with eleven children. She was house hunting, and all the owners objected to the children and refused to rent. Being a woman of resources she went to a friend who was a sexton at the cemetery and left ten of them for a day. Then she harked back at the landlords. The very first one she met asked how many children she had. "This one, and ten at the graveyard," she replied, and the deal was made. Now did the woman lie present, and all comers who wanted to settle down | about anything? What do you think?

QUERY COLUMN.

Answers to Queries in This Column Will be of General Interest, and it Will be Uscless to Ask Public Answers in the "Inglenook" to Purely Private Matters.

An INGLENOOK article said the bones of horses went to the sugar refineries. How is that?

Bone black, or bone charcoal, is used in the refining or whitening of all high-grade sugars, It does not appear that the bones of any one animal are superior to another for this purpose.

Why are the books of the New Testament arranged in the order in which they are found?

They were not always arranged in the present or. der. Some of the earlier translations and compila. tions had a different arrangement, and they differed from each other. Just why the present arrange. ment was decided on the Inglenook does not know.

Are the Correspondence Schools teaching editing and reporting of any real value to the would-be editor or reporter?

Probably they have their uses, but it is not likely that a real paper would set much store on the fact that you had "been to school" when you applied for a place. Reporting and editing can only be learned by practice.

Would you advise a man of fifty, recently elected to the ministry, to take up the study of grammar?

We have seen many persons of mature years attempt this, both in school and privately, and not one succeeded. The earnestness of a sermon would send the rules of correct speech to the winds. Correct English is a growth that seems to thrive only when started in youth.

What do you regard as the most important qualifications of

That he be in dead earnest about what he is doing. Sincerity shows for itself and compels respect.

Are the cheap dollar watches advertised in the papers of any real value as timekeepers?

Our experience is that they are just as good as a watch costing a hundred dollars, the difference being in their lasting qualities. A cheap watch, one of the kind referred to, is as good as any for a year or more. We use one ourselves.

How many people work on the INGLENDOK?

We do not find your question clearly stated. Taking it as it reads, first and last, perhaps a dozen are employed on it, one way and another, before it leaves the office.

Were Bobby and Katie Burkhart real people? The Bubby and Katie letters are meant.

These letters were first thought of at North Manchester, at the last Annual Meeting, and then and thereafter Bobbie, Katie and the Editor were much together.

Why are not continued stories printed in the Nook?

They will be, and they are to be stories written by our own people, and that they pass the INGLE NOOK room is a guarantee that there will be nothing uninteresting about them. One begins in this issue written by one of our people for INGLENOOKERS. Several very interesting serials are in pickle for the

If I went to college, having but little spare money, would that operate against me with the other students?

You would find out, after you got acquainted. that perhaps half of the students had no money to speak of, a good many would have practically none at all, while a very considerable number were being helped through by some Board or Agency. His not the amount of money you have that will affect your standing at college, but the quality and extent of your brains.

"Dip you attend church, my daughter?" "Yes papa." "How did you like the sermon?" "Wellthe minister stuck to his text, and I must say, delivered a very cheerful and seasonable discourse. "What was the text?" "Many are cold, but feet are frozen."

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS.

BY GRANT MAHAN.

THE Catacombs are among the things around Rome which the traveler must see before he can Rome who seen the city. The desire to know say he has seen the city places of the city there places to know sy ac more about these places which were so dosely connected with the lives of the early Christions in Rome led a party of us to visit them. from the time of their rediscovery in the latter part of the sixteenth century until the present time the belief has been general that they were originally abandoned sandpits or stone quarries. But they were dug by the Christians for burial places for their dead. As one walks through the galleries he has on both sides of him niches in the walls which contain more or less complete human skeletons. The Christians did not discover them and take pos-Bession of them, but dug them for themselves. There were unnumbered thousands of Christians who lived or were buried in the Catacombs.

Attimes they no doubt served as hiding places for the leaders of the followers of Jesus, for persecutions did come, and it was necessary for those best known to get out of the way until the storm had passed over. But it is not likely that any large number lived in the Catacombs for any considerable length of time. It is quite likely, too, that the Christians in times of persecution celebrated the ordinances of the house of God in these underground places where the galleries had been widened so as to make rooms. One crude picture which we noficed particularly would lead one to believe that the Lord's Supper had been eaten there, for it represented a number of persons seated around a common table. On the table was a large dish from which it was evident that all were eating. It was not very unlike the way we eat this meal.

At places square or circular rooms were cut in the stone, and these were used as family burial places. Of course it took money to have these cut out, and only the wealthy could afford them. Then as now wealthy persons sought to have their resting places different from those of the poor. There are numerous inscriptions. Doubtless some of the martyrs of the early church were here laid to test after having given their lives to their enemies rather than deny the faith.

There are Catacombs nearly all around Rome, and they are found near other cities of the Continent. They are entered by descending a stairway. One needs a light and a guide. The galleries are two or three feet wide, the walls being seven or eight feet high and perpendicular. These are cossed by other galleries, so that there is a net-Nork of them. They were cut out on different levels, and sometimes there are four or five series of them one above the other. The idea has been advanced that these places were dug without the knowledge of the Roman authorities; but after one has once been in them and has learned something about their extent he will not accept any such theoy. The Catacombs could not possibly have been dug in secret. Burial places were held sacred, This fact will account for the preservation of those sho here sought places of refuge. There is no good reason to believe that the Catacombs were not dug with the consent of the rulers of the city.

We cannot stand and look at these "sleeping places" of the faithful without wishing we could know more of their history, their trials and triumphs. To what extent were they driven underground by their cruel foes? To how many of them would Paul's language apply? "They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, worthy:) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." These stands gazing at the niches which he knows contain dear unto themselves, so that they might finish grace of God."

The use of the Catacombs as burial places ceased boward the close of the fourth or near the beginning the fifth century; their entrances were blocked taknown. After one has been in them he feels that they were discovered again and that from the faithful in the early centuries of our era.

BUCKET SHOPS.

Possibly a good many Inglenook readers have read in the papers about "bucket shops," among brokers and their like, but few know what they are. It is nothing but a small and most pernicious form of gambling that goes on in them. The following explanation from a Chicago paper will show how they work.

"What I want to know," said Mrs. Gazzam, "is about these bucket shops. What is a bucket shop?"

Mr. Gazzam, who had been "pulled" in the raid on several establishments earlier in the week, looked sharply over his newspaper to see whether she had penetrated his secret. She also was perusing a paper and the innocent expression on her face convinced him that he was not discovered. He laid down his paper and assumed the superior air which husbands always adopt when they are going to enlighten their wives on some great mystery.

"A bucket shop, my dear," said Mr. Gazzam, "is a place where you can buy wheat without making a purchase and where you can sell wheat without disturbing the market, as I understand it," he added hastily, lest he should appear too wise regarding what Mrs, Gazzam considered an illegal operation.

She looked as intelligent as the woman taking her first lessons in the intricacies of baseball and said:

" How?"

This was something of a poser for Mr. Gazzam and he cleared his throat loudly before he proceeded:

"Well, you know, when a man goes into the office of a regular broker on the Board of Trade and orders the broker to buy 5,000 bushels of wheat for him at a certain price the broker actually buys the wheat from some other broker who is willing to sell at that price. The transaction actually takes place and affects the market in proportion to its importance, you understand. That is, a 5,000-bushel trade wouldn't affect it very much, but if it were 1,000,000 bushels it would send the price up two or three cents, don't you see?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gazzam, brightly.

"Well, then, in a bucket-shop deal the wheat is not bought or sold. The customer goes into the office known as a bucket shop and looks at the price of wheat on the blackboard where the quotations are recorded as they come in from the Board of Trade. If the price suits him he fills out a little slip ordering the broker to buy for his account 5,000 bushels of wheat at a certain price-say, seventyfour and one-eighth cents a bushel. With the slip he hands in \$50, the margin on 5,000 bushels at one cent per bushel margin. Then he sits down and watches the blackboard again and if wheat goes up an eighth or a quarter of a cent and he guesses it will go no higher he makes out another slip directing the broker to 'sell' his 5,000 bushels at the price reached-say, seventy-four and one-fourth. The broker thereupon hands him back his \$50 margin, together with \$6.25 profit which he made on his 5,000 bushels when wheat went up an eighth of a cent. Of course the broker deducts his commission, though, for making the trade. The commission is fifty cents a thousand bushels, or \$2.50 in the case we have been discussing."

"Then the man really bets that the market will go up?" said Mrs. Gazzam.

"That's about the size of it," admitted her husband.

"And these deals have no influence on the price of wheat?"

"No, they can't cut any figure, because they are not reported on the board. They go no further than the bucket shop. It's like betting on the side on a baseball game—so long as the players don't know anything about the bet it doesn't affect the game."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gazzam. Then she sat still thinking for awhile and said:

"But where does the bucket-shop man make his money? Doesn't he get anything except his commission?"

"That's one of the fine points of the game," said Mr. Gazzam. "You see, the speculator guesses wrong oftener than he guesses right, and as the broker guesses against him he wins. Suppose, for instance, that in the case we have mentioned wheat had gone down from seventy-four and one-eighth cents instead of going up to seventy-four and one-

fourth. Every fraction of a cent that it dropped would come out of that \$50 margin when the deal was finally closed and would go into the till of the broker. If wheat dropped half a cent a bushel and the speculator feared it would go lower he would sell to save part of his margin. He would get just half of it back—\$25—as it was margined for a cent a bushel. The drop of half a cent a bushel, of course, wiped out half the margin. This, with the commission, would be pocketed by the broker."

"And suppose it dropped a whole cent?" asked Mrs. Gazzam, who has a way of her own to figure things out

"Then the whole margin would go -just as if a horse didn't win. You might as well tear up your ticket if what you are supposed to be buying drops as much as you margined it for. That's where the bucket-shop man wins."

"Then it's gambling?" said Mrs. Gazzam.

"That's what the courts say," said her husband, sadly.

"And all these trades have no effect on the market?"

"Not the slightest, because the 'market' knows nothing about them. They have no more effect than if I should bet you here in this house \$1,000 that wheat would open a quarter of a cent higher some morning than it closed the night before. I would be backing my information and guesswork exactly as if I were playing a horse in a race."

Mrs. Gazzam took more time to think it over and then she said:

"What makes the Board of Trade men so stirred up over it, then? What do they care whether you go and gamble on the rise and fall of the market in a bucket shop?"

"They say it diverts trade from its natural channels," said her husband, with a sigh. "They imagine that if all the bucket shops were closed the customers would patronize regular brokers and enlarge the volume of legitimate trading, and every thousand bushels thus bought would have its effect in the market."

"And would they?" asked the woman who wanted to know. "Would these people go to regular brokers and actually buy wheat and wait for the market to change?"

WIDTH OF A LIGHTNING FLASH.

The width of a flash of lightning has been measured by George Rumkee of the Hamburg observatory. A photograph was secured last August as lightning struck a tower a third of a mile away, and from the distance of the tower and the focal distance of the camera objective it was possible to calculate the breadth of the discharge shown in the picture. It has been determined that the flash was one-fifth of an inch wide. Ramifications shown in the photograph on each side of the main discharge are attributed to the strong gale that was blowing, the phenomenon appearing like a silk ribbon with shreds floating in the wind.

PARDON us if we talk a little about our clothes. That is to say, it is the cover we are talking about. In the upper corner you will find a gem of poetry from week to week. In the middle space you will find the date and number of the current paper. After reading it flat it out and be sure to keep the numbers consecutive. Down below is a picture of the Washington, D. C., church, our own church. Watch this space from time to time. In the picture proper the two children on the floor are Marcus and Bernice. The boy's name, the one reading the INGLENOOR, is William Henry. Tabby is the cat's name, and Ma, who looks as though she had dropped a stitch in her knitting, is everybody's mother, even the man reading the Messenger calls her that at times. Now the great question is who is that man? What is his name? What person you know does he look like? If you guess right we will send you a nice book. Who is he?

It was on a west side cable. The stout Teuton woman with the little boy handed a conductor a \$2 bill

"Smallest you have?" inquired the conductor, as he shifted the silver and nickels in his pocket.

She thought he meant the little boy.

"Nein!" she responded. "I haf one home only dree months old alretty."

Then the laugh was on the conductor.

Good Reading

AMONG THE GYPSIES.

RY L. A. PLATE.

Who has not seen them,—the roving tribes of gypsies,—fortune tellers, horse traders and musicians? I have seen them in Germany and Switzerland, and well do I remember the gruesome takes that in our childhood days would strike terror to each heart. We were quite sure that each child among the gypsies had been kidnaped somewhere, though we never stopped to think that, after all, the children looked for all the world like the older members of the camp. As a matter of fact the gypsies had probably no desire to burden themselves with children other than their legitimate offspring.

It was my good fortune, a few years ago, to visit a large gypsy camp near Germantown, Pa., and what I learned from the patriarchal leader of the camp will probably interest others just as it has often been a subject of reminiscent thoughts to me.

Twenty wagons, several tents and a number of horses constituted the movable property of the gypsy camp when I made the acquaintance of the aged chief, who called himself Carpenter. My idea, that the average gypsy is devoid of what we call education,—received a rude shock, for here was a man well versed in the literature of the day and current events.

I asked him why the gypsies were such wanderers throughout the earth, and instantly he replied, "Because they are God's chosen people."

I am quite sure the old rascal did not believe what he said, because there was a merry, half-wicked twinkle in his eyes. Then, also, he was just at that moment occupied in dressing some plump chickens, over whose manner of getting into camp I thought best to throw the mantle of silent charity. But he gravely proceeded to draw a host of similitudes between modes of gypsy life and those of the ancient patriarchs, laying great emphasis upon the statement that gypsies were the true descendants of the house of Rechabites, so loved of the Lord for the faithful observance of divine commands. Then he glibly quoted from Jeremiah: "Neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyards, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents; that ye may live many days in the land where ye be strangers."

During my further conversation I learned that in reality the gypsy's mind is an utter blank on all matters which the Christian world regards as sacred. True, he will quote you yards of Bible passages to prove that his pilgrimage life is the only correct one, but he does this merely to confuse you, not because he himself respects the anthority he quotes in his behalf. Unquestionably he considers his as the only right way of living.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Romany (gypsy) language contains no exact equivalent for "God." Indeed it is, we are told, almost barren of words designating the Creator. "Baurie Rom," or "Great Head" is probably the expression nearest the Bible idea, and even that really means "a powerful man," and is not employed in designating spiritual leadership.

It is not fair to say that the gypsy is blasphemous in his stern and unrelenting refusal to accept what you and I know no other possibility but to embrace. Contrary to the commonly-expressed idea that "no people exist who do not have some form of worship for a supreme being," here is a people who seem to be utterly incapable of even the most trifling submission to Deity. They seem to be unable to think of God as a Father and Christ as a Savior.

As to the future state the gypsy has no hope. With him "death ends all." In this he is a veritable agnostic. We are told that in a collection of over three hundred gypsy songs, there is not the slightest reference to a future reunion with the sainted dead. Even the wildest ravings of the gypsy lover for the lost treasure of his heart do not pierce the veil which to him is impenetrable darkness.

There are few who can believe any good possible among so faithless and hopeless a people, but there is good among them, and that of a kind that the Christian world might imitate with great consisten-

cy and profit. While gypsies are without faith and without law as we know it, no people live purer lives, physically and morally.

They universally revere the marriage relation as a sacred state. Perhaps their utter lack of worship, as known to the Christian world, has brought about among them what might be termed "virtue-worship." This is not merely the result of proper training in youth,—it is inherent in the race,—an influence before birth. The tent-home government and surveillance are such that gypsy children grow unconsciously and without question into virtuous lives and loyal lovers. You may not believe it, but the gypsy man,—yes, even the boy,—regards virtue of as much importance in man as in sweetheart or wife.

Some idea of the awful sacredness of that primal requirement in woman may be had, when the fact is stated that any gypsy maiden convicted of having been unchaste previous to marriage, is at once cast out from the tribe. It is also maintained that more than once the lives of such have been sacrificed with the calm and stern approval of parents and friends. Such a thing as disloyalty of husband to wife or wife to husband, after marriage, has yet to be recorded of the gypsies on the European or American continent.

Elgin, Ill.

THE SHIRT WAIST FASHION.

This latest fad will probably be new to most Inglenookers, and in accordance with the policy of the paper in getting before the reader the latest and the most interesting things we will have our word over it. What is it all about, some rural reader will say? It is that there is a fashion, just starting in the cities, of men wearing shirt waists, just like women. It is exciting no end of comment, and the people are divided as to its usefulness and desirability. What complicates matters is that not only the fashionable youth are taking it up, but the older and more staid part of the population. It is not by any means common as yet, but we may not have seen the last of it.

The newspapers are divided in sentiment about it, and in some places much bitterness is the outcome of the fashion. The *Chicago American*, a new daily in the Windy City, has these thoughts on the subject:

"As a rule the question is treated humorously, but it is not at all humorous.

"It involves an important, and, in our opinion, a beneficial, change in a man's costume and appearance.

"Every distinct change in dress marks a change in our habits of thought; every step towards simplicity does away with a certain amount of vanity, with a certain amount of brain work wasted on trifling detail.

"The tendency toward shirt-waist wearing by men is a sensible step. Of course the so-called shirt waist will be modified. It will become a sort of a sensible workingman's blouse. The dandified working clerk will wear his shirt waist of silk or other light and easily soiled material. The real workingman, rich or poor, will have a loose shirt or blouse of solid dark colored stuff.

"Like all great movements, this shirt-waist movement will do some harm while it does good. If it develops as it promises to do, it will largely ruin the business of many manufacturers of summer clothing. It will deprive thousands of work. It will revolutionize the styles of making trousers, at least so far as the tops of the trousers are concerned. For those tops hitherto invisible have been made carelessly, with no eye to beauty. Now that they are to be seen, much American ingenuity will be spent upon them, and we have no doubt that they will be made to look hideously "artistic" with silk bands and other ornamentations.

"A man thinks as he dresses. If he dresses simply he thinks simply. If he dresses comfortably he thinks comfortably."

It will be seen that *The American* sides with the innovation. It is not likely to become at all general this season, but the way may be paved for next year, when it may be a question in every remote hamlet in the land whether or not the fashion is to be followed. The INGLENOOK advises its readers not to be too fast in following these latest things. It may be better not to follow them at all. It would be funny, but not at all impossible, five years

from now, or in even a less time, for the Annual Meeting to discuss it. Personally the INGLENOOL does not think it would look well in a shirt wast. The belt part of it would lack artistic proportion.

CRADLES THAT ARE EXPENSIVE.

The woman that rules the world to-day through the medium of the cradle has a pretty expensive undertaking on her hands, for cradles do cost so much money—that is, some cradles do. This year's baby is a financial monarch, indeed. He can cuddle down in a beautiful downy nest built on a foundation of rare woods, carved in exquisite design and inlaid with precious stones. He can dight pink toes into rich silks that cost any number of dollars a yard, and wipe his pudgy nose on linens that are equally expensive. And by the time he has done all this, and wriggled his fingers through any quantity of soft laces, he will have instituted himself sole owner of a cradle that cost his indulgent parents \$500 and upwards.

A cradle of this description is certainly a thing of beauty, and it ought to be a joy forever. The effect of such a creation upon the primitive man who swung his progeny in a bed of boughs or a wooden box set on rockers, is difficult to contemplate. Even kings and queens of past ages would stand in awe of it. In old illustrated manuscripts there are illustrations of cradles wherein princes of royal blood lay them down to rest, and some of these beds of aristocratic infants are still preserved for the edification of later generations. But the 1900 baby could turn with disdain from every one of these cradles, and seek his own modern couch with pride and thanksgiving.

These really expensive cradles are not kept in stock by furniture dealers. They are made to order by expert cabinet makers, and the furnishings are selected from the choicest importations.

"The excessive cost of some cradles," said a Broadway furniture dealer, "lies largely in the amount of labor expended on the carving, which is most elaborate. In no article of furniture that we turn out is more delicate workmanship required than in a cradle. Often the work alone on one of these little beds costs \$200 to \$300. Then, when you have quadrupled this one item with the value of the material and bedding, you have a cradle whose elegance ought to make any baby feel on good terms with the whole world."

"But what about the cheap cradles?" asked the visitor. "There certainly must be cheap ones. Every baby who is squirming through this end of the century cannot afford to snooze in a \$500 couch."

"O, yes," assented the dealer, "they come cheap, lots of 'em, but we don't handle them. The lowest priced cradle we carry costs \$25. But you can get one for \$1. Compared with these fancy affairs a dollar cradle looks about like thirty cents, but no doubt the poor baby rests just as comfortably as the more fortunate youngster."

EARNINGS ARE VERY LARGE.

The well-patronized sleeping car pays for itself in considerably less than a year. Take the run from New York to Chicago, 1,000 miles. Every road in the United States pays three cents a mile for the privilege of hauling a sleeper and contracts to return said car in as good shape as it is received and to pay for all damages. The journey on the limited expresses to Chicago is made in twenty four hours, therefore the car earns \$30 a day for travel.

If it is full, which is generally the case, receipts from berths, sections and staterooms amount to \$185, making a total revenue of \$215 a day. Out of this must come the wages of the porter and continuous the latter, however, usually having charge of several cars—the towels, sheets, soap, ice, etc. the whole amounting to but a small sum.

Then there are the wear and tear and general depreciation, the daily cleaning, the annual refitting and repainting. Set these charges down at ten per cent and give the car three trips a week of 1,000 miles each and we have its earnings at over \$60,000 annually. Some can earn a great deal more.

"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you read the ston of Joseph?" "Oh! yes, Uncle." "Well, their what wrong did they do when they sold their broth er?" "They sold him too cheap, I think."

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS -W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Officer Ohio, Acting Fresident; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Acting Fresident, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Secretisten, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Secretisten, Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Transfer, Original Covington, Ohio.

THE CIRCLE.

"THERE is no near and no far but just one round world of lost and perishing souls to be rescued and saved by the world's Christ."

ORGANIZATION.—Our Circle was organized nearly seven years ago. Some young people talked about nissions, and confessed their ignorance on the subject. They decided to meet regularly and read and study books on mission work. They soon became intensely interested, and it was not long until in other churches Circles were organized, and now we have Circles all over our Brotherhood, while over in India, Brother Wilbur Stover, who helped to organize the first Circle, is preaching to the heathen. He expected great things from our Circle. Let us work in the hope that much good may be accomplished and that God's promise to Abraham may be verified in us,—"Thou shalt be a blessing."

How You Become a Member.—It costs just twenty cents to become a member. Then you promise to read eight books, and also to try to persuade others to join. We have over thirteen hundred members now. That seems like a great many. All have joined with the avowed purpose of doing good, of becoming more zealous in giving the King's message to a waiting world.

lucreasing Interest in Missions.—Sometimes figures become very interesting. We have been reading the figures on the Missionary page in the Gospel Messenger; and as we note the increasing interest shown in mission work, the amounts contributed by each individual, and the sum total which is larger each year; we wonder whether by the grace of God, some of this ever-increasing interest in evangelizing the world and "doing good" may not be attributed to the earnest, consecrated work done by our Circle. At our late Annual Meeting, one of the missionaries appointed to go to India, has long been one of us, and has written to us of his desires to work for Jesus in a foreign land.

Young People.—Wherever you find a church with a number of young people in it; if there is no Circle there, we can only say there should be. It will prove a safeguard, it will give them something to think about, and it will not be long until its influence will be seen in the work they do for Jesus. It will draw the young people closer together; it forms a bond of sympathy between young and old, because our older members are very often the leaders in Circle work. Many churches testify to the good it has done for them.

Young Prople's Meetings.—They are found in most of our churches. The Circle encourages them, and in the future, each week, a programme will be given in our paper for such a meeting. We shall by to make this programme as interesting as possible, and we think it will prove helpful to our members. These meetings draw the young people closin his service.

Ucal Secretaries.—In each church, or locality, we want a local secretary. He or she is to remany new names as possible, and there are many of the work, which will be more fully explained to a thful, and as a result, we have good working Cirtallocal Secretaries.

THE CIRCLE IS STEADILY GROWING.—Within the sat few days we have written to sixty-five people have mailed certificates to sixteen members on have read eight books, and so completed a site to Our Missionary Reading Circle, Covington,

Sunday A School

THE TRUTH AND THE MAN.

THAT a man does not practice what he preaches is not against the preaching, but against the practice. And yet the inconsistent preacher is often scorned for what good he says rather than for what evil he does. It is certainly desirable that the preacher's conduct should consist with his doctrine when the doctrine is right. But it is not desirable that he should preach unrighteousness in order to make his doctrine conform to his conduct. The fact is that if it is the man that preaches, then not the man's words alone, nor his conduct alone, is sufficient to constitute him a worthy minister. Yet this fact does not warrant our scorn of the truth in his words, even when those words are not in consonance with his conduct. The truth is more important than the man who proclaims it.

TWO OF LIFE'S TEACHERS.

LIFE has two teachers,—example and experience. Experience is a most excellent instruction, but, as has been said, his school fees are very high. Example gives his lessons in less notable and perhaps less effective ways, but he is more considerate of the welfare of his scholars. Experience throws us into a deep pool of water, and says: " Now swim." Example goes along beside us, puts his hand under our shoulder, and says: "This is the way to do it." Experience may be the teacher more to be trusted, but example is often the teacher to be the more desired. The bold man goes to the school of experience, and if, in the end, he does not repent it, he at least appreciates his rashness. The wise man learns by example, and his wisdom is justified of her children.

GOD'S HELP AND HELPING GOD.

It is one thing to ask God to help us in our plans: it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in his plans. Every man is glad to have God's help; only now and then is a man found whose first thought is how he can help God. What is your chief desire in your morning prayer for the day? Your honest answer to that question may reveal to you your spirit and purpose in life.

There is good authority for believing that in some very important qualities the standard of the child is higher and better than that of the man. Jesus Christ was positive that except as the choicest man retains his childlikeness, or is able to get back to it again, there is little hope for him in this world or beyond. In view of this truth, the average man has more reason to desire to be as a child than the average child has to desire to be as a man. This every teacher of good ought to bear in mind,—as, indeed, all the best teachers do.

LIBERTY is impossible without limitations. Order cannot exist unless under regulations, although chaos and confusion can. This is a truth alike applicable in the realm of matter and of mind. It is true of all mechanical forces on the one hand, and of the most formal and conventional, or the most natural and unstudied, intellectual processes on the other hand. In no sphere is there freedom without constraint,

THERE is a Bible word which says that he who rules his own spirit is a greater hero than he who takes a city. Self-mastery is the noblest victoriousness and the highest achievement in life. The winner in a contest of any kind adds yet greater honor to his success when he bears himself worthily, with quiet modesty and humility, with sensitive regard to the feelings of those he has surpassed.

Being satisfied is taking it for granted that God has nothing better in store for one in the opening future. It is proper to be contented for the moment, but not to be satisfied for all time to come. As Robertson says, "Man's destiny is not to be dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied." Let us therefore be ever unsatisfied while ever contented.

Shiftless people are never the ones who worry about it.

For * the * Wee * Folk

BABYLAND.

How many miles to Bahyland?
Any one can tell,
Up one flight,
To the right—
Please to ring the hell.

What can you see in Babyland?
Little folks in white—
Downy heads,
Cradle-beds,
Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?
Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow—
Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?
Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings.

Who is the queen of Babyland?
Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
From above,
Guides the little feet.

DUDABBEN.

BY 1DA DE BERRY WHEELER.

The little blue hen came up one morning with twenty baby chicks. Bessie and Cecil wondered how the twenty eggs had been covered by the tiny wings, and where the nest had been hidden.

After a while the family of chicks were not so pretty, for they had lost their feathers, as all chickens must do at a certain age. It was not long, however, until they were dressed in new clothes; not so soft as their baby dresses, but more suitable for their age and size. All? No, all but one; he had not a feather on him. There he was—poor unsightly thing, with such long neck and legs that grandpa said: "The little blue hen must have had one crane egg from the island across the bay."

The little fellow did not seem embarrassed by his singular appearance; on the contrary, he came often into the house stepping as grandly and holding his head as high as if he had on the richest suit of feathers.

Bess and Cecil said Dudabben was ugly, but "so cute."

As they bestowed special attention on him, soon the household was in possession of that very troublesome thing, a pet chicken.

In baby talk, the children would say to him: "Poor little sing, on hablent dot any feathers." This they shortened into "ou hablent," and finally into "Dudahben," which was afterward the chicken's name in the family.

Dudabben grew to be so gentle that he would eat from the children's hands and allow them to dress him in Bessie's doll's clothes or hitch him to a toy wagon for a pony. Cecil would often place him on the toy freight train and pull the cars across the floor. The chicken would remain quiet at his post of duty, for you must bear in mind, Dudabben was the brakeman. It was a constant wonder to the older members of the household how much this chick seemed to understand of what was said.

One morning the question was asked, "Has any one seen Dudabben?" No one had seen him. The place was searched for him in vain. As Grandpa came from his office to dinner he found the poor little chicken in the street-dead beside a stump from which a sweet bay tree had been cut. On this stump numerous leafy branches had grown. Under these Dudabben was almost hidden. A red thread like Bess had been sewing her doll's clothes with the day before, was fast around one foot. The other end of the thread had become tangled in the bay branches, and thus little Dudabben had been a helpless prisoner. His body was lying in a track made by a passing vehicle, whose driver, unable to see the helpless creature, had innocently caused its very untimely death.

Papa went out with the children and brought Dudabben's body into the yard for burial. Bess and Cecil placed dainty white and pink shells, gathered by their own hands from the beach, on the little grave, and in their grief, spoke tenderly, almost reverently, of their departed pet, Dudabben.

TATTOOING.

PROBABLY a great many Inglenook readers have had the temptation to be tattooed come to them at some time in their lives. Happy those who have escaped. Once marked it is there to stay, and though it is said that it can be taken out, the chances are decidedly against it. The man or woman who is disfigured by being tattooed will always he so, and his ghost will have the marks, such is its permanency.

Visitors at the bathing resorts of the seashore this year say that there is to be seen an unusual number of tattooed men and women. Down at Cape May a professional tattooer is making a fine living by his alleged art. Speaking of the revived craze he says:

"I have had a number of young society men and women come to me during the last year," said he of the needle and pigment. "It may surprise you, but I think I can explain it."

"Our war with Spain brought society men for the first time into contact with the fighting men of the nation-the soldiers and sailors. Now, these warriors are almost invariably tattooed. You seldom see a sailor who does not bear the marks of the needle, and the proportion is almost as large among soldiers.

" My explanation of the new fad is that some of the young swells, probably merely for the oddity of the thing, had themselves tattooed while they were in the army. Almost any soldier or sailor

could do the job in a rough way.

"When the boys came home from the camps their friends saw the marks, were pleased with the unconventionality of it and had themselves similarly decorated. After that it was only a natural step for the young ladies to imitate their brothers.

"Not very long ago I received a visit from two actresses who were playing in one of your downtown theaters. They wanted to know if I could tattoo a mole natural enough to be taken for the real thing.

"I experimented with my pigments and soon found that the Chinese brown in the proper solution of glycerin and witch-hazel would do the thing perfeetly. See, here is the result."

He pulled up his sleeve and showed a brown spot that was indistinguishable from a mole.

"When the young ladies returned I showed them my work. They were so much pleased with it that each one had two spots put on her face. The effect was far more fascinating than an artificial patch.

"The mole, I think, will be the favorite among the society women. I have had several, however, who have had small, brilliantly colored butterflies on their arms above the elbow. One of them told me that when she wore evening dress she simply tied a broad ribbon around her arm to hide the de-

"Another popular pattern is the small fly or insect. These are put on the arm as a rule, but I have put them on the shoulder. Several women have chosen the small Japanese serpent in combi-

nation with a brilliant butterfly.

" Hurt? Oh, no. Sometimes the women are a trifle nervous at first, but they soon get over that, After a little smarting for an hour or so after the job is done there is no pain of any kind.

"You see, I have the very latest instruments. This electric needle is used only for the black lines. These are always put on first.

"I dip the point into the Chinese India ink, start the turrent and the needle goes spinning around like the buzz saws you see the dentists use. I can draw with the black as easily as you would write slowly on paper. As soon as you have got over your first nervousness you have no more trouble and the rest is easy.

"After the outline is finished I bathe it in a disinfectant of olive oil and carbolic acid, and, after a few minutes' rest, begin with the Chinese vermil-

"Then follow the other colors in whatever order I choose. I use seven different colors-a greater number, I think, than any other man in this country can use. The Jap who taught me the art used to get fine effects with nine colors, but he died without telling me what the other two were.

"So far as I know I am the only man in this country making a regular living at this work, though there are any number of people who will do a bungling job for you for whatever you choose to

give them. My prices, however, are as fixed as though I were selling groceries."

He took out a photograph of a man who had his entire chest covered with a brilliantly colored picture of the hattle of Manila. Anchors, flags, clasped hands and all appropriate devices surrounded it and underneath was the inscription, " Dewey Did It."

"That piece of work cost that chap \$35," said the needle-wielder. "My finest and most brilliantly colored Japanese dragons cost from \$10 up to \$25 and a brilliant butterfly will cost from \$3 to \$6.

"The indigo and vermilion are cheapest colors. Blue, yellow, green, brown and purple are Japanese pigments and are more expensive.

"I am glad to see that society people are taking this up. I should not advise anyone to have a conspicuous design worked out, but a small, neat piece of work is very effective. I expect to have quite a rush on the mole effects."

THAT BLESSED YOUNG ONE.

With a confiding chug-chug and a spirited snort the Duluth express drew out of the Wells Street depot, taking with it Wah and me and the baby, together with innumerable valises, umbrellas, small parcels and a box of cracker-jack. Wah is baby's great aunt, her sweet given name, Mary, being thus contorted by the blessed spalpeen.

It was close to ten o'clock, two big full hours after the time that Mr. Sand-man usually knocks at the kitchen door and asks if baby is asleep. All the way to the train the soft turquoise eyes had been hiding behind their trembling, drooping, blinking little shutters, but when we climbed into the sleeper drowsiness flew like birds before an army of boys. A kiss or two for "Fodder," a promise to "mind mudder and be a good durl," and our household image of joy and sweetness began her round of investigation and inspection.

She climbed into the berth and looked about her.

"What do they put ceilings on their beds for?" she asked.

"That ceiling is another bed," I answered. "Just about the time we are going to sleep a big fat man will climb up there to roost and roast for the night."

" Oh!"

"And after we go to sleep his shoes will fall down and awaken us and scare us out of our seven senses. And in the middle of the night he will snore, and snore, and snore-

"What will he do that for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," confessed I, "except that it is the accepted manner of fat men."

"What makes him fat?"

"That's more than I know, my darling."

"Maybe the Sand-man gets after him and makes him go to sleep early. And maybe be drinks lots of milk. If I drink milk will I snore, mudder?"

" Um---

" Mudder, I want a drink."

"Yes, dear."

"What did you push that button for?"

"To tell the porter to get you a drink."

"Oh! But where will he get it?"

"Out of a tank."

"A tank on the roof like we have at home, that leaks down through the kitchen and has to be mended?"

"I guess so,"

" Mudder, what makes the cars go?"

"The engine. Don't you think you'd better go to sleep?"

" No, I'd rather stay up and look out the window. Mudder, why is it that now you see a tree and a house and then you don't see them, and see something else?"

"Oh! hush! I'm tired. Go to sleep like a good girl."

"Well, mudder, the Sand-man can't catch me here, can he? We're going too fast, aren't we?"

"I don't know."

"Mudder, can't I go and sleep with Wah?"

"No, of course not. Wah is asleep."

"Mudder, where did you put my dolly?"

" In the trunk."

"Oh! Boo-oo! Boo-ooo-ooh!"

"What's the matter now?"

"She won't have any fresh air! Where-Where's my little woody dog?

"He's with the dolly,"

"I want him, and my dolly, too! Boo-00-000!" Soft mutterings from other berths. A clean strong tenor remark about idiots who travel wife children.

"Mudder, I don't like this bed. It's a bad old bed. It hurts my feet."

Silence on my part.

" Mudder!"

"Yes-s-s," very sleepily.

"I'd like to see Thora and the little canary bird,"

"Now see here, daughter, you be mother's sweet thing and go to sleep like a little honey, and in the morning you can go with Wah and me into the dining car and eat breakfast."

"I'll be good. Mudder, can I have mush. melon?"

"Yes-

"And shredded wheat bixset?"

"Yes-s-s."

"And ice cream?"

"No. Go to sleep!"

"Oh, mudder!" (very reproachfully.)

" Mudder, one time when me and Ora was play. ing sleeping car I fell off the bed and hurt myself. Wasn't that awful?"

"Yes, dear."

" Ora's a little Germese girl, isn't she?"

"You mean German, don't you?"

"But we're Americans, ain't we?"

"Uh-huh. Go to sleep."

Long pause. " Mother. I know a lady that's got the hooking cough---'

"Go to sleep."

" Mudder, you love your little baby girl, don't

"Yes, but I wish she'd go to sleep."

Another pause. "Can I have pancakes in the breakfast car?"

"Yes." Longer pause.

And after that sweet quiet ruled. In the mouning, when a rosy dawn crept stealthily and softly about the edge of the window shade I looked upon that precious child and wondered what God gave to babies that made them so brimful of queries. The dimpled hands, the pretty mouth, the full, rose-yelvet cheeks, the fluff of golden curls. Why, she looked like a big bisque doll baby-with never suggestion of a talking machine inside.-Helen Fo lett.

ICE CREAM SANDWICHES.

THE ice cream sandwich, although it is sold for the moderate price of one cent, is not a slip-shol affair by any means. Each one is turned out po fect in form by a little mechanical device operate by the ice cream seller. The contrivance is made of tin and consists of a handle and a tiny pan frame three or four inches long by two and a h in width, in which the sandwich is made. The hat dle fits on the middle of the bottom of the p The bottom of the pan is movable and can be drag down a quarter of an inch or more by a spring tr ger in the handle.

To make a sandwich the trigger is pulled back ward and the pan is thus made about half an inchil depth. Upon the bottom is placed a thin cracke wafer which exactly fits the space. The cracker not more than an eighth of an inch in thickness all upon it is then spread a layer of ice cream, fill the pan level to the upper edge. Upon this placed another wafer. The spring is released, the machine turned upside down and the finished said wich drops out.

The combination, simple as it seems, is an execution lent one, liked by all who try it.

"Mamma," said little Ethel, "Mrs. Gayley's his

band isn't dead, is he?"

"Then what's she going to be married ago. "Never mind, dear. You can't understand so

"O, I know," exclaimed the little girl; "it's be things."

like getting vaccinated. It didn't take the t

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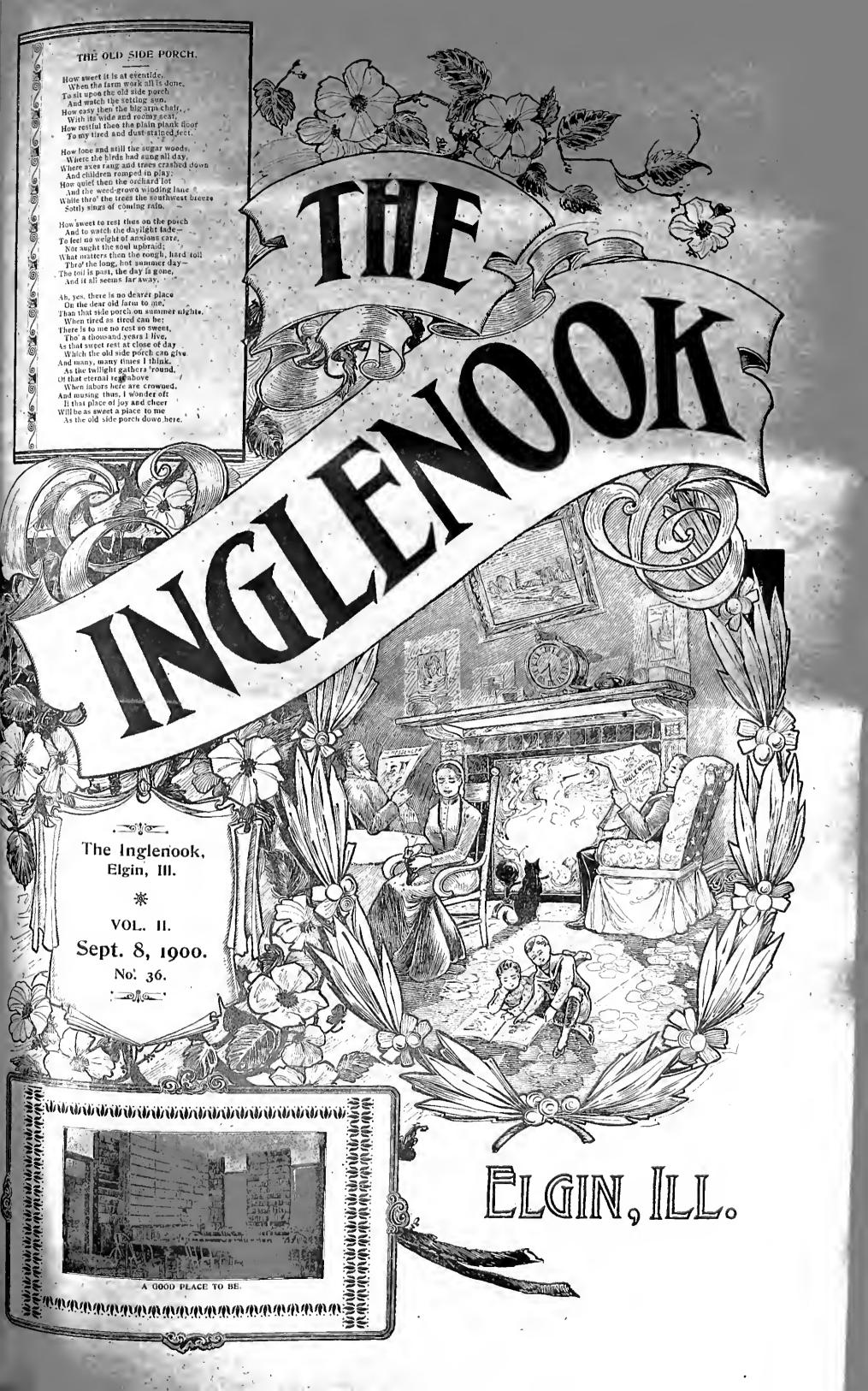
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The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper me who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing of and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and it never will fall below its self-set standard, -being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it within being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it w Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK next year. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list know never undertaken in the church before. what they are talking about.

ALLIE MORLER: The Chmate of North Dakota,

P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church.

DAN'L HAYS; Best Reading for Ministers, N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music,

WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews.

J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades?

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life,

T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS, A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove.

W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast,

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance,

MRS, GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? Twenty-five Years?

S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through College. ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading [1, B, TROUT; The Errors of Secretism.

Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaming Spirituality. JOHN G, ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions.

And there are Others.

S. F. SANGER: The Moravians,

W. R. DEETER; St. Paul. . .

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews. D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Imp to I mage.

CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side of in I rangelished L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary is Made.

D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better, to to for Comill sinns?

NANCY UNDERSHILL: What to Do with Extransics. M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken bleas About Magnetic Hold L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Sum or and

GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide Missells. GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Germany

J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side of a Lidnor's late.

QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trute Immersion, E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Table 11 b

You Can't Afford to Miss all This.

They are already written and on file. They are story There will be serial stories especially adapted to the church. by members, for members. One is begun in this issue of the INGLENOOK. It will run through four issues of the party with the party will run through four issues of the party will run through the party You'll want the next number sure, and if you delay subscribing you may miss something of more than passing interest There will be a story illustrating the old time banning or avoidance, which will be a revelation to most readers

Strange occupations will be described, and foreign lands visited, and now hear the conclusion of the whole matter. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS HAVING THE INGLENOOK, and you will do well to write us, endo-ing your state. scription to-day.

> Publishing House, Brethren

PUBLISHERS,

Illinois, U.S.A. Elgin,

RING THE BELLS IN YOUR STEEPLES.

This Beautiful Poem is Pure Gold

RING, hells, once again in your steeples! And tell the old story again; The beautiful hope for the dying, The halm to the spirit in panu; The help to the feeble that stumble, The pardon to sinners that fall; But, all for the "dumb, driven rattle" Ring clearest of all!

For man can cry out in his trouble, And tear drops may heal as they flow, But they in said silence must suffer. With never a voice for their woe; In cold of the pitiless cointer. In heats of a midsummer sun, There's never an end to their labor, Till life's work is done.

Dear bells, as you swing in your steeples, Above all the jar of the earth, Sug law of the ex by the manger, Afar in the place of his birth; And sing of the slicep on the billsides, The poor, patient ass to his stall; Of all recary brasts that must perish. Sing clearest of all,

Oh, man, looking up to the Father! With trust in his infinite grace, Look down, myour turn, on his creatures. That know but the light of your face, That know but the warmth of your loving, That wince at a word or a blow; Ahl all of the depths of their anguish No mortal may know.

Ring, bells? as the people are kneeling In beautiful temples of prayer; The cloth gleameth white on the altar, His blood and his body are there. And softly the bells are repeating The words out of far Galilee. " For een as your love for the loveest,

> Your love is for me." - Mary Kiddell Corley.

LEVI AND LEAH.

Chapter II.

THE first thing Christus did was to uncover his ad and kneel in prayer. The multitude hushed stantly. The priests and the lawyers, and the olessional scriveners or writers, leaned forward distened. They were watching a chance to conthin of treason to the Jewish belief. The only ^{ople} not disturbed were a dozen Roman soldiers, honed here and there in the crowd to keep the ate, Two, near Levi and Leah, said, one to the

*Dogs and sons of dogs! At the first stone's ow smite with the edge of your sword him who acarest to you."

Ay, said the other, "he is their king, and they nender their king attention or I will cleave the lof the nearest.

"Let us seat ourselves elsewhere," whispered

By the lives of our fathers, No," said Levi, and slipped a stone under his mantle. Here Chrisfuned his dark eyes on the youth. For a moof their eyes met, when the stone dropped from boy's hand and he sat down quietly by Leah's

Christus prayed thus, not in exact wording do we him, but after this manner:

th. We know thy greatness. We worship thee. but weaklings, and we need thy blessing. It this people. Be with thy Son in speakto this people. May they hear, and, hearing, be the glory through the glory through the glory through the glory through the green. the glory through the ages. Amen."

The a stone whizzed past Christus. Instantly

te was an uproar. The Roman soldiers struck that and left with the edge of their swords. tots flew, and men went down like logs, some and men went down like logs, and the dead and one or two cleft through the with blood, one or two cleft through ... dead on the ground. The friends of Christus

sat where they were. The boy, forgetting himself, picked up a large stone and drew back to hit the soldier nearest him, and in the very act of throwing a hand was laid lightly on his arm. He looked into the eyes of Christus. The stone dropped on the ground and he sat down by Leah. She laid her hand on his shoulder and held him with gentle pressure. "If you love me, sit," she said. In a short time the riot was quelled. Ten were dead or wounded, one a Roman, and one a follower of Christus was among the dead. The soldier who cleft the head of the follower of Christus said in the barracks that evening, " By the great god in the temple at Rome, when I took him by the throat he uttered only 'My blessing on you,' when I smote him to his death."

The sergeant in charge of the soldiers, after the tumult, strode to Christus and said in tones of authority, "Go on." And then spake Christus. Let us remember that it was in the twilight of the world, and that human life was of little consequence, and that the crowd was filled with all the vindictiveness born of religious fanaticism, and personal hatred of everything and everybody who differed from them and their narrow provincialism.

The accounts of the Sermon on the Mount as it has come down to us, are very incomplete in detail. Matthew, who was present and heard it, gives the best history. But it was about a dozen years after its utterance that he wrote, and there must have been much that he forgot. That he did not get it all is shown in the fact that others, sacred writers, introduce things omitted by Matthew. It is only by taking the sum of what is recorded that we get the fullness of the teachings of Christ. What Levi and Leah saw was a great crowd of people listening to the opening sentences of the speech of Christus. He spoke in the language of the people, understood by all present, save perhaps the Romans.

Then Christus began his discourse. It was so utterly new to the hearers that they listened intently. Not a single teaching of the Jews but that was subverted by the speaker. The very novelty of his discourse held the audience spellbound with interest. It lasted a considerable time, and at its conclusion a decided impression had been made, but some doubted, while others openly reviled. The talk began as the crowd broke up and dispersed, and it has been going on ever since, in all lands and in all tongues. Till the end of time, and the last man, the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount will impress

On the way across the plain, from the mount, Leah broke the silence:

- "What thinkest thou, Levi?"
- "What thinkest thou?"

"It seems to me," said the girl, "that what he said is right, and that he teaches the truth. What he said is in keeping with what you have told me of his character. But he speaks of Jehovah as we would of an acquaintance."

"That is what he has always asserted without reservation-that he was the son of God, and this is blasphemy."

"Not if it be true," said the girl earnestly. "Did you notice that his head shone as he spoke, at times? It did."

" Nav. I noticed it not, but I noted that he was fearless of all consequences. I believe that had he been stricken down while he taught he would have accepted his fate calmly. And he would not have defended himself. That, Leah, is the strangest part of the character of Christus. Once I saw a soldier, filled with mixed wine, cross the narrow street and smite him full in the face. May the blessing of the Father be yours,' was all that the man Christus said in reply to the blow. I would have taken advantage of his drunkenness and would have cut him with his own sword."

"Could you ever love all alike?" the girl asked, and she paused in her talk and regarded him in-

alike, but not all equally well. While he loved all, some were closer to him than others, but he never paid evil with evil. I have known him to go out of the way to heal the child of a soldier that smote him sorely the day before. This I thought of today when he said that we were to love them who used us badly. But I think it is not for me to do it. I will repay in kind,"

"Levi, he who spoke to-day is not a man such as walk this plain homeward from the place of meeting. He did not learn these things from the people about him. They are not in either the teaching or the practice of his surroundings. Where did he get them? How did he come into this habit of thought and practice? Did you not tell me that he was a poor carpenter, one not learned in the law, one who has not traveled, one who has not sought the company of the great and the learned? And so from whence these teachings that seem as though framed from the experience of ages of the wisest of the world if they came not from a higher power than we know?"

"Leah, I will ask him this night, directly, who and what he is, and if he says that he is the Son of God, I will ask for a sign, and if he gives it then will you and I follow him to the end, even though the way be that of the road to the cross."

"And Levi, I will follow and die with him and with you, if you but lead."

"This night will I ask him," said Levi, and so they parted.

(To be Continued).

OUT-OF-DATE MONEY.

From the Saturday Evening Post we learn that there have been many changes in the coinage of money in this country. Much of it is not in use but still possesses its face value if issued by the govern-

Much of this obsolete money is still outstanding, having never been redeemed by the Treasury. A stream of it comes steadily dribbling into the national strong-boxes at Washington, amounting to a few thousand dollars' worth every year, and the paper part of it is destroyed in the usual way, while nearly all of the coins are sent to the mint in Philadelphia to be melted and utilized as bullion. Under no ordinary circumstances will the Treasury pay out any of these out-of-date tokens of value, inasmuch as it is desired to withdraw them from circulation as far as possible.

Owing to their rarity nowadays, the one-dollar and three-dollar gold pieces are in demand, and applications for them are frequently addressed to the Treasury. So few of them are taken in by the department that, instead of converting them into bullion, it is thought better to keep them, and occasionally a few are given out at the discretion of the Treasurer, though only when it is understood that they are not intended for circulation. They are worth a considerable premium in the market at the present time.

As old preacher once told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was "-then turning the page "140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: " My friends, this is the first time. I ever met with this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Two Irishmen were passing some blackberry bushes. "What's these, Mike?" inquired Pat of his companion. "Nothing but blackberries," said the latter. "But, they're red, Mike." "Well, Pat, "I once heard Christus say that he loved all blackberries are always red when they're green."

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

BY O. R. BEACHLY.

A SHORT time ago it was our privilege to visit the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, along with a party of friends en route to the Annual Meeting. It had been my desire ever since my school days to visit this great natural wonder, and although I thought I knew what to look for, I was ready to exclaim, like the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told

I expected to see a small stone structure across a shallow stream of water several feet in height; but instead of that I was confronted by a huge mass of solid rock over a creek. The bridge is over two hundred feet high and when I stood on the bridge I was made to think as the Psalmist David did: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handtwork," as it was the loveliest piece of nature's work that I ever beheld.

As it was early in the morning when we arrived at the Bridge, we sat near it and ate our breakfast. As we were eating we saw a placard up with these notices on it: " Don't go home without seeing 'Hemlock Island,' 'The Ghost River' and 'The Lace Ripple." So after breakfast we started out to explore these three places. What do you think that Hemlock Island was?

It was a small tract of land with a shallow stream of water encircling it, with two hemlock boards fastened together with a wooden pin across the stream so one could walk over to what was called Hemlock Island.

The Ghost River we heard roaring but we could not see it as it was under the ground, but we saw where it emptied into the creek a distance further down.

The Lace Ripple was a large rock about twenty feet from bank to bank and several feet high with lovely clear water running down over it in ripples that just resembled a lovely piece of lace,

There are many other attractions to hold the attention of people in this country, but not one of them is of really greater interest than the Natural Bridge and all who have an opportunity should be sure to pay it a visit, for there is not another greater wonder than this in any part of the world.

TAILORS MAKE ODD CLOTHES.

The tall man took a coat from the rack and turned it round and round slowly.

"What do you think of this?" he asked.

The caller eyed the garment doubtfully.

"I hardly know what to think," she said. "It seems so kind of bumpy."

The tall man laughed. "Well," he admitted, "it is something on the bumpy order. But then, it is intended for a bumpy man. Bumpy people are my speciality."

"O," remarked the caller, apologetically, "1 didn't know that."

"Didn't you read my sign?" asked the tall man. Then he led the way out into the street and pointed to the white letters which informed passers-by that a tailor who sewed for cripples and deformed per sons did business there.

"I didn't notice that," said the caller. "It was hidden by the awning."

"So it was," said the tall man, "but so far as business is concerned it makes little difference whether my sign is visible or not, for everybody knows where to find me. You did not know perhaps, that the tailor business, like every other profession, is gradually being divided up into specialties. I have taken the bumpy people, as you call my particular patrons. For the last five years I have been working almost exclusively along the bumpy line, and now fully two-thirds of my customers are people troubled with some physical imperfection which they want concealed, or, where that is impossible, reduced to a minimum, by their clothes.

"It stands to reason that it is a difficult thing to give a deformed man a good fit. It might seem to the casual observer that any tailor who can turn out a well-fitting suit of clothes for a sound, upright man ought to be able to do proportionally good work for a cripple, but this theory does not hold water in practice. I know scores of tailors uptown

who do first-class work when sewing for their own trade, but as soon as they infringe on my specialty they make a botch of everything they lay their hands on. Their incompetency in that line is due chiefly to the tendency to give attention to the whimsical notions and suggestions of patrons.

" As a rule, a man whose physique is out of kilter is sensitive in regard to his shortcomings. He naturally wants the defect minimized to the greatest possible degree, and he has a grist of ideas which would, he believes, tend to improve his appearance. The tailor who has not learned from experience the cut best adapted to various deformities is apt to be guided by the most plausible of these suggestions, and the result is general dissatisfaction to all concerned.

"As for myself, having studied this branch of the trade for so many years, I consider that I am competent to fit the worst case of crooked limbs or bad back on record, and while I listen patiently to directions and apparently defer to the wishes of my customers, in reality I follow my own judgment, and the consequence is I am troubled by fewer kickers than any other tailor of my acquaintance. I am quite proud of my reputation, too. There are hosts of these bumpy people in town, and it is high time somebody was making a special study of their anatomy."

PROTECTED BY SUPERSTITION.

"THE ancient ruins of Central America furnish the most tempting field for exploration of any spot on earth," said Dr. John Rice Chandler, of Buffalo, who was in the city this week. Dr. Chandler was formerly government archivologist of Guatemala and is peculiarly familiar with the subject. "Unlike the ruins in the far East," he continued, "they have suffered but little from spoliation. The worst instance of that kind was at Santa Anna, in Guatemala. In the early 'So's some Germans obtained a permit from the president and literally sawed off the front of one of the most wonderful old temples in existence. Instead of taking the entire columns, they ripped off strips with stone saws and in that way secured a vast quantity of extraordinary basrelief carvings, which are now in the National museum at Berlin and among the most treasured of all that great institution's possessions. It was a piece of outrageous vandalism and, happily, has never been repeated.

"The most interesting ruins yet discovered are at St. Lucia Cozumalquopa, in Guatemala; at Quirigua and Zaculen and at Uxmal and Tikal, in Yucatan. At Ouirigua there are a number of enormous monoliths, covered with the most intricate and beautiful carving. They lined a sort of pathway up to a temple. At Zaculen the ruins are especially remarkable for the many large buildings. It was evidently at one time a great tribal capital. These and scores of other ruins have hardly been touched by explorers, and there is no telling what wonders they contain. The only considerable work that has been done in that region is by the archaeologists from Harvard, who have been coming down every year. Their surprising discoveries at the so-called "lost city" of Copan are well known to all students."

MAKE BOGUS BUTTERFLIES.

To take a common butterfly or moth and transform it into a beautifully-marked specimen worth a good price, is the business of the "butterfly duster," says the New York Press, and so well is the work performed that only an expert of lifelong experience can detect the fraud.

The markings are produced by applying to the wings a fine dust by means of a delicate spray, and these prepared powders are kept in every shade of color ready for use.

A certain dealer, who was absolutely above suspicion, used to show, by the way in which he refurnished damaged specimens of rare moths and butterflies, that this "dusting" could be done to perfection.

One of the devices of the "fakir" for obtaining much valued monstrosities is to take one bit from one insect and another from another, and then to join all the fragments together, so as to make one apparently perfect specimen. This combining can be done so perfectly as to defy detection, even with the microscope.

Many insects that are common in Europe are | guard.

very rare and worth golden sovereigns in the !. ed States, but there are minute points of differen that even the amateur collector can detect, the astute dealer, with all his appliances, rem the points of difference with the result that dreds of collectors have in their cases specim worth large sums if they were genuine that w caught and then dusted, glued, dyed and general manipulated.

There have been great developments in fraud late years. Say that an insect that has not h seen in this country for years is found in a g locality and scores of well-to-do enthusiasts wil to the place in the hope of catching another so men-artful ones get hold of living specimens some insect rare here but common abroad, turn out in a given district and then set a report of capture about. They, in point of fact, "plan specimens here and there and then lead the uns pecting collector to the spot and offer "faker

Even common caterpillars have by means of d been wholly transformed. Hair and other artific colors are added, so as to transform them into exact likeness of extremely rare species and the are sold for considerable sums.

But, most astonishing of all, there is a notable foreign dealer who makes it his boast that he sold at high prices hundreds of specimens of artificial chrysalis - a chrysalis made of india rul and other things-from which was expected emerge by the innocent purchaser one of the rap moths known. Thousands of collectors-and always youthful ones, either-have been gulled the India rubber chrysalis.

In no line do the men who can make an Ind rubber chrysalis and dye the "hair" of caterpil show more activity than in that of making birds' eggs to order for the young collector. sham eggs are of two kinds. In some cases there a great natural resemblance save as to one or markings, between eggs that are very common. others that are equally rare, and in this case common egg has supplied to it the markingst are peculiar to the rare one. This is done so att ly that the color is added in all but indelible, there are cases where other natural markings are moved so entirely with a combination of chem acids that only the microscope in the hands of expert can detect where they have been.

But much more ingenuity is expected on the of shams where the shells have been absolutely ricated. By means of molds, pigments and a terial which perfectly resembles the natural s substance a rare egg is made and so well is it d especially by the French dealers - that even perts often have been deceived.

ANTIQUITY OF BELLS.

BELLS as a means of calling people togetherh been in use from the earliest ages. We know they figured in the festivals of Isis, in an Egypt, were used in the responses of ancient cles, and were worn on the border of the garr of the Jewish high priests. Bronze hand bells found by Layard in the ruins of the palace of rod. They were used in the camps and garns the Greeks to call the troops together, no don meal times as well as on other occasions.

The Romans also were in the habit of them; it is said to be from their occurrence in icas and heathen temples that they came to be extensively adopted in Christian churches.

A MINISTER, having some children to bank asked the mother of one of them the child's She said "Acts."

"What, madam?" "Acts."

So he baptized the child by that name, and al ward asked why it was given that name.

"Why," was the reply, "this one is the fifth we named the others Matthew, Mark, Luke John."

"What will you do when you came to first Second Corinthians?" inquired the astonished

"Perhaps there may be twins, and then we call them First and Second Corinthians, and it be all right."

Reason is a man's guide, but principle is his s

Nature & Study -

THE GLADIOLUS.

BY J. K. MILLER.

THE Gladiolus is one of the most desirable of all the summer blooming bulbs of the present time, be summer blooming bulbs of the present time, and many people, who, a few years ago, knew only and many people, who, a few years ago, knew only and many people, who, a few years ago, knew only and many people, who, a few years ago, knew only and have them in a profusion of colors, ranging the have the hat are almost black. Those white to reds that are almost black. Those had have never grown the Gladiolus, or have had all the older varieties can not realize the beauty this grand and noble flower.

The Gladiolus is a native of Central Europe and Interpretation of Africa, and in its native state does not again to very much. It obtained its name from the Latin Gladius, which means a dagger, on account of its sword-like leaves which resemble the

Like most of the flowers of the present time they we been greatly improved by cultivation and wondzing, and may be divided into three classes, and may be divided into three classes, and childsii. The former ones we those which are mostly in cultivation, and are those which are mostly in cultivation, and are the world in almost every color known to the

The Gladiolus Childsii is a cross between the finest prieties of Gandevensis, and Saundersonii, and the sult is a flower of larger size, and colorings peculit to themselves. Single flowers will often measing three and four inches across.

Like most bulbs they are of easy culture, and any reasonable amount of care are sure to soom. Planted any time from April to June they all bloom from July to October. The flowers are one on long spikes often three and four feet high, and frequently have as many as twenty-five and bloom from the bottom up, and will last a week the more. As cut flowers the Gladiolus has few quals, and it cut when they first commence to soom they will continue to bloom in the house, and the colors will be even more delicate and beautiful.

There are hundreds of named varieties of ladiolus, among them, John Bull, white-tinged lolet; Isaac Buchanan, yellow; Leander, Islac; ladam Monneret, rose pink; Brachleyensis, scart. African, black red; and so on through a long large of names and colors.

BEES AND-MORE BEES.

RV JOHN E. MOHLER.

In find bees plentiful, go to the Southwest. In talleys of the Rockies south of the zero line, wand them in all imaginable places, and every ok that will shelter a swarm is occupied. Do you atalive for your very own? Put out a box, and at Orget a half-dozen swarms after the same anner. When the Brethren built a church in Arina, they wire-screened the garret windows to out the bees. When the Masons built their w brick hall, the ventilating holes in the loft one were neglected a few days, and a stream of s going and returning told of a colony of workthere, It is reported that a Roman church in da Mexico is breaking overhead from the weight honey stored in the garret, and the colony is so long as to be unmanageable, and that streams of her, from breaking combs, are ruining the seats d walls of the church.

The rocks in the mountains catch the runaway arms from the apiary, and the bee man doesn't swarms long in the Rockies. They are too appears there, and the yield of sweets is business there, and start the clicious-time. And "good" doesn't describe it. The rank, thisn't fit for bee feed there. Their finest honey the Mesquite tree, and a shrub called Cat-

Fron with low prices, the profits in beekeeping good. Honey is produced during the most of year, is easily taken from the hives, and winter old produce one hundred twenty pounds of

honey for the market, per year. Expensive honey houses are unnecessary, as the honey is often extracted out in the open, near the apiary, without the slightest danger of the bees meddling. Most of the honey is run in fifty pound cans, soldered shut, and shipped to the city markets.

DO ANIMALS UNDERSTAND HUMAN SPEECH?

BY H. R. TICE.

I will give the following true incident:

Out in Nebraska a ranchman owns a pet sheep, which he has taught to help him load other sheep for market. When a car is ready to be loaded Mr. Ranchman, says, "Now, Peter, we are ready," and Peter at once places himself at the head of the drove to be loaded.

When his master orders him to go he at once starts for the car entrance.

Should he go too fast, or before the others decide to follow, he has but to call him to wait, which he does until told to go ou.

"BE FRUIT-UL AND MULTIPLY."

INSECTS may be briefly described as small animals with very large families. They think nothing of having a few hundreds of little ones at a single birth. Many of them are never satisfied with less than 8,000 or 10,000, while there are not a few whose offspring resemble the sands of the sea, since they cannot be numbered for multitude.

One of these is the common English oil beetle, a great bluish-black creature which waddles clumsily about in grassy places in spring, and squeezes out an evil-smelling yellow fluid all over your fingers if you venture to pick it up. It cannot walk properly, for its body is so hugely distended with eggs that it drags heavily on the ground behind it.

There are some 50,000 of these eggs altogether, and the beetle lays them in batches in holes in the ground, 5,000 or 6,000 in a batch, and then considers herself as absolved from all responsibility with regard to their future welfare. The little long-legged grubs which hatch out from them, however, are quite capable of looking after themselves. They just scramble up the stems of the nearest flowers, and hide among their petals until bumble bees come along in search of honey.

Then they spring on to the hairy bodies of those industrious but somewhat simple insects, and ride them pick-a-back to their nests where they feed luxuriously on the eggs of the bees and on the food which they had stored up for the young. Another insect with a very big family is the fleshfly, first cousin to the common or household bluebottle. This creature believes not only in having as many little ones as it possibly can, but also in rearing them with the utmost practicable rapidity.

So, instead of laying eggs, as almost all other insects do, it lays live grubs, which come pouring out in a continuous stream, all neatly arranged side by side together, like ribbons from the mouth of a conjuror. These grubs, which are deposited upon carrion, at once set to work to devour it, and the more they can the hungrier they get, so that life is simply one long unbroken meal.

The common hive bee is fairly prolific, for the queen lives for three or four years, and lays eggs at the rate of about a couple of hundred a day from March until the end of October. Her annual output probably amounts to between 40,000 and 50,000.

The queen ant is more prolific still, for she drops eggs wherever she goes for her attendants to gather up and carry away to the nurseries. In many cases her offspring must number at least half a million in the course of a single season.

Even this magnificent record, however, is put into the shade by that of the queen termite, whose body swells out with eggs to such an enormous extent that she looks like a large white sausage, with a tiny head and six absurd little legs at one end. The workers build a strong clay prison around her, inclosing her in a narrow cell, from which there is no possibility of escape. But the precaution is quite unnecessary, since she could not drag her great, lumbering body along for a single inch under any circumstances whatsoever. She can only lie perfectly still for four or five years and pour out

eggs in one continual torrent, while hundreds of tiny workers pick them up as fast as they fall and carry them away. In the subsequent career of her numerous little ones she takes no interest whatever. She is simply a live machine for producing millions and millions of eggs.

But the efforts of the queen termite, great as they are, never result in so vast a family as that of the aphis—the formidable "green fly" of the farmer.

An aphis does not lay eggs, as a rule, until the very end of the summer. All the rest of the season it produces living young by a kind of budding process, little ones sprouting out of its body at the rate of some twenty-five a day. This goes on for a month or five weeks, while the young are born in so advanced a state of development that in a very few days they begin to set up budding operations on their own account. So the original parent very soon finds herself surrounded by descendants of the fourth or fifth generation. And, moreover, all these little ones are females. Aphides of the masculine persuasion are exceedingly rare. They only make their appearance, in fact, once in every season, so that aphides, when they die, are gathered, not to their fathers, but to their mothers.

The consequence is that these creatures multiply with almost inconceivable rapidity.

CAT'S EYES AS TIMEKEEPERS.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive, but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day . he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to ambuscade and capture the household cat, and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy. The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a bair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye; after twelve they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers.

The Chinese have by no means a monopoly of the cat as a perambulating timepiece. The negroes of Jamaica are very well acquainted with the method of telling the time by looking at the effect of the sun on pussy's eyes, and those who twenty years ago were quite illiterate and could not tell the time by a watch used to resort to this method for discovering the time of day. I have myself repeatedly, watch in hand, asked a negro to tell the time in this way, and it was very rare indeed for him to be five minutes out by the clock.

DO DOGS THINK?

Do dogs think? Yes, replies Herr Steiner-Brunner, the landlord of the Hotel du Glacier at Meiden, in the Turtmannthal. Herr Brunner left his mountain hotel during the past winter under the guardianship of a watchman, whose only companions were a couple of dogs-a French "griffo" and a little "spitz." A month ago the watchman was cutting wood in the neighborhood of the hotel when he was suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche. The two dogs were with their master and must have seen him thus buried by the fallen mass of snow. Unable to get at him for his release, his two canine friends, either with or without holding counsel together, rushed down the mountain (which stands at the height of eighteen hundred metres above the sea level) and made their way to Herr Brunner's house in the valley. There, by snorting, barking and other signs of excitement, they made the landlord understand that something extraordinary had occurred at the summit. The host, with three men and the two dogs, ascended to the Hotel du Glacier, a journey which occupied them nine hours. When they arrived at the spot where the accident had happened "it was as clearly indicated by the conduct of the two dogs as if they had said in words, 'This is the place.' " The watchman was soon excavated.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for INGLENOOK, to the following addresss.

BRETHEN PORLISHING HOUSE, Eigin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

ANSWER YOUR LETTERS.

THERE is a class of people in the world out of whom it is next to impossible to get an answer by mail. Write them a letter, enclosing an addressed envelope for reply, and you might as well put it in a box in the barn at home as far as ever getting a reply thereto is concerned. These people would be wonderfully displeased if they were to speak to a person they knew, and receive no reply whatever, yet when one of them is asked a question by mail it is the rarest thing for the kind of people we are talking about to answer it. As a pretty general rule it discloses a mental condition that is not to be desired by any one.

We hope no Inglenook boy or girl will ever fall into the habit of neglecting their correspondence. It is not expected that every letter will be answered. If the patent medicine man sends a mass of circulars, with the unstamped envelope enclosed, anybody is at discretion whether it is answered or not. But a letter with a postpaid, addressed envelope, is another thing. It should have the courtesy of an immediate reply, or at as early a date as the information sought is available. The man who carries it around with him, neglecting it, always has his reasons. At the bottom of all of them is a lack of business capacity. If you were running a store, and the man with unanswered letters in his pocket applied for credit you would be very safe in saying no, unless you wanted your bill carried around the same way when it was due. It would not be good business to discount his note, if you were a banker. The chances are that he would let it go to protest, as he does his letters, and it is not a sure thing to make an appointment with bim, for he will forget it and then make excuses when you meet him, usually straining the truth pretty badly in his explanation. All this is not because he does not answer his letters, but because of a mental and moral slackness of twist that makes him neglect his correspondence. He is not a reliable man, and he is all that that implies.

Cultivate the habit of answering all letters at once, and making no delay, for the habit of promptitude and exactness is a valuable one.

SUNSTROKE.

The other day a lady employed in the Publishing House here was overcome by the heat, or, what amounts to the same thing, had a sunstroke. Under prompt treatment, she readily recovered in a few hours. It may not be amiss to tell something of sunstroke, its cause and its treatment, for the benefit of Inglenookers who may be called upon to act promptly in an emergency.

In the first place sunstroke, so-called, may be induced by the heat, sun or no sun. It is the heating of the blood, and the consequent effects, that causes the disease. There is this ever present symptom by which the trouble may be known. The skin is always hot and dry, - always. If the patient is sweating it is not sunstroke. The first symptom is usually a cessation of perspiration coupled with a greater or less degree of dizziness. As long as the person is sweating, even though insensible or delirious, it is not sunstroke, and does not demand sunstroke treatment.

Now for the treatment. A man or woman, reeling, or dropping over, has a hot, dry skin, and all the surroundings in the way of temperature indicating the disease, the first thing to do is to remove the patient to a quiet, shady place, removing all clothing likely to cause heat or obstruct respiration. Then apply cold water, ice water if accessi-

ble, to the head, face, hands and arms of the patient, fanning the while. In a not too severe case this will usually bring the person around. After that it is simply a case of rest and quiet surroundings till a perfect cure is established. It should be remembered that a patient once sunstruck is peculiarly liable to a recurrence, and great care should be taken, for a long time to come, to not repeat the conditions likely to cause a repetition. In some severe cases very grave after-effects follow, but the preliminary and immediate symptoms and treatment herein outlined will be doing all that is possible in the emergency when quick action is called for.

THINGS POLITICAL.

THE INGLENOOK has nothing to do with politics. Around the office nobody ever talks politics, and if anybody has any thoughts about it they are not expressed. The facts are that nobody here cares very much about it. Yet it may not be out of the way to present the names of the regularly nominated candidates. There are more of them than one would think, ten combinations being presented. Nobody, of either or any party, expects anything else than it will lie between McKinley and Bryan.

The present year has been prolific in Presidential tickets. More of them have been put forward than in any year in the country's history. In 1872 there were eight tickets in the field, five of them being Democratic in name or in some form or other. The parties that have held conventions and made nominations this year are given below:

Socialist Labor, Job F. Harriman, of Cal., for President January 27, Max S. Hayes, of Ohio, for Vice-President Social Democracy, Eugene V. Debs, of Ind., for President J. F. Harriman, of Cal., for Vice-President United Christian, Rev. S. C. Swallow, of Pa., for President May 1,..... John G. Woolley, of Ill., for Vice-President People's Party, William J. Bryan, of Nebr., for President May 9,..... C. A. Towne, of Minn., for Vice-President Middle of the Road, Wharton Barker, of Pa., for President May 9, Monnelly, of Minn., for Vice-President DeLeon Socialist, Joseph F. Maloney, of Mass., for President May 23,.....V. Remill, of Pa., for Vice-President Republican, William McKinley, of Ohio, for President June 19, T. Ronsevelt, of N. Y., for Vice-President Prohibition, John G. Woolley, of Ill., for President June 28, H. B. Metcalf, of R. I., for Vice-President Democratic, William J. Bryan, of Nebr., for President July 4,..... A. E. Stevenson, of Ill., for Vice-President Silver Republicans, William J. Bryan, of Nebr., for President July 4, No nominee for Vice President

The strength of the different parties and the votes they received four years ago are important in their bearing upon the contest this year. They were as follows:

McKinley and Hobart Republican	7,104,779
Bryan and SewellDemocrat	6,349,490
Bryan and Watson Populist	149,820
Palmer and Buckner National Democrat	133,124
Levering and Johnson Prohibitionist	132,007
Mattchett and MaguireNational	36,374
Bentley and Southgate Socialist Labor	

There they are, and any reader is hard to please if he does not find some party with which he can affiliate. Ordinarily the conditions are such that the final results can be almost certainly predicted, but it is not exactly that way this year. It will not be safe to be too sure of results until the votes are all counted. It is the unexpected that happens in politics sometimes, as well as in other matters.

CHINESE EGOTISTI.

BY A BOXER.

You Europeans and Americans look at Chinese matters only from your own point of view. Ah! if you could only look at them from ours?

Western civilization is to us a mere mushroom. It is a thing of yesterday. Chinese civilization is unnumbered thousands of years old. We consider ourselves at least two thousand years ahead of you.

There was a time when we had, like you, our "struggle for life," our race for wealth, our ambition for power, our haste and hurry and worry. We, too, had your clever inventions—gunpowder, printing and the rest—but we have lived long enough to find out how essentially unnecessary all these things are.

We have also had our periods of douht, fanancism and dissension in matters of religion, where had our martyrs, our reformations, our non-conformists, our intolerance, and finally our toleration. Yes, thousands of years ago,

But, as I say, we have outgrown it all. From the experience of past centuries we have learned and dom; from the mistakes and disasters of our ancestors we have learned that none of the things for which we strove were really worth striving for.

Our passions and ambitions have settled down into a calm desire for happiness in this world; our religion is reduced to a philosophy of life which the test of the last 2,000 years has proved to be absolutely sound.

We believe that the best thing to pursue in the life is happiness, and we teach our children that their happiness can be secured only by the performance of duty, by the observance of moral and business obligations, and by surrounding one's sel with a circle of equally happy friends and relative

If a Chinaman prospers beyond the lot which falls to his kindred, he finds his greatest happing in sharing his good fortune with them, and in China we never cease to work. There is no such thing a "retiring from business." Work is part of our pleasure because it is part of our duty.

We believe in making the best of this life, which is the only one we know anything about for certain All through China you will find the same level uniform spirit of content. We are as well off as we want to be, and no man can improve on that,

Now these being our circumstances, you of the Western World come to us with what you call you new ideas. You bring us your religion, an infant of nineteen hundred years. You invite us to built railways so that we may fly from place to place at speed which for us has neither necessity nor chain You want to build mills and factories so as to debase our beautiful arts and crafts, and produce law dry finery in place of the beautiful texture and but which we have evolved after ages of experiment.

Against all this we protest. We want to be alone. When we ask you to go away you refuse and you even threaten us if we do not give you or harbors, our land, our towns.

And now, having carefully considered the matta we of the so-called Boxers' Society have decide that the only way to get rid of you is to kill you. We are not naturally bloodthirsty. We certain are not thieves. But when persuasion and argments are of no avail, we find ourselves face to faw with the fact that the only recourse is to put yo out of existence.

Consider your missionaries. They come, as have said, with a new religion, upon the mainpin ciples of which they are divided bitterly and themselves. They tell us that unless we accepted their doctrines we shall suffer eternal punishment. They frighten our children and the more weak minded of the older people, and create all kinds dissensions between families and individuals. We wonder that we will not tolerate them.

If we wanted your railways and machines of could, of course, buy them; but we do not. We have no use for them. Yet you say you will lot us to buy them whether we will or no. Is that just I say it is an impertinence—an outrage.

A good deal is made of the fact that we are a soldiers. Well, we have ceased to be soldiers a cause we have become civilized. War is a barbar ism. In spite of our great mortality, which seems to be very shocking to you, although we recognite in it only a wise provision of nature, the Chine race is increasing at a greater rate than any other people in the world.

We could, if we chose, overwhelm the rest mankind. That we do not do so is due to the period of our civilization, our philosophy and morals. We number 400,000,000 human beings to morals. We number 400,000,000 human beings to who could withstand us if we chose to asset to power? Do you think we are unconscious of the contrary, we understand it only too not the contrary, we understand it only too not they are the masters.

There have been twenty so-called successful vasions of China. Have these invaders dominate the Chinese? No. The conquered have absort their conquerors. All have become Chinese.

Don't seem on the lookout for crows, else for set other people watching. - George Filet.

MRS. McGHEE'S TROUBLE.

MeGHEE is an Irish lady living in Elgin. Mass are mashing, and, as she puts it, also Thitewashin' an scrubbin', when she gets the chance. Mr. McGhee was also of Milesian extraction, working in the quarries down the river. One day a premablast took the husband, and father of the two ture phase boys, up in the air with it. When he came down they gathered him up, and, considering all the circumstances, the wake was as good as could be expected. This untoward event rendered Mrs. McGhee a "widdy woman," much given to dlating on the virtues of the husband who was upfiled in the quarry. Invidious neighbors had the bad taste to say, behind her back, of course, that when Paddy McGhee was alive she made it pretty marin for him at very frequent intervals. Nevertheless, Biddy herself, always referred to him as "a mon among min." But all this is simply preparatory and introductory to the trouble she is in Her story is printed so that some bright Nooker can immortalize himself by helping her out

Teldy and Patsy are her boys, redheaded and fickled, thoroughly boyish boys, good to their mother and standing by her manfully, if she can succeed in finding them when she wants anything done. Now Biddy was thinking one day that she might utilize the services of Teddy and Patsy selling apples at the two stations in town. She had the apples in the back yard, a tree of red ones, and after of yellow apples. So she gathered up two old splint baskets and in one she put thirty red apples, and in the other thirty yellow ones. She had polished them on the edge of her flannel petticoat ill they shone, and they were really good to look at Then she called up the two hopefuls and delivered herself to the effect that they were to take these baskets, one to the Northwestern Station, the other to the Milwaukee, about a good stone's throw apart, and there sell them. The red ones were to go for two for a cent, and the yellow ones three for scent. Mrs. McGhee had worked it all out by laying them out on the table. There would be as many cents in one basket as there were two apples in the whole lot. She found by actual experiment hat the thirty would bring in lifteen cents. At three for a cent the other basket would net ten cents. Now all the world over ten cents and fiteen tents make a " Quaarter," and a quarter a day would work wonders in time. The boys' faces were knubbed, and the two started about noon. In less than an hour they were both back, sold out, "enbely, entirely," as Patsy said. "An', Mither, I kin bitivery day the like of t'day." And Teddy assted that no "ridhid Irish" would be able to best min business. Then they emptied their pockets nd Biddy counted up. "Jist as I made it afore, bilder, dear, a quaarter it is, an' no mistake." And legave them permission to go down to the river th many injunctions to not think of going in amming. An hour later they were ducking each ther in one of the deepest holes in the stream.

The next day another venture in the apple line dled another twenty-five cents, which, by the me token, raised the amount in the cracked sugar in the upper shelf of the cupboard to "fufty ants, an' no mistake." It was clear that the two Pple trees would go a long ways toward extinshing the rent. And then happened something all made Biddy McGhee pretty sure that Auld tekie himself was in figures. It was along this me of occurrences. Teddy McGhee, having been orbidden under pain and penalty as bad as any baginary Boxer torture to cat any apples that Ight be sold, betook himself to unripe fruit, and a special picnic of his own so filled himself with the green ones that he lay doubled up, howling whimpering the most of the night. The next y found him all tuckered out, so that he could on take his apples to the station, and Biddy beoght herself of the scheme of putting the red yellow apples all in one basket, sixty of them, Sure stem go at the same price as before. Sure," she said, "two for a cint, an' tree for a cint 1965t all the same as foive for two cints." And dsy fully agreed to the arithmetic. ouldn't: Isn't it clear that it is just the same? A

Well, in an hour or so Patsy came in sight swingto the house he shouted out to Biddy, "Mither, it's as easy as lyin'. I sold the whole of them and I have the money in the pocket of me." And he emptied it out on the kitchen table. Mrs. McGhee counted it over twice. She turned on Patsy and let loose on him. "Ye little thafe of the wurruld, and wild ye chate your own darlin' mither out of a cint? Hand over that last rid cint or fess up what yez did wid the money,"

" Mither, it's all there. All I got is there, an' no mistake about it,"

"Ye miserable little spalpeen ye, to contrary yer ould mither an' say she can't count. Wull yez count it yersilf, I dunno, maybe?"

Patsy counted it over three times and it came out twenty-four cents each time. There was no mistake about it.

"Mither, if I was to die for it this minnit, an' if Father O'Hooligan himsilf wor here, I'd have to say I dunno, I dunno," and he began to whimper. Mrs. McGhee thought a moment, and then started down the yard toward the apple trees. Patsy believing that this was going for a switch set up a howl. From the depths of the bed in the corner Teddy hoarsely whispered "Rin for it, Patsy, sthay out till daark an' she'll be so glad to see ye aint drown that she niver think o' whuppin' yez."

But Biddy walked in resolutely, her apron full of apples. She counted them out into two piles, thirty in each, and invited Patsy to stand by and see the "thrial," with the entirely gratuitous assertion that she would " teach him the lesson av his loif, in a minnit."

She divided the apples in two piles, thirty in each. Then she set aside two, laying a cent beside the pile. Clearly the amount was fifteen cents. Then she tried it with the other pile of thirty, setting aside three apples and laying down a cent leside each pile. It took ten cents to match the piles. "An' ye miserable little audacious, sneakin, thaving' redhidded by, dy'e see that now? Twenty-five cints."

"Now ye see, I'll joost mux them up togither, an' tree for a cint an' two for a cint make foive for the two cints, it do. An now here do be the twilve piles av foive aich, an' here goes the two cints to th' pile. Dy'e see that same, now?"

Patsy did. Then Biddy began to count up. What! There was only the twenty-four cents, just what Patsy had brought home. Patsy was watching, and he shouted out, "Now thin, who's stole the cint?"

"I'll thry it over, onct," she said.

She tried it many times, each and every way, and when they were sold two-for a cent and three for a cent twenty-five cents resulted. But when she mixed them and sold them for the same price, five for two cents, she was short a cent every time.

"Sure an' I don't understand it at all, at all." Who can tell how it happened?

THEY CUT PRECIOUS GEMS.

Among the hills of the Nahe River, in the grand duchy of Oldenburg, Germany, is the curious little principality of Berkenfeld, with a population of about 42,000 people. For hundreds of years the principal industry of this out-of the-way place has been the cutting and polishing of precious and "half-precious" stones. Although an improved factory system is just beginning to be introduced. into the community, most of the work is still done in the same old laborious manner in which it has been for so many generations.

In the early days there were agate quarries in the hillsides of Berkenfeld, and it is, without doubt, due to the existence of these quarries that the chief industry of the principality lowes its origin. But the quarries of agate have long since been exhausted. and now to the hillsides of the quaint German region come cargoes of agate, amethyst, jasper, opal and topaz from far-away Brazil, lying where the Organ mountains lift their heads to the southern cross beyond strange seas, of which the Berkenfelders only dream.

The usual method employed in Berkenfeld in cutting and polishing these stones is the following:

In a rude but by a stream, which furnishes the power, four large grindstones about four feet in dione foot above the floor, into which a succession, we are a passing dog, and when he got to the that part of the grindstone is below its level. This his jokes. ameter are so fixed that their axes are only about

lower portion passes through the water, thus keeping the stones constantly wet.

The operator has a bench or block of wood ahout eighteen inches high, hollowed out to receive his chest and body. On this bench he lies at full length, and with his fingers holds the small piece of opal, amethyst or other stone which is to be cut against the grindstone, slightly above the level of the floor. In this position the men lie from morning to night, day after day. Consumption usually carries them off at an early age, but other men are found to follow this vocation, as the earnings are comparatively high. The operator usually owns his grindstone, or at least half of one. This represents an investment of about \$500, and a skillful lapidary can earn from \$15 to \$25 per week. He does not usually cut and polish stones on his own account, but generally contracts with manufacturing jewelers, who furnish him the stones in the rough, to cut and polish at a certain price per gem. As the stones, even in the rough, represent a considerable outlay of money, the honesty of the workman must be greatly relied upon, for nobody can say in advance how many grams of finished stones a certain piece of opal, amethyst or the like may yield.

Besides these half-precious stones, precious stones such as diamonds, etc., are also cut and polished there, but this is an entirely different branch of the industry, and is chiefly carried on in factories with modern machinery.

Another branch of the industry in these parts is the cutting of cameos.

Pearls also are polished, drilled and cut and shipped in large quantities to all countries, including the United States.

FATTEN GIRLS FOR MARRIAGE.

Throughour Morocco, and especially in Tunis, the capital city, many of the adult members of the population fullow professionally the pursuit of fattening young women for the matrimonial market of Barbary. The Moors, like the Turks and most other orientals, give a decided preference to "moon-faced" wives over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments they possess.

A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a matraque, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a hall of consconssou, or stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking.

If the unfortunate girl declines to be stuffed she is compelled, so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture and gulps down the boluses lest she should be beaten.

A SHERLOCK OF RAUMEN.

A RIGHTZ who was gathering up wornout clothing in the country purchased a pair of discarded trousers at a farmhouse and remarked to the man of the house as he paid for the stuff he had bought: "I see, sir, that you are about to lose your land

on a mortgage."

"Gness you are right," said the discouragedlooking farmer, "but will you tell me how the Sam Hill you found that out?"

"Easy enough," said the cheerful ragman, as he settled back on the seat of his peddling wagon. "I notice that these old pants are completely played out so far as the part of 'em you sat down on is concerned, but they show mighty little wear anywhere else,"

Cyryr is a weight used by goldsmiths and fewclers. Originally the kains bean was used for this jumpose; hence the name. A carat is a weight of four grains, when used in weighing diamonds; and when used in reference to the fineness of gold, pure gold is supposed to weigh twenty-four carats of twelve grains each. The fineness of gold used for ornaments and jewelry varies from eighteen carats down as low as twelve, and even ten carats. Coin is purer. The alloy is various, in jewelry usually

THE humorist gets his butter from the cream of

Good Reading

LEARNING TO MILK.

BY ANNA M. MUTCHEL.

Among the various ambitions of the little country lass, the one that usually surpasses all others is the great desire to learn to milk the cows.

But at last the happy hour arrives when the little maid is considered old enough for the grave and responsible position, and the oldest and most gentle cow on the farm is the one selected from which to learn the rudiments of the milking art, and invariably it is the one nearest "going dry," so that a good milking cow will not be spoiled by the slow and uncertain methods pursued by the inexperienced milkmaid.

Well do I remember the gentle old cow we called Fanny, from whom I learned my first lessons in that line. Several generations of Fannies, Spotties and Daisies have arrived and lived to reach sober cowhood, flourished for a while and then passed to the realms of the cattle buyer or the beef barrel, since that eventful day when my long-cherished desire was granted and I was permitted to help to do the milking.

Attired in a calico frock, bare feet and a torn sunbonnet, I entered the field of action-namely, the barnyard-armed with a tin cup and a goodsized bucket, which I fondly hoped to be able to fill with the foaming milk I expected to extract, and thereby surprise the rest of the family who appeared a little dubious as to my success.

But, alas! I was doomed to disappointment in attaining that bucket full of milk. After being informed to always stand at the right side of the cow to operate, I took my place and proceeded to follow the instructions freely given by the other members of the family, but my most energetic efforts failed to induce that milk to come.

After I had tugged and pulled until the sweat rolled down my face and my wrists were decidedly crampy, I was rewarded by a tiny stream that suddenly shot forth, but not having the experience necessary to guide it aright, it failed to enter the tin cup. But the success had revived my sinking spirits and I continued the attack with renewed vim and vigor, and though the result did not come up to my expectations, yet 1 was not utterly discouraged when I found I had the tin cup one-third full by the time the other girls had the rest of the cows milked.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is a very good motto to apply to the milking business, for there is nothing but experience will make us perfect in that ling. Like all other vocations in life it has its ups and downs, even more so if you are connected with a kicker. In my estimation it requires about as much courage to tackle a kicking cow as to go to war, yet who ever hears of the heroism displayed by many a humble milkmaid?

A few briar scratches judiciously distributed will give a zest and excitement to an otherwise homely task, you would hardly believe possible. As unsuspicious you begin operations as usual, you suddenly discover yourself sprawling around on the ground, while one foot of the cow is executing a war dance in the milk pail, and another foot is sweeping majestically through the air in close proximity to your

Another favorite pastime of some cows-and one about as effective as a small cyclone-is to keep up a steady kicking with first one foot and then the other, until you become accustomed to this move, when the tactics are suddenly changed and with lightning-like rapidity she kicks twice in succession with the same foot. This move is usually accompanied with a switch of the tail into the milker's eyes, given with a zeal and energy entirely uncalled for and decidedly unpleasant.

The above are but a few examples, however, from among the numerous and varied assortment of moves and combinations in cow-kickerism.

Newburg, Pa.

WILD FLOWERS OF COLORADO.

BY NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

Kansas is called the "Sunflower State," but Colorado is her twin sister. During August and early

September we can gaze upon acres and used great golden beauties, holding their lovely sunlit as it is not necessary to his rest. An Arab can great golden beauties, holding their lovely sunlit as it is not necessary to his rest. An Arab can faces up for the King of the heavens to smile upon. sleep as the dogs do, on the footpath, along the Unlike some of the tame varieties, they do not always turn their faces sunward, but most of them does sleep. A bed is therefore by no means and greet him the first thing every morning; just as ev- variable article of furniture; but a large copper by ery happy child of God ought to greet the Sun of sin, called a tisht, is. In it the Arab washes him Righteousness, with a loving heart of pure gold ev-, self and his clothes, and in it, too, he keeps ha ery morning, ere the day's work begins.

When we have plenty of rain, the stalks of this plant grow to a height of five or six feet in many places, and their broad green leaves spread out like dainty green parasols. There is another variety, however, whose blossoms are smaller and more abundant, and whose leaves are more narrow. They are quite as beautiful as the larger variety, though they do not grow so tall.

Then we have the wild cypress, a tall spike of the most beautiful scarlet blossoms, these grow only about two feet or two and one-half feet tall, and the spikes of blossoms are about one-third to one-half the length. We have wild harebells, lilies, roses, flax, daisies, geraniums, bluebells and many other varieties whose names I do not know,

But our flowers are almost odorless, except the cleoma or spider lily, whose odor is disagreeable. The air being so light, even tame flowers do not emit so much odor as in the East. There is a beautiful wild four-o'clock, as we call it, which grows upon hills and mountain sides; it has purple blossoms and grows in great clusters upon low bushes which come up from the living roots every spring. It blossoms the second year from the seed, but the plants live many years. The blossoms, however, like all tame four-o'clocks, do not open until five o'clock, here, and they close about nine o'clock the next morning.

There is a beautiful vine, which clambers over the bluffs, and bears clusters of dainty white blossoms. We call it "wild elematis." Every portion of the State yields some different kinds of wild flowers. But those of which I have written are quite general, as are also the beautiful cactus blossoms which come early in summer and remain through July. There is a small variety, the plant of which looks like a round ball covered with thorns, and bears the earliest blossoms. We call it the "pincushion cactus." The first to blossom has light green flowers opening down among its thorns in the spring before other plants are grown to much size. Then come the red and pink blossoms later.

Then there is the variety which bears yellow blossoms like large roses, and has flat, *thorny leaves. After the blossoms are gone, they bear fruit, which is pale crimson in color and oblong in shape; about two inches long, and one inch thick. It consists of a tough skin, decorated with tiny bearded thorns, and a great many little hard seeds, which resemble tomato seeds.

Then we have the elkhorn cactus, which grows about three feet high, and bears very pretty and durable red flowers. They blossom in July. The most notable feature about these plants, however, is their very thorny surface. They are like some people: pretty, but unapproachable. Should you desire a closer acquaintance, you will receive a sting which will teach you that some things are made to be looked at, but not to be touched.

There are many weeds which bear beautiful autumnal blossoms, and very pretty leaves. But among them all, I believe the little wild daisies, with their pure hearts always open to the sun's warm rays; and the rich golden sunflowers, always reflecting his warm light, are the most useful, and would be missed more than all others, should they cease to exist. So it is, I think with the purehearted and sunny-faced children of God. They make the world more beautiful than all the others put together.

There are daisies and sunflowers among people, as well as among the plants.

HOUSE OF THE ARAB.

In the Arab's house the most conspicuous object is, perhaps, a large wooden box covered with rough Arabic designs in red and yellow lions-this contains his treasures, a copy of the Koran, a tin looking-glass and other curious things.

If the house is a fairly good one there is also a large wadded quilt, bataneyeh, upon a hed, but this is not always in evidence, for a bed is not an indis-

September we can gaze upon acres and acres of the pensable article in an Arab's furnishing, inasmu meat, when he has any.

The Fellah uses his house but little; it is for him a shelter from the heat or from storm; but as heat is at no time unendurable during the winter months and as storms are of rare occurrence, Arab life can be studied where Arabs chiefly live, out of doors,

A group of Arabs seated at their midday meal make a picturesque scene. They sit with their backs against some garden wall, with feet drawn up their favorite pose. Brown earthenware hasing hold the food. The enamel lining of one is a bril. liant green, and it is filled with oil in which tomatoes are swimming. A purple mug has in it a yellow mixture, specks of some finely chopped green vegetable float in the greasy liquid and lengths of coarse bread lie about on the ground. Each breaks off what he needs, and all dip into the dishes, using fingers and bread indifferently.

FELLING TALL CHIMNEYS.

DEMOLITION of a tall chimney, when accomplished in the same manner by which it was erected, brick by brick, is tedious and expensive.] England a quicker, cheaper and more effective way has been devised and a chimney 200 or 300 led high, that took months to build and which weighs several thousand tons, may be thrown down in a few days at an insignificant expenditure of time and money, says the Scientific American.

This scheme consists of removing the greater portion of the base of the chimney, substituting thick wooden underpinning for the masonry and then firing the props, which burn through and the chimney collapses. James Smith, living in a Manchester suburb, originated the idea and has overthrown a hundred chimneys without any mishaps, and some of them were the largest in existence.

An area a little more than the length and breadth of the stack is sufficient for it to fall on. An incision is made in the chimney about five feet hom the ground facing the direction in which it is to lall and corresponding cuts are made on the sides, the bricks from the cuts to the ground being removed As the bricks are taken out an underpinning of six by six timbers is inserted, the work being carried on till two-thirds of the base of the stack has been so treated. By this time it is listed over slightly in the direction it is to fall and rests entirely on the underpinning. On the reverse side of the climney a crack now appears.

When the underpinning is fired the chimney falls. not intact, but telescoping itself. One stack 30 feet high and weighing 3,500 tons required for turns ing the underpinning over six tons of coal, toal tons of pitch, forty sacks of shavings, to8 gallons of tar and 126 gallons of paraffin.

"MARRIAGE a failure! I should say not!" marked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was sired on one of the questions of the day. "Wh there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin', milks cows, gits breakfas', starts four children to sken looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep show twenty pans o' milk, washes the clothes gits die ner, et cetery, et cetery. Think I could hire any body to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Mar riage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"

"Bonny," said his mother, "did you give hall o the orange to your little sister?"

"Oh, yes, ma, I gave her more than that?" re plied Bobby, with a generous air

"Did you, indeed, Bobby? Why, that was red

"Yes, ma, I sucked the juice out and gave her? nice of you.' the rest."

"Kinn lady," he inquired as he inspected the staff of a great daily journal, "what is your work this journalistic establishment?"

"I write the Reveries of a Bachelor, kind six she replied sweetly.

ooo The o Circle ooo

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Oxe sister asks some questions concerning Circle we answer them here for the benefit of al who may want the same information. She wants know how these meetings are conducted. We suppose no two meetings at different places are consucted just alike. We can give but a general idea of the programme, as in each locality they vary in mall particulars. The meetings are opened by cipture reading, singing, and prayer. Then some opic is taken up and discussed. We have been giver a topic for each week's meeting in this paper, After spending a short time on that, there should be paper read, bearing on some phase of mission work.

Is some meetings they spend about twenty minutes n reading from some one of the Circle books, each number reading in turn. The meeting is closed y singing and prayer. It is very essential to have 1300d leader, who will assist in getting up good grogrammes. She also asks when and where to hold the meet-

She also asks when and where to hold the meetings, in some places they are held in the homes of the members on some evening, others prefer to ave them in the church, some are held in the burch on Sunday evening before services.

Sometime ago Sister Lovenia S. Andes, of Lanaster, Pa., sent us a number of names; now she
intes as follows: "I rejoice to tell you that our
keading Circle is increasing in numbers here in
ancaster City. Ten more persons have been addad to our number. I have just finished reading the
book, "The World for Christ," and now I am readag, "In the Volume of the Book." We intend to
have another Missionary meeting next Monday
weing; we have a very interesting programme for
that meeting. Our sewing society meets every
Ihursday afternoon in the missionaay room of our
thurch to do sewing. The children's sewing class
meets every Saturday afternoon. We praise God
of the missionary spirit manifested among his peoble."

We are glad to note the steady growth of our linde. This week we welcome the following new numbers:

316,	Alpheus W. Dupler, Ziontown, Ohio.
317.	Mining D. Edwards and C. L. C. Comition, Conto.
118.	Minue D. Ehersole, 554 S. Duke St., Lancaster, P.a.
270	Jane C. Zeigler, 635 W. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa. Cora Shaffner.
221	Cora Shaffner,
201	Carne Fry
32	Barbara Weaver 238 F. Orange C. Latter Ster, File
3-3.	Barbara Weaver, 238 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa. Ellen D. Ebersule
321	William P. Bost 554 S. Duke St., Laticaster, Fa.
200	Alice Caronia
10	Alice Garnion Lancaster, Pa. Olive M. Best. Bertha M. Fike Lancaster, Pa.
127	Rente M. Hest
	Benha M. Fike, Belleville, Kansas.
	**** * *** * *** * *** * * * * * * * *

TEROW OUT THE LINE-LINE - Captain Pritchard disof the rescue of a man who was swept overoad one night in a storm. The British ship unnesslin was weathering the gale, when the Cap-In heard the cry, "Man overboard." He rushed ut and the steersman said he had thrown a life hoy pretty near where the man was. The ship as going nine knots an hour, the sea was frightful, at was pitch dark; the man could not swim. at the Captain determined to do his best to save resilor's life. He sailed back to the place where t man had fallen in. A volunteer crew manned le life boat, and all hands were set to watch and sten for the missing man. The life-boat was imbice of in the darkness, only the of the sailors came faintly to the ears of on the ship. There is anothing and waiting on the ship. There is anothing awesome and dreadful about leaving the p at night in a small boat, and the Captain and anxiously for the return of his men. At last the faint cheers reached them from the direction which the boat had gone. It was returning, by rockets which were sent up from the ad heen clinging to the buoy thrown him by the etisnian, it having fallen within his reach.

We see, here and there, one who is making ship-the faith. What are we doing to save him?

Coulomb the church aroused, and on the lookout to

Sunday A School ...

THE MINISTER'S BOY AND HIS DOG.

WILLIE was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son. Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the preaching, for their house was next door to the church.

"Dan," said Willie, "it is better here than in the church, for you can hear every word,"

In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise black face and with one car ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again the sharp bark said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around and saw the funny picture. Then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father and took Dan in his arms and said:

"Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would tie up that dog.

WHEN GOD IS SILENT.

However greatly we may rejoice to hear the voice of God, there are times when the soul welcomes the silence which God keeps. When remembered sin urgently presses upon our thought, when remorse is keen, and despair is almost master for the moment, God may mercifully allow the grief to pass with never a word from him. His comfort would shame us sorely, and his censure would only deepen the shadow. As a loving father waits in silence while the tempest of contrition sweeps over his dear son, and then lets his love shine in through the scattered clouds; so our heavenly Father gently keeps us close to himself until the passion is overpast, and then what earnest of his love he gives us in conscious nearness to him, in peace and quiet, and in his promise of forgetfulness! "He will not always chide." Nor will be always speak words of comfort. He will do at the moment what is most needful for us, and the silence of God may well be the comfort we most need at such a time.

To do right is the real obligation that faces us, A thief, defending himself by saying, "But a man must live," was met with the answer, "I do not see that." There is no necessity to live, but there is a supreme necessity to do right. Thousands of men and women have laid down their lives rather than do wrong. Let us never allow what are called the lower necessities of life to say a word in the presence of the imperial "ought."

Toxques alone cannot work much mischief in the world. It takes ears to make the work of tongues complete and efficient. If tongues must be bridled, ears must be stopped. Many a man who would not tell an impure story or give impetus to a ribald jest will do his part in demoralizing himself and his fellows by opening his ears to it. Deafness helps the evil speaker to hold his tongue.

HAVE patience, teacher, the child must learn. To walk in wisdom's way.

From failure and fault, from error and wrong.

You guide him to the day.

A GRAIN of wisdom can be spread over a larger surface than a grain of gold,

For * the * Wee * Folk

SANCHO PANZA.

BY AUNT FANNY,

I AM not going to write about the famous Sancho Panza who figured long, long ago in the story of Don Quixote, but will give you a true history of a namesake of his, who was about as wise if not as noted, and who lived in Ohio forty or fifty years ago.

He was a large, handsome Newfoundland dog. He gave us many proofs of intelligence. One thing he learned when quite young, was to carry a basket, or package, from his master's office, uptown, and never stop on the way or permit anyone to rob him, but with an important look would deposit the parcel when he reached his home, and then look up and expect words of praise, which he was sure to get, before he would run away contented and happy. No matter whether his basket held beefsteak or mail he kept all as a sacred trust for the distance of about three blocks.

On his route there was a certain store where a loafer's bench in front was generally filled with idle men and boys, who tried in many ways to get the basket away from Sancho. He soon learned to turn out into the street just before he came to the place of trouble and when beyond he would return to the sidewalk. Did not that show sense? Was it not better than to growl and fight his way through?

Sancho was very fond of little pets. Every small or helpless creature found safety by his side. Sometimes visitors came to his home with little babies and then he was nearly frantic to be near the child. He would loll out his tongue and talk baby talk after a fashion of his own, and I suppose the babies understood, for I never knew one to be the least bit afraid of him. They would bury their little dimpled hands in his great black glossy curls, and the more they pulled his ears the better he seemed to like it.

One time a stray kitten found a place in the affections of our hero, and shared a place in his bed and board, and so lived happily and well protected. But one luckless day a boy was delegated to destroy the lives of all the feline race in the neighborhood. So this particular kitty was put into a sack with some others. A string tied up the sack and a stone fastened to it so that all might sink in deep water and so drown the kittens. Now there was a beautiful stream of water flowing along one side of the village and the boy mounted the bridge and when about midway he slyly dropped his bundle into the water. We thought he had been so quick and sly that Sancho had not seen him; but not so, for Mr. Sancho was in the water and out again, with the precious bundle before the surprised boy could say "Jack Robinson." The sack was soon undone and the wet kitten nosed about in the dust until she was a sorry sight. But her quick-witted friend soon saw his way out. He grasped her by the nape of the neck, like old cats when they carry their kittens from place to place, then carried her back into the water and swashed her about until the dust was all off her. Then with a high head he marched straight home and laid her carefully under the kitchen stove, as much as to say, "Now stay there till you get dry." And you may be sure that kitten lived about as it pleased after that.

Sancho was generally very friendly with everyone, although sometimes he showed a decided dislike for certain persons, and we had such faith in his wisdom that we thought there must be something bad in every person that Sancho disliked. After these many years I am glad to write this tribute to his memory.

Little sister May and I
Can sing sweetly when we try,
If everything is pleasant and we're glad;
But our voices are so weak
And it hurts our throats to speak,
When everything is dreary and we're sad!

A FITTLE lad of three years when asked why he had opened the gate after being forbidden to do so, replied, "To get a little fresh air."

Unless you believe in the heroic you will never be a hero.

WHERE AND HOW THE DOCTORS GET DEAD BODIES.

Ax old woman in a faded dress and with a threadbare shawl about her shoulders rang the bell at one of the best-known medical colleges in Chicago the other day and waited nervously for a response. In a minute the janitor opened the door.

"I am looking for my son," said the woman in a trembling voice.

"What class is he in?" asked the janitor.

"He isn't in any class. I am looking for his body.'

"Oh, I understand."

"They told me at the county hospital that he was dead and that his body had been sent over here. Can you tell me whether or not you have it?"

"I can take you to the basement and let you see if you can identify it."

The janitor led the way to the room where the bodies are kept that are awaiting dissection. There the poor woman identified the remains of her son. She was at once told by the authorities of the college that she could take the body, but when the woman learned that it would cost \$25 to bury the remains she said that she could not take them. Then she requested that after the college had made use of the corpse the remains should be buried instead of cremated and that the number of the grave be sent to her. The wishes of the mother were respected and after the burial in potter's field out at Dunning the number of the grave was sent to her.

The body of the boy had been furnished to the Demonstrators' association of Chicago by the Cook county hospital in conformance to the laws of of Illinois. In 1885 the State legislature passed a "pauper remains" law which has proven its excellence. The law provides that the warden or superintendent of any State institution, such as the county hospital or poorhouse, shall deliver to the medical colleges all bodies of the dead whose burial would otherwise have to be conducted at the expense of the State. For the refusal by such an official to deliver a body there was provided a fine of \$50 for the first offense, \$100 for the second and \$200 or a year's imprisonment in the county jail or both fine and imprisonment for the third. No fine has ever been necessary. All of the officials to whom this law was directed give up all of those bodies which would have to be buried by the State-in other words, those unclaimed by friends.

For the equitable and fair distribution of these bodies the law provides that they shall be allotted to colleges in proportion to the numbers of attending students. To carry out the intention of the law in the best way possible there was formed by the colleges a representative society, called the Demonstrators' association. Each of the twenty-seven medical and dental colleges in Chicago sends one delegate to the association, and these twentyseven comprise its entire membership.

Once every month the association meets to consider questions of importance that arise in regard to the handling of subjects and to hear complaints from those representatives who think their colleges have not been treated justly in the distribution of bodies, if there should be any such complainants. In the person of Dr. J. M. Dodson the association has a "distributor" whose duty it is to attend to the proper division of all the corpses which fall into the hands of the association. That Dr. Dodson has held this position for eleven years is an indication of the satisfactory manner in which he has filled it. The association is entirely voluntary and was formed by the colleges in the belief that each school could through the ministrations of the society, get what belonged to it more cheaply and more expeditiously.

In the course of a year between 700 and 800 bodies are given to the association. Nearly fourfifths of the bodies are those of men, as women in the county institutions are much more likely than men to have friends who will bury them. If the officers of the institution at which the pauper dies think it possible that some one may turn up to claim and bury the remains a red card is attached to the body. This card is the signal which indicates to the college receiving the body that it is to be held as long as possible awaiting a claimant.

The delivery man of the Demonstrators' association is telephoned that a body is awaiting disposition and the driver goes to the institution with a wagon especially maintained by the association,

and, securing the body, takes it to whatever college Dr. Dodson indicates.

As soon as the body is received it is embalmed, and when this process is contemplated the corpse is frozen perfectly solid by a process designed especially for the purpose. After being properly frozen a body can be preserved in perfect condition for a period of two years. Those that have been preserved have been reclaimed by friends or relatives as long as five months after they have been received at the colleges. After the bodies have been dissected the remains are either cremated or interred in the potter's field out at the county asylum for the poor.

Bodies which are of especial interest on account of death having ensued from some peculiar form of disease are not taken at once to any college, but are conveyed to the county hospital for immediate examination and all of the students from all of the colleges are at liberty to attend the examination and accompanying demonstration. All bodies which go to the colleges are for the purpose of the study of anatomy only and not for the tracing of any disease or its effects.

CATCH FROGS FOR A LIVING.

Among a class of people residing along the shores of Oneida Lake in the vicinity of Upper South Bay the industry of hunting frogs is surpassed in importance only by that of fishing.

Frogs' legs and fish go together in making up an appetizing meal at many of the Oneida Lake summer hotels, and killing frogs and catching fish are kindred pursuits. In this manner a score of Oncida Lake longshoremen make a livelihood. The frog business, however, is comparatively new.

During a greater part of the season frogs are found in marshy places along the lake shore. A frog hunter sometimes uses a spear, but more often a long, stout club. The club has a flat end, and one well-directed blow will add another frog to the collection in a hunter's basket.

During the summer months frogs are found on high ground, having migrated from the bogs bordering the lake. Hayfields are a favorite abiding place for them in summer, and it is no unusual sight to see a frog hunter following a mowing machine and aiming blows at frogs that are exposed to view as the grass falls.

In the southeastern part of the State there are inclosed frog farms with artificial ponds. Here frogs are raised for the New York City market. While central New York cannot yet boast of a real frog farm, an Oneida Lake man is proprietor of something closely resembling such an institution.

The Oneida Lake man has a large yard on his premises inclosed by a tight board fence. In the yard are thousands of fine-looking frogs. They were picked up along the lake shore last spring before they had awakened from a stupor brought on by a few days of cold weather.

The owner of this collection of frogs is able to fill orders from hotel proprietors for fresh frogs' legs promptly. By going into the yard with a lantern at night as many frogs as are required may easily be picked up by hand, providing the collector is careful to make no noise.

Frogs' legs, after being dressed, are left on ice for a day or more to make them good for eating. Twenty or twenty-five cents a pound is the price usually paid by Oncida Lake hotel proprietors.

A POUND AND A HALF OF HUMANITY.

A round and a half of baby has come to Walla Walla, Washington.

An atom of humanity that you could cradle in the palm of your hand is cooing and growing in our neighbor State.

A twelve-inch infant with hand so small that the mother's wedding ring could be slipped over it and up to the elbow, has gone upon record as a western wonder in diminutive.

A pound and a half. Why, even the ghost of a baby would weigh that much.

This phenomenally small human being is a girl. The mother-and a proud, happy mother she is, too-is Mrs. E. E. Ellison. The Ellisons live in a cozy little cottage on West Rose Street, Walla Walla. The wee baby was added to the family circle some six months ago, the fifth child in the fami-

And the remarkable part of this baby story that Baby Ellison is doing beautifully, thank you She is well and "knowing"—every mother under stands what that means—and unless all press signs fail will go on cutting teeth and being as dea and sweet and troublesome as other babies are, Ga bless them, be they girls or boys.

Take a ring off your finger, look at the small golden circle and try to imagine a baby hand that that same ring would encompass; a wrist that could wear the ring as a bracelet, or an arm that could pass through it to the clbow.

Then you will have a good idea of how Baby Ev lison's mite of a hand looked at birth.

The nurse said she never, never, in all her days saw such a baby; a baby that you almost had to put spectacles on to find when you heard it crying somewhere among the downy pillows. And ven naturally, for nurses love their helpless charges; motherly fashion, this nurse was anxious to give specially tender care to a poor little scrap of a creature with such unequal chances of living in a world that big, fat, healthy, roly-poly babies sometime find a rather difficult one to cut teeth in and have awful colic pains in. So she almost watched even breath that baby drew into its infinitesimal ham Never was more professional solicitude and anxiet centered upon one small, red-faced, squirming ob ject than was given Baby Ellison.

Whether it was the care or the love or the prayer that lingered about the little crib in the little cottage where lay the tiniest baby girl, who can tell? At any rate, there isn't to-day a healthier six-months-old in all Washington than the youngster who tipped the scales at a pound and a few ounces over.

There have been other phenomenally small babie in this big world. Medical records relate a number of such instances, but they have all died soon after birth, nature not being able to kee the breath of life in their frail bodies. Baby Ell son is the exception to the rule.

LACKED POWER OF EXPRESSION.

A CANDIDATE for the position of teacher in a New Hampshire district school was found sadly deficient in spelling, grammar and mathematics, and it was with a perfunctory air that the examiner turned to the subject of geography.

"Where is Chicago?" he asked, selecting a ques tion at random from a sheet of miscellaneous qu

"Well, it's out West," replied the candidate wit the tone of one who had unexpectedly landed of solid and familiar ground.

"In what part of the West?" persisted the heatless examiner.

"Well, now," said the young man, with an ingo ious but fleeting smile, "I know whereabouts in the Union Chicago is, just as well as anybody. I could go right there if I had a ticket, but I haven't the flow of language to make it clear, that's the on ly trouble!"

A FEAT BEYOND HIT.

A Scorrish prison chaptain, recently appoint entered one of the cells on his first round spection, and with much pomposity thus address the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the non-chalae

reply.

" Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are? Then I had heard o' ye helord" "And what did you hear?" returned the ch lain, his curiosity getting the better of his digni

"Well I heard that the last twa kirks ye were ye preached them baith empty; but ye will no it it such an easy matter to do the same wi this one

> And all the day you'll have good lack." " SEE a pin and pick it up. We'd all believe that in a mante Of one that has a diamond mill

When the wife of a lazy man refuses to take washing to support him he begins to talk a marriage being a failure.

Varnish is used by the painter for an overcont

What They Say.



Chicago Says:

to INGLENOUS is par excellence. It has the Monday the Pouth's Companion in our hach another seems better than the eling one. I have a Sunday-school class phys and guls, from thirteen to eighteen k and all get the INGLENDOK as a Sundaya paper, and they are delighted with it. R. Willer

From Batavia, III.

fethink the INGLEROOK an interesting and rune paper, Ar, and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

is with much satisfaction that I express approval of the INGLENOUR. Its appearand general make up are such that it at namends it to the reader. It has found rayinto many of our homes, and the peonetrily glad, for its continued success.— John Luck.

Mt. Morris Says:

the ISBLENOISE easily takes rank among estyoung people's papers in the country, beller than most of them because of the ment the silly love stories and light read-It is a most valuable addition to the men's publications. No family should be outil.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

0 0

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

have been receiving the INGLENOOK utstaited. We like it very well. I would to ser it girm all the homes of the land. g.-Eld. I. R. Trout.

0 0 South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

eligiennok is an interesting paper. It al by old and young in our family. Try alyon will be pleased with it .- Eld. S. F.

0 0

Hear Virigina Talk.

all the young people's papers that I have seen and read I think there is none that wild as great or as desirable influence its readers as the INGLENDOK .- IV. K.

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

ave been a constant reader of the INGLEfrom its beginning to the present time, shile it is not specially intended for the followd something that interests me in issue. I am unterested in the Nook bemy expectations. I especially recom-it to the young readers, — E.M. A. B.

0 0

M Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

self and family greatly enjoy reading onr thurch paper. We trust its future may long and useful one. J. K. Miller.

0 0

Another From Iowa,

areknown the INGLENDOR from its birth, on building say that it is the most indire youth's paper I have ever read. It uliarly adapted to both old and young. I placed it in our Massion Sunday school, the general verdict is that it can not be led by any other Sunday-school paper.—

Over in Indiana.

family and I say that the INGLENOOK is action paper. There are many things in derryone likes, and which they ought to People who do not take the INGLEhave occasion to regret it. The Editor the needs of the readers. -1. IV. Teeter.

0 0

And Down in Missouri.

saumber of years I have wondered why hothave a paper for our young people. agin character, with a tendency toward We have that in the INGLENOOK. be in every home in the church. Ellenberger.

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And This.

e half Niok is clean, newsy, interesting one Ructive. The lanks and papers one atell sho and what he is us well as the Let be keeps. Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Soys:

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0 0

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0 0 Down In Virginia.

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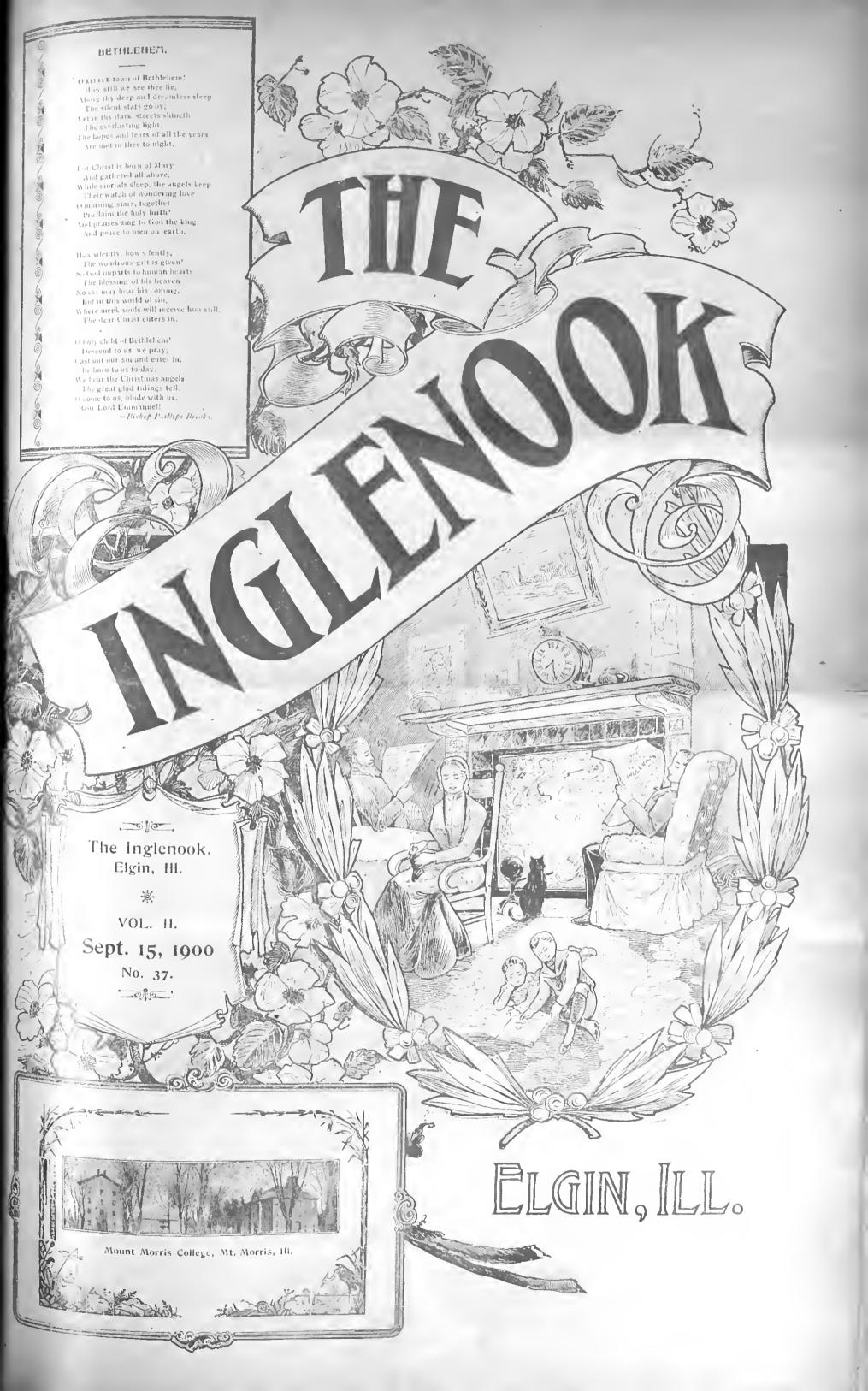
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Circle. A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM, BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading J. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians. QUINCY LECKRONE; Best Argument for Trine Immersion. E. S. YOUNG; Best Means of Bible Study

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> Brethren Publishing House, PUBLISHERS,

Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., SEPT. 15, 1900.

No. 37.

THE HORSE, THE DOO AND THE MAN.

her horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to

a fence;
with borse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit

of sense him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his

hands, do you?"

Jands, do you? "

Jands, do you

agoat if I do."

1 a poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he

begged them, "Stay! begged them, "Stay! go will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my

thumbs away!

| will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why

should you treat me so?

pray let me go!"

nedog laughed out and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt you! You see

Well have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your dock-

adgave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you

know, may tall to do the artistic thing, as he did in furnishing me with a

othey bound the man and cut off his thumbs and were deaf to his piriful cries,

through happy and dazzled eyes;

through happy and dazzled eyes.

How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkwald thumbs are gone!

or the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them

Still it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;

is ears look rather 100 long for me, and how do they look to

the man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see,

diff you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure

But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively

said,
When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close

to the top of my head!"

they let him moan and they let him groan while they

cropped his ears away,

but they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud

indeed were they!

-S. E. Kiser.

LEVI AND LEAH.

Chapter III.

THE night of the day of the Sermon on the dount the house of Matthew the taxgatherer was he scene of a remarkable group. There was Mattew's wife, his son, Christus, and a visiting neighor, anxious to learn more of what had been said. The men reclined on the divan, a sort of seat that be brounded the room and which served excellently or a resting place.

The youth inquired through his father whether the might ask a question. Then Christus answered: "Levi, have I not dwelt with you and your people for months? Have not the sick been made tell, the crippled to walk, the blind to see, the maked to reason aright, and have not blessings followed those who injured me? Why do you

Levi was struck dumb. His question had been asswered before he had asked it. The reply was nanswerable, Here was a man doing that which man had ever done before, and man or God, it stot within human reason to protract the mental suggle. With all the impetuousness of youth he

"Rabbi, thou art the Son of God. Lead that I ay lollow in thy footsteps. I am not worthy, but save thy blessing, and also thy blessing an anoth"She bath not doubted."

"Son," said Christus, "Thou art doubly blessed."
On the next street a family sat in council.

defewere Leah's father and mother, her brother

Daughter," said the father, "I saw thee at the string of that arch conspirator this day, and in at you do not consort with such."

"Father, may I ask why I am not to be seen with either Levi or Christus?"

"Because Christus is but a common deceiver, and his followers are not those first in the councils of Israel. There is not a law of our faith that he does not willingly and easily break. He is a rough Galilean, a peasant worker, and he will come to the Cross if he does not cease his blasphemous works."

"But, father, how do you account for the wonderful miracles that he hath wrought? He has cured the sick, and helped the poor. And he blesses those who revile him. Is it not so said in our law?"

"Child, thou understandest not. He is not what he seems. Those who know him best, his own brothers, and others nearest him, do not believe in him or his teaching. He is a coworker with the Evil one. Keep from him, and from the son of Matthew, his kinsman, lest thou cast reproach on Israel."

"And why from Levi?"

"Daughter, he is the son of Matthew. He, Matthew, was the first to apply for the place at the Roman customhouse. He wrings taxes out of the Lord's people. He is despised among his kinsmen. For gold he has sold his birthright. As well that he be a barbarian outright, as to sully his people with the reproach he casts upon them. As to Levi, he is the son of a renegade Jew, and he will be as his father when he is grown."

"As to the relation of Matthew to our people he is, as I know, despised among men, but Levi is a comely youth, and should not be held for the sins of his father. Christus I know to be a good man. When the Roman smote him in the mouth he passed by and answered not in kind. Christus owes no man. He is not either a borrower or a consumer of other men's wealth. He asks no question as to causes or conditions when he is approached by those needing his help. He helps and asks not again. If Levi should find that he is really the Son of the Most High willingly would I follow him to the ends of the earth, alone, and deem it a high privilege to be his servant and minister unto him."

"And I say to you, that if you leave your home for Levi, son of the Publican, curses and not blessings, follow thee."

"And I say to you, and to all my kinfolk, if indeed Christus be the Son of God, and if Levi follows him, there will I be also, yea even though the cross waits me. If our lot leads to poverty, I will not murmur. If Levi be called to the palace and from thence to be taken to the arena, and cast among the lions I will be by his side. And when the tawny brutes cast themselves on him I will cast myself between them and him. If he dies for the truth I will die with him. If Levi should staod on the steps of the synagogue and speak to the people, and should there be a stone cast, or a dart thrown, I will be between him and harm. If Levi believes, so believe 1. Whither he goes I will go. His God shall be my God, his people my people, and as I will live with him, so will I also die with him. As well ask the waves of the lake to cease lapping on the shore as for me to conceal truth and forget love. Better that---"

Here a tumult in the street caused alarm, and Leah's father went into the street to ascertain the cause. A body of civilians with clubs and stones came noisily in sight. In the forefront of the throng, lit by the glare of the torches, was Christus, near him was Matthew, and just back of him was Levi. The crowd was a noisy one. It spoke of the tribunal and sedition and blasphemy were the words overheard. Levi whispered to his father,

"Shall I go to the barracks for a file of soldiers and rescue all?"

.For answer Christus turned upon Levi, and said to him, "Angels guard, not men." Just then Leah darted between and seized Levi's hand. She whispered to Levi, "Didst ask him? Is he the deliverer?" "All hell shall not prevail against him. He is the Son of the Ever-living God. I follow him to the death."

"Levi, I will follow you." It was simply said, but it meant much. She never regretted it, not even when, standing in the center of the sands of the arena fifty thousand people saw her torn by the African lions two years later. She said, "Whither goest?"

"To the High Priest's, charged with sedition. We are taken with him."

Here a man noticed the girl. He spoke:

"Is this woman with him? I think I saw her stand on the mount a little back of this deceiver when he spoke this day to the people. Wast there, woman?"

Leah made no reply, and her silence angered the man.

"Speak, vile——," but the name was never called, for Levi smote him in the face. At once there was a riot. Men fought blindly, Christus and Matthew standing apart. In a few moments there came the steady tramp of a file of soldiers, and like magic the crowd dispersed, Matthew dragging Levi after him, and Leah following. Christus had disappeared a few moments before. He was at Matthew's door when the party arrived. He said:

"They who love me will not answer evil for evil, nor will they strive to mar the visage of the rude or the angry. Nought can be of mine save that which is of peace and love. But, Levi, for the sake of her I give thee my blessing, and when thou lovest as she loves me keep my commandments."

Levi remembered then, that he had once more fallen in the pit of the wicked, and that he was the cause of all the trouble. And yet Christus had blessed him.

(To be Continued.)

WAS NOT THE RESIGNING KIND.

"In the days of the old N. Y., P. & O. Railroad Company," said the retired conductor, "there was a superintendent on the Meadville division named Dunbar. It was a season of many strikes, a period of unrest, and he was having a great many petty and unpleasant experiences with his men.

"There was one passenger conductor whom I will call Smith, who was slow, plodding and forgetful. He brought his train in late so often that Dunbar grew tired of reprimands and determined to fire him.

"One day when Smith was away behind time the superintendent wrote him: 'Your resignation will be accepted on presentation.' There was no answer and Smith went on balling up the time tables with his old, serene good nature. Then came a second letter: 'Your resignation will be accepted immediately.' Still there was no response. In a day or so the superintendent asked who was in charge of a certain belated train. It was Smith. Then Dunbar, who was mad all over, telegraphed him: 'On reaching Meadville put your train in care of head brakeman and report at this office immediately.

"Smith showed up, serene and content as ever.
Did you get my first letter?' demanded Dunbar.
I did.' 'And my second?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then why didn't you send in your resignation?'

"Smith looked at his chief for a moment, in earnest innocence. Then he said: 'See here, Mr. Dunbar, someone has been lying to you. I never thought of resigning. No, sir; I like you too well for that. I don't care if every other man on the road gets down on you and quits—I'll stay by you to the last, and here's my hand on it.'

"Mr. Dunbar was knocked endwise. Then he said: 'All right, Smith, go back to your train. All I wanted to say was that if you don't come in on time hereafter I'll put you on a freight. That's all.'"

Women are always trying to find out things they would rather not know.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

IN THE FATHERLAND.

In an interesting letter from Munich Sara Stafford writes thus entertainingly:

Surely, the proverbial thrift of the German has not been exaggerated; it is foremost in every detail of life, and especially in the housekeeping, where absolutely nothing is wasted. Economy is the watchword, and where we feel this baneful, though admirable, practice most is in the use of the linen; for, though the rooms are scrubbed vigorously daily, with a thoroughness equal to our own annual house cleaning, the guests must manage with two towels a week. Clothes are washed once in three weeks, and sheets are changed only every ten days Napkins do good service many a meal, while in many places they are not used at all for breakfast. Little rests are provided for the silver, one knife and fork doing the work, the knife being especially busy, for a variety of courses, mostly of meat. And oh! how they love yeal and hare and cabbage -cabbage in every form-- red cabbage, white cabbage, werzing, another species, cauliflower, sauerkraut and Brussels sprouts. No meal is complete without it, until we echo the cry of a clever American who said: "I wish all the hares would eat up all the cabbages in Germany and then go off and die!"

Marketing is done on a small scale, and one meets the pretty bareheaded servant girls constantly running out for a few pfennigs' worth of this or that. And how much is required of these same servants, toiling constantly, doing the work of a woman and several men! Each is the cook, the scrub woman, the chambermaid, the laundress, the porter, the furnace man, the messenger boy and the lady's maid in one. In the last-named service the servants attend their mistresses to and from the theater, where they wait with the cloaks and scarfs to save the fee of checking them. All this work for \$4 or \$5 a month, while an excellent " fraulein ' can be obtained to take entire charge of the housekeeping and do the cooking for \$75 a year! A tax . is levied on those keeping servants, which insures hospital care in case of illness.

Over here "the hand that rocks the cradle" is busy cleaning the streets, hauling bricks, blacking shoes, pushing milk carts, carrying coal and plowing fields, while it is not unusual to see a woman and a dog pulling a cart. In Cologne this is particularly noticeable, but in Munich it is not so common. Calling attention to this one day in the presence of a resident of Munich, he replied proudly and unconsciously: "No, one seldom sees that in Munich. Bavarians are very fond of their dogs."

Perhaps this hard work may account for the number of cripples and hunchbacks one sees, though, as a rule, German children are the most beautiful I have seen. They are not only lovely, but sturdy, and have the most marvelous pink and white skins. In Munich they are especially attractive, as they wear the pointed-hooded cape of the little "Munchener kindl," familiar to us through beer mugs and calendars.

All through Germany the streets are gay with officers and soldiers, who make pretty pictures with their gorgeous uniforms and clanking swords; but they are almost too lovely, and one fancies them self-conscious and vain and quite the puppets they look. Emperor William has set the fashion for the entire German world from the raw recruit up through every station of life, and everywhere is seen the bristling mustache with its abrupt ascent to the eyes, suggestive of much time and enormous perseverance. The shop windows are filled with an arrangement of net and elastic which is used to give this masculine vanity the proper ox-horn curve. One hates to picture the dashing German emperor sleeping in this absurd device, so closely akin to curl papers, yet it is said he does, and is the originator of the invention.

An Englishman who shared the same stateroom with an important German officer during a storm so terrific as to send all on board to bed, says that though the Teuton was too ill even to remove his clothes or touch a morsel of food for three days, he carefully tied on this little aid to beauty and kept it on during his entire illness. Women who have been seasick cannot fail to appreciate and admire the intricacies of a vanity so complete as this, for most of us frail sisters will admit that this is one

moment when we don't care whether our hair is in curl or not, and our personal appearance is a matter absolutely unthought of.

The American girl and the German man regard each other with some animosity, for each is used to reigning supreme, and the antipathy is natural. German men are gods in the eyes of the entire family, and it is pitiable to see in what awe and humility the wife stands of her better half. Especially is this noticeable among the military, who are such exquisites that the insignificance of the wives makes a striking contrast. A speaking commentary on the sphere of man and the sphere of woman in Germany is the tapering, slim waist of the man and the huge, clumsy one of the woman. Surely, though, there are no more polite men in the world than those here. Their bows are incomparable, and in some instances the hat sweeps the ground in a truly D'Artagnan manner, and all this formality for man to man. Even the little boys are masters in the art, and the amount of saluting gets to be fairly wearing. Despite this ostentation of manner, however, we observe that in a rush for a car the men get in first and the women, in consequence, often have to stand on the platform, no matter how severe the weather, as the law forbids any more in the car than can be scated. The street car conductor greets each passenger cordially with "Guten tag," and, if one fees him, which he expects, with a parting greeting. There is perfect safety in offering a fee to almost anyone, and it is astonishing how a few cents will oil the wheels.

A strange contradiction to German character, with its lack of variety, is shown in their arrangement of flowers, which is as effective as it is artistic, the florists' windows being dreams of beauty.

Germany is supposed to be the most comfortable country on the continent in winter, but we, who are used to American ways, find it difficult to accustom ourselves to the economy in the use of coal. The stoves are monumental affairs of porcelain, reaching nearly to the ceiling and resembling nothing so much as a large family tombstone. They are filled in the morning and locked up for the day, which is very irritating to our extravagant hearts. The fire is allowed to go out at night, the feather bed covering or "plume" affording most satisfactory warmth. In the kitchen, in order to save coal, little baking is done, and all the bread is bought.

Although this is a land of spas, the daily bath is a thing generally unknown, and a bathtub a rarity. Perhaps this is one reason the watering places find such constant popularity. The beautiful skins of the people and children at Wiesbaden are accounted for by the use of cold water. A pan of cold water is kept on the floor, and the children upon coming in thrust their bare feet into it and then go bare footed. This is said to be an excellent remedy for cold feet and a great stimulus to a sluggish circulation.

QUEER FANCIES IN CUBA.

A BELIEF that has a strong hold on a certain class of people in Cuba is that certain diseases can be cured by cating dirt, and so when one of these diseases manifests itself the believer does not consult a physician, but instead gathers up a handful of dirt and eats it. If any relief is obtained it must be the result of faith cure, which the patient is unconsciously trying. Why all kinds of germs are not taken in with the dirt is a mystery—possibly they are.

The moonlight seems particularly objectionable and strangers are warned not to go out in it with uncovered head, and not to go out in it at all if it can be avoided; it is thought that this light brings many evil effects, and not under any circumstances will a Cuban sleep in its rays—he thinks that, among other things, it will draw his mouth to one side of his face.

To ward off sickness of various kinds there are little silver or tin images to wear suspended about the neck as a kind of charm. Images of the same kind are offered in the churches as thanksgiving or prayer, and so we find near the altars of certain churches cases in which are hundreds of these little trinkets, hands, feet, arms and babies.

The hooting of an owl is taken as a very had sign. The superstitious Cuban kills any creature of this kind which makes weird sounds near his home. This is supposed to break the spell, and it is not then inevitable that a member of the family shall

meet death in the near future. Butterflies also are

The Cuban women are great helievers in the efficacy of various herbs in sickness and have a remedy for almost every ailment. American physicians find that they have much more knowledgein this line than the women of our own country and more knowledge of sickness in general. In many homes, even the poorest, there is a thermometer, and if anyone is ill his temperature is taken before the physician arrives.

HAS AN ANOMALOUS CLIMATE.

SAGHALIEN, off the eastern coast of Siberia, presents a very curious anomaly of climate. The island is bathed by two cold ocean currents and in winter nothing protects it against the icy northwest winds coming from Siberia. At the sea level the snow falls continually and stays on the ground till the end of May, and the seashore is very cold. Further inland, however, especially as we go higher up, the climate is modified—just the opposite to what is observed elsewhere. It has often been observed in Siberia and in central Europe that in winter the cold is greater in the plains and the villages and that the highlands have a sensibly milder temperature; it is as if the denser cold air accumulated in the lowlands.

The cold air accumulates in the low regions of the island and on the coast the higher regions have a more elevated temperature. So it happens that the lower parts have an arctic vegetation, while the intermediate altitudes have the vegetation of a temperate zone, sometimes subtropical. The birch, the ash, the pine, the fir abound in the low region and form often impenetrable forests, but toward the center of the island appear bamboos, hydrangeas, azaleas and other plants that one is greatly supprised to meet, and whose presence can be explained only by the altogether abnormal climate conditions of the island.

The southern section of New Zealand has been colonized in the main by Scotchmen and their descendants, and, as a result of Caledonian clannishness, a man without a Scotch-sounding name has no chance of getting a contract from the municipal councils in these parts. At a meeting of one of these bodies it was announced from the chair that Sandy McPherson was the successful bidder for a certain contract, and he was requested to come forward and enter into the necessary bonds for its dut fulfillment. In response to the invitation and mond-eyed, pig-tailed, bland and smiling heather Chinee rose from the rear of the hall and stood before the speechless councilors with the brief exclamation, "Me Sandy McPherson."

After a few moments of silent agony the mayor nearly had a fit, and the meeting adjourned in confusion.

In Spain a blacksmith of a village murdered man and was condemned to be hanged. The chie peasants of the place joined together and begged of the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, men wheels and such offices. But the alcalde said "How, then, can I carry out the law?" A labor answered: "Sir, there are two lawyers in the illage, and for so small a place one is enough, you may hang the other."

"WE are going to have pie for dinner," said Bot by to the minister,

"Indeed!" laughed the dominic, amused at the little boy's artlessness, "and what kind of pie, Bob by?"

"It's a new kind. Ma was talkin' this mornis about pa bringin' you to dinner so often, and na said he didn't care what she thought, and mass she'd make him eat humble pie before the day over, an' I s'pose we're going to have it for dinner.

A Sunday-school Teacher asked his class the children of Israel made a gold calf. There may not answer for a few seconds, but just as the teacher was about to explain, a little fellow stood up to said: "Please, sir, I guess it was because didn't have gold enough to make a cow."

Nature & Study

THE CHINESE HORSE.

LOUISE E. DEW, in Pets and Animals says that the Louise animal in the land of the joss stick and the chow dog is the horse, and there are some and the times to be seen in Hongkong. Chinese policy are all brought down from Mongolia, and be English horsemen resident in China pronounce them par excellence for the humid climate of that Their bodies, which have the appearance of being very small, are compact and look much maller than they really are because of their short

They are exceptionally strong, and can stand the heat better and work harder than any other breed that part of the world. The Chinese pony is prorted principally for racing, and when it first mives it is in a very bad condition, due to poor are and chronic starvation, looking haggard and feless. After a few weeks of good care and the ast of food a great change takes place.

Yever having seen any people but Mongoins, these horses are very wild at first, and they are to be put through a series of training before hey can be made to understand what is wanted of hem, and no harm is intended.

Ultimately they make excellent harness ponies, ad they look very trim when well harnessed to a andsome trap or carriage.

The preference for these horses often leads ealthy foreign residents of Hongkong to send exenthorsemen to Mongolia for the purpose of seuring the best stock. They are not only valued or the harness, but are largely used in polo playog, which is a great game with the Chinese.

It may be interesting to know that America has ome credit for the improvement in the Chinese orse's condition, inasmuch as the grains used in eding are shipped from our country for the specifuse of his horseship.

Unfortunately this breed of horse is treacherous. nd can never be fully trusted. They like nothing etter than to take one unawares, and they kick in ne donkey fashion. For this reason they have to esuspended from the ceiling when shod. This is most interesting process, I can assure you, for I tten witnessed such a sight in my journeys through

A band is placed under the hind quarters of the east and another is put under the head; then he is rawn up by pulleys. His legs are secured by ands to the four posts; then one man stands under ach foot, and thus protected, the job is soon finhed by the intrepid blacksmith—a humiliating osition, to be sure, and one resented by the anial, which he plainly shows by his vicious expreson during the whole performance.

If the Chinese would be more progressive they ould improve their horses greatly by breeding and laining, but it seems to be against their principles improve anything.

Since the war in the Philippines, there has been a test demand for Chinese horses, and very many ave been sent to Manila.

THE JOVIAL OYSTER.

When the young woman from the hills sees her ist oyster she is very apt to be prejudiced against Lying in the midst of a hundred of his fellows a bucket on the kitchen table he, or she, or it, los not appear to advantage, either to the sense smell or taste, and Miss Interior expresses herell as being willing to starve to death before she fould consent to so much as touch one of them. h hour later, in the dining room, around the table ompany, and she is there as a matter of orm only. If she can be induced by example and even it to taste once, and she voluntarily repeats even in the small, she is a convert, and it is only Question of time till her eyes brighten and her Rue loosens up at the suggestion of the feast. But it is of the oyster industry that we want to

about in this article. Few persons can realize amount of oysters sold in the country, even hen it is mentioned that twenty-three million thels are opened annually. Most of them come on the Chesapeake region, and over 225,000 peomake their living one way and another in the oyster industry. Over nine-tenths of the canned oysters are put up in Baltimore alone.

The oyster is sexed, and the female lays over sixteen million eggs, and out of these about six or eight individuals survive. If they all survived one pair of healthy oysters would produce a bulk, in five generations, equal to eight times the size of the earth. A baby oyster, in the infant stage is too small to be seen with the naked eye. In six weeks he is as large as a nickel, in a year as large a silver dollar, or thereabouts, and in five or six years "fat enough to kill." If left alone he would live from twenty to thirty years. One would suppose that in an oyster bed there would be peace, if anywhere on earth, but the facts are that wherever there is an oyster bed there is a legion of enemies, scores of them, all striving to get at the bivalves, and all of them doing so, more or less. But a good many survive to be fished out of their native element, and sent all over the country, and to other parts of the world.

An oyster is a rather highly organized animal. It has a stomach, a heart that can be seen beating if opened carefully, a liver, nerves, and other recognizable parts of anatomy. No account of any of them is taken by one who recognizes his excellent qualities. In the language of the street "it all goes," and there are no questions asked. In fact as in other foods the fewer questions the better for our peace of mind.

SILK OF SPIDER'S WEB.

One of the most novel exhibits in the colonial section of the Paris exhibition will be a complete set of bed hangings manufactured in Madagascar from the silk obtained from the halabe, an enormous spider that is found in great numbers in certain districts of the island. It was a missionary. Father Cambove, who was the first to conceive the idea that these insects might be made to replace the silkworm. He succeeded without difficulty in obtaining a sufficient quantity of silk to be of practical use, but he did not pursue his efforts beyond the purely experimental stage. The matter has since been taken up by M. Nogue, the head of the Antananarivo Technical school. The results he has already achieved show that the production of spider silk should quickly become a highly important industry.

The chief problem to be solved was to find a partial process for extracting the silk from the female spiders. M. Nogue has invented a most ingenious appliance for this purpose. It should be said that the female halabe allows herself to be relieved of her silken store with exemplary docility, and this in spite of the fact that she is distinguished for her ferocity; her usual treatment of the males who pay her court is to eat them, and she feasts without compunction on weaker members of her own sex.

M. Nogue's apparatus consists of a sort of stocks, arranged to pin down on their backs a dozen spiders. The spiders accept this imprisonment with resignation, and lie perfectly quiet while the silken thread issuing from their bodies is rapidly wound off on to a reel by means of a cleverly devised machine worked by hand. Each of the twelve spiders thus "milked" simultaneously yields from three to four hundred yards of silk. As soon as a spider has yielded up all its silk it is replaced by a fresh insect and the work of reeling off the thread thus goes on with very slight interruption. The spider whose threads have been exhausted are set free, and ten days afterward they are again ready to undergo the operation. The silk of these spiders, which is of the most extraordinary brilliant golden color, is much finer than that of the silkworm, but its power of resistance is remarkable, and it can be woven without the least difficulty.

DANCED WHEN HE COULDN'T EAT.

An astonished but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigation is told in Public Opinion:

While watching some spiders one day it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been known to refuse food for twenty-one months.

feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of his web, and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling.

He ran to the center of the web in hot haste and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding, Then, taking another thread along with him as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to. him.

SOUTH AFRICAN ANTS.

THE ant hills of the veldt are most curious roundtopped mounds of brick-red earth, which, every here and there, pimple the parched prairie. They look like so many big red balls cut in half and strewn over the veldt.

The ants build these hillocks or domes, which average two to three feet in height and the same width at the bottom. They are made of the soil, which the ants have rid of its sand, and they are cellular or honeycombed inside. The action of rain and dew gives them an almost shell-like outer surface.

You may stand upon them, and thousands of British soldiers have lain behind them in battle, imagining that they afford protection from bullets. Nevertheless they have no solidity. The wheel of a light wagon will cut through them as if they were made of green cheese.

The ants bring up this best part of the earth, and when they have built their houses of it, the antbears come at night and tear them to bits, so that the winds and water may scatter the material over the sandy surface of the veldt.

The ants appeared to me no different from those we have at home; but the ant-bear is a strange beast, indeed. He is, when full grown, about three feet long and nearly as tall, and it is said that his fore legs are the most powerful limbs, in proportion to his size, that are possessed by any creature

His method is to use his front paws to rend an ant hill open. This done, he lies down and pushes in among its cells a long sticky tongue-a yard or more of it; a tongue which has the chameleon's power of changing its color to match whatever it rests upon. The mucilaginous stuff on its tongue is considered delicious by the ants, who crowd upon the member and stick there. When his tongue is all encrusted with these insects, the creature draws it into his mouth and swallows its living freight.

He is a formidable-looking animal, but never attacks mankind.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

BOTANICAL experts nowadays are much interested in finding out novel and extraordinary results that may be obtained by the process of grafting. It is wonderful what queer things Dame Nature, ordinarily so shrewd and conservative, can be persuaded to do when cajoled in this fashion. Certainly nothing more notable in this line has been accomplished up to date than the grafting of the tomato on the potato. There is no very great difficulty about it, apparently.

Oddly enough, the process seemingly cannot be reversed, and nobody has yet succeeded in grafting the potato on the tomato. This evidently, is too much even for amiable Mother Nature to put up with.

A HORSE will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water. A bear will go for six months, while a viper can exist for ten months without food. A serpent in confinement has been

INGLENOOK. THE

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

THE SIDE YOU DON'T SEE.

Sometimes a boy or girl from the country goes to town, and seeing the town boys and girls envies them their lot. It has been the means of making many young persons discontented on the farm, and very often has about ruined their usefulness at home. Now there are two sides to this story, as there are to pretty nearly all things. It is true that the town has certain advantages over the country. It has libraries, shows, lectures, and the like. The town people dress better than the country people, and they appear to better advantage. The country dweller is nearer nature, and he is better off in many ways than his brother who walks the pavements.

He is better off in the freedom the country allows, and he has more and better food. If half a dozen people were to happen in on the ordinary town family for dinner it would be the undoing of the household. True, there are the corner grocery, the baker's and the butcher's places near at hand, but there would be a disarrangement of affairs to which the country is a stranger. The best of city dwellers naturally and necessarily lead a hand to mouth life. The drib of milk daily, the loaf handed in from the wagon, may answer all purposes, but the plenty of the farm is an unknown quantity. In large cities, among the middle classes, it is still worse. The boy or girl would miss their springhouse and its contents, while more eatable material goes to waste on any considerable farm than would keep a city family.

If any INGLENOOKER is pining for town life, let him consider his advantages, making friends with bird and beast, live a cleanly life, and thank God for his advantages over the city where there are more wrecks and tragedies than are suspected from what may be seen on the streets by the casual visitor who never sees the seamy side.

WHAT WE CALL INSTINCT.

When we note anything in the habit of an animal, or bird, that we can not readily account for we sum it all up in the wording, instinct. Now none of us can tell what that is. Some thoughtful In-GLENOOK reader may ask what it really is. In answer we say, frankly, that we do not know, but we believe it is an exercise, in a modified degree, of what we call mind in man. And the gift is not always a modified matter, for it is often enormously in excess of man's endowment. When a boy loses his father on the street he wanders aimlessly about, asking perhaps, or guessing, and he blunders around till he finds him in one way or another. Now the dog simply takes a sniff of his footstep, among thousands of others, and overhauls him as far as possible, without any outside assistance whatever. As far as the ability to get about is concerned almost any animal can beat man. If a man was put in a bag, hauled on a winding railroad for a hundred miles, then let loose in the night, not one in a million could take the straight back track for home. Nearly all animals can do this, and most of them have done it to some extent in their lives. Call this what we will it is nothing short of a marvel.

But some evidences in the case of birds and animals go to show that what we call instinct is not always a good thing for the individual. Curiosity to know what a strange thing may be is the cause of the death of uncounted millions of insects that fly into an open light. The hen hides her nest with the utmost care, lays her eggs in absolute secrecy, all thu time.

and will almost allow you to tramp on her rather than disclose her presence. Yet every time she lays an egg the very next thing is to cackle it out to the whole world. Every farmer knows this. Here are cases where instinct does not go far enough to complete the chain of safety. Yet when the little chickens are hatched the sign of a hawk in the air sends them flying to cover. Yet they had never seen a hawk in their lives before. This is a case of what we call inherited instinct. This view can be fully proven. If we were on an uninhabited island, never before explored by man, all the birds and beasts would allow our approach, and would, of themselves, approach us. This condition would be outgrown in from two to four generations, when all, both old and young, had learned that the great, lumbering giant on two legs, was the most destructive thing on earth.

A great deal can be learned from the study of our dumb beasts. And it is a study that nobody ever completes. There is always a side to them that we cannot understand, always a mystery that is never unraveled and never will be until we can enter their world and live as one of them. As this is never to be the final facts of their lives will not be completely known. Their thoughts, their reasoning, and the outcome in the way of the following act we sum up in the word instinct, but it is simply a convenient term for what we do not understand, and probably never will.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Criticism.

Some people are born with a nose for ill-smelling things, and not for those which are fragrant. This class of people may have their methods modified, but not materially changed. On the other hand there are those who naturally seek out the pleasant and the desirable things of life. The first class is always on the lookout for something to find fault with, and the second is watching for the commendable. In this world people usually find that which they earnestly seek. The man with the muck rake, and he who seeks flowers usually get in kind. Now there is not much margin for difference as to which is the more desirable when there is a personal choice in the matter, and there always is, unless one is morbidly constituted. Nowhere in the Bible are we enjoined to go forth seeking life's garbage, while everywhere that it is spoken of at all we are directed to seek out the praiseworthy. This is what Paul said to the Philippians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." There is not much encouragement here for the man who is on the watch for the evil side of things. Paul's directions are all the other way. His advice is to seek out the good that is in people and think of that, and not its opposite.

Alas that we should be ever so ready to listen to the evil surmise, and to entertain criticism in our souls. It is a plant of such rapid growth that once it finds a lodgment in our lives we get away from it with difficulty. Like some noxious weed that vexes the farmer the only way to get rid of it is to fill the field with some crop that can be cultivated and thus kill the thistles. So in our lives let us keep our hearts full of good thoughts and there will be no room for bad ones. The cup that is full will hold no more.

THE INGLENOOK desires to acknowledge the receipt of a considerable number of well-written articles for its columns. These will appear from time to time, and more will be appreciated. In the preparation of material for these columns remember the requirements-clean, clear-cut expression, and brevity. The long-winded essay or so-called philosophical discussion will not find favor. Things bright, catchy, and instructive are wanted

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Do animals cry? I mean in the sense of shedding tears Undoubtedly they do. Have you never heard, puppy crying when hurt?

I know a place where there is any amount of what see like gold. It is in larger or smaller square blocks. Is it as

It is iron pyrites. It is worth about five dollars ton to make sulphuric acid. Waste no money o

I can write a good story. Will you print it in the lact. NOOK, if I send it on?

We will print all the good stories you write, and do it gladly. But there may be a difference opinion about its merits. Don't be in a hurry to send it if you have any other work to do,

Is it likely that the shirt-waist fashion will become general!

It is very apt to. Nobody can foresee the result of the fad. It may never be heard of again after this season, or it may become general. But looks as though it had come to stay.

I have committed a great sin and have repented. Should tell it to the church and ask forgiveness?

If it is a sin involving no others and you have to pented, or if it has been settled between you an other persons affected, we see no reason for advertising the matter by any public confession. If it is against the church you might, with propriety, state the case and, saying you are sorry, let it rest.

Why can not the Kate and Bobbie letters be published in book form?

* * *

We never thought them worth that attention, There will be another series soon. Bobbie is going to college and he and his mother will correspond.

What does the term Final Restoration mean?

It means that somehow, somewhere, sometime, not stated, all souls will be with God. A close and perhaps plainer definition is that after sufficient punishment of the lost they will be among the saved.

Is artificial ice made with chemicals?

Yes, but they are not in the ice itself. Artificial ice is apt to be purer than the natural product.

How shall I go about getting a book published?

Just the same as you would any other job of printing. Take it to a properly equipped published and bargain for so many copies, at so much for the lot. Best submit the manuscript to a competent and disinterested party to first determine whether it is worth your while.

Dare I solicit subscribers outside of the church?

Why not? Nothing would please us more than your success in this way.

Who were the so-called Fathers of the church?

After the church had been fairly started in early days men wrote histories and comments on thin that had happened, and these people are called the Fathers. They were usually some high officials in the organizations then existing. Their books are only valuable as they corroborate sacred history

* * * Why can a daily paper be sold for a cent? Does it not of many times more?

It costs much more, but it makes it on the advertising, and perhaps other matters.

Will it pay me to buy a cheap typewriter?

No really good machine is a "cheap" one machine to stand the continuous racket must solidly made. A second-hand good one can be bad cheap.

Is it morally right to rob animals like squirrels of their size ter store of food?

Is it right for a giant to come along and take all your folks had laid up for winter use?

THE MIDNIGHT MARKET.

A 6000 many of the Inglenook folk have seen A good large of vegetables with their wagons po push carts, though few have known how or bere the sellers get their stock. A trip through the wholesale market along the sidewalk, at midght in Chicago, would tell the story.

About an hour before midnight, when everything About an closed for the night, the market begins come to light. Wagons loaded to the guards th potatoes, beans, lettuce, beets, peas, berries d every other kind of garden truck ever heard dreamed of begin coming in from the west and orth. At first they come in ones, twos, and threes, thefore the hands of the clock point to the hour they are arriving by the score. A lantern nging over the dashboard gives out a feeble glow at seems still fainter when it arrives within the are of the electric lights. As the wagons come they turn down the street and are backed up ainst the curbing on either side. The horses are hitched and taken a short distance away and nen a midnight lunch, while their drivers get own to the business of the day, so to speak.

By midnight 200 or 300 wagons have arrived and acked into position. The lanterns are brought ound to the tail gates, which are in a way the unters over which the trades are conducted. betruck carts are scarcely well in position before buyers, with their empty wagons, appear on the ene. These are the hucksters who drive through streets peddling fruits and vegetables during e day, especially in the morning hours. To acmmodate these street merchants the wholesale arket is conducted at night. Accordingly the uck farmers from Niles Center, Ravenswood, vanston, Rosehill, Gross Point and other centers gardening activity make up their loads of proee at night and start for the market in order to me just before 12 o'clock. Enough of the night then left to enable them to get a fair chance at buyers and perchance dispose of all their goods. Business starts promptly at midnight or a little dore. The farmers station themselves at the tail ues of their carts and the hucksters are soon huring from one wagon to the other trying to get st chances of the best fruits and vegetables. ben the market is in full blast it presents a most deresting sight to the uninitiated. The wagons tunate enough to arrive in time to obtain stations arthe electric lights naturally have the points of mage for showing off fine produce, but they are on very poor localities for working off any stuff the second or third class on the buyer. Away m the street corners the electric light grows pidly weaker until at a distance of half a block tiny flame of the lantern is all that enables the yer to see that he is getting good money in the pt amount for his goods.

"Well, what you goin' to take fer these poor ass?" says a huckster, stepping up to a wagon.

"What ye talkin' about? Them's the finest beans growed in Cook County and you know it," e larmer replies.

No, they're not, but what ye goin' to sell 'em

Them's the last I got and ruther'n to take 'em tk home I'll let ye take 'em along fer five cents a ntil ye'll take 'em all,"

No, you don't say? You just oughtn't give yer ans away like that fer nothing, old man."

Well, do you want 'em?" says the old man, a le nettled by the satire of the huckster.

I should say not. I can get beans twice as good them fer four cents right up there at the fourth

Well, why don't you go and get 'em then?''

Why, cause four cents is too much this late at th. In a little while you'll be offerin' me yours three cents and a half."

No I won't. I'll take 'em back bome first and

Rell will you let me have 'em at four cents?'' You bet your life I won't,"

The never give you five. I'll drive around a By wagon all day to-morrow before I'll do

Well, I'll let you have 'em for four and three-

hall and much. I'll give you four and that and not a single, solitary smidgeon more," subdued his desire to annoy cats.

"Done. Take 'em along," snaps the farmer, and the trade is made.

Both of them know all the time that four cents and a half is the figure at which they will trade, but the transaction wouldn't be of the regulation pattern if there were not a certain amount of haggling between the two before the beans are bought and

So goes the market all night long. The farmers with their open-faced stores await the bucksters, who go round and round and round again, leokingfor bargains. Often the buyers visit the same truck dealer four or five times trying to beat him down or waiting for the fall of prices, which he feels sure will come along toward four or half past four o'clock in the morning. No dealer on the Stock Exchange or the Board of Trade keeps bis eye more closely on the blackboard full of quotations than does the huckster on the state of vegetables and fruit prices at the truck wagons.

At last morning dawns; the truck wagons are empty, the huckster wagons are full and as the sun comes up over the tops of the buildings the hucksters start on their rounds through the streets bawling their fruits and vegetables at prices sufficiently in advance of those at which they bought them to make it worth while to be hucksters.

A DOG THAT TALKS.

Some time ago we asked Inglenookers for instances in which animals seemed to understand speech. In the Chicago Record we find the following account of a dog that can talk:

"Bow, wow, wow!" "Orpe wa orc!" "Wow, wow, wow!" "Shank you!"

Tatters was being taken to St. Joseph, Mich., from Chicago, on board a boat recently, and he wanted to enter his master's stateroom. Tatters is a fox terrier, but not an ordinary one, for he can talk and understand the English language to a startling degree. So pronounced are his accomplishments in this respect that when he stood outside the stateroom and shouted "Orpe wa ore," the purser of the boat, who was passing at the time, readily construed the plea to mean "Open the door" and promptly complied with the animal's request.

Inside the stateroom Tatters' master, A. M. Herring of St. Joseph, was enjoying a nap. Tatters sat down beside him for some time, but finally began showing signs of impatience. The agile little animal darted about in the stateroom moaning in apparent despair. Finally it threw itself back on its hind legs and began talking some more.

"Awan yeek" it whined, but there was no response from the bunk.

"Awan yeek" pursued Tatters in a louder tone. "Awan yeek, wow, wow, awan yeek, awan yeek." This volley aroused Mr. Herring and Tatters scampered about the room, meantime pleading carnestly for a "yeek." Mr. Herring secured a pail of water and placed it before Tatters. The dog whined out a "Shank you" and proceeded to "yeek" the water which it "awaned."

Tatters is by no means an ordinary dog, neither is he a "spring chicken." He was born thirteen years ago and since that time Mr. Herring has raised him with all the care a father would bestow upon one of his children. Under this training Tatters has gained an education possessed by few dogs. The fox terrier has a son, Rags, who is eleven years old, but has never learned to converse as intelligently as Tatters does.

Mr. Herring declares that both Tatters and Rags have strongly distinguished characters, Tatters being serious and apparently thoughtful. He is inordinately inquisitive, but has no sense of humor or playfulness. He looks a person directly in the eye and is proud and fearless.

Rags, on the other hand, is playful and full of mischief. One of his favorite jokes is to catch a person's clothing, give it a quick shake and then pretend, by looking for imaginary rats or flies, that he was nowhere near. He hides articles, and at home generally slips into some corner from which he can see everything, but cannot himself be seen. In one respect Rags is greatly like other dogs-he is passionately fond of chasing cats and during his canine career he has killed twenty or thirty. His last encounter cost him one eye, but it in no way

While Rags bas caused the feline tribe in St. Joseph no end of worry, Tatters has taken life quietly and spent most of his time within the Herring family circle. Through this constant association he has picked up to a slight extent the power of human speech. He can readily understand apparently everything that is said to him by his master and other members of the Herring family and is able to pronounce all of his wants in distinguishable Eng-In his pronunciation he neither barks nor squeals, but utters a sound resembling that made by a person speaking without moving the lips.

The dog's pronunciation, Mr. Herring says, is quite plain and easily recognizable, but no spelling would wholly cover the sounds uttered. While the dog has never been regularly trained by Mr. Herring he can do all the tricks performed by "show" dogs. Mr. Herring is firm in his belief that Tatters understands a large number of ordinary words, as it is immaterial how he is asked to do any special

The dog will perform what be is told to do without any sign being made. As an instance a stranger can say: "Tatters, I feel a draught," and Tatters will immediately run back of the door in the room, if it is open, and close it. If asked to tell how a cat talks, or what the cat said when he had a fight with it, Tatters will give an exact imitation of the cat's meow and angry cry.

Mr. Herring was extremely reticent about praising his dogs. "Few persons except those living in St. Joseph, who are informed, will believe that Tatters is able to talk," he said. "I have studied this case to quite an extent and can find only one other instance of a speaking dog. There is an authentic record in the French Academy of Sciences of a dog which could utter a few sentences-that is, repeat the vowel sounds with the proper emphasis and syllable values.

"I have never trained Tatters and would not have it classed in any way with a 'show dog.' I would not sell the animal for thousands of dollars. Tatters is approaching old age. His gait is no longer spry, his eyes are somewhat dimmed, his bead is gray, but his mental powers and interest in things are as clear as ever,

"He has so much interest in things in general that he looks in the store windows and on entering a store often begs to be lifted up to be shown what is in the showcases."

LIGHT AND HEAT.

In one sense of the word light and heat are the same thing. That is, they are simply different modes of motion, and by their different effects on the organs of sense produce effects that we know by one name or another. The sun is the center of light and heat, and it will probably require no description or demonstrative experiment to convince you that the heat waves of the sun may be entirely dissociated from those which give us the impression of light. You can feel the heat of the sun even through the black silk of a parasol which entirely cuts off the light. But if you wish an experiment, here is one, as described by Tyndall, and a beautiful one it is. Perhaps you will not have the facilities to perform it, but you can rely upon the truth of the description.

Close a room light-tight, except for one hole in a shutter that will allow the passage of a strong beam of sunlight. Let this beam pass through a lens, or, better, let it fall upon a concave mirror. The result, as you know, will be to concentrate it at a certain point-bring it to a focus. At that focus the ordinary experiments of the burning glass can be performed. The hand will feel an unbearable heat, and the paper will be set on fire.

Now, where the light enters the room, introduce in its path (in such a way as not to disturb the present arrangement and focus) a solution of iodine. dissolved in bisulphide of carbon. Ignore the smell in the interest of scientific investigation. The light is absolutely cut off, If you had introduced a slab of slate, it could not be more thoroughly extinguished. Now, put your hand in the dark, at where the light was formerly focused. You feel the same unbearable heat. Put a slip of tissue paper there-it smokes and bursts into flame. So you see that the heat waves are still passing, although the light waves are cut off.

WE DO KNOW.

John J. Ingales was at one time a Senator of the United States. He was remarkable for the elegance of his language, the incisiveness of his invective, and his general brilliancy. At the death of Senator Hill, of Georgia, Senator lugalls, of Kansas, spoke as follows:

"Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

"Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

"Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and senseless oblivion—we do not know.

"Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum, whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher senate than ours for supremacy, or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

"Whether his passions, ambitions and affections still sway, attract and impel, whether he yet remembers us as we remember him - we do not know.

"These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer—' If a man die, shall he live again?'

"Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference be cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality is a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death."

Beautiful as the above may be, viewed from the rhetorician's angle, yet it lacks true beauty and true knowledge. There are some things we do know, though we may not be able to adequately describe them or even so much as locate them.

When the Spring morning opens on the world, and the lark is overhead and the bluebells are opening underneath, when all Nature sings, we respond in feeling for we do know that the ever recurring miracle of the resurrection of plant and fruit and flower on a thousand hillsides is in progress.

When the blossoms fall and the fruit forms, when the bird's nest in the trees and the zephyrs fan the cheek of labor, we do know that in good time the fields will yellow with the barvest, and that the promise of the Spring is borne out in the showing of Summer

When the Autumn comes, and the peaches redten, and the apple falls, and the yellow corn shows in golden heaps in the Indian summer time, we do know that the outlook has not failed, and that the husbandman's faith in the promise has not been misplaced.

And when the wind sweeps down from the Northland and locks the laughing brooks, and the children of fin, fur and feather, sleep in silence under the snowdrift, or have winged their faith-directed flight to a more genial sky, we despair not, for we do know that the Spring will come again in the morning of the year and all will live again as it has lived, brighter, better, maybe, but living and proceeding on an endless procession of birth, life and death. These things we know because we feel them to be true.

So when man passes from the glamour of child-hood to the effort of manhood, when the listening multitude applauds, when the form bows and the hair whitens, and when at his appointed threescore and ten he sits, waiting the call, shall he think that with his godlike equipment of knowledge he is of less import than the furred ball in the burrow, or of less importance than the bulb under the mold, or of less hope than the dumb brook that shall gurgle and laugh again when the buds of the maple redden and unfold under a coming sun? Nay, by

all parity of reasoning he shall live again. And the Christian does know it. The old woman who is utterly unlettered, tells her surviving companion to meet her over there: The father and the mother do not believe that the child that faded as a blossom before their eyes has simply died as the beast passes. When the last of the circle of friends sits alone, the others having gone before, he feels to a certainty, that the end is not a wall or the shore of a sea of oblivion with its hopeless lap of black waves, but he feels, yea, he knows, that after the passing there will be a land of rest, of light, of peace and of reunion with those who have but gone before. Created a little lower than the Angels, we shall be freed from the dross of time and be forever with God and the Redeemed. These things Christians know as well as they know anything, though all may not be able to tell it.

MANY USES FOR DEERSKIN.

Guides and the native hunters of the Adiron-dacks region have a variety of uses for the deer they kill. There are still a good many hunters who know how to tan the deer's hide, and a few who use as one of the tanning agents liquid extracted from the brain of the deer. From the tanned skin many articles of use are made. The thick hide from the neck of an old buck is excellent for moccasins, and the art of moccasin-making still lingers here among those whose ancestors learned it from the Indians. The men and women of French-Canadian extraction are especially apt in household arts of this sort, learned from the savages. Cheap as factory-made gloves are, a few women of the region still cut and stitch buckskin gloves.

Whole suits of buckskin are made by expert women of these parts. Such suits were once much used by the thrashers, who traveled from one mountain farm to another to thrash the small oats crop of the region. A buckskin suit is good for a dozen years of hard usage, and with care will last a lifetime. It is remarkably warm and impervious to water.

One rarely sees nowadays such a suit with the hair on. A garment with the hair on to be serviceable must be made from the skins of deer just coming into the "blue," as the hunters express it, for then the hair is short, smooth, and tough. Later it is long and brittle. It is necessary, too, if such a suit is to be of uniform color, that it be made from corresponding parts of skins from deer about the same age and shot about the same time. Even if the law did not stand in the way, it would be difficult in these times to shoot in a single week enough deer of the same age to yield the desired quantity of hide of uniform color, so a deerskin suit with the hair on is rarely seen. One still does see, however, moccasins, with bair inside and out, and very soft, warm, inviting slippers they make. Raccoon skin now lurnishes cheap fur garments, and winter residents buy or hire overcoats of coonskin to brave the January winds.

Raw deer hide is used for many purposes. It makes excellent thongs for tying articles of one kind or another, good whips, and indestructible shoestrings. You may buy in the Adirondacks rustic chairs with seats and backs of woven rawhide. The green skin is cut in thin strips, stretched until it is almost translucent, and then woven into a seat. The result is a comfortable, elastic chair of almost indestructible material. Deerskins with the hair on arc still used for carpets and mats, though here again, as in the case of the deerskin suits, the skin is not serviceable unless the deer be shot just at the right season. Nobody is more fastidious than the Adirondack guide in these little matters. If he cannot have his deerskin coat or carpet just as it should be, he will go without, though he is indifferent enough as to store clothes and ordinary household furniture.

Out of the marrow from the shank bones of the deer the guides make, by a laborious process, a beautifully clear, sweet oil, which will keep in good condition for years. It is much used by jewelers and watchmakers, because of peculiar qualities that exactly fit their needs. This oil is sufficiently scarce and useful to sell for a high price.

THE nut trees alone of the world could at a pinch feed a population three times as great as the present number of inhabitants.

ORIGIN OF VERY COMMON WORDS.

Some words have histories. Other words body history, as, for example, the word rigman Everybody understands it as signifying a confus and meaningless jumble, but precious few reco the fact that it comes from ragman's roll. None ragman's roll is a crown document of no small portance. It is a real roll of ancient parchner and records categorically the incidents and deby which Scotland's nobility and gentry gave their adhesion and swore allegiance to Edward England toward the close of the thirteenth centur Naturally it is a somewhat confused docume but possibly not so much confused as confusing the good people of its own era. It must have upsetting in those days to discover that the and gentlemen thought to be stanchest for the order had gone over to the invading king. there is something to be said for the lords and tlemen—they loved not Scotland's independen less, but their heads and their estates more,

Venison, which nowadays means always strictly the flesh of a deer, is truly any hunted—that is, meat of venery. Venery is the name for hunting-thus foxes and wolves and bac ers furnish "venison" no less than the lord stag. Cur, the synonym for a worthless dog. somewhat the same derivation. In feudal Engla the dogs of the villenage, no doubt mostly stan ing mongrels, were by law required to be cur-tail -that is, have their tails cut short, so they migh readily be distinguished from the stag and b hounds of the lords and gentlemen. The st hounds ran true upon the scent, the mongre would confuse and draw them off from it. So times the villien-dogs had to suffer also "h bling "-that is, cutting away the two middlet from each fore foot, so they could not run with hounds. A curtail-dog, or curtle-dog, in time came a cur. His owners, the villiens, who lived clustered hovels outside the castle walls, in manner gave rise to the word village.

Another wonderfully expressive phrase all comes from the hunting field, where it is to this do in common use. It is "to run riot." Fox hour run riot when they leave the drag of the fox and gracing and chasing off upon the scent of hares at rabbits, whose company the fox seeks when he find himself pursued. Indeed, in fox hunting parlant hare scent is known as "riot." The familiar phrase on the pad," as signifying going hither and you also throws back to Reynard the Fox. His feare known technically as pads when he gets a and begins to move about sportsmen say he is "of the pad."

It seems a far cry from the hunting field to name of a fashionable coach, but it is from hunting field the tallyho gets its title. Tallish pronounced tally-ho, Norman French for "out the thicket," was the proper cry when the broke cover. The huntsmen and the master of hounds answered the cry with long blasts of horn. Then when public coaches began to their horns blew the tally-ho blasts, further as ury progressed finer coaches often took to the and the throwing off fine people who did no tend to follow the hounds, but to see them tacularly. Between use and luxury, the with seats on top crystallized as the tally-ho. tally-ho it is likely to remain, unless all the m should go automobile mad.

Lombards, money changers at Venice, sat benches round about the plaza of St. Mark Banco is Italian for bench. When one of the money changers defaulted the others fell to a broke his bench in little pieces. Afterwards here known as "banco-rupto"—that is, the man of the broken bench. Hence comes our word bankrupt.

An anxious, nervous looking woman, followed a bewhiskered farmer, stepped up to the state master at a little station in Massachusetts asked: "Has the 3:15 gone yet?" "Yes, about asked: "Has the 3:15 gone yet?" "Yes, about along, then?" "Not for quite a time along, then?" "Not for quite a time along, then?" "Not for quite a time aspecial?" "No." "Any freight trains?" "Nothing at all?" "No." "Are you quite sur." "Yes." "Then, Amos, let's cross the track"

ooo The o Circle ooo

B Stover, Bulsar, India, President: John R. Snyder, Belle-Uho. Acting Fresident: Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., udral, Mrs. Lizzie D. Knsenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and udrals and Lizzie D. Knsenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and udress all communications to Our Missionary Reading Cottogtin, Ohio

CIRCLE MEETING LESSON.

The Seed and the Sower .- Matt. 13:18-23.

This parable springs out of one of the most famil scenes and duties of the daily life. Sometimes think our little tasks and worries which crowd daily are beneath God's notice, but here we have Rofthe richest spiritual lessons drawn from the

We cannot save ourselves. The seed must be stinto the earth to produce a harvest. The seed the kingdom which is the Word of God must be mointo the heart, only thus can the kingdom of od be within us, and we can have life everlasting. The sower scatters the seed indiscriminately. sows the seed, some of it falls in places where brings forth no fruit, but some of it brings forth bundredfold. What are we doing to scatter the adof the Word of God? There is so much good nund ready for the seed, are we doing all we can? Let us see why all the seed did not bring forth a untiful harvest. That which fell on the wayside, all not sink into the earth, it just lay on the ad-packed ground which had been tramped by uny feet. There are men who have said, "I will thear" when they listened to God's Word, over dover again they have turned away the Spirit, ev have resolved not to come to Christ. Each marate time that they refuse, their hearts grow uder until they may be likened to the wayside, hir hearts are so hard that the Word does not

The seed that fell on stony places sprang up but iked root. Some people come to the church, and em to be very enthusiastic in the beginning, there quick growth, but they lack patience and enduree, and when trials come they do not walk with

Some fell among thorns. The soil was deep and mile, it struck its roots far down, but the thorns rang up, too, and with rapid growth they overpped and shaded and crowded out the valuable ain. Do not attempt to grow worldly thorns mg with the seed of the kingdom. Determine to now nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, there will be no room for worldliness.

NEEDS IN THE HOME FIELD.

The Herald and Preshyter calls attention to the reneeds of our own country:

"North Dakota appeals for help on account of evasttide of immigration setting in. This is a ale nearly as large as New York, New Jersey, onecticut and Massachusetts combined. These wofthousands of settlers need Sabbath schools, dwe have but one Sabbath-school missionary in Ithe State, Letters from South Dakota show the The influx of settlers into that great State. Pathe appeals have come for six additional Sab-A letter from Montana, where we have only a Sabbath-school missionary, beseeches us to send to their help. Now there reaches this office a trising appeal for twenty additional Sabbath-hool missionaries for the mountain region of West Inglia, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina Chen described as the region of the mountain thingle missionary; we should have six."

In the vast State of California we have but in not time that we bestir ourselves and domething for the card ask

toggething for those who want the Gospel, and ask to give it to them?

A FATHER does not deal with his children by one d the same universal rule. The delicate child is most shielded; the infirm is the most helped; fimid is the most encouraged; the dull is the ont taught; the tempted is the most prayed for; rheavent is the one most rejoiced over. So Theavenly Father knoweth us all individually.

More raises the price of a blessing like its re-Retained a state of a blessing time and whereas, it was its continuance which should Betaught us its value.—Hannah More.

📥 Sunday 🖪 School 📥

LABOR, ONE THING; WORK, ANOTHER.

HARD labor may be wholly in vain; but good work is never lost, whatever its apparent result. We may labor to no purpose, and have no fruit of our toil or anxiety. But good work is its own reward, even if there were nothing beyond it. There is success in merely striving for success, and the prize of success may be our added reward. As Dr. Griffis has reminded us, "both the Hebrew and the Greek originals of the Bible make clear distinction between labor and work. With the former are associated the ideas of toil and sweat, weariness and waste; with the latter, triumph, value, beauty, and permanence." What added meaning does this thought give to the inspired assurance for those who die in the Lord, "that they may rest from their labors; for their works do follow them!"

IS IT YOUR DUTY, OR OURS?

Doing our duty is doing our duty. What is our duty may not be another person's duty, and what is another person's duty may not be our duty. We ought therefore to know just what God would have us do, in order that we may know just what zee ought to do. This may require, on our part, more attention than we now give to God's requirement of us, even if we have to pay less attention than at present to God's requirement of our neighbors. Thoughts of duty do include our neighbors as well as ourselves, but we need to rightly divide our time in giving attention to these two parties severally.

REMEMBERING THE DAWN.

JOYFUL expectancy is one of the blessings we never need forego. Whatever may be the present sorrow, we can look beyond it to times of joy which are sure to come. This the past has taught us. This the future is to reveal yet more fully. Whether we come into just the form of joy we have anticipated, or not; we can never be robbed of the gain of having expected joy of some sort. In every night of sorrow let us cling to the memory of yesterday's dawning, until we shall see the light of another day breaking through the present darkness. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

MISTAKE OF MAKING NO MISTAKES.

His own timidity is the last thing a timid man ever fears. And yet timidity has lost many a cause which could have been won without rashness or even boldness. The man who is afraid to invest his money loses an income just as truly as the man who has no money to invest. A policy that continually straddles and hedges in order to avoid the possibility of error is itself an error. No great scholar, statesman, or reformer is non-committal. It has been well said that he who never makes a mistake never makes anything.

THE Sunday school should cherish the child for Christ. Our children are primarily and properly hutch by the coach-house door, his. We have lost many of them to the church by assuming that they must go conspicuously to the bad in order to have a striking conversion, a dramatic experience in evidence of salvation. They have gone to the bad far enough, but their return to Father's house and its better living has not been so general. Yet the Sunday school is not merely, not mainly, for the purpose of conversion. It is not simply to confirm children and young people in church relation, though that is something of appreciable importance. It is for development and culture, life and character, to place the affections and properly associate the will with Christ in the world's work. "The Sunday school is to teach the way to Christ, but it has also to give very much more time to training lives for Christ."

Has Christ put away your sin? If he has, be as happy as the days are long in the sweet summer time and be as bright as a garden in the month of June and sing like angels, for you have more to sing about than angels have. - Charles H. Spurgeon.

BE loving and you will never want for love.

For * the * Wee * Folk

ABOUT A LITTLE BOY WHOSE TAME RABBIT TOOK A JOURNEY ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

"What beautiful rabbits you have, Mr. Budd!"

And Norman drew up his little brown pony in front of the postman's garden, where he was busy tying up his roses before it was time to take the letters round on his bicycle.

The rabbits were in a new hutch close against the fence, and one of them, a gray one, was standing on its hind legs and looking out of the bars of its cage.

"Yes, sir, I am very proud of them. I bought them in York last week. All gray, except a white one that got among them by mistake. If you care to have that one I shall be very glad."

Norman's face flushed with pleasure.

"I never heard anything so kind! Of course, I will only be too delighted to think of having a white rabbit all my own."

And the next moment he was off his pony and in the garden, feeding the white rabbit with a cabbage leaf he found on the hutch.

"I will send him up this evening to the hall," Mr. Budd suggested.

But that seemed such a very long way off that Norman felt he could not possibly wait till then.

"I can button him in my coat, and take him back on the pony,"

So bunny was put inside the little gray coat, and Norman carefully got onto the pony's back and started off home.

"I shall call him King John," he said to himself, as he rode cautiously along.

For he had just got as far as that in his English history, and was very proud indeed of the fact.

The schoolroom party was on the lawn under the big cedar tree, having tea with mother, because it was Winnie's birthday, and there was a great scramble as Norman rode by to see what he was carrying so very carefully in his coat.

"It's a white rabbit that Budd, the postman, gave me for my very own, and I shall ask Thompkins to make me a hutch for it. May I, mother, dear?"

But mother looked very grave as she sat there in her pretty white frock in the shade of the tea table.

" Have you forgotten the canary that father gave you, and the guinea pig that you bought in Hinckley on the Christmas holidays? You know they both had to be sent away because you never looked

Norman grew very red as his mother spoke.

"I know I was very silly, but I am nearly a year older now, and I would never be so foolish again. Besides, a rabbit's such a very different thing. Do let me, mummy? See if I don't win father's prize for the best-kept pcts."

And he jumped off the pony and threw an arm around her neck, and kissed her again and again.

"Well, you can keep it this time, but unless you look after it and feed it you can never have another

And mother smiled at the rapturous hug she got at these words, and saw the way Norman rushed off to the stable yard.

And before night King John was in a nice little

He had a lovely time at first. His cage was cleaned three times a day, and he could hardly move for the quantity of delicious green stuff that was put in the cage. But after a little time it wasn't quite so nice. His cage would go uncleaned for days, and his greens were not fresh, and his water was forgotten; and at last he found matters so uncomfortable that he made up his mind to leave, so he nibbled through the bars, and went off one night to the woods to find a new home for himself.

Norman was terribly upset when he heard that King John had vanished.

"I call it dreadful ungrateful of him. He had such a lovely hutch, and I took such care of him!

But King John would not have agreed if he had been listening, and neither did mother when she heard the news.

"If I had been King John I should have done just the same. So I hope it will be a lesson to you in the future."

So Colin won the cricket bat for the best-kept pets; while Norman, who wanted one badly, because his was split, had to go without.

Which would have rejoiced King John's heart if he could have heard it; but he was making a home on the moor among the heather, and too busy to think about his old master.

WONDERFUL RESTORATION OF HEARING.

BY A. J. WATERHOUSE.

Suppose that of a sudden you stepped from a long silence as of death into the world of sound; suppose that for you the noises of earth finally broke in upon what had been interminable stillness—then I think you would appreciate the value of the sense of hearing; you would appreciate it as does William Billings of Berkeley, who not long ago stepped from the world of silence into the world of noise.

We, who have always heard, do not appreciate our hearing more than we appreciate sight. We have heard, we have seen, and that is enough; we give no further thought to the matter. The sun shines; we heed it only to growl if it does not shine. The birds sing; ordinarily we do not know it.

It is not so with William Billings. For twenty-eight years he lived in a world "as voiceless as the Sphynx," then, without a moment's warning, he passed to the country where the voices of men are heard, and the ways, manners and customs of that country still are new to him, so new that he has but learned to understand the language of men, so new that to speak the language still is but a half-learned task. He understands what you say, but his own words stumble.

Thirty years ago this month William Billings was born in Iowa. For a year and a half he heard as babes hear, then a severe cold left him totally deaf. It was a long silence that followed, a silence of more than a quarter of a century. His parents brought him to Berkeley when he was about eight years old and soon thereafter he was placed in the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind in the University town. There he remained in a beautiful world of awful stillness, about nine years; then he was discharged, presumably to walk through the halls of silence until he came to a silence no greater, that of Death. Nobody entertained a hope that he ever would hear.

On his discharge from the Institute, he returned to his home, but, not being happy there, soon ran away, and for ten years worked on ranches in the Sacramento valley. Then he again went to his home. There it was, not very long ago, that the great change came. It came suddenly, mysteriously, awfully, as life must have come to dead Lazarus in his tomb. It came, and Billings was sorely afraid. For days he did not realize that he heard. He merely knew that something he deemed as terrible, as strange, had come to him, and he cowered and went half mad in its presence. To him the roar and clamor of the everyday world, to which you and I are so accustomed, was a thing to be feared beyond expression. Noise-he knew the word as it is found in books, but he knew not what it really meant, and so when the experience of it finally eame to him, after twenty-eight years, he had not the faintest conception that the word and the sensation walked hand in hand.

I think that we, who have heard since birth, can form no conception of the emotions of this man, to whom no voice of Nature, animate or inanimate, yet had spoken. The trees whisper to us, and we searcely know it; at last they whispered to him, and he felt that the hiss of unseen demons was in their murmur. The birds sing for us, and if we heed their songs at all, it is with but a momentary sense of pleasure; to him, after the impenetrable silence of the years, their songs came with a shrill clamor that terrified by its mystery. The chirp of a cricket was a thing to fear; the shriek of an engine whistle might drive him mad.

Billings was standing in a field near Berkeley, when, without a moment's warning, hearing returned to him. Of a sudden the world was filled with something new and terrible, something he could not see nor touch, something for which he had no name. From the terror of this unnamable Thing he ran; ran until he was ready to drop, and still it pursued him. He could find no place where it was not; the inconceivable horror was with him everywhere.

Remember that up to this time he had not the least conception that he heard. He only knew that something strange and, as he deemed it, awful, had come to him. In his great fear he determined that he would fly to the home of his sister in San Francisco. Thither he started, still running from he

knew not what. The roar of an electric car as it passed him well nigh dazed him with terror, but still he ran. He ran until, in Oakland, the shriek of the noontide whistles beat upon his ear. Then he absolutely surrendered, and slunk to his home on Telegraph avenue as best he might.

When he reached his home his people thought he was mad. They did not understand what ailed him, and he could not tell them. How could he when he did not know himself? Here he remained all night, and here, after he had gone to bed, he made a discovery: he could cover his head with the bedclothing, and the strange, new demon that haunted him was largely exorcised.

But in the morning he again awoke in the same mysterious, fearful world in which he had lived on yesterday. Then he again concluded to go to the home of the sister who was nearer to him than others, and this time, despite the insistence of the world-roar he could not comprehend, he succeeded in doing so.

If you were to tell your loved sister of an experience that frightened you inexpressibly, you would be surprised, I take it, to see her burst into tears which evidently were those of joy. So was William Billings surprised, but his surprise was less than his joy when he first learned from her that the wonderful, strange world in which he now lived was the world of hearing; so new to him, so old to most of us. Two people were very happy together that day.

Since then Mr. Billings has devoted his time to learning what sounds mean. His experiences have included both the grotesque and painful, but gradually he has succeeded. Most of his time has been passed in the country, where the tumult of noises is less overwhelming. Slowly enough he has learned to recognize the names of things; still more slowly he has learned to pronounce them. In a manner he talks now, but his words yet totter and stumble and fall over one another.

He now lives in the family home on Telegraph avenue, between Oakland and Berkeley, and there, at more than thirty years of age, each day yet brings to him some of the pleasures of sound—pleasures that are still novel to him, although they are so old and stageworn for the rest of us. On the whole, should he not be congratulated? Is, or is it not, a great thing to leave one of life's major sensations untouched until after the years of maturity are upon us?

DOORKEEPER FOR PRESIDENTS.

BY RENE BACHE.

SIMMONS is the right hand of the McKinley Administration. He has acted in that capacity for every President since Lincoln, save one who voluntarily dispensed with his services, and, as might have been foreseen, failed of reëlection. Political parties come and go, but he remains and tends the door through which only is it possible to reach the august presence of the Executive.

Simmons was born a slave on a plantation in North Carolina. In one respect he was very fortunate, inasmuch as he received an education as good as that bestowed upon any white child-a favor which he owed to two old-maid sisters, his mistresses, who had made the boy a sort of body-servant. He slept every night in a cot at the foot of their bed, and thus was ready at all times for duty. Being the kindest of women, they never whipped him, but, when he got into mischief, inflicted upon him a highly original species of punishment. This consisted in obliging him to go at night into a neighboring cemetery and get a handful of earth from the grave of a certain man who had been murdered. It was no agreeable job, for, as was well known to all the colored people of that vicinity, the ghost of the murdered man was apt to be on the prowl after nightfall, and would certainly wreak a vengeance horrible, though vague, upon the youthful Simmons if it caught him in the act of despoiling its burial-place. So the boy would run through the burying ground at top speed and snatch a sample of soil from the grave as he passed it, and would fetch it to the sisters as token of penance performed.

Great events were maturing, however, while Simmons was taking care of the old ladies and doing ghost-races for moral exercise. The storm cloud

of the Civil War gathered and broke, and the you was no indifferent listener to the thunders of the conflict. When the time seemed ripe, in the a tumn of 1864, he gathered his modest chattels in a bundle and started northward, making Washingto his goal, because Abraham Lincoln lived that Once arrived, he soon learned that Mr. Lincoln to be found at the White House, and to a persond his energy and singleness of purpose the rest was easy. Within a week he was regularly employed the Executive Mansion in the culinary department.

After Lincoln's death Simmons was informed that Andrew Johnson was going to discharge all of the "Lincoln niggers" employed about the White House. It was a prediction that seemed only to likely to be fulfilled, and obviously the emergence called for energetic treatment. So Simmons looked up the career of his new chief, and discovered the by a strange coincidence, the latter, like himsely had been born in North Carolina. Next Monday morning, when Mr. Johnson was making a form inspection of the force on the premises, he cast cold eye upon the colored youth and said gruffly:

"What are you doing here?"

"I was born in North Carolina, Mr. President replied Simmons, ready with his answer.

"That settles it, said Mr. Johnson; "your stay."

The historical records are silent as to the mann in which Simmons came to be promoted to the sition of guardian of the Presidential doorknothe post of responsibility which he now holds is not even known exactly when he first took up to important duty—whether just before the death Mr. Lincoln or early in Mr. Johnson's Administration. Suffice it to say that General Grant four him installed and, appreciating his worth, retain his services.

Meanwhile Simmons had ventured upon matrin ny, and there were consequences. Several your Simmonses opened wide their mouths like robin in the home nest. Domestic expenses were proportionately augmented, and the President's doorkee, began to meditate on the chances of securing and crease of salary. Primed with a felicitous specmost carefully composed, he waylaid General Grain the library one morning and requested a ment's interview. Said he:

"Mr. President, I find myself in a grievous per dicament, being embarrassed by multitudinous sponsibilities. Because of my position at White House, my children are obliged to furnian example to all the other pupils at the published in respect to dress and deportment. It involves an expenditure to which my pay is har adequate, and I wish to ask if, under the circumstances, you will not put me on the military of which will add materially to my remuneration."

That is how Simmons got his raise.

Alas! that it should be necessary to record event which followed the incoming of the Haming regime—an event which, in the judgment of the partial historian, must cast a blot upon an other creditable Administration. To put the material crudely, Simmons was bounced. The blow hardly softened by the fact that the discharge to the form of a transfer to the Treasury Department where he was put to work in the sub-cellar, in place locally known as Botany Bay.

"Think," he says, "of the degradation which I was reduced. I, who had been accustoment to associate daily with Presidents, Cabinet officerally into sand statesmen, was thrown back literally into says. They shut me up in a cellar, tied a leaf apron on me, put a knife in my hand, and set me work untying bundles."

Verily, no man is so great that he may not himself subjected to humiliation.

Since McKinley came in Simmons has mentioned the solution that himself so valuable to the Administration that President asked the last Congress to raise his safrom \$1,200 to \$1,400. The Senate put the intrinto an appropriation hill, but the House strait out, and Simmons missed the reward he had well deserved.—Saturday Evening Post.

"I have the following to say: As an up-to-bliterary paper, either for young or old minds. Inglenook cannot be too highly recommend Truly, it is worth many times its weight in gold Frank B. Myers. Mt, Pleasant, Pa., Sept. 3. 1900.

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0 0

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Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulaand what he is as well as the be had much valuable information at a minition. It certainly is the paper from which can mum cost.-T. F. Imler.



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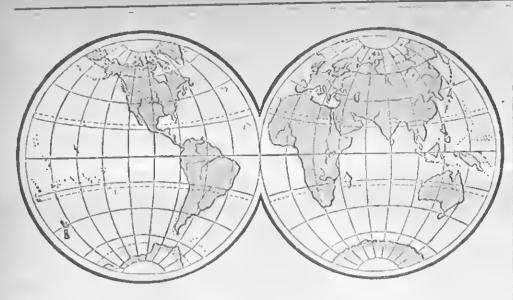
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The Authorxxx

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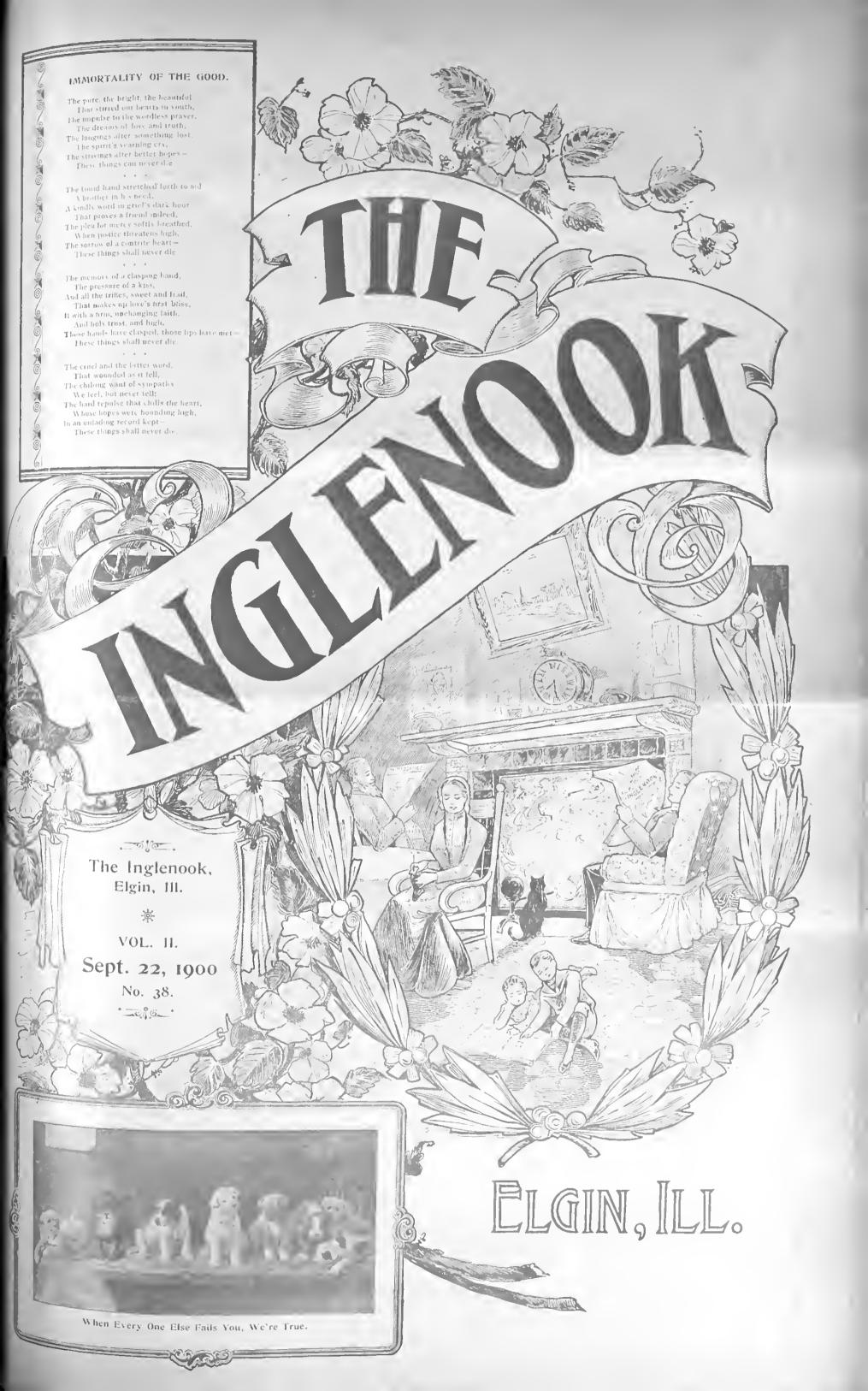
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., SEPT. 22, 1900.

No. 38.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king Sought some new sport to banish care, And to his jester said, "Sir Fool, Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells, And stood the mocking court before; They could not see the buter smile Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee Upon the monarch's silken stool; His pleading voice arose; " O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart From red with wrong to white as wool; The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay; 'Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire, Go crushing blossoms without end; These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill timed truth we might have kept, Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung? The word we had not sense to say, Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask, The chastening stripes must cleanse them all; But for our blunders-oh! in shame Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth has no balsam for mistakes; Men crown the knave and scourge the tool That did his will; but thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool! "

The room was hushed; in silence rose The king and sought his garden cool, And walked apart and murmured low, " Be merciful to me, a fool! "

LEVI AND LEAH.

Chapter IV.

Some two years after this Levi and Leah, married, having left all to follow the Galilean, found mselves in Rome. They were locked in a room hother Christians, and they sat apart from the

Levi, do you remember the cool street in Camaum? Do you recall the laughing waves on shore of the take front? The crowds on the tets, the people going to the synagogue—do you number them? And to-day we die. If you ald, would you undo it all?"

hah, do you remember the day of the cruci-We were both there. We forced our way the front, and I shouted to Christus, as he stood the cross, 'Courage,' and he looked at me and When the day comes for thee I shall meet at its close.' And the day is here. Would I to Capernaum when this night I shall be in Parwith Him,—and you?"

the spoke in a whisper, "Levi, shall we know th other there?"

And do you think we shall know less then than

ht sat silent a long time, when she began singand a hymn of the Roman converts floated on The door pounded on its panel with the of his sword, and commanded silence, but the inians only sang louder. The beasts on the tring the ring roared and howled. It was their enclosure, intentionally so, and they Not the hour. So they said they would pray, a silently, and so they did. Only God knew ched had the heart, but not a face would have

had they been seen in full daylight.

agonya was a rattling at the door, and it was The full, strong, overpowering light of the come," was a rattling at the door, and it is a system of the full, strong, overpowering light come," was all the Roman soldier said.

And they all arose and walked out. What a sight met their gaze! They were in the arena, the circular enclosure of the great amphitheater.

Tier upon tier of seats rose around on all sides. There must have been fifty thousand people present, and out of the whole lot not one friendly face. Yet as they walked slowly across the sand to the center of the arena, Levi and Leah, hand in hand, she said,

"Levi, look yonder, the top and rear row of seats! See the man standing there holding something up to us. What is it, and who is he?"

Levi looked, and said: "It is Aquila, and he has the cross, and holds it up to us. Make you the sign of the cross, that he may know we see. And tell the others."

"Nay, not so," said Leah, "for if the Roman sees him he will be cast among us. Still, I will make the sign," and she did.

When they had reached the center of the arena, a side door opened, and a Roman on horseback rode in and around the outer edge of the enclosure, making proclamation of the sport, and announcing that the lions would at once be admitted.

"Leah," whispered Levi, "it is not yet too late. Shall I say the word of recantation?"

For answer Leah laid her slim, brown hand on the mouth of her husband and held it there close and tight. "Remember what you called to Christus on the cross. Am I to go alone to Him?"

Levi looked up to where Aquila stood, with clasped hands, invoking courage for the doomed. He remembered what he shouted to Christus at the cross, "Courage!" and he loosed Leah's hand and said to all, "Courage! Courage!" Leah kissed him and then she began to sing, in a voice clear and strong, "Christus et ecclesia," and every Roman man and woman present heard and understood the import. Then one after the other took up the hymn, and the fear of death had taken wings.

There was a snarling of brazen trumpets, three times repeated, and the great crowd hushed into comparative silence, and the Christians bowed their heads, some looking upward, however, and ail waiting. Then a man read in a clear, over-mastering voice that all who would recant might be saved. Leah's hand tightened on Levi's and there was silence for a moment. Then Levi's voice rang out loud and clear with the hymn, "Christus et ecclesia." The defiance was understood and in a moment the side doors opposite were thrown open.

Four lions strode into the ring. One circled slowly around the enclosure, another bounded into the center, another lay down, and the fourth crouched to the spring.

"Levi," said Leah, as calmly as though at far Capernaum, "do you remember the time when we were children, and you told me that you would not cease to love me, even to the death?

"I do," said Levi, "and what of it?"

"And I say to you, Levi, son of Matthew, that there is naught in this world we are so soon to leave, that is worth living for save love. Remember thou what Aquila, yonder, once said to you and me? Was it not that, of faith, hope and love, love was the greatest? Faith will soon pass into knowledge, hope for our bodies there is none, and all that will live forever is the love we have for him and for each other. And we will continue it with Christus. I know that now, for I see beyond the hour in which we live. I see it clearly now, Some moments ago I was looking upward and I saw Christus in the air. He was holding out a hand for each. . If I go first I will be waiting with him for you, and if you pass to him wait thou on me."

A lion passed by snarling and showing his white teeth. He crouched on the sand and gathered for a spring on the group. Even as he was in the air Leah stepped lightly in front of Levi, and was borne down by the beast, "Courage, Levi," she shouted, " and Victory." There was a tearing of flesh and a snapping of bones now on all sides. The Romans gloated in absorbed silence on the scene, and the yellow sands of the arena swallowed up the blood of the martrys.

The amphitheater is in majestic ruins to-day. The Roman has passed, and the graves of Levi and Leah are not known, for in the night their friends took them away to a place of sepulture in the depths of the quarries.

And yet they live. Their names are not Levi and Leah, yet with other names and under other skies they live everywhere, people who would go to the lions rather than recant their faith. Out of the blood stains on the sands of the arena has grown an edifice, the Christian church, that will one day cover the earth, its towers in the heavens, and all built on the man Christus, as the corner stone.

WORLD'S SUNBONNET CENTER.

A SUNBONNET that Mrs. Roberts of Indianapolis made for herself attracted the attention of a neighbor. It was not elaborate. It was simply made, but natty, and the tastiness of it added practically nothing to its cost. Would Mrs. Roberts make one for her? She would. She did, That started the trouble. There were other neighbors and friends, Bonnets had to be made by the dozen, Perhaps other women in the city would be glad to get such bonnets? The large retail stores were visited and trial orders were obtained. These orders were soon duplicated. Perhaps there would be a sale of them in Chicago, in Louisville and St. Louis. There

Once they were sampled there was too much of a demand for them. Three or four days after there had been a shipment of one hundred dozen would come the order, "Ship another one hundred dozen at once." Mrs. Roberts had converted sitting room, dining room, bedroom into sewing rooms, but the facilities were overtaxed. Part of the large barn was remodeled and fitted up with sewing machines, cutting tables, etc., but there was no catching up with the orders. The large customers seeing that the demand could not be supplied in this way started to manufacture their own sunbonnets. Sunbonnets were not patented, and there was nothing to prohibit anybody from making even Mrs. Roberts' pattern of them.

As one large factory after another was started with unlimited capital behind it Mrs. Roberts saw that it was useless to try to compete in the making of the populer cheap bonnet, and immediately set to work to manufacture the better and more expensive kinds and began the making of sun hats. Competition was headed off this time by the securing of a patent in a simple device which enabled the hat and bonnet to be taken apart to be washed and be easily put together again and appear as

ONE OLD SAW'S ORIGIN.

In olden times, when a person died, it was customary to toll the church bell a certain number of times, to indicate whether it was a man, woman or child. For a woman it tolled three times, and for a man thrice three times.

The stroke of a bell was called a "teller," and hence it was nine tellers for a man, or, as folks said in those days, " nine tellers mark a man."

This saying, which was continued long after the tolling system was abolished, finally became converted into the present saying, "Nine tailors make

"In a case of this kind," said the lawyer, "there are many things to be investigated, and before I take the case there is one thing in particular that must be looked into,"

"I presume," said the client, "that you refer to my pocketbook."

W Correspondence W

PEKING -A STRANGE CITY.

PEKING has always been an interesting and mysterious city. Its ancient walls, its forbidden imperial quarters, its swarming and uncounted population have attracted foreign eyes. Now the city is the center of interest for the civilized world.

The capital of China is estimated by the New York Mail and Express as a city of approximately 1,000,000 inhabitants. It stands, the account says, in a desert, and since there are within its walls large plots of ground which are not built up, it covers an immense area. There are no sewers in the city; and, as a result, it is unusually filthy, even for a Chinese city. There is no public water supply, and water is hard to get and never very pure. None of the streets is well paved, and it is difficult to make one's way around the city, especially after dark.

Many streets are impassable for vehicles. The main part of the city is surrounded by a wall, but for years the place has been outgrowing its bounds, and thousands of persons now live in the suburbs.

About the only clean places in the city, according to the foreigners, are inside of their compounds. The legation of the United States occupies a small compound near the wall of the city. Both the British and Russian legations occupy compounds of good size, which have been made quite attractive. There is almost no market for imported goods in Peking, and, therefore, few merchants try to do business within the city. They are, in reality, forbidden to transact business within the city walls.

All the walls of Peking, unlike those of most cities in China, are kept in good repair. The outer walls measure about thirty miles in circumference. Those of the oldest portions of the city—the Tartar portion—are fifty feet high and have a width at the base of sixty feet, while at the top they are forty feet thick. The walls of the Chinese part of the city are thirty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at the base, and fifteen feet thick at the top. On the outer faces of the walls are square buttresses, built at intervals of sixty feet, and on the top of these are guardhouses which are occupied by troops.

The "Forbidden City," which contains the imperial palaces, would be interesting to foreigners if they could inspect it, but no foreigner, the *Boston Journal* says, ever sets foot there, except when the staffs of the legations carry their congratulations to the emperor on the New Year day—the sixth of February of the Chinese calendar—and in the rare cases of special audience, one of which took place when Prince Henry of Prussia was personally received by the emperor at the very door.

This question of audience has for the last hundred years been of the highest political importance. First came the demand for the performance of the kotow; then the right of audience completely conceded in 1873; lastly, the place of audience, toward the satisfactory solution of which much was done when Sir Nicholas O'Conor was received, not, as formerly, in the Hall of Tributary Nations, but at a palace within the Forbidden City. Chinese prejudice is daily being broken down by its own weight under external pressure.

The Chinese houses also are described by the Boston Journal. In the four cities which make up the capital, it says, and particularly in the imperial city, live most of the leading and opulent class, and, therefore, the houses are of a more important and solid appearance than is the rule elsewhere. High brick walls, with a single stone entrance, surround a multitude of courts, flanked by the tileroofed dwelling rooms.

It is a curious and universal custom among the Chinese to put up immediately facing the outer door a stone or brick screen bearing tablets or painted scrolls, inscribed with the names of ancestors or classical texts. The object, according to time-honored superstition, is to ward off evil spirits, for the demon, on entering, knocks his head against the obstacle, and, being devoid of all sense but an elementary hatred of mankind, is repulsed and goes away sorrowful.

Why the aforesaid demon should have the cleverness to turn in at the gate, yet not sufficient to wheel round the screen, is difficult for the uninitiated to understand. There is no attempt at ostentation or even of decent comfort about these dwelling

places. Within they are mere ramshackle bungalows, with stone-flagged floors and paper windows, fantastically cut up by wooden partitions, and papered without taste or cleanliness.

The furniture is of polished wood made in the stiff, square style that is not unfamiliar. Ornaments are few, and of the commonest foreign make, while the bronze vessels to be seen are all modern and coarse in workmanship. A Chinese window is a quaint subterfuge for obscuring the light of day. It is an intricate pattern of woodwork in straight lines, with pieces of glass stuck on the surface, and filled up with strong yellowish paper. Its principal use is in sealing up an apartment against any inrush of fresh air by normal ventilation.

The tiles used for roofing are rounded and well made of various colors—yellow for the emperor, green for the gods, blue and red for the rest—the ends are capped with a flat embossed circle and crested with mythical animals and horned heads. When the Chinese discover the cheap and congenial hideousness of corrugated iron the one attractive element in Chinese architecture is doomed to disappear. White paint is generally put on to cover up the mud with an occasional contrast of coral red.

In the summer months European officials who are obliged to remain within reach and the students from the legations hire temples in the western hills from the priests, suspend the religious services and use them as fixed camps. They bring in their train their own households and their own furniture and very pleasantly do these temples serve their purpose.

BIRMINGHAM'S JEWELRY QUARTER.

BIRMINGHAM jewelry is known all the world over, and the jewelry quarter, occupying some miles of streets half a mile from the center of the town, presents a curious aspect to the stranger. Outwardly, save for the signs over the doors, the houses look like respectable middle-class dwellings; within they are hives of industry, and the swarms of respectable and well-dressed workers—a large proportion women—pouring in and out of the workshops at midday is one of the sights of Birmingham.

The wealth stored in the shops of these makers of chains, rings and cutters of diamonds is almost fabulous. The supervision of the quarter is one of the most serious anxieties of the police superintendent of the division, and day and night the streets are patroled by lynx-eyed detectives and plainclothes policemen. Hundreds of the jewelers keep lights burning in their rooms near the safes in which they store their valuables, and their curtains are removed from the windows, so that the safe is under police observation from the street.

The disappearance of the light would immediately be reported and the darkened room would be entered by means of keys kept at the police station. At holiday times some of the jewelers prefer to consign their valuables to the bank, and in that case the messenger conveying the parcels is always shadowed by a couple of colleagues or police detectives on either side of the road.

At the same time intimation is sent to the police station that the usual light will not be kept burning. A large number of the houses are electrically connected with the police station, so that the entry of any marauder would promptly be intimated to the police. This has inconvenient results sometimes when, during a thunderstorm, the sergeant in charge hears a dozen alarm bells all ringing together, and for the moment assumes that a big jewelry raid is in progress.

A curious development in the management of the shops quite recently adopted is the elaborate series of arrangements for preventing waste. Years ago sharp speculators made handsome bargains by the purchase of the sweepings from the various shops. Generally the first man who came along with an offer for the shop "rubbish" got it at his own price. The rapid growth in prosperity of such speculators opened the eyes of the jewelers, and the screenings are now offered to the highest bidder, with the result that one firm alone realizes \$7.500 a year by the sale of its refuse to refiners.

All the work is done over tins, which draw out from the workman's bench. The contents of the tins are collected each day, and passed through a sieve to separate the filings and dust from the larger pieces of silver. Eventually the dust is cast into bars, which are paid for by the refiner in

proportion to the quantity of gold or silver hands in them. The sweepings of the shops are also taken care of.

Every day they are collected and burnt with paper or other jewelry wrappings, and the ash that dust is well mixed, and samples are sent to various assayers, and the highest bidder becomes the purchaser. Even the water used in the washing basin by operatives before leaving the shops is treated with the same care. The soapsuds pass through a drain in such a way that all sediment is left behind,

The residuum is periodically taken out and allowed to dry, and sold in a similar fashion to the sweepings. The dust produced by polishing is similarly carefully collected in boxes, and workmen especially liable to accumulate dust on their hands are required, after finishing work, to brush them hands with a hare's foot. After a time this is burnt, and the ash deposited in the dust tub already mentioned. The black aprons share the same fate.

LEE YIP'S DESICATED OYSTERS.

"A FEW days ago," said a New Orleans Bohemie an to a Times-Democrat man, "I dropped in to see my friend, Lee Yip, who keeps what he calls 'glocely stlo,' which is as near as he can come lo grocery store. He gave me an excellent cigar, and presently he said: 'You likee dly oystel?' asked before I realized that he was talking about dried oysters. 'Come; I show,' he replied; and opening the lid of a big box, he took out a handful of what appeared exactly like dried oysters carved in mahogany. They were not shriveled and warped, like other dried foods, but were as plump and symmetrical as any well-conditioned bivale fresh from the deep shell. The only difference was they were dark brown in color, and as hard a bricks. When Lee Yip tossed them back into the box they rattled like a handful of marbles.

" Of course, I was greatly surprised, and before I left I took pains to find out all about them. 1 oysters are caught and prepared at the big nation shrimperies on the other side of the lake. T process is a trade secret, but as nearly as I could gather from Lee, they are spread on the tops of large sheds and exposed to the sun for sev weeks. What prevents decomposition? I do know; but they come out of the operation as suc and brown as nuts. Last night I tried some special invitation in the back room of a laundry by another Mongolian friend of minc. They w brought in a bowl, and formed a sort of a sen sauce, which was really delicious. The oys themselves were firm, but exceedingly tender, had a peculiar peppery flavor, different from thing else I have ever tasted. The Chinaman did the cooking told me he had simply boiled dried oysters in water and added a small strip pork and 'seasoning.' When I tried to probe the seasoning feature, he suddenly lost comm of English, so there, I suspect, the secret resides

"I am told that the local colony consume man barrels of these oysters every month, and that lar quantities of them are sold in San Francisco and Chicago."

WAITING FOR DINNER.

A MINISTER while relating some reminiscences his early days in the ministry, said:

One day, while traveling between stations, to timed myself as to arrive at a good brother's interest and went in. Brother H. was absent from her and the wife and daughters appeared glad to me. We chatted pleasantly for half an hour more

I was very hungry and was sure dinner was been prepared, as the girls dropped out of the room of by one, so I tarried, but was very uneasy thought the lady of the house was becoming so thought the lady of the house was becoming so

Finally she excused herself and went out of a room for a moment. A small boy, who had to running in and out of the room since my and entered, and I said:

"Come, here, my little man," and as he catewords me I asked:

"How soon will you have dinner here?"
"Just as soon as you go," was the ready ansate
I went.

Nature & Study -

PEAT.

PEAT exists sufficient to warm the continents a thousand years and "keep fires" twenty hours in the day. So in the out-set let us not worry nor be afraid, though our host of the gloomy visage insists afraid, though miserable and unhappy.

afraid, though appears and unhappy.

spon our being miserable and unhappy.

Peat is found in many parts of the world, but unlately Ireland seems to have had a monopoly of a But now Canada steps to the front and points with pride to her forty thousand acre plot—and statisfaction of this valuable possession.

These peat beds may be called our future coal deposits, and thus far have not entered into the economy of the country, as a full and complete product, as they some day will. Maybe you do not exactly know what peat is? Briefly, it is a substance formed by a decomposition of plants, in wet, marshy places,—the vegetation constantly and abundantly growing above the surface and decaying beneath—making a mould, and this by aid of moisture, becoming a clean, compact substance, which, in time, is known as peat. Mosses, especially, enter largely into its formation, and reeds and rushes, and other mater or moisture loving plants, play an important

The peat deposits in Canada are the finest and most extensive in the world, some of them twenty ket deep! How long this has been in forming, can only be conjectured—thousands and tens of thousands of years perhaps. Always in Ireland as far back as the history of the country goes, peat has been used as a fuel. It was taken out of the ground in chunks or cubes—any way to get it out—dried and burned as coal, but in this country, in Canada, the process of preparing it for burning is more elaborate and satisfactory. A writer in an Eastern paper describes the process in this way:

The peat is cut and air-dried, after which it is pulrenzed by being passed through a picker and automatically deposited in a hopper which feeds a steel
be about two inches in diameter and fifteen inches
long. The pulverized peat is forced through this
be by pressure, and formed into cylindrical blocks
be inches in length and almost equal in density
to anthracite coal. The fuel is nonfriable and
meatherproof by reason of its solidity and the exteme glaze imparted to it by frictional contact
with forming dies. The inherent moisture of the
peat is reduced to twelve per cent of the mass. In
reight it compares with coal as follows: Eightythree pounds a cubic foot of peat equal seventybree pounds of bituminous or ninety-three pounds
of anthracite coal.

TIRED WINGS.

ANYONE who has crossed the Atlantic or Pacific annot have failed to notice the land birds which stek shelter and rest upon the vessel, often hunteds of miles from shore. Sometimes it is an ele that alights on the truck or yard arm, again a cop of delicate sparrows, or even a humming bird all so weary and exhausted that they have lost all an beings.

A fisherman on the Maine coast who daily sailed but ten miles from shore said that he frequently a visited by shore birds, which alighted on his much birds and those which visit the steamers out at have been blown from their course during the ason of migration. Thus in the fall and spring the lines of migrating birds extend up and down to coast. The majority fly at night, high in the following the shore line or a mountain range, the their bearings, become confused and fly on, when skin it is a said that he frequently exhausted.

When ships and boats are not available birds will ight upon almost any object. I have seen a gull inding on the back of a sleeping logger head the in the Gulf of Mexico, apparently much at an on the surface, its brown back exposed, has adoubtedly thought a shark a log or a piece of shark rolled over or sank beneath the waves.

The laughing gulls of the Gulf of Mexico and southern California waters have a singular (ancy for roosting upon the back of the brown pelican, which I have often observed. But this is not always to rest, as the gull reaches out when the pelican secures a sardine and often snatches it. Sometimes the gull roosts upon the round head of the pelican, its wings held aloft in the effort to preserve its balance. A singular feature of this intrusion and impertinence on the part of the gull is that the pelican never resents it—at least not in the scores of instances observed by me, so far as appearances went, being aware that it was being trampled upon by the inquisitive, laughing gull, which, when it had secured its fish by the most barefaced methods, went flying away with a victorious "Ha, ha!"

The Santa Catalina channel, in southern California waters, is a favorite field in summer for the giant mola or sunfish—one of the most remarkable of all the denizens of the sea, a rotund, chopped-off creature which resembles nothing. Some wit has described it as the fish that was originally very long and was chopped off to suit its requirements, and apparently this is what happened, as the fish has literally no tail, its place being taken by what appears to be a mere rim or frill, which can be moved to a limited extent. The sunfish, like the basking shark, has a singular habit of lying on the surface in the wash of the waves, and is almost always taken for a piece of wreckage.

In August in the Santa Catalina channel they are frequently seen floating in a heavy sea, lying broadside up, the pectoral fin slowly fanning the air—the only evidence of life about the strange object. Why the fish takes this position is to a certain extent unknown, but I think it is due in some instances to the fact that the creature is infested with many parasites which live in the thick mucus which covers its skin and that it endeavors to destroy them by exposing itself to the direct rays of the sun.

These fish form an excellent roost for various sea birds, and the spectacle of a sunfish bearing several gulls or a cormorant is often witnessed. In such a case it might readily be taken for wreckage.

It is possible that the gulls aid in freeing the great fishes of their parasitic enemies, alighting upon them as the little African bird enters the mouth of the crocodile, which patiently opens it for the purpose. Such resting places are more or less unsteady, but by continual practice the birds become skilled in holding on. This is well exemplified by the gulls, which follow the steamers which ply between San l'edro and Avalon, California. The birds follow the steamer out and back, a flight of forty miles, and when they become weary they appear to take turns in alighting on the round golden ball which surmounts the mast. This almost impossible resting place pitches about in all directions, now forward or backward, or from side to side, sometimes jerking the bird off, but, as a rule, these feathered acrobats retain their position, even in the roughest weather.

The camel is often used by several birds as a roost, and undoubtedly all these birds repay the animals by destroying the various parasites which infest them. During the present winter, in riding across country in southern California, I came upon a flock of sheep grazing on a little mesa. Many of the sheep carried about on their backs from one to three or four blackbirds, which perched there apparently perfectly contented. On another occasion, in the same country, I saw pigs serving as roosts instead of sheep. Nearly every black pig was mounted by one or two blackbirds. Some stood on the head, another clung to an ear, while in another instance four blackbirds perched upon the back of a pig, all noisily talking or singing in their peculiar language.

DO THEY EVER DIE FROM GRIEF?

Some one sends us an article from the New York Herald, giving three cases in which a horse, a dog, and a canary bird died from grief on account of the absence of their friends, the owners, and adds that a hundred instances could be cited of animals that have died of grief at being separated from those they love.

The following which appeared in an address to the Boston public schools, shows very clearly how sensitive even birds are:

"To show how this power of the voice extends through the whole animal creation, I will say that I

know one of the best ladies in Massachusetts, who lives within five miles of this schoolhouse. She had, a few years ago, a beautiful canary bird which she dearly loved, and to which she had never spoken an unkind word in her life.

"One Sunday the church organist was away, and she stopped to play the organ for the Sunday school,

"In consequence of this the dinner had to be put off an hour, and when she got home her good husband was very hungry, and as the girls may find out some time, when husbands get very hungry they sometimes get cross, and he spoke to her unkindly.

"The things were put on and they sat down in silence at the table, and presently the bird began to chirp at her as it always had to attract her attention. To shame her husband for having spoken so, she turned to the bird, and for the first time in her life spoke to it in a most violent and angry tone. In less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage—the bird was dead.

"When I was at New Orleans, winter before last, Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the late Vice-President of the United States, came there. And she said she had once killed a mocking bird in the same way. It annoyed her by loud singing. To stop it she spoke in a violent tone and pretended to throw something at it, and within five minutes it was dead."

FAMILY OF HORNED TOADS.

A HORNED toad from the plains of New Mexico came to Kansas City about a week ago stowed away in the pocket of a hotel cook who brought it along as a curiosity. For a while the cook carried it about and finally gave the toad to George P. Huckett, who placed it in a box of sand in the window. The borned toad is a member of the lizard family, and this peculiar specimen, with its spiked back, attracted considerable attention.

Yesterday morning when he went to look after the toad he found it busily engaged in catching flies, but the reptile was not alone. Basking in the warm rays of the morning sun were five and twenty little horned toads, perfect counterparts in shape of their mother. They are odd little fellows, no larger than a thumbnail, looking very much like baby turtles. Their coats vary in color from the gray of a dusty road to the rich red-brown of desert sand. They are as lively as crickets, but when handled roughly will curl up and "play 'possum."

But alas for maternal devotion, Mrs. Toad has forsaken her children. She pays no attention to them and in the farthest corner of the show window she stands with her face against the pane, looking for some one to take her away. However, the desertion does not weigh heavily on the little horned toads. They catch flies and scuttle about as merrily as if shifting for themselves was an old experience to them.

THEY DEVELOP INTO EELS.

In the course of a series of lectures recently delivered by Prof. Ray Lankester at the Royal Institution, London, particulars not generally known were given concerning the breeding habits of the eel.

It is quite erroncous to believe that these creatures breed anywhere except in the sea, where eggs are laid and hatched at great depths—often five hundred fathoms.

A dozen years ago some fishes called leptocephali were regarded as a distinct species, but at length one of them, kept in an aquarium, developed into a conger eel. Later on the transformation of various kinds of leptocephali was followed, and they were found all to change into eels, one species being recognized as the common cel.

Immense numbers of these must exist at great depths in the sea, and they sometimes ascend the rivers and will sometimes push their way across wet grass to ponds which have no direct communication with the rivers.

MOTHS fly against the candle flame because their eyes can bear only a small amount of light. When, therefore, they come within the light of the candle their sight is overpowered and their vision confused, and as they cannot distinguish objects they pursue the light itself and fly against the flame.

INGLENOOK. THE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETUREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

LESSONS IN VISITING.

Ir very often happens that the Sunday-school teacher is in a position to attend other schools than his own. It is always well to go when such an opportunity offers itself. There is much that may be learned in seeing how others manage the work Teaching in the Sabbath school is, to a certain extent, like teaching in a public school. It resembles that work in the instruction that is to be conveyed, and the methods of imparting instruction are varied and of different values. It will be at once seen in a strange school whether or not there is anything to be learned. It is not always the case that we learn something new and valuable every time we go away from home. We may have better methods of our own, and then, again, the methods of others may be superior to our own. It can only be told by personal observation. This is where the advantage of an occasional visit to other fields of labor than our own may be found.

WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN.

THE fact that the anticipated length of life is greater for women than for men is one which, has most probably been noticed by comparatively few people, yet it is borne out by statistics.

What is the reason of this difference? Physicians do not credit the fair sex with superior vitality. We usually regard a woman as a being of finer susceptibilities, an aggregation of nerves, and finer natures generally wear out more quickly than the rougher ones. In short, women are the "weaker' vessels, and as such they should not last so long. Man, who leads a freer life and goes in for athletics to a far greater extent, ought to outlive woman by many years, yet he succumbs sooner than she.

One reason commonly assigned for the difference is that so many men are engaged in unhealthy occupations. That is true, but those who advance this reason forget that numbers of women are employed in professions or businesses in which they run very great risks. Think of the women, young and middle aged, who are acting as norses, attending on patients suffering from infectious or contagious diseases. Even in the household it is the woman who attends to the sick members of the family. And the women workers at injurious trades are to be counted by thousands.

The most probable causes of woman's longevityare the regularity of her life and her innate cheerfulness. They are potent factors in existence, but they are often lost sight of by the stronger sex.

Women are apt to call their lives monotonous rather than regular, but whether this is so or not, it is this sameness which serves to lengthen the duration of their existence. More so than men, they have the same duties to perform day by day. They rise at the same time, have their meals at stated intervals, superintend this or that household duty on given days, and retire to rest at about the same hour. They have their worries-their children fall ill or the servants give trouble—but these are light compared with the anxicties to which men are subject.

Men, either through necessity or neglect, do not maintain the same regularity in the times of rising, eating and retiring. They are more given to pleasures that take them out of the groove, and as it is upon them that falls the responsibility of keeping the house together by providing the necessary financial resources, they are subjected to business worries and troubles of which their partners know little or nothing.

earn her own living, she is not troubled to the same extent; she is less ambitious, is satisfied with a little, and that little is earned with more ease.

Another thing to be borne in mind is that by nature woman is intended for household duties, and, therefore, she is doing work which she likes; if she does not actually take pleasure in it, at least it does not annoy her.

But with men it very frequently happens that the occupation is not the one which would have been selected had there been any option, thousands of men are employed in work which they dislike, but are forced by circumstances to continue in that particular line. Women might take this with resignation, but men fret and fume and so wear themselves out more quickly.

The tranquillity of the fair sex when in trouble or pain is well known to doctors and others who have the opportunity of careful observation.

APT PHRASES.

A 6000 many words and phrases are apt to be regarded as slang when in reality they are only expressive English. Words are like people. They have their ups and downs in the social scale, so that the expression that yesterday was only allowed to creep in with apologies, by the back door, to-morrow may be welcomed in the most exclusive society. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that classic literature has furnished us with many of our slang expressions.

Shakespeare is full of slang as "she is spoke" today, and many of our modern pictorial expressions come from the Bible. The first person who made any reference to anything being as " fat as grease ' was probably David, who says in Psalms 119: 70, "Their heart is as fat as grease, but I delight in thy law." Job declared, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Again David sized up the flatterer in these words, just as we use them to-day, "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart," Psalms 55: 21. In Ps. 72: 9, he says, "His enemies shall lick the dust, "Solomon declares in l'roverbs that "he that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it." Isaiah speaks of "the merchant prince" and of Tyre. He also says (Isaiah 25: 6), "The nations are but as a drop in the bucket." Ezekiel writes of the wheel within a wheel when he says, "As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel," and it was not Patrick Henry, but Jeremiah, who exclaimed, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

Innumerable other illustrations might be quoted, but enough has been given to show that a good deal of new slang is pretty old, and can justify its right to the society it keeps.

GIRLS, TAKE THE HINT.

Mex admire the girl who is her mother's girl in household matters, and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with house duties. They admire the girl who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around. They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly, or in questionable taste,

They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and who would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know. They admire the girl who in an emergency can turn her hand to anything. They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own without considering herself aggrieved at having to do so. They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the last new play, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced-

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

" Тик great doctor is greater than ever, especially in the field of research and discovery," writes Dr. Even where a woman remains single and has to George F. Shrady, of New York, in Success; "but the sometimes helps herself.

average doctor is a smaller personage than he en was before, and that is why the profession seemhave declined and lost many of its old-time attra tions for educated men. An ordinary pill pulvey and diagnoser will soon be regarded with no m reverence than the man who sells the pills. 0_{11} dead level, the profession is overcrowded, bad paid, and has lost much of the old-time homage society. I would say to the young fellow who m be graduated to-day, if he has not a great capital enthusiasm and energy, and if he loves mon there is more reason now than ever hefore that should let this profession alone. The title M. per se, is of no special merit. On the other han the surgeon who takes out the stomach of a man d ing with cancer and preserves his life, or the server who defines and destroys the microbe yellow fever, is ranked with the masters and miracle workers. Climb to the summit or he shop."

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Money Getting.

One of the most disastrous things that can over take a man or woman is to become so wrapped in money getting that they think of nothing e We all know such people, and nobody ever thin of appealing to them for any considerable belowh it is wanted for some charitable object. Like a other habit, good or bad, it grows on one, and who it once becomes fixed nothing but death loosens grip on the spirit of accumulation.

There is no sin or discredit attaches to have money, but with its possession there is a duty the is often neglected. Those who have the most of are hardly ever the foremost in helping others is need assistance. They come to look on all gifts money lost, forgetting that it is only what I give away that they can take with them when the cross over. A man may be very rich and yeth Christian. But if he thinks more of his money the he does of Christ he is in the situation of the r young man who once asked Christ what he sho do to inherit eternal life. When the answer volved the disappearance of his fortune he left! eternity of happiness for the present moment opulence

Some men have the gift of money making. It a real gift, from God, and is not to be despised. is only when the use of it is forgotten, and the hal of accumulation gets uppermost that sin entered heart. All through the Bible the dangers of rich are spoken of. Not money, but the love of the said to be at the root of all evil. And so it When a person gets the disease in such a way the they think of nothing but their money they are useless as the barnacle on the ship's plank. The are carried on by society, but play no parl in a good done. They are simply stoppers of some money that comes their way, and they die gretted and leave it all behind to be squandered others. Get all the money you can, honestly, out interfering with your duty, and then use the glory of one who gave you the gift of getting The rich man, at death, is not he who has the money, but he who did the most good with what

The calls for back numbers continue. Adscriber scans his sample copy of the Nook. when sending in his subscription is pretty subwant the back numbers. It has been repeated announced in the columns of the INGLENOUS only current issues can be furnished. There are back numbers available.

As we go to press with the Indennik we for with pleasure the efforts being made to aid the fortunate people who lost their all at Galveste the cyclone of last week. Such contribution h not only those who receive but those who give

Before marriage a young man sometimes his sweetheart a lock of his hair, after marriages

HOW THEY CAN CORN.

Here in Elgin is a canning establishment, and at this writing corn is being put up. It is a common, everyday matter to see rows of canned common, everyday matter to see rows of canned common the shelves of the grocery, and doubtless a corn on the shelves of the grocery, and doubtless a corn on the shelves with the uniform experience and at it themselves with the uniform experience hat the cans "hust." But here is a regular cannot the cans "hust." But here is a regular cannot the cans and it is a very interesting sight when it is in any and it is a very interesting sight when it is in the word, pack corn, bust. They pack, that is the word, pack corn, bust, pumpkins, and baked beans and lima beans in their several seasons. Right now corn is being

Now in order to get at the facts in the case let us ake it our own way-the 'Nook has a way of its an anyhow. Let us go out into the country and upat a farm where they grow sweet corn. We ould learn that the cannery people furnished them heir seed, and that early concord, old colony, ountry gentleman and early and late Stowell's regreen are the varieties used. The idea is to ting the season out as far as practicable. If it all ame into the factory at once it couldn't be hanand. Now suppose that it is ready for the canners Theears are stripped off and loaded into a wagon ad hauled, husks, cobs and all, to the factory, as it sometimes called. Here a man inspects the old, and either passes it or growls about its being phard in the grain, and then it is weighed and heman is paid by the ton for what he brings in. legets from \$5.00 to \$5.50 a ton, and he can raise rom two to four tons to the acre if wind and weathwhave smiled on him.

He then drives his load up to a long shed open the sides and unloads his corn where he is told, tisstacked up breast high along the edge of the hed floor, and the day we were there one hundred and filty tons of corn had been brought in. That takes a pretty good pile of roasting ears and the eason's lot amounts to about three thousand tons, takes about six niles of adjacent territory to use this amount. Even the greediest boy who had could get his fill out of that pile.

Seated in this long, big, high pile of corn, are the uskers. The whole gamut of human existence is presented from the cradle to the grave, the bigotkind of a husking bee, and they are stripping egreen off the ears and pitching them into bushbaskets before them. Three cents a bushel they aforhusking, and as fast as husked it is emptied nan endless, broad belt and starts on its trip to efactory proper. The husks make a bigger pile an the original corn in the ear. These husks the ackers are glad to get rid of, and the farmers are lad to get them. Each wagon bringing in a load from takes out a load of husks, and the cows alle when they see the wagon coming home, ough it is not nearly as good as throwing down a and of fence and getting in the field over night r themselves.

Now when the corn travels up the belt to the entail drops into its place before a man who feeds into a machine that resembles somewhat a horizonal corn sheller, whiz and out pops the cob, and into the hopper drops the corn, cut, scraped, sped off by a system of knives and let it be rembered that the husking, and the feeding the man hand touches the corn. There is always the empresent bugaboo of dirt in thinking of this are stuff, but really there is as little or less chance that then there is in the home kitchen. It admitted that no cannery smells like Analy the satisficant of the country smells like Analy the

Affort being freed from the kernel the cobs are len away to anybody who will haul them off, differ away to anybody who will haul them off, and differ are taken by the wagon load. They are read out to dry in a field and used as kindling as on when the winds howl over Northern Illical revolving sifter of meshed wire to get out the first that the results of cob that may have been as added and away goes the mess to another cans, so much into each can, and then each can and at each step something is done to it. I puts the lid on the can as it passes in procession, and on down the line it goes till it

is soldered automatically, inspected, and comes out at the other end of the belt where the cans are taken off and put in big iron baskets. It must be remembered that this procession is practically endless. The belt is slowly moving along, and the cans are marching along with it very close together, and they get their touch of what is needed as they pass. You can have an idea of the way things have to move, as the season lasts six weeks, and one million five hundred thousand cans of corn are worked through in that time. It takes about three thousand tons of corn to do this. There is very little idling about a cannery that is in full blast. Each man has his stunt of work to do and it comes to him and waits not.

Now up to this point all that has been done could be similarly done at home. But here comes the hitch. These caps are put in big iron baskets, a barrel or so of them, at a time, and they are lowered into retorts which resemble huge iron cylinders. The corn in the can is not cooked, is nothing but pure corn and a little brine, and the subsequent cooking is where the process will fail at home. The cans are locked hermetically in these iron retorts, live steam turned on, of 241 degrees temperature, and the heating is kept up for an hour. The cans are soldered shut when they go into these retorts and there get their steam bath. That is the point of failure at home. The highest temperature that could be had at home is that of boiling water, 212 degrees, and at the cannery they get 241. This used to be the great secret in the business. They stay in their hot bath for an hour, and they are then taken out and ranked on the floor in another building. The cans are bloated, bulged, and apparently ready to exploite. As they cool down over night they resume natural proportions. After that it is simply a matter of packing in boxes and selling to the city people who handle and distribute such things. It occasionally happens that through some bitch in the process there is a failure to secure perfect results. This happens about once in three hundred and fifty times,-that is one can in three hundred and fifty is a misfit. If not too badly gone it is doctored over again. Taking it all around the process is infinitely superior to home methods, the only difference being that that which is done in your own kitchen, from vegetables out of your own garden, is apt to be better in flavor because quality and not bulk is sought for in the private handling.

Each vegetable requires a different treatment, and as we go along we will tell how these different vegetables are worked. The management at the cannery was all courtesy, and there was nothing to conceal. A visit is a pleasure. A good many people think the profits in such a business are large, and while it is satisfactory, yet there is not as much to it as one would imagine. If the proprietors of the cannery could get a cent a can profit they would be happy.

MAINE FOWN'S BIG BEAN KILN.

THERE IS a comfortable little town called Blue Hill, because it is situated under the brow of a little mountain of that name, way down in one corner of Hancock County, Maine, which claims the distinction of being the only town in the universe which has a town bean kiln. "beankill" the natives call it. It is an old institution, whereby over ninety-nine per cent of the beans eaten in the town are baked.

It was way back in the '66's when the Linscotts went to Elne Hill. One of the family while on a visit to some of his people in Blue Hill chanced to get mired in a mud puddle and while scraping the clay from his boots noticed that the consistency and grain was that of the finest brick clay. He prospected a little and found that the hills about the place were of the same kind of clay and that sand of prime quality was close at hand. Blue Hill Bay was a natural harbor. There was a steady demand for bricks everywhere, and so it was that the Linscotts went to Blue Hill and started the brickmaking business. The Hackensack people were enterprising and their crew of employes grew larger and larger until it absorbed all the available natives, and it was necessary to import men from the neighboring towns. This necessitated a boarding house and so it was that Mrs. Linscott's big lour-story frame house became the shelter of forty or fifty able-bodied men with enormous appetites. They

were not particular as to the menu so long as there was plenty of food and Mrs. Linscott's beans were pronounced just about right.

Although the house was equipped with a spacious brick oven, what with the bread and pies and puddings and other things, the capacity was considerably strained. Mrs. Linscott was complaining of this when her busband, "Ol' Dave Linscott," said be'd see about it. He talked the matter over with the foreman, and so it happened that one Saturday afternoon, when work was a little slack, the crew turned to and built an enormous arrangement in the Linscott dooryard. It was like a huge brick oven as much as anything else. They called it a "beankill," because it was not much of anything else. The firebox was arranged to take in four-foot wood and the arrangement of flues was the result of many conferences, and the consensus of opinion of all the expert brick burners of the works.

"Build 'er big enough," said Dave, and it was big enough for bundreds of bean pots.

The "kill" was a great success. Nothing was ever seen like it. No such beans ever tickled the palate of a hungry brick worker as came out of the Linscott bean kiln. Then the neighbors began to bring their beans just as a sample order. And when they brought them once they did again. Finally the "kill" became so extremely popular that thrifty David thought there might be a chance for "spec'lation," and so a fee of one cent per pot was established.

And this was the origin of the kiln.

The original structure has been rebuilt and altered many times. The Linscotts got rich and moved back to New Jersey, but their successors kept up the kiln. The price has been advanced with the increased price of wood, but the custom has not fallen off, as more people have moved in, and the town has become a famous summer resort. And now of a Friday night all the youngsters of the village may be seen about sunset heading for the "bean kill" with the family bean pots.

"Bill" Meader, the present proprietor of the kiln, is a jovial old soul, and crams in the dry, hard wood in cordwood lengths, and anon runs his arm into the immense ovens to gauge the heat, while his purse becomes heavy with the nickels and dimes which flow in.

He knows just how all his customers like their beans; how Mrs. Perkins wants hers "rather under," and Mrs. Peabody likes hers "most burnt," how the hotel people want theirs "thout the lasses."

WIVES AS LOTTERY PRIZES.

Only last year a fair Hungarian, a lady of long lineage but abbreviated purse, made public offer of ber hand and heart as a lottery prize. She secured the consent of the finance minister of Hungary to sanction the issue of a lottery loan of 700,000 florins; each ticket was to be of the value of a florin, and the owner of the lucky ticket was to be rewarded with her hand and a third of the spoil, another third she was to retain herself, and the balance was to be distributed among local charities.

She was not deterred by the experience of another lady, also a member of an impoverished but high-born Spanish family who, a few years earlier, had offered herself in a similar way. In this case the lady was neither very young nor very fair, and that the lottery might lack nothing of attractiveness on this account, the winner was to have the option of declining her hand whilst sharing the money prize, amounting to half a million florins, with her,

The winner of the prize was, by a curious caprice of fortune, a coachman, who, in more flourishing days, had been in the employment of the lady's father; and, to her dismay, he insisted on marrying her. The marriage was disastrous, the husband squandered every florin of her dowry, and ultimately descrited her.

At Smolensk, in Russia, the lottery is a recognized matrimonial medium, and every three months a local heauty is offered as a prize. The tickets, of which there are 5,000, are of the value of a rouble, and the winner thus secures a wife dowered with 5,000 roubles. It is, however, within the girl's power to decline to marry him, and in this event she shares the lottery money equally with the disconsolate winner,

Good Reading

THE NOISES IN BATLLE.

An English writer who has been with the British forces all through the south African invasion has written an article giving some impressions as to the sounds made by the various missiles used by Boers in defending their country. The conclusion he reaches is that every brand of rifle and cannon has its own particular note, never to be mistaken when once clearly heard. In the Boer war the perfection of the weapons used made these various notes very marked, so that during a brisk engagement a storm of war music filled the air. After being in three or lour fights the English soldier gifted with an ordinarily acute musical ear had no difficulty in telling, with shut eyes, what kind of weapons were being used by the defenders. This was equally true in regard to rifles and artillery. In regard to the latter, its caliber could easily be determined.

The most common note heard was that of the Mauser bullet. Doubtless it was also the most unwelcome, judging from the deadly accuracy of that rifle in the hands of the determined Dutchmen. The sound of this missile was a long note, nearly always in G, but occasionally a trifle flat. It is a long-drawn out note, which sounds flat in proportion to its distance, hardly rising or falling at all, so great is the velocity. When the Mauser strikes earth it gives a sharp "put," which is not particularly terrifying, but no combination of letters will give an exact idea of the savage "pack" it makes on finding its billet in the body of man or horse. The novice who hears this sound without a sick, throbbing sensation in the throat is a man gifted with an exceedingly low nervous organism.

A lower note than that of the Mauser is that produced by a dum-dum or split bullet, which is about as unwelcome to the men against whom it is directed. This is on account of the rending wounds produced by the diabolical thing, regarding which many an Englishman now in hospital can give accurate information.

Above the persistent song of the musketry bullets rises the long note of the common or bursting shell. A seven-pounder's shells can be heard some time before they arrive, and are heralded by a shrill whistling screech like a locomotive's signal, vibrating if there is any wind. Then, if all goes well-or ill-comes a rending "Wang!" and the hiss of the flying fragments of the missile. An unexploded shell strikes the ground with a sounding thump.

A very unmistakable and trying note is that of the pom-pom, the new Maxim of the Boers, which fires one-pound shells. These come in at terrific speed, singing a persistent song of

" ли-аа-ла-оо! "

and finishing with a cruel "R-r-rack!" that shakes the drum of your ear. The gun itself says "Pompom-pom" as plainly as a man could say it; it is a eapital name. Ordinary Maxims say

" RR-EE-EE-EE!"

in the key of the Lee-Enfield, but a semitone flatter, and as regards the flying bullets, the explosions sound like a continuous "Rum-pum-pum!" that reminds one of a tattoo.

Larger shells from the guns of position sound a much deeper note, a long-drawn, throbbing

" BOO-OO-OO!"

that lasts quite a time, and the explosion is a splitting crash that can be heard miles away. Nothing tries the nerves so much as this, together with the continual thudding of unexploded shells, for Boer ammunition is not of the best, and shells do not always go off. But a sound that nobody who was in Ladysmith will ever forget is that same vibrating "Boo!" and the splintering-crash that follows it.

But of all the battlefield sounds there is none to equal that of the mighty lyddite shell from a great gun. The first note is a shrill moan in this instance.

" EW-EW-EW!"

which rapidly rises to a hair-raising howl far greater in intensity than that of the ordinary big gun shell. Then a last, overpowering shriek and a frightful metallic explosion, as if a load of dynamite had burst in an open boiler, while the air fills with flying earth and rocks. Anyone who has ever heard the splitting "R-r-rack!" that stuns the hear-

ers when a big lyddite shell bursts will never forget

There was not much pistol shooting in the Boer war, but the British service revolver bullet says

" YU-U-U! "

when on its way, and the Boer's Mauser repeating

"WEE-EE-EE!"

These are, however, comparatively rare sounds, though, of course, the revolver or pistol bullet at its proper range is not one whit less deadly or effecttive than its bigger brother, the rifle or the gun. It must be remembered, too, that, while the screech of the shell gives a certain warning of the impending danger, no such signal of its coming does the pistol or revolver bullet herald forth, the closeness of range preventing this.

YOUR PORTRAIT IN CRAYON.

"Honest and upright young men can make \$25 weekly by working for us. No canvassing." ran the advertisement.

It was the "ad." of an "art establishment" whose sole business is to make crayon portraits for \$1.95, including frames. And the concern does exactly as it agrees to do. It makes a portrait for the price named and makes a whole lot of money for itself out of the business. An art connoisseur might hesitate to recommend these portraits for exhibition in the Art institute, but for all of that they are portraits, though generally they are a very base and glaring counterfeit presentment of the original, which is a photograph.

Of course something more rapid than the usual way of producing a portrait is required and the needed rapidity is secured by a not very ingenious machine, but which can "do" from thirty to thirtyfive a day, according to the dexterity of the "artist" in working the machine. The pay of "artists "ranges from \$6 to \$20 a week, the most expert operator of the machine getting the highest scale. The volume of business depends on the persuasive powers of the corps of solicitors to convince women more especially to avail themselves of the extraordinary opportunity to have their dead and living friends done in "life size, hand-made crayon, including an exquisitely designed frame." Women are easier to work upon than men, so solicitors say, because they are more sentimental. The idea of having life-size portraits of their loved ones, especially of those who have gone to the other world, appeals to them, to say nothing of the portrait as a wall ornament, and all, including a beautiful frame, for only \$1.95.

Strictly speaking, these portraits are hand, or rather hand-foot, made, for the foot plays an important part in applying the crayon, which is not crayon at all, but ink which the machine sprays over the outlines. The first process is to take what is called a solar print, enlarged to the desired size of the photograph. But it is not a solar print at all, The sun is too uncertain in casting its rays, so a powerful electric lamp is substituted for the sun. By this means the work of getting a print is greatly expedited; besides, no time is lost in waiting for the sun to shine. Total darkness is just as good as the noonday glare of a July sun, for the lamp is there all the time.

The print, mounted on heavy cardboard, goes to the "air brush artist," who quickly daubs black about the eyes, nose and chin; then he turns his machine loose upon it. The machine is worked by one foot and it throws a heavy or light spray of ink over the outlines just as the brain and the hands of the artist direct. The spraying finished, the artist seizes his tools, which are a wad of cotton, a hard rubber eraser and bits of rolled paper which come to a point like a pencil. In a jiffy he rubs in and rubs out the blends and shades and sends the product of his handiwork to the drapery artist. The tools of the drapery artist are two bunches of cotton and two ostrich feathers, for he works with both hands. He thrusts his bunches of cotton in a box of powdered crayon, daubs here and there and then "throws up the lights and shades" and the drapery is done. When he reaches the hat he uses the feathers to give the lights and shades. It must be remembered that he is working on a solar print, and, in fact, the whole process seems to have but shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

one object, which is to cover up the earmark the print and yet retain the likeness. The lights" are made with the hard rubber eraser and is "dead easy," as an artist puts it. The "an tablishment" figures on a total cost of not \$1.25 for a complete portrait, including the w of the artists, the solicitor's commission and frame. The evidence that it is or was a pay business is in the fact that the establishments h multiplied until the competition is very sharp.

The social conventions of the establishment severe. The air brush artist is a genius above a apart. He is an aristocrat and his superiority n be recognized. Next comes the lace artist. works in high lights and other kinds of lights out the black daub to imitate lace and the like. lowing him comes the drapery artist and then solar, or, rather, the electric print, artist. These clude the "art department." Next on the lista pears the solicitor for orders, but he has to as ciate with the framers. All below the print art are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water as stand in about the same social relation to the tists that the mechanic who makes the piano d to the world's most renowned performer. He ever, the solicitor may speak with any artist when wishes to convey the information that the party whom the portrait was made remarked that a work of art it is equal to any of the efforts of 1 old masters. The framemaker, too, may speak the artists if he wishes to say that he finds it ha to make a frame that will do the picture justi The \$1.95 portrait artist and the business he in and the people with whom he deals represe all stages of human character from monument egotism to stupid credulity.

HOW TO FALL GRACEFULLY.

"ABOUT the first thing that I teach my pupi said a trainer of circus gymnasts, "is how to That, you know, is the secret of the great'h dive ' from the roof, which remains up to date greatest feat in the way of gymnastic tricks the the world has seen."

"It looks almost too perilous to be interesting remarked a friend.

"But it is not in the least dangerous if one of knows how to fall," he continued. "Now, if untrained performer should attempt to fall in a from any height whatever he would be almost to break some bones. Should he stretch out arm to save himself he would be very likely break it in two places. Should be light on heels he might break his leg, or, more likely, forward and break his jaw. But just fill your with air and hold them full, double yourself up a knot, leaving no limb free, and fall on the back your shoulders, just above the shoulder blades. you can fall from what height you like and come no hurt. This explains the cannon and cala tricks. Why, once we attempted the catapult in a hall where the roof was so low that we had sink the catapult below the floor. The gra forgot all about having his net lowered a d ponding distance, and when shot 150 feet lorn and upward at the same time-didn't he down underneath the net and land slap-bang of shoulders on the bare floor? We picked his for dead. You may hardly believe me, only knocked the wind out of him and shaken up a bit. The next night he was performing well as usual. That just shows what the musc the shoulders together with an elastic cushion of in the lungs, will resist.

HORSES SHOD WITH STRAW.

STRAW is put to strange uses in Japan. the horses are shod with straw. Even the d est of eart horses wear straw shoes. In their the shoes are tied around the ankles with rope, and are made of the ordinary rice braided so that they form a sole for the foot half an inch thick. These soles cost about a penny per pair, and when they are worn out are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of new shoes tied to the horse or to the front cart, and in Japan it was formerly the cur measure distances largely by the number of shoes it took to cover the distance, horseshoes made a day's journey, and the at shoe lacted

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Weight We Stovet, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Ilelletricks Weight, Acting Fresident; Othio Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Communications to Our Missionary Reading Physics all communications to Our Missionary Reading Communications to Our Missionary Reading Physics all communications to Our Missionary Reading

CIRCLE MEETING.

CRIECT.—"Let this mind be in you which also was in Christ

HAVING "this mind" we love as Jesus loved.

HAVING "this mind" we love as Jesus loved.

We have a quick sympathy with the dentity and in their deepest needs we are ready to the help, comfort and love, the "common five them help, comfort and love, the "common five the love the love

we them heard Jesus gladly.

we will love our friends enough to suffer and be

Mr. will love of a quick resentment, we will culti-

For the erring we will have the helping hand and for the erring we will have them courage to resum the past, and look with hope into the future. As he humbled himself, so we will walk in the ale of humility. The daughter of a millionaire as graduated from one of our best colleges. She id all her accomplishments aside and became the paid missionary of a church in New York; to go own into its lowest slums, climb tenement stairs, inister to the sick, and save the sinning.

To have the mind of Jesus is to be unselfish. He ever thought of himself, he lived for others. A entleman visited a lighthouse and said to the exper: "Are you not afraid to live here? It is a readful place to be in." "No," replied the keep-than not afraid, I know I am safe and only link of having the lamps burning brightly and exping the reflectors clean, that those in danger may be saved." "A spirit of self-sacrifice burns all elishness in its holy flame."

DO NOT LOSE INTEREST IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We may feel that there are so many at our door honeed to be taught the way of salvation, and the eithen are so far away, that we almost lose sight the command which includes "all the world."

Ilin your church you have a Missionary Reading licle, and one consecrated person devoted to forign missions, the case is won. They will not align missions, the case is won. They will not align missions, the case is won. They will not align missions, the case is won. They will not align missions will come up as, a memorial before God.
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GOD is Love.—A teacher said to a heathen: "Do Dur gods love you?" "Our gods never think of hing," was the reply. "Then hear this, 'For God ploved the world that he gave his only begotten on, that whosoever believeth in him should not this, but have everlasting life." Only when it added to the decistand the blessed message.

JAPANESE BUDDHISTS STUDYING CHRISTIANITY.—
Tom Chicago comes the report that two Buddhist
nests have come to this country to study the regious and social institutions of America both
bristian and Jewish. Just how much significance
gen that these people from the Sunrise Kingdom
and the come and see whether God is with us. It
correct will help them to find the true God.

Some people will never know anything about bus Christ except what they see in the lives of ing the Christ life ourselves. We must walk so the behind Christ life ourselves. We must walk so hist.—Bishop Thoburn.

Is the British museum is a carved box made in his own hands.

Sunday A School

THERE is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice; but it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, while at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone which is sharp and which sticks to him through life and stirs up ill-will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the listener. Some people have a sharp voice for home use and keep their best voice for those whom they meet elsewhere. We would say to all girls and boys: " Use your best voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the

How deep rooted, how gloriously prophetic, is the idea of moral order. Man has never been without it; it is part of his make-up, his stock in trade. Let him believe in no God, like the Buddhist; in two gods, like the Zoroastrian; in many gods, like the Greek; or in one God, like the Jew and Christian,—he yet holds to a supreme ideal of moral order. Rooted in the heart of man is the sense of duty as profound within as the starry heavens are exalted without. There is something he owes himself, his fellows, and his God, which becomes his "ought," something due which is his "duty." He is "haunted forever by the eternal mind." Appeal to this sense of right in children, reverence and obey it in ourselves, clarify, dignify, glorify it in the light of Jesus Christ, and one day duty and delight will

Are you questioning what course in life you shall take? Let love tell you. Love is the only prophet, love is the only teacher. Love will answer all problems, because God is love and love is God. We are in this world like a child who plays upon the floor with a disintegrated map; which she does not know how to put together. Here is some father-love, and here some mother-love, and here some brother-love, and here some wife-love, here some love that is wrathful against wrong, and here some love that is merciful and compassionate toward the sinner—love all broken up in fragments. Put them together; take your life for this task, and put them together; and when all the fragments of life are put together you will find the map is love, for life is God, and God is love.

A nying judge, the day before his departure to be with Christ, said to his pastor, "Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint-tenancy?"

"No," was the reply, "I know nothing about law, I know a little about grace and that satisfies me."

"Well," he said, "if you and I were joint-tenants on a farm, I could not say to you, that is your hill of corn and this is mine; that is your blade of grass, and this is mine; but we would share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here, and thinking with unspeakable joy, that Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, and everything he has is mine, and will share and share alike through all eternity."

There is a legend which says that when the Empress Helena found three crosses on Calvary and could not tell which was the Savior's, she had a dead body brought and laid in turn on each of the crosses. When it touched the true cross life was restored. It is only a legend, but it reminds us of the real truth that when a soul is brought in personal touch with Christ by faith that soul lives. As the cross was the instrument of death, so it has become the instrument of life. There is no death beneath the cross of him who died to save the world. He lives who touches that cross by faith; he is immortal who finds refuge beneath the accursed tree.

For * the * Wee * Folk

A QUEER LITTLE CRADLE.

THERE'S a queer little cradle in each little flower Where the wee seed-babies are sleeping, Though so small, they are growing hour by hour, And the nurse-flower watch is keeping.

All around and about are the stamen trees
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing.
And the birds and the butterflies shake these trees
And the seed-babies think that it's snowing.

But the snow in flowerland is yellow snow, And the wee seed-baby loves it, And it eats and eats, and this makes it grow, While the nurse-flower smiles above it.

MRS. QUEEN BER AS A MONOPOLIST.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

When Mrs. Queen Bee had raised over a hundred thousand children, and all of the older ones had died, the younger children noticed age creeping upon their mother, and decided it was time for another Mrs. Queen Bee to come into the world. But Mrs. Queen Bee positively opposed this. She thought she was good for many years yet, and there was no need of a younger Queen. But the bees thought different, and slyly made preparations for a new Mrs. Queen Bee. The way they did this was to take an ordinary lice egg and make a much larger pocket for hatching, and feed the young bee while there, on an extra fine food, purposely prepared. When Mrs. Queen Bee saw these preparations going on she became indignant, and declared it should not be. She even tried to destroy the little pocket where the new Queen was to be grown, but the bees formed a wall around it, and kept her away. Then she determined that if it had to be, she wouldn't live in the same house with the new Mrs. Queen Bee. When the bees saw how determined she was, they decided it would be best for her to move into another place, and therefore a crowd of them was selected to accompany her, and help her fit up a new home. So one day when the sun was shining they all went off together. There were thousands of the bees from the old hive, a few drones, and the old Mrs. Queen Bee; and the noise they made by each one humming was astonishing. After flying about in the air awhile, they concluded to settle on a peach tree, until they could decide where to locate their new home. But the man who owned them was on the lookout, and when they were all bunched together on a limb, he spread a cloth upon the ground under them, placed a new hive on the edge of the cloth, then shook down the entire bunch. The sudden fall surprised them, and some of the bees were angered. But when the Mrs. Queen Bee saw the hive she walked right in, and the others followed as quietly as a drove of sheep. Then Mrs. Queen Bee began housekeeping anew, and since there was no other Queen Bee to interfere they became a happy family again.

The new Mrs. Queen Bee, who took possession of the old homestead, was also a monopolist, and the very first thing she did, after getting out into the hive, was to run around and examine every wax pocket, where bees were hatching, to see if they contained another Queen. She would know it by the pocket being much larger than the rest, and resembling the closed end of a sewing thimble. If she found one she tore it open and killed the egg at once, for she was determined to be sole mistress of the family she ruled. When this was done she settled down as a very wise and industrious Mrs. Queen Beg should, and none of her adopted children were ever known to utter a complaint.

Warrensburg, Me.

A VERY small boy one morning strayed into the kitchen just as breakfast was being sent in. Seeing a dish of poached eggs on the table, he looked at them curiously for a minute, then said:

- "Cook, do the hens lay poached eggs?"
- "Yes, Master Gerald."
- " And which of them lays the toast?"

"That cat made an awful noise last night in the back garden," remarked Mr. Bennett.

"Yes, father; I think that since he are the canary he fancies he can sing."

DOG CEMETERIES.

LONDON has a cemetery for dogs a corner of Hyde Park; at Windsor Queen Victoria has one; at Lacken, near Brussels, the Queen of the Belgians has set aside a corner of her grounds for a similar one; and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, there is a section devoted to the same purpose. But one has to go to Paris to find the queerest cemetery on the footstool.

About two years ago a law was passed in France requiring that dead animals must be buried at least one hundred yards from any human habitation, and be covered with at least a full meter of earth. This law has resulted in the making of an extensive dog cemetery, just outside of Paris, and the Parisians have brought to bear in a surprising way, in their treatment of the place, their faculty for the ex-

There is a little island—Isle des Ravageurs they call it-between Asnieres and Clichy, on the route of the Madeleine-Genevilliers tram cars, and it is this island which contains the canine necropolis of the great French capital.

You would have to visit a great many towns this side of the Mississippi to find among the God's acres for the interment of the dead bodies of human beings one presenting so artistic a front as the entrance to this "Cimetiere des Chiens."

Just within the cemetery gate are two pavilionsone used as a porter's lodge, and the other occupied by the registrar. The graves are arranged in avenues, some of them prettily shaded, and all of them kept with that fine trimness one sees from end to end of France. A great many of the graves are marked by pretty monuments in stone, and a few of the marbles are from the studios of famous sculptors, and have received most careful treatment. A notable example in this connection is the monument, several meters in height, sculptured by Honri Edeline, in memory of Barry, the celebrated St. Bernard. Barry is not buried in the Paris cemetery. His body is preserved in a museum at Berne; but so highly did his exploits commend him to the people of France, that they were not slow in erecting a monument expressive of their appreciation.

There is a good story in the life of that dog-a story worthy of the pen of a great writer. He saved forty lives by his unaided efforts, and he went to his death at the hands of the forty-first person whom he attempted to rescue,

The monument to Barry shows the dog in the act of saving the life of a child found in an ice cav-

Another important monument in this cemetery is a stone-hewn campaign tent, under which are interred the remains of Pompon, the dog of the Camp of Challons. This monument was raised in memory of Pompon by the artillerymen of Challons.

The queerest feature of the cemetery has to do with the Parisian fad of treating dogs much as though they were human beings-that is to say, the dogs of the very rich. It is by no means unusual to find arranged beside or on the grave a number of the articles belonging to the outfit of the deceased during his life; and a person unfamiliar with the extremes to which the Parisians go in furnishing a dog with articles of one sort and another, is certain to be startled on examining these collections.

It is common enough, of course, in any dog cemetery to find a disused chain and collar here and there, but in Paris one runs across muffs, card cases, reticules, souvenirs of birthday parties, china dinner pieces and the like.

This last paragraph suggests somewhat the extent of the Parisian fad for dog furnishings. There is in one of the principal streets of Paris an establishment devoted expressly to the sale of articles used by dogs. It is an establishment requiring the attendance of a large retinue of clerks, and a very valuable stock of goods is carried. Poor people have no business in this establishment-its patrons are the rich, and for the greater part the very rich. Pretty nearly everything that one can think of as pertaining to the every-day life of a well-to-do person may be found in this establishment, but adapted to bear a reasonable proportion to the sizes of the various types of dogs that have the good or ill fortune to be the pets of wealthy women.

It is a fashion in Paris for rich dogs to have their birthdays celebrated in much the same way that rich children have their birthdays observed; and one feature of this store is its stock of tiny candles | air revolving around a center where there was an

and flowers for the adornment of cakes to be baked for use on these auspicious occasions. A condition of the fashion calls for the invitation to dog functions of the honored dog's rich friends in dogdom; and this involves the proprietors of the establishment in the need of providing invitations printed on stationery that has by custom been accepted as the proper thing for dog parties only.

Card cases for dogs are very common, and a rich French dog never thinks of starting from home without his card case, provided he is out on a visiting excursion. When his rich owner has occasion to leave her card she leaves the card of her pet dog if the person upon whom she is calling is similarly addicted to the fad. The cards are preserved as souvenirs.

Everybody in America knows that a bath does not hurt any dog, rich or poor, but the practice that is pursued with reason here is pushed to the extreme over in Paris, with the result that the dog who is in affluent circumstances is provided with a bath tub of costly make and has as accessories of the toilet a complete outfit of silver-backed brushes, shell combs, expensive perfumery and all that.

One department of the store referred to is devoted to hats and caps for dogs. It all depends on the sex of the dog, the season and the places to be visited. There are silk hats for the male dogs and the daintiest of straws and felts for the females-strictly up to date, both, and after the modes peculiar to human beings of to-day. If a dog is to be taken to one of the French watering places his outfit of cape, hat, and so on, is adapted to the resort to be visited. A rich French dog never thinks of dressing at the seaside as he dresses when in town.

Puck was right, wasn't he? "What fools these mortals be!

MONEY IN OLD TIN CANS.

Down on the south side of Chicago, near Seventy-ninth Street and Vincennes Avenue, there is a Klondike discovered and worked to its utmost capacity by two bright young mechanics.

Out toward Englewood, near the tracks of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, half a stone's throw from Seventy-ninth Street, can be seen an immense quantity of old tin cans piled into hills of very decent proportions.

There are hills of tomato cans, miniature mountains of peach and pear cans, mounds of milk cans, cans from far-off France, that were once filled with delicate truffles, cans that were once ready to burst with the luscious fruits which California sends to less favored States, oil cans, old kitchen pots and pans, all gathered up from one end of the city to the other, and from hotel garbage boxes.

The assay office of this "tin-can Klondike" is near by in a little 16x20 foot frame building, used also as storehouse for refined metal.

The factory itself is half a block further down toward Eighty-first Street.

These old cans are placed in a furnace and brought to a red-hot heat by a rousing fire under them, which melts the solder and zinc or "spelter," these sinking to the bottom of the pot, while the tin remains on top.

The solder or "spelter" is ladled out and cast into bars, in which form it finds its way to the metal market; while the tin is run out into frames and rolled into sheets of various sizes, and sent to the stock yards and other factories, where they are made over.

THE GALVESTON DISASTER.

To understand the manner in which Galveston was laid under water and why many of its buildings collapsed in the storm last Saturday it is necessary to examine the site of the city. Standing on a low island facing the Gulf of Mexico, a large part of the city was situated only a few feet above the normal level of the gulf. The soil is chiefly sand, and, while the more substantial buildings had foundations laid solidly, some of the smaller stores and houses must have been set on the surface or to an insufficient depth. When the water rose several feet above the street level and heavy waves rolled in upon the buildings, the soil upon which many of them stood was washed out and they necessarily crumbled away.

The storm that raised the gulf level was one of the kind known as cyclonic; that is, it was a body of

area of very low barometer. There are two form of motion in the cyclone; the center travels generally northeasterly course, while the around this center continues to revolve in a conplete circle. The area affected by a cyclone m extend two hundred miles from the center, in whi case the velocity of the wind is not likely to be great as it is in one which has a smaller radius, a its forward movement will also be slower.

In the northern hemisphere the wind revolve "against the sun," as the seaman says—that is, from right to left, in an opposite direction from the most ment of the hands of a clock. Consequently when a cyclone approaches a ship or island any one wig ing to know where the center is may find out of bearing by facing the wind, since the center will on a line exactly ninety degrees to the right, the West Indies and in the Southern States the course of the center is somewhat north of west, the wind begins to shift to the right the observe will know he is on the right hand of the cyclone, track; if the shifts of wind are to the left he wi know he is on the left-hand side of the storm

We know that Galveston was on the right-han side of this particular storm, and consequently t wind shifted to the right. The cyclone had bee reported approaching the gulf since the first of the month. It was not a very rapid traveler. Saturda afternoon last the center had reached a point in the gulf bearing southeast from Galveston, as w shown by the low reading of the barometer in the city - twenty-nine and twenty-two-hundredthsinche -and the velocity of the northeast wind-for miles an hour. It is highly probable that the cent had passed sufficiently to the southward of t Florida straits to bring the full force of the no. half of the revolving storm against the outward to of the gulf stream, thus raising the general level the water in the gulf. Then, with apparently quic ening movement, it rushed toward the Texas to

Throughout the northern half of the swiftly volving circle the wind was driving the water to west and southwest until the normal height of t gulf in that locality must have been increase But when the center had swept still farther w the direction of the wind had gradually work around to the east, and then to the southeast, till whole force was concentrated upon the coast right angles to the shore line. What wonder the this final effort of the hurricane should have hear the water higher and higher on the doomed of It did not take long for the waves to complete the mission of destruction, and, although the constant shifting wind finally allowed the flood to subsi the rain had been wrought.

Against such a combination of the elements forethought could provide. Practically the wh gulf was blown in upon the city, and no dikes breakwater could have kept it out. And again recurrence of this disaster the only protection sible is the raising of the city far enough above t gulf level to be out of reach of a similar rise.

IN A HURRY.

THE merchant had arrived at his office rath early in the morning, and five minutes after he down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced came in. The merchant was reading, and the bo with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but sayin

At the end of two minutes he coughed slight and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurn! The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job if you've got one for me." "Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant.

what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp sponse. "I left school yesterday afternoon to to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I afford afford to be wasting time. If you can't do thing for me say so and I'll go. The only p can stop long is in the place where they pay not it."

The merchant looked at the clock. "When o you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the young"
"I'm here now, and I'd been at work before the you had said so.

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's like! have a job just as long as he wants one.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

tanted the Feath's Companion in our mour church publications. John E. Mohler, Each number seems better than the eding one. I have a Sunday-school class fga boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen and all get the Intilendor as a Sundayurs, and all get the radio are delighted with it.— instructive paper.—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol. lock.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

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take the Inglianuon. I am much pleased his steady and almost marvelous growth. e fact that it is sought after by our people, bold and young, is evidence that it proves if to be in fact what it purports to be .- J. G.

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seen and read I think there is none that and. weld as great or as desirable influence a as readers as the INGLENDOR .- II'. A'.

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

have been a constant reader of the INGLEk from its begin to to the present time, while it is not specially intended for the ntland something that interests me in issue. I am the a steel in the 'Nook bemy expectation - I especially recom-In to the years, readers, Eld. A. B.

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Repliatly adapted to both old and young. I where there are young people. S. Z. Sharp. placed it in our Mission Sunday school, the general verifict is that it can not he led by any other Sunday-school paper.

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s lamily and I say that the INGLENOOK is neellent paper. There are many things in at everyone likes, and which they ought to resple who do not take the INGLEa bive occasion to regret it. The Editor with needs of the readers. - L. W. Tecter.

0 0

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Agaimber of years I have wondered why diesthave a paper for our young people. the character, with a tendency toward We have that in the INGLENOOK. do be in every home in the church.— E Ellenherger

And This.

ter the books and papers one ate who and what he is as well as the 2) he keeps. - Eld. Amos Wampler.

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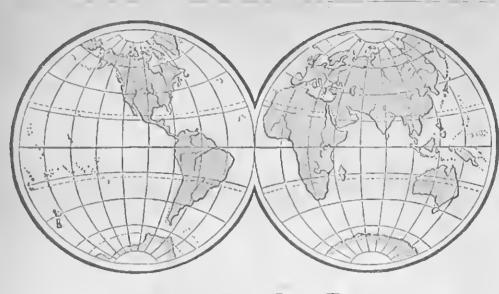
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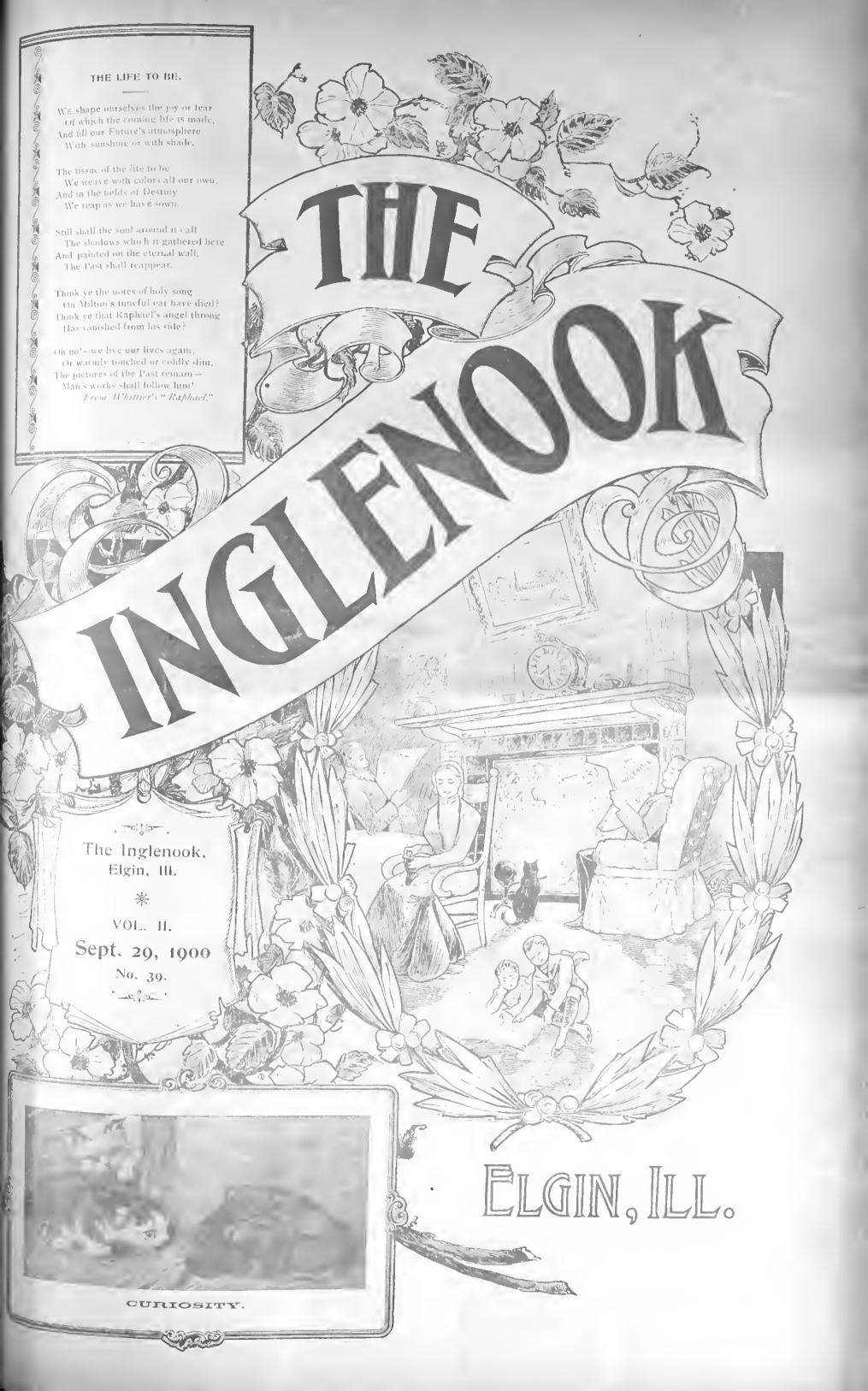
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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., SEPT. 29, 1900.

No. 39.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN is the time for prayer? With the first beams that light the morning sky, Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare, Lift up thy thoughts on high; Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:-Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the nountide hour, If worn-by toil or by sad care opprest, Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour, And He will give thee rest: fly voice shall reach him through the fields of air:-Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set, While yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies; When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met, Then let thy prayer arise For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:--Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth, -When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth To pure bright dreams of heaven,-Kneel to thy God-ask strength life's ills to hear: -Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer? In every hour, while life is spared to thee -In crowds or solitude—in joy or care-Thy thoughts should heavenward flee, Athume-at morn and eve-with loved ones there, Bend thou the knee in prayer!

CAPTAIN JACK.

You would never know who Captain Jack was by name. So let us introduce him to the INGLEk circle as the middle-aged father of a family nsisting of a boy and girl, both pretty well grown, dawife that, in another age, and time, would re been made into a saint. There are more of th women than we are apt to think possible. But tall that go for this time. Everybody called him ptain Jack, for he had been in the army, though ver a captain. There were other Jacks, and to stinguish them he was called the Captain.

The Jacks lived in the country, on the edge of a usiderable town, near a brook in which the spotittout played on shingle and in the deeper swirls. ne day in the springtime a youngish man from the I was whipping the stream for the speckle-sides, len a storm came up and he sought refuge in the ouse of Captain Jack. Inside everything was of modrous clean, and all the marks of honest poverty the everywhere. But everything was neat. The by were all at home. Mrs. Jack was mending meold clothes, Jennie, the girl, was patching Edd's old coat, and Captain Jack, himself, was king baskets. We forgot to say before, that the plain was stone blind. All he could do since the ident was to help what little he could in basket lt was pretty hard making ends meet, but

Ywere doing it, and just a little over.

Now it so happened that the fisherman visitor a student in the office of one of the most celeated oculists in the city, and he was at once inusled in the Captain's eyes. He looked long and refully. Then he looked again. And then he ought a while, and after another good look he are it as his opinion that the Captain should go to city and be operated on. He would write and what his preceptor had to recommend in the In a week longer he walked into the Jack week longer ne walked into Substanby it amounted to one thing. He couldn't tell tould be done until an examination was had, sibly not then. An operation would likely be then. An operation would amount, all told, raildiage and everything, to about one hundred and dollars. It was an uncertain result, but nothcould be told without a trial. Then the student his way to the brook and gave the matter no

hat night the household held a consultation in Garden back of the house with Mrs. Captain in It was not a question as to whether they

That was taken for granted. But how? That was the matter at issue. There was only one conclusion and it was unanimously decided that they would do it. Not one of them had the faintest idea of how it was to be had, but they hoped to get it in some way. Then they set about it by each working at whatever could be done, and putting all the savings in a common fund. And never a word to the Captain. He would worry, and so they let him out of the councils.

Then they went at it. Jennie secured a situation in the largest store in the town, and Edward worked wherever he could get a job. Mrs. Jack took in sewing and washed at night. It would be hard to tell when the berries were picked that Ed sold on the streets, but there was rejoicing on Saturday nights, when the whole family pooled their earnings in silent conclave in the kitchen, out of the reach of Captain Jack's abnormally sharp hearing. The result of the first two weeks showed, conclusively, that it could be done in six months, or less, if luck held out. And it did hold. When they came within sight of the last ten dollars they decided to tell the Captain himself what was expected of him.

It was then that the unexpected happened. Captain Jack developed a hitherto unknown mulishness. He refused to go to the city. He was blind now, always would be blind, and would not take the hardearned money and squander it on any useless and painful experiments. It took a week to wear him out, when he consented at last, unable to stand the continual pressure.

It was a bright day in the Autumn when he stood at the station waiting on the train that would carry him to the city. His ticket was in his pocket, his money sewed into his coat, the simple lunch in the paper box, and consigned to the care of the conductor, the train creaked and rumbled around the curve and away to the city. The family went back home to wait.

A week passed and then came the word that he had arrived safely, and that the doctor had said that an operation was necessary. He held out no hope. Then in a day or two along came a letter saying briefly that the operation itself was safely over, and that nothing could be told for some weeks as a result.

Then came the long weeks of waiting. Nobody but those who have gone through with it knows the desperateness of unrewarded vigils. It was a race between hope and despair, now one in the ascendency, then the other, and so the weeks wore away. Then one late Autumn evening, the boy came in from the town, threw down on the table an opened envelope with the city stamp and the return address of the oculist, and walked on through the room dejectedly. The woman opened the letter with feverish haste, and read in a mist the words that Captain Jack would never see any better than he did now, and that he would be at the station on next Thursday's train, at which time they were to meet him.

There was no talk at the supper table. They had done all they could, and it was a failure. He would never see any better than he did, and it meant a concealed depression, and a lifetime of work, for the doctor's letter said that "he will never see any better than he does." Then the next day they all went to the train together, even the dog trailed along, none of them having the heart to turn him back.

Presently the train came and out stepped the Captain, handed down by the brakeman. He groped out painfully, and his wife clasped his hand and they all kissed him. He was paler, but looked fairly well. Then the dog had his inning. He leaped on the Captain in an effectual effort to salute him in true canine fashion, for he had been the inseparable companion of Captain Jack all through his home life. The Captain pushed back his green goggles for a moment, and the dog looked steadily into his eyes and then was seized with a fit. He rolled and barked, and ran around the mad, which the participate in the evening meal.

whole family wended their way slowly along, Jennie leading her father.

(To be Continued.)

HOW PEPSIN CHEWING GUT WAS FIRST MADE.

TEN years ago Miss Nellie Horton was a stenographer earning as many dollars a week. Destiny put her in a pepsin manufactory. So much for environment. Her one supreme weakness was a great love for spruce gum as it comes fresh from the balsam fir tree. So much for the habit. All day long Miss Nellie Horton played her typewriter to the accompaniment of a bit of spruce gum. In every order, every letter or bill the word "pepsin" occurred. She spelled out pages of dictation on the virtues of pepsin. She believed in the virtues of spruce gum. Somehow the thought struck her that here would be a happy combination.

One day she came to her work at the pepsin manufactory with her determination glued to the point. She had made up her mind to confide in her employer. It took courage to talk to the "boss" who grunted orders from behind his roller-top desk. She took an extra chew at her spruce gum and then put the question:

"Don't you think," began Nellie Horton, timidly, "don't you think," she repeated, with a choking sound, "that it would be a good idea to put pepsin in gum?"

Of course her employer looked at her as if she were crazy, and laughed the idea to scorn. This, by all the chronicles of inventions, great and small, is the first sort of encouragement given to inventors. Nellie Horton had half hoped for better, but fully realized that this was to be expected. She only set her teeth all the harder into the fresh piece of spruce gum. Then she began her experiments. Nellie Horton had one characteristic common with all men and women who gain success where thousands aim and where only an occasional one hits the mark. She was absorbed in a single idea.

For months she worked and experimented. The gum must have the proper consistency and substance. It must have just the correct amount of pepsin to make it valuable for indigestion. It took a vast amount of time and trouble.

Her favorite spruce gum was finally abandoned. It didn't meet the requirements. At length, after many months of experimenting, Nellie Horton made a pepsin gum that suited her. It was a simple matter to find a market for it, once the dealers were shown its merits.

Ten years ago Nellie Horton was a slip of a girl eking out a living at the typewriter. To-day she is a woman enjoying the luxuries that an income of half a million permits. And all because she hit upon the happy idea of pepsin gum.

DOGS AMONG HIS CUSTOMERS.

A FAVORITE uptown chop house has a regular dinner clientele of high-bred dogs. These dogs accompany their owners, who are of the feminine sex and are chronic diners out.

The dogs are of every variety, from the pug and the smart French bull to the poodle and the sky terrier. They are ornamented with huge bows on their collars and are invariably well behaved and quiet, sometimes occupying seats during dinner without in any way offending onlookers by the occasional refined nibble of a morsel daintily fed them.

Sometimes a conservative diner objects to the doggy air of the place and asks the proprietor if he hadu't better have a special room for the dogs, but the owner says that while the dogs behave he has nothing to say. A disorderly dog would be put out immediately.

He does draw the line at St. Bernards and mastiffs-only the smaller animals being allowed to

Correspondence

AT A FREE DISPENSARY.

It makes no difference how poor a man is-if he is sick he may have the best of care and medicines. It is not necessary to be sick enough for a hospital. It is not necessary to have a faint ailment. The toothache, a cut finger, a touch of ague, anything is enough to call forth the sympathetic care of the free dispensary. The dispensary people are kind to their patients-because they need them. There is a professional as well as a humanity reason, for the existence of the dispensary, and for this reason, if no other, the public can count on the continuance of its services. The patient is as necessary to the dispensary as is the dispensary to the patient.

Dispensaries are run by colleges and hospitals for the benefit of their students and the benefit derived by the public is by way of payment. The patient gives himself as a practice case, the dispensary gives its treatment in return. This is not to say that the treatment is in any way unreliable or that the patient exposes himself to any danger. Quite the reverse is the case. The situation is simply this: The dispensary is not a charity institution, and the patient is not a charity patient. Everything which is given and taken from the patient and institution is paid for, and paid for liberally.

It puts the institution on quite another footing when thus viewed, and it gives the patient quite auother air.

Therefore, if you see people in line at the door of the dispensary do not think they are paupers. They are poor people certainly, but that is nothing to their discredit. This notion of beggarism having been spread abroad among the people has prevented many a crippled baby from receiving care which would have made him a strong man. The world is full of people who would rather see their children die than become beggars. They are perfeetly frank to say so when asked why they do not go to the dispensary. They have made up their minds it is not a decent thing to do, and no amount of persuading will dissuade them. To their notion it would never do to have the neighbors know "Johnny" was taken to a dispensary. If he is ill enough for a hospital then-all right. That is quite a different thing.

The teachers in the public schools of the poorer districts have to take the children to the dispensary themselves if they would have it done. Mothers promise repeatedly but never fulfill their promises and never intend to. In spite of this there are thousands of people under the care of the dispensary doctors, and if there were twice as many dispensaries there would be twice as many patients. They have scarcely time to open their doors before the patrons begin the siege. And from that time on so long as the building stands each morning will find the street crowded with people waiting their turn in the visiting. The lame and the halt and the blind line up on the sidewalk and wait patiently, sometimes for hours. There is a line of them, old men and women and babies, their thin faces and sunken eyes telling the story of suffering. It is not necessary to ask the name of the building where they wait. The people tell its name, giving eloquent praise to the care of the young physicians. It is a curious study, this gathering with its ailments. The old men confident of help, nursing a rheumatic limb, the consumptive confident of recovery, the workman who has an injured hand and is fretting to be at work again.

The children with all kinds of diseases and every manner of deformity; quiet, long-suffering babies that have been born crooked and peevish, and children who have been hurt in the crowded street are there. The scar of an overwrought city life is upon each one of them, and in spite of their loyalty to the noisy crowd each one is suffering for a quiet open space in which to breathe. And yet they stand very close together against the narrow side door which gives entrance to the dispensary. One would think to look at them that they were suffering from the cold or that they were afraid of never getting in. Each man has his place in the line, and let none get aside from it under penalty of discord. As the door opens, ever so narrow a crack, to let out some unfortunate one, everyone on the outskirt pushes forward to get through. The pain of the

crowding makes many of them cry out, but still they push on as though life and death were in the balance. It is just a moment before the door is again closed and there is but one left in the line outside.

. From 8 o'clock every morning until 12, and sometimes 5 in the afternoon, this struggle keeps up. Some of the patients who come early to be in plenty of time and have found others before them are almost the last to receive care. They are too weak to join in the general push and must sit outside on the curb until the others have been cared for and gone away. If a doctor sees them and takes them in it is well and good, but the doctors are busy men during these hours of dispensary work and find small time for sympathy. One by one the patients march into the consultation-room, are cared for and go away. There is no delay in the line, no hitch as the work goes on. Each man gets his portion of medicine and advice sprinkled with a bit of sympathetic assurance, particularly if the patient is a

Every doctor has his line of patients, whom he knows from "A to Izzard," and for whose statements he can allow accordingly. Often the children who come from week to week find a flower or a piece of candy waiting for them. They are great friends with the doctor and find in him some recompense for the pain of coming. Then, too, inside the dispensary, where it is cool in summer and warm in winter and always clean, there is to be found a rest and comfort which many houses cannot furnish. The line of people inside, seated on comfortable chairs, is a quieter, happier line than that outside. There is something worth waiting for within and something to be waited against. The patient is near enough to the doctor's door to be satisfied that he will reach it, and near enough, too, to be afraid to go any farther. It is not all pleasure, this going to the dispensary, no matter how much candy there is in waiting. There is a quiet certainty about the doctor's movements which assures each patient he is in for a siege. The doctor says "Come" in such a quiet, businesslike voice that it would frighten the bravest. But all this is true of doctors wherever you find them and is no more pronounced at the dispensary than in their private offices. Indeed, the doctors at the dispensary have a certain friendliness of tone they would not assume elsewhere, and it gives them an air of good-fellowship which relieves the patient of suspicion.

The doctors are not all young and inexperienced by any means. Most of them are the regular physicians of the hospital or the college professors, as the case may be. They are assisted by students and nurses, who take a more or less active part in the treatment, but always under the advice of the elder. It is to college seniors and post-graduates that much of the dispensary work is given.

How many free dispensaries are there in Chicago? Forty. Every college and every large hospital has its dispensary, and added to these are the dispensaries conducted by philanthropic institutions, clubs and so forth. Every philanthropic organization has a dispensary, or at least one to which it lends support. Every social settlement has its nuise and a neighboring dispensary to which it has the privilege of sending patients. Every schoolteacher knows the nearest dispensary and often knows its doctors, who in turn know her as one of their regular patrons. It is one of the self-imposed duties of the teacher in the poor district to see that her children are in good physical condition or have medical care. It is as much her work to care for a child's ills as it is to teach it the ABC's. If it is crippled the first thing the teacher will do is to take it to a dispensary and find out if any help can be administered. If there can be an operation to straighten the limb she will persist in her endeavor until the task is over and the child relieved. It is one of the everyday duties of the teacher and she thinks nothing of it, often not realizing how rare is the humanity of her work. She is paid a certain small sum each month and in her eyes the money pays for all. Of course, she has the satisfaction of her work, and she has the pleasure of a large acquaintance among the parents of her pupils, and so true is her philanthropy that this acquaintance is dearly prized.

"Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them,"

HOW HE CHOSE A CLERK.

A LAWYER advertised for a clerk. The next morning the office was crowded with applicants all bright and many suitable. He hade them no until all should arrive, and then arranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, their comments and judge from that whom would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, " troubled with a red squirrel that got in through hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He solved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunit Seeing him go in at the hole one noon he took shotgun and fired away. The first shot set the ba on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys. The lawyer, without answer, continued:

"And seeing the barn on fire the farmer seized pail of water and ran to put it out."

" Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the bired rushed out with more water --

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy, The lawyer went on without answer: "Then

old lady came out, and all was noise and confusi and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did anyone burn up?" said another.

The lawyer said: "There, that will do; you ha all shown great interest in the story."

But observing one little bright-eyed fellow deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, wi have you to say?'

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stan mered out: "I want to know what became of t squirrel; that's what I want to know."

" You'll do," said the lawyer; "you are my ma you have not been switched off by a confusion barn burning, and the hired girl and water pa You have kept your eye on the squirrel."

BROTHERLY COUNSEL.

THE more nervous a man is the more he tries say the right thing, and as a rule the more lam tably he fails, says the Youth's Companion. I not always the man who attempts to set him rig however, who covers himself with glory.

There is a story told of a certain English cu who was afflicted with a painfully nervous temperature ment and whose nervousness was in the habi affecting his tongue and causing him to make most awkward remarks when he particularly sired to pay neat compliments to those high in thority or position.

It happened one day that he had distinguis himself beyond his wont during a gathering clergymen at an afternoon tea at the bish palace. On the way home a senior curate took! to task for his blunders.

"Look here, Bruce," said the senior, decide "you are a donkey! Why can't you keep quet stead of attracting everybody's attention by) asinine remarks? You need not be offended. speaking to you now as a brother

At this point loud laughter interrupted the spea er, and for a moment he wondered why.

NEW SCIENCE.

"YES," said the pale-faced doctor, who had diploma, "I cure by absent treatment."

"How do you accomplish it?" asked the seed for Information.

"I sit in my office while you stay at hell For instance, at 4 o'clock you will put your on me and I will put mine on you. By this I cure your malady."

"How much will it cost?"

"Ten dollars."

"Well, I'll take a treatment. And moreover, 5 o'clock you put your mind on me and I will my mind on you, and you will imagine that I paid you the ten. That's absent payment. long."

A LITTLE girl once said she would be very to go to heaven, because they had plenty of serves there. On being cross examined, she down her catechism and triumphantly read: cause he makes, preserves and keeps them."

Nature & Study -

A MODEL PHEASANTRY.

WALLACE EVANS, a slender, thirteen-year-old lad, in knickerhockers, owns the largest pheasantry in the West, selling 800 eggs in a season and hatching the West, selling birds.

such an enterprise conducted by a boy is generally a make shift, but the Evans pheasantry is perally a make shift, but the Evans pheasantry is perally a make shift, but the Evans pheasantry is perally a make shift, but the Evans pheasantry is perally a make shift, but the latest improved hatcher and ander wire, with the latest improved hatcher and loves. It is divided into a network of special rands, every gate closing and locking automatically so there is no danger of the birds escaping.

The flock of golden pheasants is a gorgeous sight, with their brilliant yellow heads, capes of orange and blue, lined with vivid green, scarlet bodies, burnished wings, and long, graceful tails, dotted with black. They are a fad among fanciers, and their pick is increasing, as they now bring \$30 a pair.

The beautifully-plumaged hen lays thirty eggs in ageson, which are worth \$10 a dozen. Wallace has a large number of English pheasants, furnishing her contrast to the golden beauties. They lay hem fifty to seventy-five eggs, which are readily add for \$5 a setting.

His covey of quails would make a hunter's heart tap as they fly to cover with a whirr of wings and parting cries. The old birds were imported from Innessee, where thousands of the luckless birds bllow a trail of grain leading straight into a wire-inclosed corral, and are then shipped to breeders. In the centre of each yard is a neatly-stacked file of brush and straw, which affords a native retreat for all the birds. The English pheasants are ery hardy, and frolic in the snow and ice like chillen, but the golden hover in their houses in bitter old weather.

Taken as a whole, the pheasantry reflects unounded credit on its boyish proprietor.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

BLENHEIM or Marlborough spaniels, which greattiesemble the latter in form and general appearce, get their English name from Blenheim Pals, in Oxfordshire, where the breed has been premed since the beginning of the eighteenth centy.

Mastiff is the term applied to a very large and werful species of the canine family, and there is usiderable conflict of opinion regarding the origin the word. Some claim that it is derived from that it is derived from that it mastin, or the French mastin, both of hick signify large-limbed.

This word, they say, was gradually corrupted inmasty, a Lincolnshire expression, meaning very ge, nuscular, or big, until it gradually assumed present form. Others, again, say its true origin the old German masten, to fatten, because the uiff is a large dog, and seems better fed than yother.

These animals were very highly prized by the ly Romans, who matched them to fight in the a with wild animals. It is related that very the lwo or three mastiffs defeated a lion in such

foodle is derived from the German pudel, a pudor pool. This dog was originally German, and name was probably given it because of being T closely allied to what is known as the water They are without doubt the most intelligent

the Gaelic cuilan or puppy—gains its title the fact of its being used to watch sheep, and to the form marauders of every description to the derivation of the word bulldog, it is only

sally to state that this species was exclusively in bull-baiting, and from that circumstance the name by which it is universally known. The the same this and the terrier is appropriate-timed the bull-terrier.

c Alaskan dog is almost human in intelligence.

weighs about one hundred pounds. Heavily he will travel sixty miles a day, says the St.

them are in a straight line from the driver.

blanket that is thrown upon the snow, and

there they stay. When you crawl into your sleeping bag, and pull a robe over it, the dog will get under the robe. Unless you are careful he will be inside of the bag in the morning. The animals' endurance is phenomenal, and they are capable of strong affection. They are great fighters. A traveler who recently returned from Alaska says of the treatment accorded these faithful animals: "The whip that is used on them is the cruelest thing of its kind that is known to man. Thirty feet in length, and two inches thick near the short handle, it has a lash ten fee't long that cuts like a knife. The Russian knout isn't to be compared to it. When a dog is struck you hear a sharp yelp, and then your sleigh whirls past a bit of fur or possibly a piece of bloody skin lying on the snow."

Recently a little girl named Lillian could not be found. It was early in the afternoon when she was missed. There was great excitement, for it was feared the little girl had been stolen, or fallen into the river not far away. Searchers were sent in every direction, but there was no trace of the little girl even when night came. Among the most earnest searchers was Lillian's pet dog, Rover. He ran about with his nose to the ground hunting everywhere. When night came lanterns were lighted, and the people still looked for, and hoped they would find, Lillian.

Rover had come back to the house, and in some way he went down an unused stairway. At its foot was a window that opened into a small room that had not been used in a long time. Rover gave three sharp barks, and the little girl's grandfather hurried to the part of the house where the dog was. When Rover saw him he barked more sharply, and sprang at the window, in front of which was a chair. The chair was moved, and there sat the little girl, just waked up. She had gone into this room to play house, and had fallen asleep. Rover is the hero now in that family.

NEW YORK'S BIG CAGE.

THE Zoölogical Park at Bronx has just completed the banner show piece within its grounds, a mammoth flying cage for the animals. This structure—taking a half a year's time to build and \$8,000 in money—has been put up expressly for the purpose of giving spacious quarters for the large and showy water birds as well as affording an opportunity for studying their flight.

It is the largest cage of the kind in the world. Nothing on so huge a scale has heretofore been attempted by any zoölogical institution.

The cage is constructed of steel pipe and wire netting, and in shape is like a colossal Gothic arch. It is one hundred fifty feet long, seventy-five feet wide and fifty-five feet high. One of the unique and striking features of the structure is that it encloses three spreading forest trees, whose heavy foliage and branches form a delightful resting place for the birds.

Encircling the ground of the cage is a stream of water sufficiently deep to afford good diving and swimming for the birds. Another new and artistic feature of the interior of the cage is the arrangement of the landscape background along the several sides to correspond with the original homes of the bird inmates.

There are at present some twenty-five specimens of fresh water and marine birds in the cage, numbering eighty different representatives. When the full quoto has been installed there will be nearly 300 swimming and flying birds in the interior, representing a complete collection of those species native to our country. The following comprise some of the principal water birds now in the cage, and there are several species of each: Herons, egrets, bitterns, cormorants, pelicans, flamingoes, geese, gulls, limpkins, cranes, demoiselles, storks and ducks.

Professor Beebe, "curator" of the birds, says that when the bunch of eighty birds were first set free a few days ago in the big inclosure a veritable ecstasy and pandemonium of delight followed their long release from their confined quarters.

The chief idea of the cage was to house the flying and water birds in natural and commodious quarters, as well as to place in convenient view to the public, in one picture, a systematic collection of some of the most important types of the aquatic and bird world. With the completion of the flying cage, together with a series of proposed new buildings planned for erection, and the new specimens to be housed therein, the New York Zoölogical Garden is destined to outrival any similar institution of its kind. In time it will contain a population which will represent the entire animal kingdom of our globe.

A BIG TURTLE.

THERE has been put on exhibition in the Peabody museum at Vale the most remarkable fossil skeleton that has ever been restored. It is the skull of a giant turtle that lived 10,000,000 years ago.

He had exactly the same characteristics that the skull of a turtle of to-day possesses, and its restoration conclusively proves that the turtle is the only object in the world which is directly connected with the far distant ages of geological times. In a word, the turtle, which is nowadays regarded as one of the lowest and most uninteresting forms of the living world, has the greatest and most important history of all living things.

The skeleton which has just been restored for the Yale museum was found five years ago by Dr. G. R. Wieland, a graduate of the Pennsylvania State College, who is now connected with the Peabody museum at Yale. Dr. Wieland found the skeleton while digging for fossils on the banks of the Cheyenne River in the Black Hills country, South Dakota. The skeleton was imbedded in a cetaceous formation, which indicated that this country was once covered by a salt water ocean, in which this great turtle and many other prehistoric creatures lived.

The skull, which Dr. Wieland has restored, is twenty-nine inches in length and sixteen inches in depth. The skull of the largest turtle known to be living to-day is barely one foot in length. The skull of Dr. Wieland's turtle must have belonged to a turtle that weighed at least 8,000 pounds. To-day the largest marine turtles weigh less than 1,500 pounds, and the largest skeletons in the museums belonged to turtles that weighed less than 1,000 pounds.

Dr. Wieland has made a long and careful study of the turtle, as he is and as he was. He has discovered many interesting and remarkable things about this obscure creature.

FAMOUS RAT CATCHER.

Ar the present time there is no royal rat catcher at the British court, though not so long ago this appointment was held under the sign manual, and in old pictures one may see the men who occupied this post, gorgeous in their green and gold costumes, decorated with the words, "Rat Catcher to his Majesty."

In the little Lincolnshire village of Friskney there is living Bolland Skipworth, famous for miles around as a rat catcher. He is eighty years old and has seven sons and seven daughters living. He is still keen after his quarry and is never so happy as when adding an honest penny to his store by ridding some neighbor of the rodents that eat his corn, spoil his garden and do an infinite lot of damage.

He is helped in his work by his terrier, Broovh, and his ferrets, the latter being kept in a picturesque building near his own pretty thatched cottage. In the course of his long life he has caught many thousands of rats, but unfortunately has kept no record. If he had he undoubtedly would hold the championship. Rats are arch robbers, eating any and everything. One man found all the fresh-laid eggs were being stolen and went on a still hunt. Removing a big builde of sticks in the woodhouse, he came on a hundred eggs, most of them imbroken.

There was once killed in England a rat which holds the record for size. He was gray as a badger, weighed two and three-quarters pounds and measured twenty inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail.

What does the word Indexnook mean? So asks a subscriber, and he says that others want to know. It means a fireside, a chimney corner, but it is a word not in common use. It was chosen as the name of the paper because of its catchiness and its homelike ring.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

THE LONG EVENINGS.

IT will not be a great while until the evenings are very appreciably longer, and there will be more time to read and study. The Autumn and the Winter are naturally enough the season when there is more time to read and study than when long days and outside duties claim our attention. Soon the inglenook of thousands of homes where this paper goes will begin to glow, figuratively speaking, and there will be many a picture more homelike and natural than there is on our cover to-day. Of course people read all the year around, but there is more of it done in the cold months than in the heated ones. The Winter is a good time to take up systematic reading and study. It is a mistake for the heads of the house to not provide good read ing for those around them, not to speak of themselves. And what constitutes good and interesting reading is a thing that is capable of a very elastic interpretation. The writer once brought the matter up in a household where there was a number of growing boys and girls. The father said that there were books enough, more than they would read, and it subsequently developed the available library consisted of the Bible, a government report, and a book without a name or either back. The man of the house had but one dominant idea, and that was the purchase of all that joined him. Books and papers were, to him, a useless, not to say wicked expenditure. The children brought up under such environment had open before them two ways, one an imitation of the father, and another in breaking loose from the dreary home and seeking enjoyment in outside circles composed of kindred aimless spirits.

There is a better way. In these days when a dozen of eggs will buy a book, or two cents a week the INGLENOOK, what excuse is there for a desolate fireside and a starving progeny? It would pay, it will pay, every reader to surround himself with all the high grade books and papers that he can read. What a man reads is what he thinks, and as he thinks so he is.

. THE UNITED STATES IN WAR.

Ir five years ago anyone had predicted that at the present date our country would have soldiers in Cuba, in the Philippines and in China, the prophecy would have been very skeptically received. Yet such is the case, and the chances are that the end is not yet. It is a peculiarity that when one goes into a fight there is no telling where it will end, for no person living can forecast the complications. Viewed from a political standpoint there is a wide difference of opinion as to the propriety of this country enlarging its possessions and engaging in colonial enterprises. Yet that is what it has done, and there are none who can foretell the result.

But viewing it from the religious standpoint a mistake is being made. All war is simply a sort of systematized, legal murder, and murder is wrong. The ethics of it are never considered by governments, no matter what professions are made as to the religious claims of the country. Indeed it was once said by a brilliant statesman that any hope of the right of a movement in government affairs receiving consideration was an "iridescent dream." And his statement seems true. It does not appeal very strongly to the religious side of an unprejudiced observer to see two lines of men facing each other, and in the interval prior to the battle two men, one on each side, chaplains, invoking the aid of God in what they are about to undertake. And what is it? Is it a mission of love and help that

they are entering upon? Oh no, not that. They are asking God for power to kill, maim, slay and utterly destroy each other. If they are right in their petitions then the Sermon on the Mount is a fiction, and Christianity a dream.

The facts are that the world is not yet fully civilized, not Christianized, and never will be as long as men agree to settle their differences by trying to kill one another and call the victorious side blessed of God.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Buying and Selling.

In the transfer of a piece of property from one hand to another is it possible for the seller to acquaint the intended purchaser with every fault of the thing sold, and is it possible for the buyer to keep from depreciating his intended purchase? Unquestionably it is feasible, but undoubtedly it is uncommon to the point of the impossible. Straightforward dealing is a rarity. The seller puts the best on top, the best side outside, he hides and minimizes the defects and magnifies the good. The buyer expects it and does his best to belittle the wares offered. Now is the proceeding an honest one? Hardly. Is the method a Christian one? In answer to this let us suppose that Christ was either buyer or seller. What would the method be? Would it be that of hiding defects and depreciating advantages? There need be no answer.

The preacher imagines that the man who is strictly honest and truthful in his dealings stands a good chance of being left behind in the market, even by his own people. There is a disposition to believe in one's own eyes rather than in the honesty of a neighbor, and the man with the big apples all on top sells out his load and goes home, while the honest man with his apples alike through the load waits. Perfect confidence is a plant so rare as to deserve a place in a glass case.

It is best to be absolutely honest in all commercial matters. It will not be a short cut to success, but it is a solid road without breaks in it. He who follows it without deviation will, in the end, come to be a man after whom no one will count or measure. It will be recognized that what he does is right, and there is no need of following him up to see whether there has been a "mistake" in the matter. Here is the Bible of it: As a man measures so it shall be measured out to him. It is not told just that way, but that is what it all comes to.

FAITH WHICH OVERCOMES.

"FAITH," says the voice of inspiration, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen,"

It is a most comfortable thing to have too. We cannot doubt that if religious faith were a matter of volition everyone would have it. No one would willingly be without that which sustains and supports men in stress and peril, in sickness and death. Unfortunately, it is not a thing concrete and tangible. It cannot be taken up at will. Men say, "I believe," but the iteration is useless unless it is sustained by inward conviction, and that conviction comes spontaneously. It is not the result of resolution.

Fortunately for humanity there are many people who have faith, who enjoy the assurance of immortality, who believe in life beyond the grave as firmly as they believe in life on its hither side. Such people are happy, confident, brave.

When Lord Tennyson was enduring his last illness, his physician told him the story of an aged couple in the parish. The wife was about to die, The husband, also ill, lay in a bed in the same room. His wife requested that he should be moved close to her side.

Stretching out her hand to the old man who for over half a century had been her companion, she said, "Good-by, dear. Don't be long coming to me," and so expired.

Tennyson called that true faith. So it was, It was the spirit which inspired his own swan song:

"For though from out this bourne of time and place.

The tide shall bear me far,

I know that I shall meet my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

An episode strikingly similar was related in the newspapers last week. Elizabeth Minter, of Williamsburg, N. Y., was on her death bed. She back her husband good-by. She was eighty-five; he was eighty-seven. "Never mind, dear," he said; "land not long for this world either."

He was right. As the preparations for the wild funeral progressed John Minter said: "Wait a little I am going too. I want to go to heaven with her He was buried in the same grave with his wife week ago to-day.

Faith is the evidence of things not seen. John Minter had it. He went down into the dark valley as confident of meeting his wife on the sunlit slope beyond as he had gone out to meet her countless times in this material world.

The evidence of things not seen! John Minter saw them with the eye of the spirit. He was a happy man.

A PATHETIC FIGURE.

Oom Paut. Kruger, with his Bible under his atm has arrived at Lorenzo Marques. Things have not fallen out as his faith in the good book led him to believe, yet he has not lost confidence in its teachings. They say he spends the most of his time reading psalms, and takes little interest in the sparmodic twitchings of the dying republic of the Trans vaal.

Poor Oom Paul! He has, perhaps, more than hi share of faults, but he is not so black as English brushes have painted him; and he has simple, rugged virtue that maintain him a gallant figure though a crushed one.

History has few more pathetic figures than the Oom Paul of to-day, clinging to his psalms while the Transvaal republic tumbles in ruins about his unattending ears. He is a victim of progress, lethe individual this is called coveting thy neighborgoods, and there is a divine commandment against it.

It is not likely that England will ask Portugate to surrender the fugitive, or that Portugal will de ny him asylum. He can do harm to neither.

ALL OF WHICH PLEASES US IMMENSELY.

"THERE is something peculiarly fascinating about THE INGLENOOK in its present form; the free, eary racy manner in which it gives the people the interesting information and abundant truth it contains to be coveted by most papers which aspire to be place which the INGLENOOK now holds."—Exhibition a Private Letter.

Who will get the prize library of fifty volume It is worth working for, and the one who gets it is have a year's reading put at his command without cost to him. We predict that these books wil to an unexpected place. It could readily be in some of the larger churches, but it is likelie fall into the hands of some person who works en getically and who leaves nothing untouched might be available. Elgin city is counted out that the country at large has an unhamped chance. If you want sample copies for your as agent for the Inglenook all you have to do b ask for them. We will furnish all you can use telligently and advantageously, and do it cheef ly. Go in to win. It is worth while. See the of books on the second page of the cover.

The Inglenook predicted that the paper in the bring to the fore a new class of writers. They here and still coming. As the publication in takes up the time," or pads out with common places, it is plain that the contributors are bring to learn something of clear-cut, interest interest writing. Many contributions have been recent writing. Many contributions have been recent most of them up to the mark, and more are interest and themselves and others, if they only had courage to make the effort.

WHERE THEY PUT THEIR TRAPS.

THE average furniture storage warehouse in Chiago is a curiosity shop. Anything from richly inaid pianos to frying pans, from Smyrna rugs to mora-out door mats, may be found there, though not in confusion. Most of the Chicago warehouses for the storage of household goods have rooms or bins in which goods are stored. That arrangement mables one to keep one's "traps" separated from those of others, but there is a "barn room" in which goods are piled in separate heaps. The furalture storage warehouse is a great convenience to the public; generally it is a profitable investment of the owner. Many warehouse companies have a chattel mortgage department as well as an insur-Ince department. These enable them to loan money on furniture in store, and also to insure goods gainst fire. Many people store their household klongings during the summer months to save rent while the women and children are out of town. Parties going abroad for any length of time usually gore their furniture if they live in a hired house, and not a few of all classes that store their goods to gie rent for a given period or for an indefinite period borrow all the money they can on their stored articles. Not that they want the money, but they are willing to pay the interest so as to be sure of something in case of fire and failure to collect ingurance. Such persons usually deposit the money bank on small interest for a length of time corresponding to the time when they will want their things" to resume housekeeping.

There is another class of people who store their miture for one of two purposes. In the first place their goods are mortgaged. If business or pportunity to earn wages worth while is presentd during the absence of the women and children sho are away on a few months' visit with kinfolks, be goods are taken out of storage, the mortgage provided for and housekeeping resumed, but if things go from bad to worse the mortgageor is prety tertain to go elsewhere, leaving the mortgagee ad the warehouseman to scramble between themwives for their claim. As a rule it takes every cent the receipts from the sale to pay the legal dains. That, however, the mortgageor knows and regards the transaction the same as he would tere his goods destroyed in his hired house by fire then he had no insurance. To him it is the sacrike of all he has in the way of household goods and the commencing anew in another part of the

There is another class of mortgageors who fully blend to resume housekeeping and pay the mortage when the family returns, but who meanwhile lave accepted a business offer in a distant part of the country. They figure that the bill for storage, the mortgage and the interest, cost of packing, cartage and freight would amount to about as much as an outfit would cost at the new house, and they let mortgage and storage go by default. This man does not deem it dishonest, as all that not of thing is provided for, besides, in most States thrage and insurance charges are preferred claims and come in ahead of the mortgagee's bill when the thouse are sold. Patrons of storage houses who are doubts about their ability to resume house-the family portraits, heirlooms and the like, nor they often included in the list of articles mortaged.

It is when boxes are opened and packages untied the day of sale that revelations are made, and any is the family secret as well as closet skeleton at is exposed. Letters that should have been Stroyed when first read are scattered about for tourious to gossip over; linen that should have one through the laundry before packing; ward-bes that carry secrets in their pockets; goods that oths have reveled in; baby toys that mutely tell mother's joys and hopes; books that treat of olish or wise subjects and countless other chattels to disagreeable revelation to those who know morigageor and his family. At these sales tee distinct classes of people are found. The go for material for neighborhood gossip; Se who, like Mrs. Toodles, are hunting for bardand who will buy anything if it is "dog cheap,"

The latter, the dealer in second-hand goods. The latter, bog experience, knows how to secure the most aticles and let the Toodleses have those

that are gilded and worthless. Back of the sale is an influence which manages the bidding so that the net proceeds will provide for the claims of the warehouse and the mortgage, but not once in a thousand times is there a cent left for the mortgageor.

Sometimes goods are stored for the purpose of putting the largest possible mortgage upon them, and sometimes the most valuable of them have not been paid for in full, nor is the creditor likely to know that he has been tricked until his customer is out of reach. But stolen goods are rarely ever stored, though there have been sales which revealed articles that had not been secured in the regular way. It is the storage of goods by parties who intend to and do take them away in time that pays the warehouseman, and, in fact, a very large percentage of his business comes from that class, especially if he has private bins in a fireproof house. As a rule the utmost care is taken of stored property. The warehouseman assumes when goods are stored that they will be called for, and he knows they must be delivered in as good condition as they were when received. It is that feature of the business, together with immunity from fire, rats, vermin, dampness and theft that makes public household goods storage houses a convenience. These, as a rule, are owned and managed by parties of ample financial responsibility.

HOW WAX FIGURES ARE MADE.

THE manufacture of wax figures and papiermache forms and novelties is extensively carried on in Chicago, although there are not more than three concerns in the business. The principal demand is for figures and forms to display goods in show windows, but only the face, neck and bust are wax. These are mounted on papier-mache forms to suit the display wanted. Where hands or arms are exposed they are made of wax. The preparation of the wax is supposed to be secret, but it is known that it is a combination of several materials so as to give the forms the greatest possible immunity from heat or cold. Under the old system of using the pure wax of bees there was danger of the finished product melting in extremely warm weather and of cracking if exposed to the cold. The present process provides a material that is not affected by extremes, though storekeepers are careful not to expose the forms to the glare of the sun nor to below zero weather in winter. Wax heads, including busts, cost all the way from \$18 to \$40-the cost depending on the finish, especially of the hair. The hair is inserted hair by hair, the wax first being punctured with a fine needle. The stability of the hair depends altogether on the depth of the puncture. When finished it may be combed, shampooed and otherwise treated as hair on the human head. Nearly all the hair used by wax figure-makers comes from the convents, prisons and rural districts of Europe, where there is a large traffic in the commodity.

The Chicago wax figure-makers first make a model of clay, then the form is molded in plaster of Paris—the mold being made in parts so that it will not have to be broken to release the figure. From this mold as many figures may be cast as the maker likes. But when the clay mold is from life or a photograph, as a special order, only as many figures are cut as are ordered. However, all figures for store windows are modeled from photographs or paintings of celebrated beauties. This is done to make the figure as attractive as possible for itself and also to add "tone" to the articles of wear displayed upon it. The wax is colored through and through with a flesh tint so that the "touching up" will be confined to the cheeks, lips and about the eyes, together with whatever shading may be required. It is this "touching up" coloring that fades after months of exposure, but for a small sum the maker will wash it, retouch the faded places and shampoo and dress the hair. Of course the hair must be dressed in the very latest fashion. In selecting eyes for a figure, especially for one that is modeled from life, great care has to be taken, for these must "fit the style of the figure's complexion and beauty" and must be set with reference to the pose of the head, the expression of the face, etc. The soul of a wax figure expresses itself through the eyes just as the soul of the living does. The demure face, the haughty face, the

smiling face and the contented face all must have eyes that give the proper expression.

These days all wax figures are given what is called "marble finish," which makes them retain their freshness for a long time, and also prevent "sweating." High-priced models are worked upon with as much care as if they had been shaped from life for a likeness, but cheaper grades are ground out, so to speak—that is, a good workman will do the head, eyebrows and lashes of one figure in a day, but the needle is inserted just deep enough to hold the hair, but it cannot be shampooed or brushed hard, and the face coloring fades in a little time.

No anatomical or museum wax figure work is done in Chicago, but a good deal is done in repairing, recoloring and the like. Nor is there any demand of consequence for novelties in wax. Such articles are made of papier-mache, though some of them are given a thin coating of wax. Practically all wax dolls are made that way, but such work is liable to crack, scale and lose its coloring when the weather is at an extreme. An expert maker of wax figures is supposed to be equal to any sculptor in the work of modeling in clay, but at that point they separate, the sculptor transferring his "study" to marble and the wax figure artist his to plaster of Paris molds with a stereotype product—as many as his wax will make. In the item of eyes, those in high-class work are made in Europe, and they are exactly the same make, quality and naturalness that opticians deal in. The thickness of the head and bust of first-class wax figures is from threequarters to an inch, but only on special work is the inch thickness required.

TESTING GOLD AND SILVER COIN.

Another department which combines many important duties is that of the Treasury. It engraves and prints money, puts up buildings, runs the lifesaving service, collects the taxes, keeps track of navigation, manages the lighthouse service, runs the marine hospitals, attends to the immigrants, and a great many other things. Most people do not know that this department makes the official examination of the coins. A commission meets at the Mint in Philadelphia and goes carefully into the value of the people's money, but the really important work is done by an assayer, who for a number of years was Dr. Cabell Whitehead, a noted metallurgist, who has recently gone to Nome, Alaska, to report upon its gold. The coinage is kept from debasement in this way: two coins each week from the new minting are sent to the assayer in order that he may find out if they are up to the standard. This is necessary, not only for the protection of the people, but in order that the value of American money may be absolute throughout the whole world. The excellence of the Government's workmanship is shown by the fact that gold coins have been condemned only once in the past ten years, and this was due to ingots made from Spanish gold coin, which either contained a small amount of zinc or had been counterfeited. The whole lot of \$125,000 was melted down. On three occasions silver coins have been found deficient,

SYMPTOMS CAUSED BY ANGER.

A srupy of anger from experiences in about 2,000 cases, collected from reliable observers, has been made by G. Stanley Hall. The causes were many and various, often being very trivial, and the physical sensations accompanying it differed greatly with the individual.

Flushing was very general, although pallor was a characteristic in twenty-seven per cent of the cases. The heart beats were violent, several cases of death from rupture of this organ being reported, and there were sometimes peculiar sensations in mouth and throat, sometimes dizziness or faintness, frequently tears, and generally copious salivation, which might produce "frothing at the mouth."

Common sounds were animal-like cries in children, oaths and threats in adults, while in many cases the throat was paralyzed, and there was inability to speak above a whisper, or without crying or trembling. Butting with the head, biting and scratching are noticeable in childish anger.

READ the INGLENOOK!

Good Reading

WEANING A CALF.

BY ANNA M. METCHELL.

THERE isn't a big lot of fun connected with teaching a calf to drink. That is, not for the teacher. Whoever attempts it should have a good stock of patience in reserve, for nine times out of ten it will be all needed before he is through.

To have your most cherished corn or bunion ruthlessly trampled upon doesn't add much joy to the occasion. Even a sudden bump on your "funny bone" from the calf's head will often fail to awaken the hilarious part of your disposition.

Occasionally you encounter a call that surprises you by its readiness to learn to eat and drink, but those are few and far between. The ordinary calf generally eyes the approach of you and your bucket of milk with a look of meek wonder. You imagine he is going to be pretty easy to manage, and attempt to corner him up. When he begins to realize your hostile intentions the meek look disappears and one of headstrong obstinacy takes its place. The young rascal breaks from your restraining hand, kicks up his heels and gives you a fine chase around the stable. But finally you get a firm grip on him and bring him up in a corner with a bang! An assistant is generally required to take care of the bucket of milk while you take care of the calf. Holding him firmly with one hand you dip the other hand in the milk, then place your fingers in his mouth, thus deluding the poor innocent into starting up his suction machinery.

When in full operation gently lower his head to the bucket, spread your fingers apart in an artistic manner, so that the milk will have a chance to enter his mouth. A calf likes to breathe occasionally. Some greenhorns forget this fact, and in their efforts to get the calf to drink, they hold their hand tight over the nostrils and cram a solid row of fingers into his mouth, thereby effectually shutting out both air and milk. And then they wonder why the calf is so balky and hard to teach. As a calf is bitterly opposed to taking nourishment with his head down, you have no little difficulty in keeping his nose at par with the milk in the bucket. He seems entirely possessed with concentrated contrariness, and is quite frantic in his efforts to have his head everywhere but the right place and the place it should be. But after much perseverance and a great deal of splashing, gurgling, backing and prancing around, he suddenly takes a notion to drink. Then you can gradually draw your hand away from his mouth and let him go it alone. After once learning the art, he generally clings to the habit as long as he lives. The principal difficulty now will be to supply material for the demand his appetite creates. After gulping down his share, like Oliver Twist, he usually wants "some more."

MANY USES OF CELLULOID.

Since the coming of celluloid collars and before, the uses of celluloid have spread to half a hundred lines of manufacture. Only one company in the United States manufactures it, with offices and works at Newark, N. J., but there is not a household anywhere that has not some article of celluloid about the premises. An elderly person, indeed, may have a set of store teeth imbedded in a foundation of celluloid, and wear a pair of eyeglasses set in the same material.

Its uses in toilet articles are almost universal. Tooth brushes, hair brushes, combs, hand mirrors, knife handles, glove buttoners, nail files, handkerchief boxes and scores of other paraphernalia of the dressing-room and house at large are in daily use.

In offices and business houses the celluloid articles range from the blotting pad with celluloid top to the calendars on the wall. Cane heads, umbrella handles, harness rings, and even doll heads are made from this substance. Bicycle handlebars are tipped with its enamel. Name plates, buttons, badges, signs, and scores of useful and ornamental things are made of it. It is the basis of much of the amateur photography of the present, and no one knows better how inflammable the celluloid base is than does the amateur photographer who has had a dry film too close to a gas jet.

seventies. Its name comes from cellulose. Forms of this vegetable substance, treated with nitric and sulphuric acids, become the gun cotton which is such a powerful explosive. The ordinary gun cotton is made from tissue paper, treated with these powerful acids. .

To make celluloid this nitro-cellulose is mixed with camphor and whatever pigment may be desirable. The mass is subjected to heat to a certain degree and the whole thoroughly mixed. Afterward it is subjected to great pressure and alcohol is introduced to assist in expelling the water from the plastic stuff. With the water expelled the stuff becomes the hard, shiny, springy article of commerce, capable of division into sheets so thin as to be almost impalpable.

In the manufacture of cellulose the risk is regarded as extremely hazardous by insurance companies.

"The insurance risk on a celluloid factory is almost as great as it is on a powder factory," said the superintendent of inspection of the Chicago Board of Underwriters. "Even for business houses handling celluloid articles such as collars, cuffs and shirts, the risk is regarded in the ratings. It has not been established that a stock of celluloid, under certain conditions, may not lose certain explosive gases that in proper mixture with air would produce explosion from fire."

With the passing of the elephant and his ivory tusks, and with the drain upon the rubber forests, celluloid came into place of both of these in great measure. Half a dozen substances of the same general character and characteristics have followed it. Away from fire, all of them are harmless; in conjunction with it, all are exceedingly dangerons.

The thinner the sheets the more inflammable are these substances. To touch a match to a thin sheet of celluloid, it bursts into a fierce flame, which gives off a strong odor of chemicals and the last vestige of the stuff is consumed. To a thick piece of the stuff fire must be held until it has become heated through. Just beyond the scorching point it bursts into flame with a puff almost as marked as in the touching off of a pan of gunpowder.

A PENNY'S WORTH.

In New York one may buy a cent's worth of anthracite coal, half an ounce of tea, or a quarter of a pound of flour.

This sign is displayed by a little Italian grocery in Minetta street: "Pure milk, one cent a glass. The following articles by the cent's worth: Coal and Wood, Macaroni, Italian Olive Oil, Tobacco, All Kinds of Fresh Candy and Soft Drinks."

"One has to measure carefully," said the grocer, "when he sells a cent's worth of anthracite coal, but we seldom have a call for so small a quantity. Most of our customers order three cents' worth, and even five. We sell in one cent quantities many articles not mentioned on the sign. For example, we can let you have a cent's worth of flour, of sugar, of coffee, or of tea."

"How much flour do you give for a cent?"

"A quarter of a pound. A pound is four cents, two pounds are seven cents. We can give you an ounce of coffee for a cent, or half an ounce of English tea. We sell our tea at two cents an ounce, or three ounces for five cents. It may surprise you, but uptown are first-class groceries with a brownstone front trade, that sell tea by the ounce to their poorer customers.

"Here is white lump sugar. A customer comes in, calls for it, and lays down a cent. We count out seven white lumps.

"This plan of selling goods in small quantities is a benefit to people of limited means, for with a few copper coins they may buy a cent's worth each of flour, coffee and sugar, and with a cent's worth of fuel cook a warm supper."

On a bakery window on Bleecker street is the sign: "Two Large Loaves of Bread for Five Cents." "They are pound loaves;" said the saleswoman. "We used to sell them at four cents apiece, but, since flour came down, we charge only two and a half. It is the same as selling the two-pound loaf for five cents. The loaves are of wheat flour, rye and graham."

The East side is also sprinkled with one cent soda fountains. In Lewis street a soda fountain placards these prices: "Lemon, one cent; Vanilla, one cent; Celluloid as a substance came to light in the Strawberry, one cent; Pineapple, one cent," Soda else." So said a visiting subscriber the other

water with vanilla ice cream or French chocola cream in it is sold at two cents a glass.

This sign indicates the cost of food on the Fa side, which is full of neat little restaurants with to scale of prices: "Pure Java coffee, two cents cup; English tea, two cents; milk, two and the cents; sandwiches, three cents, two for five; h fried eggs, with bread, butter and coffee, twelve cents; salmon, twelve cents; two rolls and coffe five cents."

CARELESSNESS WITH MONEY.

THE secretary of the treasury has a very large directory of careless people of people who have money to burn or otherwise destroy, and who peal to him for reimbursement. Uncle Sam is k enough to restore lost money when he is satisfi that it is actually out of existence, and the treasur department has to look after this branch of financial affairs. Hardly a day passes that the se retary is not appealed to, to make good money stroyed, and he often receives remnants of b more or less recognizable, with queer tales of hor the work of destruction was wrought.

One of the latest applications was from a Ver mont farmer, who sent a mass of remnants of bi that approached the condition of pulp, and asked for \$280 in return, which, after some delay he re ceived. He said he had very carefully hidden the money under the rafters of his barn, and somehow it had gotten into the hay and bran fed to one of his cows. The cow was chewing the green feed when its nature was discovered.

Another farmer, from Kansas, has sent a lot of chopped bills that he says represents \$40. According to his story they were in the pocket of a vest tha was hung on a feed cutter, and when it was being operated the corner of the vest that held the mone got between its knives and with the money was form in shreds. The claim is now in process of adjust-

A Boston man took from his pocket what he says he thought was a piece of paper and burned half of it in lighting the gas. The gaslight revealed the fact that he had used a \$20 bill for a lighter.

A Washington man a couple of weeks ago wer in person to the secretary to get \$35 for some badly mutilated bills that his playful pup had been ex ercising with for an hour.

A Wisconsin woman has sent a lot of tinder that she says was once \$90. Several months ago s hid it in a stovepipe hole, into which a pipe from laundry fire was recently placed. As the pi rested on the bills tinder was the result.

Another woman, this time in Indianapolis, g Sto in greenbacks mixed with greens she was po paring for dinner and boiled them into an almo unrecognizable mass.

A loving Philadelphia papa has asked \$20 for few strips of greenish paper and a score of pellet of the same material. He says they once const tuted a \$20 bill, which his pet boy had torn pieces, rolled into balls and blown through a glas tube at the cat, canary bird and nursemaid.

An Ohio man wants to sell the treasury depart ment a mouse nest for \$100. He says he had the amount in bills in a bureau drawer, and that the mice appropriated it in bits to build a home which to rear their family.

This list is continually growing, and the munications giving the remarkable details are frequent as to cause no smile or comment in the di partment. Each one is simply a new case that for lows along a line of red tape until it is adjusted.

PERHAPS there is no more characteristic sight Mexico than the so-called "evangelistas" who p their trade in the plazuela de Belem and the plan

ela of Santo Domingo. They write love letters, blackmailing letters a all sorts of letters for those who do not know h to write, at a rate of three, six, nine or more cent according to the length of the missive. They undertake without extra charge to write the dress on the envelope and to attach the requi stamp, but for the latter they make an extra charge of one cent.

PRECISELY.

"I FIND in the INGLENOOK so many instructed and interesting things that can be found non-

ooo The o Circle ooo

B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-CERS-W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-CERS-W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John Sweetsers, Ind., Ohio, Science D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Ended, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Ended and Communications to Our Missionary Reading of Adam Ohio.

10 "OUR BELOVED MISSIONARIES."

FAR in that land, with deep waves circling round thee, Fat, far removed, sad in that lonely land, Shall we forget with love's sweet thoughts to woo thee, Guided and blest by God's Almighty hand?

So far temoved, yet fondly we remember
Why the loved home was left for foreign shores.
Biessed indeed the heart is whose bright embers
Burn with pure 30y, to enter." open doors."

Dear one in Christ, we never can forget thee,
While life's swift tide is bearing us away.
Precious to God, angelic hosts shall keep thee
Fill earth's dark night gives place to heaven's day.

A NEGLECTED CHILD.

THERE are many in happy homes, surrounded by every comfort and blessing, who little know the sourow and misery and sin which may come through some poor neglected child. There is a story of me neglected little girl, poor Margaret, who never lad a home, and who grew up a wretched outcast, fiving a life of sin and shame. After seventy-five years it was reckoned that her descendants numbered twelve hundred, 280 of whom were paupers, and 140 habitual criminals, while most of the whole degraded family cursed the country with vice, rime, pauperism, and insanity.

It is estimated that the neglect of that little girl out the State more than thirteen hundred thousand that; and the mischief is not ended yet, nor are health all paid.

It may be that there is to-day some little forgoten, lorsaken child, the neglect of whom may cause
u much evil as resulted from the neglect of poor
largaret. Let us look around us and see if we
mow of any poor neglected children; and if we
ind them let us see to it that they are neglected no
onger, but let us win them with kindness, and lead
them to the house of prayer, and instruct them in
the ways of righteousness, and so save them and
where from sorrows, sins, and unnumbered trou-

HEART THOUGHTS.

Does your life convince those who do not mow you that you believe the kingdom of God to a the first thing in the world?

You condemn zeal without knowledge, which is all. But is not knowledge without zeal quite as outly of condemnation?

You want to be zealous; then seek to have the "I move" of a genuine experience.

The kingdom of God will come when you get adm earnest about it.

Suppose all the rest of the church were as indiftent as you are: what do you think would beour of it?

We believe that the era for which good men and one have been hoping and praying, now broods the China, The Gospel, which has been at such ut disadvantage when it approached the frontiers the empire, is about to have its more abundant trance. Merchants, promoters, traders, speculasand many unworthy men have been willing in t past that the missionary should be misunderod, abused, beaten and perhaps killed. The inof the white man has been under difficulties, the very conditions of that entrance have made white men rivals, competitors and almost the relative absence of Chinese suspicion, and newer campaigns of the truth will be undertakunder vastly more favorable auspices. This prestouble will simply aid to reorganize the Gostions approaches and the miracles of God's truling providence will be manifested.

"On, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet;
Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea."

Sunday A School

WHY DO WE HESITATE?

A STRANGE reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relations to God. It is felt alike by the converted and unconverted persons. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied, that she wants something better, purer and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even a faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made occasion of ridicule.

So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to him, has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn himself and is gone; that, seeking the Spirit, finds him not, and calling, there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE ADDED "BUT."

THE Germans have a saying: "Everything might be well if there was no 'but' added to it." A very simple little word it seems, and yet it is important in getting the proper construction of life.

This new acquaintance with whom you are becoming so intimate is undoubtedly very attractive. His manners are good, and he has a fund of anecdote which makes him a most entertaining companion. He is agreeable, courteous, winning—but he speaks lightly of sacred things, and his jests are not always clean.

There is a certain home where you are always welcome, and where hospitality is carried to the point of an art—but wine is always served at dinner, and with the best of intentions your hosts make it difficult for you to be true to your principles.

There are pleasures which you enjoy especially—but they leave you nervous and irritable, unfitted for the next day's work.

"Everything might be well if there was no 'but' added to it." Yet the "but" is there, and must be taken into consideration or everything will go wrong. Do not examine half the sentence merely. See what lies on the other side of that significant word of three letters. Do not overlook nor ignore "but."

The unjust steward of the parable exhibited much worldly wisdom in his extremity. He made such use of the goods in his control that after he was deprived of jurisdiction over them they inured to his comfort and support. Of course his actions were wicked, but others in the same circumstances might have acted foolishly, just as wickedly. He had no right to change the amounts of the credits due his master. The Savior is not speaking of the moral quality of the steward's actions, but of his foresight in self-preservation.

We are stewards. Many among us are using the property with which we are intrusted so foolishly we derive nothing from it save food, raiment, shelter and the gratification of an inferior form of pride.

By sustaining the Lord's church and feeding the Lord's poor we could with that money buy us a building of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where no good thing would be lacking to minister unto our felicity forever.

If we have been remiss heretofore, and improvident in our expenditures, let us zealously strive to make amends for the past, redeem the time, and so use the mammon of this world as to receive the encomia of the Lord of all, who will bestow on us the true riches and receive us into the everlasting habitation.

A TRUE friend stands by you when you are under a cloud. Swarms of insects surround you when the sun shines.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE GRAY GOOSE TELLS HIS STORY.

One of the best friends I ever had outside of my own flock of geese was a turkey gobbler. He wasn't hatched on the farm, but the farmer traded four hens for him and brought him home in a box.

We had other turkeys, but they gave the stranger a cold welcome, and neither the geese nor the ducks had much to say to him. It was for this reason and because I thought him a pretty sensible fowl that I showed the gobbler around the farm and gave him all the information I could.

I soon found that he was only two years old, but he knew more than most old ganders. He had kept his ears open and heard a great deal of talk, and we were soon good friends.

You perhaps know that a goose passes most of her time swimming about on the pond or paddling in the mud after young frogs, snails and roots, while a turkey never goes near the water except to drink. I offered to teach the gobbler how to swim, but he was afraid to try it, and so, to keep him company, I had to be on land a great deal.

The turkeys, goese and hens poked fun at us for being so much together, but we went our way and paid little attention to them. Once or twice, as I returned to the pond after a walk, a young gander cried out, "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" to make fun of me, but after I had cuffed his head with my wing a few times he had no more to say.

On our farm the people always used to have duck for Thanksgiving, turkey for Christmas, and goose for New Year's. As I had become old and tough I wasn't afraid of being served up, but when Christmas day was only a week off I heard some news to make me feel sad. I heard the farmer say that he would kill my friend the gobbler for that day, and that he was fat enough to make fine eating.

I lost no time in telling the gobbler what I had heard. He was dreadfully upset about it, as you may believe, and he could hardly stand up as he said:

"Yes, I know I am plump and fat, but I don't want to furnish a Christmas dinner for any one. Tell me how to escape."

He could have gone away from the farm, of course, but if he had some one else might have killed him, or he might have furnished a dinner for a fox. I told him to keep quiet and wait, and he promised to obey me.

I knew he would not be killed until the day before Christmas, and after he got over his first alarm he walked around as before and no one suspected that he had heard anything.

Two days before Christmas I told him it was time to carry out our plan. I went with him to the cellar beneath the barn, which was a pretty dark place, and saw him safely hidden behind an old box. I could not bring him food, but it was a warm, safe place, and he would not suffer for two or three days.

The next morning the farmer's wife was out looking for my friend. When she could not find him she called her husband and sons, and they searched for two long hours. Then they said the gobbler must have been carried off by a fox, and they killed another in his place.

Not till the day after Christmas did my friend come out, and when the farmer caught sight of him he shouted to his wife:

"Hey, Mary, but here's the missing gobbler, as big as life! I'll bet the old gray gander put him up to hide away to save his neck. Well, it's too late to eat him now, but he'd better look out for next year!"

"Now, Willie, dear," asked his mother, "why did you not come when I called you the first time?"

"Because I did not hear you till you called the third time," said little Willie.

The heart of the mother was pained at this evidence of depravity. For how, she reasoned, could he have distinguished the third call without hearing the second?

"I know it was the third time, mamma," little Willie hastened to explain, " 'cause you sounded so mad."

She clasped him to her bosom. A boy who could bolster up a poor story with a better one was not doomed to remain in obscurity.

LAZY LIFE ON SOUTHERN RIVERS.

PERHAPS the dreamiest, laziest existence in America is the life on the southern rivers in summer. It is at this season of the year that thousands of people—men, women and children—are to be seen catching turtles, hunting pearls, collecting mussel shells, fishing on the sand bars, capturing water snakes or dragging submerged walnut logs from the water. Hundreds of shanty boats taking fish and bartering all sorts of goods with the natives, ply from one landing to another. The river people are satisfied with no other mode of existence and rarely ever abandon its seductive charm.

The Tennessee River is the greatest fresh-water turtle stream in the world, and the Cumberland is famous for its prolific turtle fields. The Tennessee has its source in the mountains and cuts its way through a rocky country, rendering it perfectly clear at normal depth. The turtle of the clear streams, though smaller, are more valuable in the markets than the huge monsters taken from the muddy Mississippi. There are huge turtle pens along the Tennessee River, where hundreds of them are kept securely after being captured. Some turtles have been taken from the Tennessee and Mississippi Rivers which the natives declare would weigh from 400 to 600 pounds. These enormous catches are rare, and the moncy is made by selling the smaller ones. Washington and New York furnish the best markets, and many "a diamondbacked Chesapeake terrapin" of the famous caterers really comes from Tennessee.

Turtle meat is as great a favorite dish with the Southerner as the 'possum. The Southern negro has a proverb that the turtle feeds on fish, chicken, eggs, cresses and the choicest country delicacies, until his own flesh partakes of all their various flavors. They positively assert they can distinguish all these flavors. The small turtles are captured for fund and the larger ones for their shells, of which many domestic articles are made. The heaviest hauls are taken in huge frame traps set in the swiftest channel of a bayou. The negro locates a turtle sitting in shallow water and wades in after him with a forked stick. They tease the turtle until he becomes mad and pokes out his head to hiss, then the forked stick goes over his head and the turtle is hauled out of the water. The large ones are killed outright and boiled in giant pots until the shell comes off. The shells are then scraped and polished.

The pearl hunters throng the rivers every summer. Thousands of them are wading and dredging for the mussel, or fresh-water clam. The shells of several varieties are gathered by the ton and shipped up the Mississippi River to the pearl-button factories. There are a dozen varieties of the mussel, but only two-the niggerhead and the sand shell-are valuable to the factories. Some years ago an Austrian button manufacturer accidentally discovered the value of the American shells in an Illinois town on the Mississippi. He found that, if anything, it was superior to the shells dug up from the Danube. It is said that until 1896 every pearl button sold in America was imported. American factories then imported shells and manufactured the buttons, though under the tariff regulations the shells cost nearly fifty cents a pound. Factories were then organized and operated in Illinois and Iowa. The trade has grown until an army of collectors are strung out along the big river from New Orleans to La Crosse.

Along the river are shacks in scores, in which the families engaged in the hunt find shelter. Outside are long troughs filled with water. Huge chaldrons are mounted on brick foundations, and the shells are boiled in these. Punts, rafts, flat boats and skiffs are used in the catch. A trap made of heavy plumbers' pipe is placed over each boat. To the pipe are strung lines set at six-inch intervals, which run fore and aft. Four pronged hooks made of old wire are fastened to the lines. The boat is pushed out from the bank for work.

The fresh-water clam points his nose upstream and invariably keeps his mouth open. He lies on the river bottom waiting for something to come along, when he will greedily seize it and never let go. The trap with the dozens of hooks is tilted over the side of the punt lying upstream and the clams at once lay violent hold upon it, as many as can get a grip on a prong. The fisherman hauls

them in until his boat is filled. At the factory the shells are soaked in a fluid for some days. The shell goes through a half-dozen processes before it is finished as a pearl button. The shell must be thick enough to stand the trimming to the proper size.

WHERE POSTALS ARE MADE.

Where do all the millions of postal cards used annually by citizens of the United States come from? Where are they made and printed? The average man would answer these questions off-hand with: "Why, Washington City, of course." But the average man would be wrong, for the modest plant that turns out millions of postal cards every month for Uncle Sam is located in a little West Virginia mountain town, high up in the Appalachian range, not far from the border line of Maryland.

The town is Picdmont, Mineral County, West Virginia, and here the busy factory is at work six days in the week, making the little oblong sheets of cardboard on which so many messages of all sorts and kinds are written by all conditions of people. Here the cardboard is made from the fresh, sweet spruce trees; here it is cut into the requisite size and here the cards are printed, packed and shipped, eventually finding their way into every State, city, town and hamlet in the country and to Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

The population of the town and the surrounding country within a radius of six miles aggregates 7,000 people. Like all of the citizens of our glorious union, everyone here is enjoying this era of prosperity. Everything appertaining to the town resembles a beehive in industry. It is a law-abiding community, too, for every citizen is apparently on friendly terms with his neighbor, and even during the excitement attending a political campaign there are no quarrels or criminations and recriminations. Every voter casts his ballot according to his own political views and in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience.

The paper out of which the postal cards are manufactured is all made by the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company at the large sulphite pulp and paper mills located here and adjoining the postal works. This is the largest pulp and paper mill in the United States and has branch plants at Davis, West Virginia, and Covington, Virginia, and Tyrone, Pennsylvania. These plants are not in the paper trust.

The postal works proper are situated at Luke, a suburb of Piedmont, on the banks of the north branch of the Potomac River. The works are between the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railway on the north and the Baltimore and Ohio railway on the south, but the tracks of both companies run into the yard of the postal works to facilitate the loading of full car lots for shipment. The distance by railroad from Piedmont to Cincinnati is 373 miles, to Washington 180 miles and to New York City 418 miles.

The postal card works are located in a two-story fireproof brick building, with a cement roof and in which are patent automatic fire sprinklers, with an abundant supply of water at all times for fire protection. The building is not large—100x60 feet.

The power to run the machinery is furnished by the plant of the paper company, whose large plant adjoins that of the postal works. The building is lighted by electricity and in winter is heated by steam. Neither matches nor smoking of pipes nor cigars are allowed on the premises. The front door of the works is always under lock and key. During the summer months large lattice doors are used, with lock and key during the day. A time-registering clock is used at night, which the watchmen have to touch at regular intervals in their rounds.

Major E. H. Shook, the United States agent and inspector, takes the greatest care and precaution to guard against theft, fire and visitors interfering with either the cards after or during the process of manufacture and with the employes while at work.

The first floor of the building is used for a press room, casing room and a dry room for the printed postal cards. There are two presses in this room and each press has a capacity of 1,200 impressions an hour.

clams at once lay violent hold upon it, as many as can get a grip on a prong. The fisherman hauls presses is 50x30 inches and each sheet contains

nincty postal cards ready to be cut and packet when it comes from the press. The dies used on these presses are furnished by the government four men work at the presses. The men all work eight hours a day. One man is used in the casing part of this room to put together the knocked down pine boxes in which the cards are packed for ship ment. The boxes are made of pine grown in West Virginia and are shipped "knocked down" to the contractor. The boxes vary in size, holding 5.00 to,000, 25,000 and 100,000 cards, respectively.

UOHII

CIGAR-STUMP gathering as a business is lollower by men as well as by boys in Chicago. They know when and where to go for the largest supply. For instance, they will gather about places of amuse ment before the time for the performance to begin but they will not be found there later. Very man gentlemen smoke en route and throw away what left of their cigars before entering the rotunda, b on leaving after the performance they light free cigars. These habits of sniokers stump gatheren know, and they govern themselves accordingly Another rich field for stumps is the hotel on pleas ant evenings, when the guests are lounging on the sidewalk. But at all hours the streets and gutter are carefully watched, and very short must be to stump that escapes the searcher's eyes.

Of course there would be no sense in gathering cigar stumps if there was not a market for then but there is a market, though just what they a converted into is not quite clear. It is said the Chicago buyers reduce them to small bits by grinding machine, when they are packed and so to snuff factories, from which they reappear in ja and damp-proof sacks under labels that indica Turkey, Egypt, Persia and other Eastern country as their original home. Just why it is so layne do not know, but the assertion is often made th no tobacco makes as good and satisfying a snuff; the stumps of cigars. It is said that the unsmoke part of a cigar goes through a tempering proces which cannot be secured in any other way, a which gives snuff a poignancy and flavor that chemist has been able to impregnate any otherki of tobacco with. But be that as it may, gathering cigar stumps is a business in Chicago that is le lowed by a certain class of people, and presumab it pays, or they would not follow it.

TOWNS TO ORDER.

When the atlas maker visits a state in the centre west, say five years hence, he will find seven torm which do not now appear on any map. Friends a certain railroad president could tell him the names to-day, although the towns have not be built. The president, who has just completed a extension of his line, has picked out seven place where settlements would look pretty—and "make business." To save time, he has already name them

This ingenious gentleman is not the only railous magnate who cherishes town-building scheme. The Western papers tell of seven other railous which are planning to distribute assorted importants to lonesome spots along their various route. One road in the southwest wants fifty new town a northwestern road designs to found thirty-eight and the other five roads have hopes of building to from five to twenty towns each.

There is room for these towns. In fact in the places where it is proposed to establish them the is nothing but room—and railroad track. To does not mean that they may not some day be lart and prosperous.

and prosperous.

A notion prevails that villages and cities by and grow because of conspicuous natural advances. That is not always true. Many plantages. That is not always true always true and towns, by merely "happen." The new railroad towns, by deliberately planned, may enjoy benefits and operation of tunities which chance-created towns are liable tunities which chance-created towns are liable lack. For one thing, the paternal mads will have vital interest in their welfare. And to be not to being born rich.

"Ich gleich der Inglenook besser as der lie Companion. Er hat may fershtont im glana in ganse libe." -D. A. L., h.:

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

The Make Companion in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler, population number seems hetter than the meeding one. I have a Sunday-school class receding and girls, from thirteen to eighteen eus, and all get the INGLENDOK as a Sunday-

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

his with much satisfaction that I express ay approval of the INGLENDOK. Its appearnecand general make-up are such that it at recommends it to the reader. It has found way into many of our homes, and the penle are truly glad for its continued success. A. John Zuck.

0 0

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOK easily takes rank among hebest young people's papers in the country. us better than most of them because of the sence of the silly love stories and light readg. It is a most valuable addition to the ethien's publications. No family should be thout it .- Eld. D. L. Miller.

0 0

Lanark, III., tlas An Opinion.

We have been receiving the IngleNook ncent started. We like it very well. I would acto see it go to all the homes of the land. eshort sermons are good for both old and ung.-Eld. I. B. Trout.

0.0

From the College.

Hake the INGLENOOR. I am much pleased this steady and almost marvelous growth. elact that it is sought after by our people, shold and young, is evidence that it proves self to be in fact what it purports to he .-- J. G.

Hear Virginia Talk.

Olall the young people's papers that I have er seen and recold think there is none that wield as great or as desirable influence it its readers as the Inglienook .- H'. K'.

00

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

thave been a constant reader of the INGLE-K from its beginning to the present time, that find something that interests me in bassue. Lam interested in the 'Nook beof my expectations. I especially recomnd it to the voining readers. - Eld. A. B.

0 0

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

Myself and famous greatly enjoy reading our church paper. We trust its future may along and useful one .- J. K. Miller.

0.0

Another From Iowa.

to head it is a paper to have ever read. It where there are young people,—S. Z. Sharp. the general verifict is that it can not be olled by any other Sunday-school paper.

0 0

Over in Indiana.

My family and I say that the INGLENOOK is titellent paper. There are many things in to the tree typone likes, and which they ought to a. People who do not take the INGLEin have occasion to regret it. The Editor "ithe needs of the readers. - L. W. Teeter.

And Down in Missouri.

or a number of years I have wondered why dd bot have a paper for our young people. thing in character, with a tendency toward thurch. We have that in the Inglenook. be in every home in the church. Ellenberger.

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And This,

lagtenook is clean, newsy, interesting Guctive. The books and papers on a Pay he keeps. - Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

The INGLENOOR is par excellence. It has The Inglenoor supplies the "missing link"

0 0

From Batavia, III.

We think the Inglenook in interesting and cars, and all get the vare delighted with it.— instructive paper.—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

. Across In Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the INGLENOOR, Its pages are always well filled with fresh and interesting reading matter .- It'. G. Schrock,

South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The Inglenook is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it .- Eld. S. F.

0.0

Ohlo Has Its Say.

We are highly pleased with the INGLENDOK, and think it worthy of a place in every family of the Brethren. It interests old and young. Its literary qualities are of the first rank .-- Ino. Culvin Bright.

Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing.

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church 220 South Clark St. Interature. God bless the INGLENOOK .- John

0 0

And Also Hagerstown, fld.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family auxiously awaiting its coming. God bless the INGLENOOK .- II'. S Reich-

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every dwhile it is not specially intended for the home in our Brotherhood.-Jasper Barnthouse.

0 0

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column is another leature of great interest.-Daniel

0 0

A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any There known the Inglienook from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to I can truthful y say that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is dire youth's paper I have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home

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As Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the Indt. ENDOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. - J. A. Chambers.

0 0

Down in Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction.-J. IV. Wayland,

Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our o in and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, ind its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulastell who and what he is as well as tie be had much valuable information at a mini-

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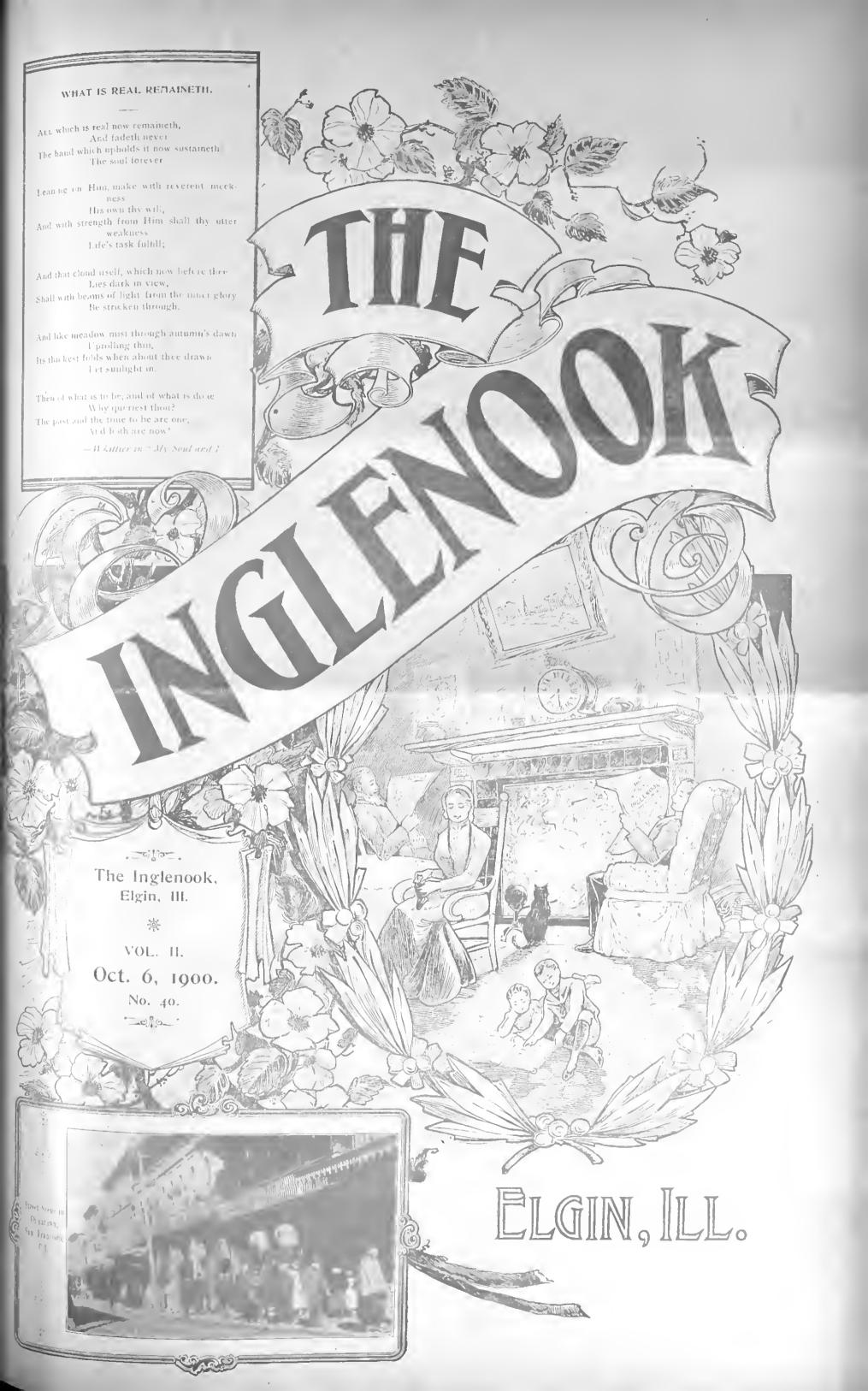
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The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., OCT. 6, 1900.

No. 40.

THE PLOWMAN TO HIS BRETHREN.

We own normasters, we that walk with God In workday garments smelling of the sod; We bear no yoke that others must not bear, Except of greater love and tenderer care; We bow not down with burdens on us laid, But lift them up for whom the load was made; For upright must we be, and stand erect, The almoners of God to his elect.

Not ours to judge who 'tis that makes demands, Ours but to see the piteous, outstretched hands, For unto us the cotters be as kings—All all in need of what the harvest brings; And be that what it will we must be just, For it is only given us in trust;

We will not question whose the cry or call, But be God's almoners to one and all.

CAPTAIN JACK.

(Concluded)

At the house they seated the Captain in his acstomed place in the corner, and then set about eparing the supper they had planned in honor of shome-coming, sad as it was. After the meal, hich was largely in silence, the family adjourned the front room where Captain Jack proceeded to form them of his visit to the city, his experiences here, and "what he had seen," a favorite exprestom of his.

He detailed the trip to the city, his difficulty in ding the place where the doctor lived, the introtion and the examination and the subsequent eration. He told of the weeks in the darkened m with no sound save the muffled footfall of the se, and the street noises that penetrated the alls of the private hospital. He and the doctor came warm personal friends and it had ripened oan intimacy that was especially pleasant under circumstances. There was one thing that was pecially interesting to the family. The young who had been fishing for trout, and who was a udent in the office, had told the doctor all about family, their honest poverty, and the hard methis whereby the money had been saved. So when came to the time of settlement with the doctor, d the roll of bills, amounting to fifty dollars, had en produced and tendered to the oculist, he simy laughed and waved it back to the Captain. He le it a present to the family, to "entertain fishen in the future." He might want to go a fishin that neighborhood himself, and he wanted a ditagainst the time. One day near the close of Ptain Jack's stay the doctor consulted him about letter that was to be written to the family, and was to be brief, saying simply that he would not ain see better than he did. So the letter was and here he was himself.

Its. Captain was softly crying to herself, the boy ked glum, and the girl was not in a very hopeful od. There was the satisfaction, however, of it having done all that was possible, and there will be no after regrets on that score. All there ained to do now was for each one to do best for the good of the whole, and waste no tin vain regrets. If the lather was dependent them they would take up their burden and do deantime Captain to the satisfaction.

Meantime Captain Jack had moved over to the bit, near the window, and took from his pocket the mout on his knee, the whole family watching the was doing. Money was such an unusual d, that a sight of it was sufficient to arrest attention, benth.

ben the Captain began a monologue. Counting twenty-five dollars he said, "Here is the money will buy a cow for Mrs. Jack, two tens and a five. five for the dollars for the boy, ten for the girl, will not again see any better that he now Mrs. Jack had immediate visions of an

Alderney that she had long coveted, and the boy had a new suit of clothes, while the girl had visions of a new dress, long a dream. It was a hopeful gleam in the darkness.

And Captain Jack went on: "Hereafter Mrs. Captain will have better clothes, and she will have a new dress, with no need to continue wearing that old one, the blue dress that she has on, with the tear in the right sleeve, and Miss Jennie Jack will have better shoes than she now has on, with the hole in the side of the left one, and the boy will have a better cap than that torn one he has in his hand, while the black and white kitten on the chair there,"- here Mrs. Jack gave an inarticulate cry, reeled in her seat, and promptly fell over in a dead faint. The Captain jumped to her aid, the girl and the boy were helpless, while the dog hearing the confusion, and mistaking it for a general jollification, bounded in and mixed up promiscuously with the crowd.

"Oh, why didn't you tell us?" said Mrs. Jack when she "came to," and the Captain said that they were all informed in the letter the facetious doctor had written, for had he not told them that he would never see better than he did? Was it not good that his sight was what it was? He, personally, didn't want to see any better, for he saw as well as ever he did. The boy cut and run for the town to tell everybody, shouting as he ran, "Pa can see, Pa can see," and all the people were glad and they came in droves to the house to "see" for themselves, and congratulate everybody.

Now there was a call by the railroad officials for the station agent at Captain Jack's town to go farther up the road, and so when the whole town had recommended the once blind man for the place he was appointed, and when you visit there it will be Captain Jack who will sell you your return ticket.

HOW THE CHINAMAN IS SCHOOLED.

The reverence for things antique, for manners and customs that date back 2,000 or 3,000 years, is nowhere more noticeable than in the Chinese system of education. Suppose that the young men of America were sent to college to learn nothing except to repeat by heart the writings of the ancient Greek philosophers, and that the extent of a man's education was reckoned by the number of quotations from those writings he could glibly repeat. Would America be the progressive country that she is if her educated classes had received only that kind of an education?

Chinese education consists in just that sort of learning, nothing more. When one considers that the system has been in existence for centuries, and that for hundreds of generations the Chinese have been taught to look backward and not forward, it is not surprising that the present generation should look with disfavor on the new ideas that, in spite of them, have crept into the country and made an impression on a part of the people that can never be effaced, no matter how many Boxer movements are started and supported by the conservative classes.

There is no public school system in the Chinese empire. Only the well-to-do or wealthy have the advantage of an education, except the missionaries of generous Chinese open schools in behalf of the masses. The Chinese boy starts to school when about six years old. The girls are practically never educated. The Chinese recognize three great superiors—the emperor, the parents and the teacher—so when the boy presents himself at the school he bears a present for the teacher and bows his head to the floor three times, signifying that he is willing to obey the teacher's commands. His next duty is to burn incense before a tablet on which is written the name of Confucius. Then he is ready to begin to learn his lesson.

The walls of the school are usually decorated with scrolls on which are pictures and writings, quotations from the ancient sages. Each pupil has

a little table on which are an ink stone and the brush with which he learns to write. There are no regular hours for the opening and the closing of the school; the pupils come and go as may be convenient, and there are, therefore, no classes, each being taught separately, and they are advanced as rapidly as they can be. The pupils are taught to read and write the Chinese language, and this is no easy task, for there is no alphabet in the language, which has 214 root characters entering into the formation of all the characters in the written language, each of which represents a word. There are about 40,000 words in the language, but only a small part of these are known to any except the most highly educated.

The primer which is used in the schools is at least 2,000 years old, and contains a number of proverbs, which the scholar has to learn. He is then taught that there are three great powers—heaven, earth and man, and three great lights—sun, moon and stars. He is further taught that rice, millet, wheat, rye and barley are the five kinds of grain on which man subsists. This sort of teaching is followed by a summary of Chinese history, and the examples of the sages of antiquity are commended to the youthful pupil. He is also taught to despise foreigners, and that China is the only great nation of the earth. Filial piety is taught from the first day of school to the last.

When the Chinese pupils have learned these elementary things they begin to learn the sayings and writings of the ancient sages. Chinese education is not a drawing out of the youthful intellect, it is "cram, cram." Thousands of young men in China can repeat for days the sayings of Mencius and Confucius. After studying for ten or fifteen years the students begin attending the annual examinations held under the auspices of the government. The examinations are very severe, and probably not more than one in one hundred passes the first examination and receives the degree of "Siutsoi," corresponding to our bachelor of arts. Those who have attained this degree can continue their studies if they will, and afterward take examinations for the degrees of "Cu-ing," master of arts, and "Cing-seu," doctor of philosophy. Men with these degrees possess official prestige and power. It is considered a great honor to obtain a degree, and when the lucky holder arrays himself in classic robes and calls on his friends, they give him presents, make feasts for him and show him great respect. About fifteen per cent of the male population has some education along the lines outlined. Very few of the females are educated at all. Not more than one per cent can read.

CHINAMAN AND CHRISTIAN.

A Chinaman of great dignity and some splendor of dress was getting off an elevated train at Twenty-third Street the other day when a white rowdy called after him:

"Say," said the tough, "are you a 'boxer'?"

The other tough added some abuse and roared with laughter after the Chinaman, who got off the car, then turned. He waited till the gates were closed, then he answered in pretty clear English:

"Say, you Clistian?"

Then the gateman and some passengers laughed, and the toughs slunk into the car.

THERE are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice or bark, are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West Indian Islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather and is used for washing clothes. The bark of a tree which grows in Peru and of another which grows in the Malay Islands yields a fine soap. The common soapwort, which is indigenous to England, is so full of saponine that simply rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy lather.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

RAISING RICE.

BY J. H. BOWERS.

THERE is a section in the southwest part of Louisiana, extending from New Orleans to Houston, and from the Gulf north about forty miles, which is the greatest rice section in the United States. Rice in ancient days was only grown by the natives. It was planted only in low places and was flooded by rainfall, thinking that it would not grow elsewhere. But it is a mistake, providing that irrigation can be had, to water or flood the land which is situated in higher localities. Experience has been had by industrious men from the North along the line of irrigation. It is no longer an experiment but a reality. Now there are different ways to irrigate. About five years ago it was planned by men of business ability to place a pump by the side of a river or stream that does not go dry in summer. There are some pumps that throw a solid stream thirty-six inches in diameter; these are the largest, and from that to a six inch stream. There are some plants that have as many as six pumps. There are flumes built at the river. Some are thirty feet high and their use is to raise the water to a level with the land that is to be flooded. Some flumes are two or three hundred feet long and then the canals set in, some of which are ten or twelve miles long. The area varies from one hundred to four thousand acres, according to the size of the plant. The land, as you look over it, seems to be almost level, but it is rolling enough that the most of it will drain readily. Now to flood these vast tracts of land that do not lay level the water must be carried around a piece of land varying from one to forty acres. It is carried all around a tract the same as if one was fencing it and we call them fields. These canals are placed on the highest land through the plant, and there are water gates that one can let water in these fields at will. As a general rule a man, who is called the water or canal Boss, walks the length of the canal and opens and closes these gates. This is one system of irrigating and now there is a second way, used in the last year or so. Deep wells have been sunk, finding, at the depth of one hundred to two hundred feet, an abundant supply of water. They average from six to ten inches in diameter. The wells vary in numbers from one to a dozen, and are connected and are run with one or more pumps and the water is conveyed around over the plant the same as the large river plants.

The farmers begin to prepare their land carly in January by plowing it. The plowing is done by gang plows and mules. The ground is prepared for sowing very much the same as for any other small grain. The sowing time begins in March or April, and May is the main month, but it is sowed as late as July. When it makes its appearance it looks like a slender grass blade. When it reaches the height of six inches it is ready to be flooded. The farmer's enemy is a wild rice that is red. It does no harm, only in the sale of the rice, and then it lessens the prices very much. The rice, when ripe, will average from three to five feet in height and no prettier grain is ever seen. For instance, a field of twenty mutton of from five to seven pounds costing from acres, rightly matured, looks as even as a floor, with a rich golden hue that resembles a summer sunset. It is harvested with binders the same as other small grain. The water is turned uff when the grain begins to ripen so that the ground will be dry when the grain is ready to harvest. The early rice will be ready to harvest in August. It is threshed as other grain. The yield is enormous when the scason is all right and a good stand is had. Some fields have yielded one hundred bushels per acre, but the average yield is about forty bushels. It is sold by the barrel. One hundred and sixty-two pounds is a barrel. It varies in prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00 per barrel. Rice has a husk on a little like barley and it must go through a milling process before it is ready for table use. The construction of a mill is a little expensive, some costing as much as forty thousand dollars. It goes through about six different processes, and is then placed on the market. The country is a prairie land with streams winding their way to the Gulf, while woods are on either banks. We have a healthy climate, there being a breeze from the Gulf in summer, making it pleasant,

There is a small but commendable little flock of Brethren around the vicinity of Roanoke, a little station, but beautifully situated on the Southern Pacific R. R. There are tracts of land still for sale, which will make beautiful homes for our people providing they are industrious, but the land is on an advance and will soon be out of the reach of

Any inquiry concerning the Sunny South will receive my carliest attention and all questions will be answered according to my knowledge and ability.

Roanoke, La.

LIFE IN VIENNA.

In a very readable letter from Vienna, W. L Hubbard tells some home-like facts that cannot fail to interest Inglenookers, and we append portions of it for their information.

Of all cities in Europe Vienna, Paris, and St. Petersburg are acknowledged to be the most expensive, and of these three many Europeans declare Vienna the leader in costliness. Be this as it may, a few prices will serve to show that living here is no cheaper, if as cheap, as it is in Chicago.

As regards rents, a habitable flat costs no less than \$10 to \$12 per month, the flat consisting of one living-room, one or two small bedrooms, and a kitchen. A four or five-room flat without bathroom costs \$18 to \$20, with bathroom \$2 to \$3 a month more. Flats of six to ten rooms range from \$40 to \$125 a month. And it must be remembered that a flat in Europe is not what it is in America.

Only in the few modern houses in Vienna is steam heat to be had. The monumental tile stove of the "sacred-to-the-memory-of" type is the only means of heating found in the average house in Vienna.

Electric light wires are now beginning to be laid, but if the tenant would avail himself of these or of the gas connections he must furnish his own fixtures. Not a chandelier or gas jet is rented with the house in Vienna—each renter brings his own.

Roller shades are not used here, so windows are bare save for the Venetian blinds, which belong to the house and are about the only thing movable which the tenant doesn't have to supply. Clothes closets are also almost an unknown quantity in European houses.

The rent, therefore, of a house pays for a mere suite of rooms, minus heat, and bare of fixture or convenience of any kind whatever,

The prices paid for certain staple articles of food also have a high range. These prices fluctuate somewhat, of course, with the season and the supply, but those quoted here are such as obtain under normal conditions, and are demanded in the average market and store.

In meats, beef is the most expensive, the cost being 26 cents a pound for steak and roast, and 18 cents for pieces suitable for boiling. Veal ranges from 15 to 18 cents for roast, steak, or chops. Pork costs 22 cents a pound for chops, 20 cents for roast. Hams when bought whole bring 18 cents a pound; when sliced, 4 cents more. Lard costs from 13 to 15 cents a pound, when tried, and 2 cents less when bought in leaf.

Mutton is the cheapest meat, only II cents a pound being demanded for chops, and a leg of 75 cents to \$1.05.

Chickens weighing 11/2 to 21/2 pounds bring from 60 to 80 cents, and ducks and geese are sold at about 15 cents a pound. Butter, under normal conditions of supply and demand, ranges from 22 to 26 cents per pound.

For sugars, the Viennese has to pay from 61/2 to 81/2 cents a pound, and, although his country is one blessed with many salt mines, for that common but indispensable article he is asked 21/2 cents a pound, while the price charged him for flour is from 3 to 4 cents a pound. Coffee of fair quality commands from 24 to 44 cents a pound, and tea may be had from 75 cents upward.

In Vienna all milk is skim milk. The customer who wants cream may buy it "straight," but the purchasing of it in any other way is impossible. For the milk minus cream he is charged 41/2 cents a quart, for cream 18 cents, and for whipped cream so cents a quart.

The stranger who comes to Vienna, expecting to find "Vienna" bread, will be doomed to disappointment. The elongated scarred loaves, with their they are usually bought for presentation purp

crisp crust, which in America we style Viennes can be obtained here only by seeking for what he is called French bread.

The semmel, a roll, which for crispness and de licious flavor has no equal, is the prevalent bread stuff here, and he who buys it in the bakery, pays for it in the restaurant, gives up an Austria coin equivalent to four-fifths of an American cent

In the matter of light and fuel, the resident in a Austrian capital pays 14 cents a gallon for ken sene, and for a rather mediocre quality of anthra cite coal he must give about \$3.50 a ton. Soft co is somewhat cheaper, but is little used, those n burning the hard coal preferring coke, for which \$2,75 to \$3 is asked.

Servant hire is nominal. For a maid of all work S4 to S5 a month is paid. Waitresses and secon girls command \$5 to \$6 a month, and a cook first-class abilities may be had for from \$6 to \$1

Included in the wage is lodging, breakfast, and dinner, but as to supper no calculation is made, this meal the servant must provide. The V_{lenne} is rarely at home for supper.

It may be asked how, with such prices for ten and food, one can manage to live more cheaply Vienna than in Chicago? The manner of livi makes the difference. Breakfast here consists coffee, tea, or chocolate, and two or three semme and butter. An egg may be added if one wishes a especially hearty breakfast.

Dinner usually consists of one or two courses of meat and vegetables and a simple dessert. A so may be served first, but soup-eating is not so prev lent here as in Germany. In the afternoon, at 4 5 o'clock, tea or coffee, with a roll or bit of cake, taken, and in the evening a supper of cold mea or a stew or chop finishes the eating of the day,

Far less of entertaining of friends and acquain ances is done here than in America-the "con and-have-dinner-with-me" habit is virtually a known among the Viennese - and when friends; out together each pays his own bill.

Less company requires less dwelling space an less expense, and it is by doing with less, not cause things are inexpensive, that living in Europ is cheaper than in America.

WATCHES THAT COST THOUSANDS.

Four-thousand-dollar gold watches are not vi common in New York.

The announcement that Mr. Gould's missing watch was valued at \$4,000 naturally led to the inquiry as to how many New Yorkers carry line pieces of such value. This resulted in the inform tion that watches of that sort are by no means common in this city, and that recently a watch made to order that cost \$20,000. The name of owner is kept secret, as well as the names of other who have had watches made for them that has cost \$5,000 to \$10,000. Were the names of the people to become public they would be incessan in danger of visits from sneak thieves, burglars pickpockets.

A reporter visited a well-known jeweler's asked in what respect a \$4,000 watch differed in

"So far as timekeepers are concerned, they do in no respect from the very best watches that made," was the reply. "It is simply a matter jeweling. Of course, if you stud the back of watch with diamonds and rubies you can pay? most any price for it.

"There is nothing extraordinary about a state watch, unless it is a split second or has s extraordinary features. The works are not me more than \$400. These works are of the very

"We recently finished and delivered a finished costing \$20,000 for a New Yorker. This amount, was expended on the diamonds with the back of the watch was studded and on a su ruby, almost as large as a pigeon's egg, formed the center of the ornamentation.

"For another customer we made a watch \$10,000, in which the distinguishing feature flat diamond let into the case. This watch made for a woman. For reasons which can munderstood understood and certainly appreciated by the it would not be politic to divulge the names of the purchase of the purchasers of these high-priced watches

"It is rare that watches of such great valurchased or purchased or worn by our well-known million pur

Nature & Study

YALE'S MONSTER TURTLE.

YALE is the proud possessor of a turtle weighing eight thousand pounds.

It is the biggest turtle in the world. An elephant would look small beside it. Our attention being called to a previous article on this turtle and much interest being manifested, we gladly tell more

Dr. G. R. Wieland caught this turtle while fishing on the banks of the Cheyenne river, in the Black Hills country. Needless to say it was the most exing moment of the doctor's life when he caught the monster. No fisherman can ever have felt as much emotion as he did.

Dr. Wieland is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and is now connected with the Peabody Museum at Yale. With the least possible deay he brought his monstrous prize home to the latterinstitution. It made a good carload.

It may be added that the turtle is dead, and has been so in fact for about ten million years. Dr. Wieland was fishing for fossils when he caught it. Turtles live to an indefinite age, and it is possible that this one did not die until it was a thousand years old or so, but ten million years is rather too long to expect an animal, however slow-blooded, to survive the accidents and changes of time.

The turtle is undergoing a complete restoration and will soon appear as one of the chief attractions of the Peabody Museum.

The head of the great turtle has already been thoroughly restored. This is twenty-nine inches in length and sixteen inches in depth. The size of the creature in other respects may be judged from

It would open those jaws about twenty-five inches, more than two feet. That would be quite enough e enable it to swallow a man whole. The turtle ould have swallowed him whole or chopped him pif it preferred, for it was provided with terrific utting jaws. It was built on the plan of the modm hawkbill turtle, and any one who is familiar ith those creatures knows how easily they can chop off a man's arm.

Agreat many other instructive comparisons may made enabling one to realize what sort of a companion this turtle would be.

He was fourteen and a half feet long from the nd of his nose to the further end of his shell. He as about twelve feet wide across the back and four et through at the thickest part.

He could have carried a two-ton elephant as easily aone hundred and fifty pound man can carry a venty-five pound boy. We can imagine the sacious elephant sitting on the turtle's back and en-Jing a ride. If there had been plenty of boys ound at least fifty of them could have ridden on e capacious turtle.

We may prefer to think of the turtle supplying up. The Aldermen of London would certainly we to think of it in that capacity. Let us say, as liberal estimate, that one-third of his bulk of eight ousand pounds is available for soup-making. at would be two thousand, six hundred and sixtypounds, which would surely furnish as many lants of soup. A quart is enough for two, and this tle would therefore furnish five thousand, three and thirty-two people with turtle soup and enty of green fat for all of them.

It would be able to tow a full-rigged ship through water with ease, not quite as fast as a tugboat, lt does not need much science to appreciate eight thousand pound aquatic animal, with

urflippers, would exert more power than a steamp many times its weight.

It would take eight good draught horses to haul te big turtle any distance.

A man beside the big turtle would look about as gas a spring ehicken walking alongside a big, fat

The turtle lived in what is known in geology as Thassic period. This is roughly estimated to the been ten million years ago. It was certainly gago, for it was the age when the earth was just ginning to emerge from its chaotic, steamy condi-No animals higher than the turtle were alive control animals higher than the turtic were animals higher than the turtic were animals higher than the social scale than the ordinary reptile. The turtle was quite a personage, so to speak.

The river bank in which Dr. Wieland found the remains once formed the bed of a prehistoric ocean.

Such discoveries as this help us to realize those strange, dim geological ages when life seems to have been one long nightmare, when birds had teeth, the swamps were filled with bullfrogs weighing a ton apiece and sea serpents were an ever present reality.

Dr. Wieland has made a long and careful study of the turtle as it is and as it was. He has discovered many interesting and remarkable things about this obscure creature. In the first place, Dr. Wieland has discovered that the big turtles of early geological times are directly connected with the turtles of to-day, and that of all living animals known to science the turtle is the only one whose anatomy is exactly the same as it was one million years ago.

Most forms of the life of those days have entirely disappeared. Those that have not disappeared are hardly recognizable to-day, even to the scientists. The only respect in which the turtle has changed is that his race has decreased and his size and character have deteriorated.

In geological times, when the development of the turtle seems to have reached its zenith, turtles were from twelve to fourteen feet in length. They had flippers from four to six feet long. They weighed from four to six tons. They were swift swimming and tremendously powerful. They had a beak shaped like that of the eagle, which showed that they were fierce. They preyed upon many of the living creatures of geological times.

GEMS FOUND IN MUSSEL SHELLS.

PEARL fishing in Tennessee is now a thriving, lucrative industry, while the gem-from the streams in the old Volunteer State is gaining a wide reputation in the eastern markets for its brilliant luster and fine formation. 'Pearl fishing in this State is conducted on an extensive scale in the mountains of east Tennessee, especially in the Clinch river, where many valuable "strikes" have been made the past few months. A small party of pearl hunters is now engaged fishing for the gems, this being the season of the year in which they carry on their interesting work.

The fishermen are always ready and willing to tell the story of the Clinch river pearl, using purely mountain terms. They will tell you that the mussel varies as to kind and shape, there being three separate and distinct kinds. There is the yellow mussel from which is taken the white pearl, also the pink and gold. The "sheep-nose mussel" contains the pink pearl, while in the "biscuit" mussel a second or inferior grade of the pink gem is found. From the first group come the valuable pearls known as the round, button or pearl-shaped gems.

The pearl is constructed pretty much on the principle of an onion. They can be peeled, each layer being very thin, but distinctly a separate portion of the pearl. When one is found and proves to be below the average in luster it is peeled by a professional pearl man, and often a valuable gem is found after removing several layers of the film.

This Clinch river pearl is noted for size as well as its exquisite beauty. A single Tennessee pearl, not larger than a pea, has been known to sell for as a work on natural history that if an earthworm were high as seven hundred dollars. The best pearls, those which have brought the highest prices, present a variety of tints and coloring not found in other pearls, ranging from a dark wine color to that of a beautiful pink.

There is an element of chance in pearl fishing in the Tennessee streams that gives it a fascination. There is no more certainty that a summer's work will bring reward than a claim staked in the Alaska gold region. Nevertheless the work goes on. One man's "strike" is enough to keep the river full of pearl seekers for a month. It is estimated that the average is ten thousand mussels to one really valuable find.

The season for pearl fishing begins when the shoals in the river appear after the winter's high water. Usually the first valuable find heightens the fever, and it is not an uncommon sight to see one hundred or more men and women engaged in fishing within a space of forty or fifty miles. They will be seen scratching and digging in the sand, much after the fashion of a hen feeding her brood.

The pearl fisherman enters the water barefooted and proceeds to feel carefully with his toes for mussels which lie half buried in the sand. He is well accustomed, or, as the fishermen express it, their toes are so well trained that they know them as soon as they come in contact with a mussel. When the shell is found they grasp it with the foot and land it in a boat. When a sufficient quantity have been gathered the shells are opened with a wedge.

Two of the most unique characters in the pearl district are Joe Gosset and his brother James. Joe has been stone-blind for many years, yet he is the best fisherman on the river. Promptly upon the opening of the season he is led daily into the river by his brother and left to shift for himself. Joe uses the foot method to advantage, and has succeeded better the past year than his brother. For one pearl he received three hundred and fifty dollars. They are typical mountaineers, but successful pearl fishermen.

Formerly the business was done through local agents or buyers, but now Tiffany, of New York, and other dealers negotiate direct with the fishermen. The attention of English buyers has been directed to the pearl and before a great while the Tennessee pearl will find a ready sale in the markets of England.

CHESTNUT SEASON IS NEAR.

As each day passes the smile on the face of the cliestnut vender grows broader. Next week he will begin to polish up his roaster and ask the price of charcoal from the man who supplies the trade. In the Greek and Italian quarters one can find little groups of chestnut men talking over the prospect of a good fall and winter business and wondering when the first chestnuts will come in.

Reports from the nut region are to the effect that a big crop is in prospect, although it may be a little late in reaching the market. One will still have to look out for worms, for, in spite of the best efforts of the experts of the Agricultural Department, the chestnut weevil still defies the grower and will bore its way into many a brown hull.

The first chestnuts, which should reach the market by next week, will be of the Japanese variety. They will be larger than the nuts which will follow. and will cost from \$10 to \$14 a bushel. It has been more than twenty years since the Japanese chestnut was introduced extensively into this country. The start was made in the neighborhood of Cleminton, N. J. American chestnut trees were cut down and the sprouts received from Japan were grafted on the old trunk. In three years they began to bear, and in ten the average yield was a half-bushel for every tree. The European chestnut is about two weeks behind the Japanese variety in reaching market, and sells at from \$6 to \$8 a bushel. The American chestnut, with its finer flavor, is not far behind, but the price comes down to \$4 a bushel, and the venders cut rates to rock bottom prices.

A QUEER EXPERIMENT.

At a recent meeting of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Zoölogical Club a paper was read, giving an interesting bit of experience in growing earth-

The lady whose experience was given had read in divided, the anterior part would grow a tail, and the posterior part would grow a head. She said:

"I took twelve worms and divided them, placing the divided parts of each worm in a separate glass. In less than a month I had twenty-two worms, losing only two tail parts. The head parts had grown tails, and the tail parts had grown heads.

"A second experiment was made later. I divided two worms into halves, and put the four parts into a glass, into which I placed earth but no food, and the head parts are the tail parts."

Fish are great gluttons. This is probably the reason why fine-looking bait tempts so many of them to destruction. A single bluefish has been known to kill and devour ten cod each as big as himself in rapid succession. Birds are also blessed with fine appetites. The robin can easily devour two-thirds of its weight in earthworms in a day, and the ordinary pigeon can get away with his own weight in grain between sunrise and sunset and then go to sleep hungry.

INGLENOOK. THE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

ONE THING TO REMEMBER.

THE question as to the reason for the church's adherence to the ordinances with such tenacity is not always explicable on the part of the member when he is requested to account for the faith that is in him. Let us help the young brother or sister in this matter. It appears that whenever there is a great principle laid down in the Bible, enunciated by Christ, there is always some corresponding external observance required at the hands of the follower. Thus the rite of baptism is the door of entrance into the church, the ceremony of feet-washing is the form that shows equality before God, the full meal indicates the common family to which Christians belong. And so on.

Now where the Brethren church takes its stand is in regarding all these ordinances as equally important, and not subjects for discussion. They are what Christ instituted, and that is enough for the follower of Christ. He does not question their inportance at all. He does not either think or say that they are a mere form. He does not know how or why they are associated with the result of salvation. All he knows is that they were ordered by Christ and that is enough. That they were regarded as important by Christ himself is shown in Matthew's last chapter, where Christ tells the people before he disappeared that they should teach all people to observe everything that he had commanded.

Now the Brethren church not only follows out these commands, but it attempts to get as nearly as possible to the original method of carrying them out. Here is one of the great differences between the Brethren and other churches. Others say that the form is not important. A few drops of water symbolize baptism, the love feast is an imitation of a meal, while the ceremony of feet-washing is never heard of. There are other things, notably that nearly all the popular churches go to war. They believe, and they say, and live it out, or rather fight it out, that much of what Christ positively ordered is to be atterly ignored.

Now the main differences between the Brethren church and the other so-called worldly churches, are that we believe in letting nothing go, but in holding on to all, "all things whatsoever," and not only in holding on to them but in actual practice observing them as nearly after the original manner as possible. If our young brother and sister who are not as sure of their standing as they would wish to be will read over and over this article they will have one of the most substantial reasons for our literalness. Summed up in one word it is obedience to all commands, and asking no questions about it.

FREAKS OF CLIMATE.

WHEN one goes to the far North he reasonably expects that he will find cold weather, and he is not disappointed. When he goes South he expects to find it hot. And he is sometimes niet with very cold weather, unpleasantly so, dependent on the altitude. In fact there is more in the altitude in the determination of the temperature than there is in latitude. In some places in the tropics a traveler would freeze to death any day in the year if not adequately protected.

There is no place where this is shown so conclusively as along the slope of the great plateau of Mexico. That country is built on the plan of the mansard roof, and on the top is one great plain, a part of the roof of the world. All the temperate zone fruits and grains thrive, and many half vegetable and half fruits we of the North never even

heard of. Supposing you were on this plateau, and started for Vera Cruz, on the gulf of Mexico. First would be a long ride over a level plain, then the edge of the roof, so to speak, and a dropping down right into the tropics. On the top of the hill we would find corn and some wheat growing, while on the road down the hill every gradation of climate would be passed, from the eternal snow on the top of Mount Orizaba to the palms and pineapples of the hot and unhealthy coast.

At certain points on the hillside one can have any climate he wants. Does he want cold—there is the snow-clad mountain; does he prefer a climate embodying perpetual spring—then a little lower down it can be had. In fact every gradation, from eternal Spring to the depth of winter cold on one hand to the red-hot coast on the other is available in a few hours' travel. There are places where any crop can be had the year around. If it is thought that it would be a good place to live, a residence for a short time would readily disprove this. While you could raise anything without trouble, to whom could you sell it? Others would have the same crops at the same times, and there is no demand that you could supply that Nature does not furnish in lavish abundance to all residents. The variability of climate adds a zest to the seasons that is unknown here where it is one continual smile the year around. In the rainy season it is like Fairyland. In the dry season it is always two o'clock in the afternoon. There is no change of weather or of season. It is one long siesta, and not even the shaking up of an occasional earthquake makes much difference.

The effect of all this on the people is to the end of making them decidedly lazy. What need is there to labor? Food is readily available, and as for clothes what need is there for them? What is worn is simplicity itself, and of the cheapest material imaginable. A house, if it could be called such, is simply a structure on four poles, thatched over with banana leaves, without doors or windows-in fact it is often a mere shelter, all doors or windows. Here the native lives, indifferent to the surroundings, perfectly satisfied with the supplies of to-day, knowing by experience that there will be as much to-morrow, and that all he really needs, in fact all that he wants, is to be had for the taking.

Man never reaches his highest estate in such a climate. He becomes idle, indifferent, and careless of the future. There is no need to work, and he does not do so. He simply takes life easy, and the bananas are a sure crop, and cost only the gather-

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: The Complaining Habit.

Some people are natural born whiners. They have acquired the complaining habit and nothing ever suits them. They see only the defective side of things, and if the defects are absent, or not visible, they imagine them. And they keep it up in season and out of season. Now is this Christian? Assuredly it is not. There is no record of the immediate personal habits of Christ and the early Christians, but it is said that the Master was invited out to dine with people, and we may be very sure from what we know of the man that his time was not taken up in complaining about things. The child of a king, journeying to his inheritance, has neither the time nor the disposition to occupy his moments with searching out weaknesses. He has a better habit of thought. If he thinks of his surroundings it is that he may help them, not criticise

There is a great deal better way than that of eternal nagging. The party who reads and who recognizes his own failings in this respect should at once attempt a complete reversal of habit of thought and action. He can readily do it, though it may be difficult at the outset. If there is nothing good to say then say nothing. After a lifetime of deliberately searching for defects it will be no little trouble to leave the barnyard for the meadow, but

it can be done, in fact it must be done, if there to be any claim, any real basis for our pretensions to Christianity. Devote the larger portion of each day to the search for good in people, and it astonishing how much of it we can find if we loo

OUR QUERY BOX.

What is meant by the partition of a country like China?

THE division of it according to the wants wishes of the conquerors. If Russia should design a portion of the territory of the yellow man, and England should want another slice, that would b partition, if they got it.

Are the prize books offered in the Inglenook bound, paper or cloth?

They are all cloth-bound books, and would be an ornament to any library.

There are many black walnuts in my vicinity. Is there a good market for the kernels?

There is a steady demand for nut meats, as they are called, and you should address some manufacturing confectioner for prices. They are bough and sold by the pound.

What is a cold frame mentioned in agricultural writing? Something very much like a hot bed, only with out the heat. It is designed to carry small plan over the winter, those not injured by freezing.

What is putty made of?

Whiting and oil worked together into a dough. Whiting is powdered chalk.

What lies to the far North in the way of farm land?

Directly North of the middle part of the United States is a plain, sparsely covered with stunted vegetation which finally disappears, when there is a bleak extent of frozen earth. It is not of any value for farming purposes.

Is the Belgian hare industry likely to hold out?

For a time at least. The money will be made in buying and selling stock.

Does the Inglenook believe in societies in the churches such as a Reading Club or its like, for the Winter?

If the meetings did not degenerate into meet parties, and if all were allowed to join, good might result. The tendency of such gatherings is only good when the original programme is adhered to

Would it not pay to put up ice in the far North and shipil South in Summer?

Enormous quantities of ice are handled in that very way.

How is a colored picture in two colors made, red and his

It is run through the press twice, printing on color at a time. Any number of colors can be had in a picture, but the more of them the more trong ble,

What is printers' ink made of?

That depends. Any color imaginable can be fire nished on order. Some of it is worth dollars per pound, others only a few cents. The costliness the component materials determines the different

Will potatoes mix in the blossom?

No. Not unless you plant the seed from the potato ball. New varieties are often made way. It is tedious and uncertain.

Father left brother and me a little property which we is e can dissist the can we can divide better than he indicated in his will.

do it?

Yes. Draw up three agreements, setting for what you want to do, having your signatures p erly witnessed by two others of age, and then tach one to the will, you and your brother take and then divide as suits you best. If there are ers in interest they must be agreed. It should in writing, very plain and clear lt is what is what is ten that will hold.

FIRE HORSES.

* MANY INGLENOOKERS have witnessed the fasciusting sight of an alarm of fire in the city and the racing of the steamer and the hook and ladder companies down the street, everything givog way to them. Few, however, are familiar with the inside management of the business. Take the matter of the horses in a large city like Chicago.

The buying of horses for the Chicago Fire Department, in which five hundred horses are emplayed, has been done by Chief Veterinary Eugene sullivan for fifteen years, although under the direct appervision of Chief Swenie.

Down at the Stock yards, in and about Dexter Park, is the world's greatest horse market. From all parts of the country, and especially from the South and West, the pick of the young horses are brought here for sale—heavy draught horses, light gariage horses, cobs—every sort of horse, in fact, is here sold for the local trade or to be shipped to Eastern cities or abroad. And in this open market, bidding against competitors from everywhere, Dr. Sullivan picks out the horses that will make the best for the department, and buys them if they can be had reasonably. "Reasonably" means, for an engine horse, all the way up to two hundred dollars, and for a light driver, maybe, one hundred dollars. Inselecting these horses the veterinarian has instructions to buy for a certain purpose. If he is after engine horses he must watch the market for equines that show fair speed, willingness, and inteligence, and are clean and sound. Above all else bey must be young. Most of the young horses of heavy type that come to the market come fairly well within the other classification, but the shrewd eye of the veterinarian detects faults here-and there nd picks out the very cream of the lot for final

Having decided what horses he wants, the veterimanan does not himself go to bid on them. If it rere known that a horse had been chosen for the Fire Department and was to be bought for such work the price would be sent soaring and there would be a score of bidders, each anxious to secure the animal. Instead, Dr. Sullivan gives his commission to a regular buyer, who includes the chosen horses in his purchase for the day and turns them over to the department. The horse then passes inbection by Chief Swenie and, if satisfactory, is put into training. From forty to one hundred horses are bought this way in a year.

"When a horse begins to train in Chicago," says Chief Swenie, "he does it by beginning hard work. Of course, all these horses come in from the county, and when they begin work they get sick from the city air, the change of water, and one such thing or another. We put them in the supply wagon in n outlying station until they get used to these flings and get a little work every day. They get used to the noise and confusion and to being around files and fire engines. Then we bring them downtown. They are put in the big engine-houses, where alarms are frequent, and run with the supply there for awhile. Then each horse is taken into a stall and led three or four times from there to the place nder the harness. He is taught what he must do hthat way and is usually quick to learn. Then he blocked in. An automatic switching device, conswitches fixed in a pipe, which devolves as a weight descends, are suspended over him so the whips will strike his back. When an alarm sounds this weight is released as the stall door opens and the switches immediately begin to play. So the horse learns to run to the engine. He learns this quickly and in a few days is an old-timer. To select horses to do that requires an eye to the intelligence of the brutes as well as to their Once in a while, in spite of the exercise of ere, we get one that refuses to learn or cannot We do not even then discard it, but try it first in several different engine-houses and often and that it works well somewhere else.

When I was Captain of a company, many years ones the had a 'mule' horse, as we call the obstinate of barrel refused to learn anything. We got a lot of barrel staves and fastened them together, two and two, so that when we hit the horse with them kouldn't hurt him but would make an awful acket. Every time the alarm sounded we hit the with them. About the third day an alarm and in and the horse broke his halter—they were hitched in stalls then—got first to the engine, broke and is much eaten in the city of Albany."

through the front door in his eagerness to get away, and hauled the engine all by himself for the first mile. He was the best horse we ever had.

"When a horse has served several years downtown we transfer him to an outlying station and then to one further out, but we hate to let him go altogether. An old horse knows the business. He fits like an old boot. He will work single or double, nigh or off. Horses stay eleven years in the department on an average. When we sell them we get from ten to seventy-five dollars for them. I never advise any one to buy an old department horse, because they are used to sudden bursts of work, petting, and the best of care. When one attempts to work them ten hours a day or to keep them up in poor stables with poor care they last no time at all.

"Of course we have many different grades of horses in the service. For the double hose wagons we buy what used to be known as 'railroad' horses -animals weighing about eleven hundred pounds. For the light carts of the battalion marshals and my own use we get still lighter animals, which show by their paces as they are tried in the park that they have a chance of developing considerable speed and endurance. We cannot pay fancy prices for trotters and thoroughbreds, but we manage to get speedy animals. One sometimes hears talk of our sending here and there to watch out for horses and to send them to our 'training stable.' Now, we haven't got any training stable, and we buy all of our horses right here at the Stock yards, which is the best place in the world to buy them."

YOUR CAN OF SALMON.

When you go to the store and buy a can of salmon you may sometimes wonder where it comes from, and how the fish are caught. The fishermen are at it now up in Oregon and along the Columbia river. A writer in the Wide World magazine has the following to say about the catch:

If the voyage is made at the height of the fishing season-that is, during the leafy month of June-the traveler witnesses on every hand the extremely interesting work of the fishery going forward, till he marvels that the river has not been altogether bereft of its riches. He will see the aboriginal red man standing on some jutting shelf of rock, plying his long-handled net with the inherited skill of many generations, and deftly lifting out his struggling quarry. Then again there are nets being drawn on the shingle, and dozens of shapely, shining bodies quivering in the dazzling sunlight.

In another place there is a great troubling of the waters, where countless victims are struggling in a trap, made by a complicated device of many nets. while they are being slowly drawn to the surface. Occasionally, too, one sees a boat dart silently across the stream, turn suddenly at right angles, and shoot out a net in the shape of a letter L. This mode of fishing is called "gill-netting," because the nets so spread, meeting the fish running up stream, generally entangle them by the gills.

Perhaps the mode of fishing which appears the most striking of all is the fish-wheel, which is simply the white man's improvement on the Indian's primitive dip-net. Fishing by machinery sounds strange and emphatically not sportsmanlike, but still the apparatus is curious and interesting. It is fixed in a narrow channel where there is known to be a salmon "trail." One of these wheels will sometimes lift out eighty-five thousand pounds of fish in one day! How is that for a haul? The wheel goes round in the same direction as the stream. The fish are led into it by converging walls, built in the riverbed. The wheel is formed of three or four wire nets so arranged, at equal distances apart and gathered in towards the axle, that they form a funnelshaped bag. This bag scoops up the salmon and empties them into a trough, whence they slide down into an apartment on the shore to be conveyed thence to the factory. The thing works magnificently from a business point of view.

"ALBANY BEEF."

JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, says that "sturgeon is called Albany beef because a part of the sturgeon's flesh has much the look and not a little of the taste as well as texture of ox muscle. It abounds in the Hudson river,

John S. Farmer, in his collection of Americanisms, also says that "the flesh of the sturgeon, in color and taste, has some resemblance to beef, especially when cut in steaks and grilled."

"Albany is a town on the Hudson river as high as which the fish in question is or was to be caught in large numbers, and, as a matter of course, consequently formed a not inconsiderable factor in the food supply of the inhabitants—hence the term 'Albany beef.''

All this was once true, but as a matter of fact now sturgeon are not so abundant in this market as they formerly were, and there are many of our younger citizens who have never tasted sturgeon and have never heard it called "Albany beef."

WHEN FOES TALK THE SAME LANGUAGE.

Then came the horror of a war between two nations familiar with the same language. "Second R. B.! Second R. B.!" shouted our fellows as a watchword and rallying cry. "Second R. B.!" shouted every Boer who was challenged or came into danger. "B company here!" cried an officer. "B company here!" came the ccho from the Dutch. "Where's Captain Paley?" asked a private. "Where's Captain Paley?" the question passed from Boer to Boer.

In the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe. The only way was to stoop down till you saw the edge of a broad-brimmed hat. Then you drove your bayonct through the man if he did not shoot you first. Many a poor fellow was shot down by some invisible figure who was talking to him in English and was taken for a friend. One Boer fired upon a private at two or three yardsand missed him. The private sprang upon him. "I surrender! I surrender!" cried the Boer, "So do I," cried the private, and plunged his bayonet through the man's stomach and out at his back .-From "Ladysmith: A Story of the Siege," by H. W. Newison.

NEW DANGER FROM BOTTLES.

It has been discovered that many of the prairie fires that have destroyed the grass on the ranges in Montana and in the western part of Dakota have been started by the concentration of the rays of the sun upon broken beer bottles that are scattered freely along the cattle trails and wagon roads, which offers a new argument for the use of the temperance folk. Numerous fires have started far away from human haunts and habitations, miles beyond the reach of sparks from the smokestack of a locomotive, and the farmers and ranchmen have been so mystified as to their origin that several investigations have been made. When a fire has been traced to its source, in almost every instance a hroken bottle has been found with evidences around it to convince the investigators that it was the cause of the mischief. The curved glass was found in such a position as to focus the rays of the sun upon a tuft of dry bunch grass and start a flame.

A MAGIC LETTER.

Dip you ever think what a strange letter S is? It is a serpent in disguise. Listen, you can hear it hiss. It is the wizard of the alphabet. It gives possession and multiplies indefinitely by its touch. It changes a tree into trees and a house into houses, Sometimes it is very spiteful and will change a pet into a pest, a pear into a spear, a word into a sword, and laughter into slaughter, and it will make hot shot at any time.

The farmer has to watch it closely. It will make scorn of his corn and reduce every peck to a speck. Sometimes he finds it useful. If he needs more room for his stock it will change a table into a stable for him, and if he is short of hay he can set out a row of tacks. It will turn them into stacks. He must be careful, however, not to let his nails lie around loose. The serpent's breath will turn them into snails. If he wishes to use an engine about his farm work he need not buy any coal or have water to run it. Let the serpent glide before his horses. The team will turn to steam.

If ever you get hurt call the serpent to your aid. Instantly your pain will be in Spain. Be sure to take it with you the next time you climb a mountain if you desire to witness a marvel. It will make the peak speak. But don't let it come around while you are reading now. It will make this tale stale.

Good Reading

ORIFFIN BEASTS.

A REMARKABLE discovery regarding primeval man is announced on such authority as to be entirely beyond cavil on charge of sensationalism. It is that natives of Patagonia, savage or semi-savage, did, some thousands of years ago, keep in captivity and domesticate, for their meat and possibly for their milk, gigantic sloths nearly related to the extinct megatherium. To prove the fact, Dr. A. Smith Woodward, a well-known English investigator, and Dr. Moreno, of the National Museum of Argentina, have laid before the Zoölogical society of London specimens of the bones and hide of the animals, which were found in ancient stone-walled stables, unmistakably such, together with great stores of cut hay, the latter being obviously fodder for the beasts, the shoulder blade of a man, and implements of human manufacture.

The animal in question, to which the name grypotherium, or "griffin beast," has been given, was much like the megatherium, but only about half the size. It was about as big as two large oxen, measuring perhaps ten feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, and weighing perhaps 3,000 pounds. Exceedingly stupid and clumsy, it was so sluggish of movement that one might easily imagine a whole day expended in leading it to the water of a nearby stream, and another day consumed in leading it back. It is probable, however, that water as well as food was brought to its pen. Certainly it is impossible to conceive of a domesticated brute more uncouth and strange. It was covered with long, yellowish hair, considerable quantities of which were found in the "stables."

Incredulous of some of the facts reported Dr. Nordenskiold, the famous naturalist and traveler, made a trip recently to Last Hope Inlet, in southern Patagonia, near which the remains were discovered, and investigated the matter for himself. He came back convinced, bringing with him an additional piece of "grypotherium" hide, together with a few claws of the animal. Since then Dr. Rudolph Hauthal, geologist of the La Plata Museum, has made further excavations, and has obtained many bones of the beasts, which were in such a remarkably fresh state of preservation that they were only slightly discolored, and had lost none of their gelatine apparently. Remnants of cartilage, dried ligaments, and shriveled muscles were found attached to them in some cases.

The reason for the excellent preservation of the remains was simply that the natives who domesticated the huge sloths built the pens for them, in this instance, at all events, in a cavern where there was an exceeding dryness. Some of the bones were so white that they did not look as if they had been buried at all. Caves commonly afford conditions most favorable for the dry-curing and safekeeping of animal skeletons, and much of the knowledge possessed by science respecting the earlier fauna of the earth has been furnished by these natural places of storage. All of the material unearthed in this case has been obtained by digging beneath the floor of an enormous chamber, which seems to have been enclosed formerly by rude walls built of rough stones. The enclosure was, in fact, a stable or corral, in which the "griffin beasts" were confined, and in one corner of it was discovered the great store of hay, evidently cut by the natives for forage.

In digging, three distinct strata were found. First, there was a thin surface layer of ashes, shells, and bones of various no-account animals. Next came a layer of leaves, interspersed with portions of Ilama skeletons, and beneath this was a stratum about three feet thick composed mainly of brownish dust and containing "grypotherium" bones and hair, a few large pieces of the hide of the sloths, certain human remains, and the bones of beasts identified as an extinct species of horse, and a large creature of the cat tribe, likewise extinct. This cat was about as big as a modern Bengal tiger, much larger than the existing jaguar, and seems to have corresponded in a sort of way to the extinct cave lion of Europe. It was nearly related to the modern ounce [Felis onca.]

Man was found represented in this stratum by a shoulder blade, which showed signs of disease, and two awls made from the leg bones of a dog. Other | you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

evidences of his presence, however, were supplied by the bones and hide fragments of the griffin beasts. One skull showed a fracture which was undoubtedly made when the animal was killed, presumably with a stone ax, and other indications proved that the huge creature was thereupon cut to pieces-for cooking and eating, one may suppose. A piece of skin, over three feet in length, had been partly stripped of its long hair by means of blunt tools of some kind, marks of which were still perceptible. This piece appeared to be from the upper back part of the right fore leg. Some of the bones, it should be mentioned, bore marks of fire, as if they had been charred incidentally to the roasting of the flesh.

The notion that the Patagonians may have milked the griffin beasts is nothing more than a suggestion—a mere surmise in fact, though entirely within the bounds of possibility. They may even have bred them—an idea which obtains some plausibility from the circumstance that some of the bones unearthed are comparatively small in size and evidently those of young animals. Three of the skulls were found in such good condition that casts were made of the brain cavities, thus reproducing the exact form of the brain of the "grypotherium." These casts are exceedingly interesting, and from them it is ascertained that the great sloths, though so stupid, possessed keen scent, the offactory lobes being largely developed. In two cases the little bones of the inner ear were preserved, being retained in the cavity behind the drum by the dried soft parts.

Dr. Moreno is inclined to believe that a few specimens of the "grypotherium" still survive in the unexplored wilds of Patagonia, and this notion is shared by Dr. Ramon Listai, who discovered the first bones of the beast that were found. Indeed, Dr. Listai goes so far as to declare that he caught a glimpse of a living specimen disappearing in the forest, though, most unfortunately, the circumstances were such, a stream intervening, that he was unable to follow it. Other naturalists, however, are exceedingly skeptical on this point, believing that the creature has been extinct for some thousands of years. It was a short-legged, shapeless, ungainly brute, with four toes on each of its front feet and three toes on the hind feet. It fed on grasses and the leaves of trees, which latter it frequently uprooted, being enormously strong, and one of its peculiarities was an arrangement of little bony processes put together like the stones of a pavement beneath its skin. These ossicles were irregular in shape and size, but in some parts were set in parallel rows quite symmetrically. They may have served to some extent the purpose of a coat of armor, the beast being incapable of running away and possessing no weapons of defense except its claws. Very likely the tiger already mentioned was its most deadly and dreaded foe.

Some years ago footprints of supposed giant men were discovered in the neighborhood of Carson City; Nevada. They were interesting until it was ascertained that in reality they were fossil tracks of the "mylodon," an extinct species of sloth, slightly bigger than the "grypotherium." The footprints had been made in mud thousands of years ago, and the mud had hardened into rock, thus preserving

There seems to have been three species of giant sloths on this hemisphere in ancient times. One, which was much the largest, now known as the megatherium, ranged from Patagonia as far north as Virginia, though occurring in the United States only in a small belt from Florida up. Another was the "mylodon," which ranged from Patagonia up through our Western States into Oregon. Finally there was the "grypotherium," which appears to have been exclusively South American. These beasts were much like modern sloths, except that they were of enormous size and had long tails. If, as would seem to be the case, the primitive Patagonians succeeded in domesticating one species of the mighty brutes, it was certainly a wonderful achievement. Apparently they utilized both the hair and the hide for some purposes, but there is no evidence that they tanned the latter, the pieces found in the cavern near Last Hope Inlet showing no signs of such a process,

Wair for others to advance your interests and

ENGLISH DEMAND FOR TOMATOES RAPIDLY

"English statistics show that of late there ber been a large and rapidly growing importation tomatoes," writes Consul Hanauer, at Frankfon Germany, "the Canary Islands furnishing the sun ply, which importation amounted to 16,389 to during the first half of this year. The wholesal price of this quantity was about \$1,655,000.

"Tomatoes were but a short time ago an article of luxury in Great Britain, only used for the pampered palates of the rich; but now they have be come a common dish on the table of the working classes.

"In Germany fresh tomatoes are sold at six to fourteen cents a pound, according to season; there are chiefly used to flavor meats, not stewed. Only the best hotels and the wealthy buy fresh tomatoes. which are supplied mainly by southern France Canned tomato pulp is found at the groceries of large German cities, offered at a lower price comparatively than the fresh fruit.

"Cantaloupes are a great delicacy—even motess than the pineapple-in German cities. They sell at 50 cents to \$1.50 apiece. Some of these are brought from Spain, others are raised in German hothouses. Considering that tomatoes have been sold as low as Ss a ton in Delaware and New Jersey and that fine cantaloupes can be bought in Philadelphia at one to three cents apiece, the question arises, Why don't we export fresh vegetables to Europe?

"The growers of our Atlantic States should form an export association which-if it will send out men of mercantile ability who can speak German and French-would find the European continent, a well as England, an excellent market for their produce. No country could compete with us in the export of agricultural and industrial products, were we to adopt the mercantile methods of European traders.''

THE SMALLEST WATCH.

OVER in Berlin, Germany, there is a timepiece which is considered the most marvelous piece of mechanism that human skill ever put together.

It measures less than one quarter of an inch in diameter, and has a face about the size of the head of a large-sized tack or nail. The case is made t the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weigh less than two grains, Troy. It can only be realing how exceedingly light this is when we consider the in Troy weight it takes 480 grains to make an ound and that twelve ounces constitute a pound, or the 5,760 grains are contained in a pound. This won derful piece of mechanism weighs only 1-2,880% part of a pound.

So great a curiosity was this midget considered that the owner paid \$1,946 for it.

The numerals on the face of the watch are is Arabic, and if the hands were pul end to end they would not measure five-twenty-fourths of an ind in length, the large one being less than one eight and the small one less than one-twelfth of an inch long. It has, besides, just as an ordinary watch of clock, a second indicator, which is less than one sixteenth of an inch in length. The numerals had are also in Arabic, but are engraved in red to k more easily seen.

The works and hands are made of the finest-len pered steel and are set throughout in diamo chips. It is constructed on the most improve plan, being wound by the stem and set by pul the stem out a short distance. It is an excellent timekeeper.

QUEER CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE.

THEY drink wine hot. Old men fly kites. White is worn as mourning. Their babies seldom cry. Soldiers wear petticoats. Their compass points to the south. The family name comes first. Carriages are moved by sails. Seat of honor to the left. School children sit with their backs to the reach.

Fireworks are always set off in daytime. If you offend a Chinaman he may kill himself your doorstep to spite you.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS -W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Officers Obio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., bornac, Mrs. Lizzle D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and irepresident, Mrs. Lizzle D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Irestrate, Covington, Ohio, Dicker, Covington, Ohio.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Sister C. Temple Sauble, of Baltimore, Md., writes the following: "In answer, to your letter, writes the following: "In answer, to your letter, will say that I am glad to send you nine new mames; how I wish that the number were larger, I shall take advantage of every opportunity to get new members. I left the school at Bridgewater, pew members. Then I visited in Virginia before I lune seventh. Then I visited in Virginia before I lune seventh. May the Lord bless the Circle, is my

Bro. J. B. Leatherman, our local secretary, at Burlington, W. Va., sends us one name, and his promise to do all he can for the Circle.

This week we mail certificates to Sister Grace E. Gnagey, of Waterloo, lowa, and Sister Eva Falkenstein, of Germantown, Pa. They both enjoyed reading the books, and will do all they can to persuade others to complete the course.

Sister Mae Stover Wine, of Fruitdale, Ala., writes an interesting letter about the Circle work there. She says: "I was attending school, also teaching, last winter, and so was kept very busy, could not do as much for the Circle as I wanted to. We have a set of the books, so we will gladly loan them to all new members. I think I shall read the books over again, this winter, as if has been a long while since I read them, and they make me feel the importance of doing all we can for Jesus' sake."

We are glad to place the following new names on our Circle roll:

1304,	Leoti V. Leatherman,	Burlington, W. Va.
1305	S. Maggie Bowman,	Ottobine, Va.
	Densie Hollinger,	
	Wm. H. Sanger,	
	W. K. Conner,	
	Mrs. J. W. Wayland,	
	J. W. Wayland,	
	Mrs. E. D. Kendig,	
	J. M. Thomas,	
1313,	M. Kezzie Hays,	Broadway, . Va.

LOCAL SECRETARY.

129, Samuel Zeigler,......Royersford, Pa.

HINDRANCES TO CIRCLE WORK.

In some places Circles have been organized and but little has been heard from them since. Perhaps they have had a few good meetings, and then the programs became dull and monotonous, because there was no one to introduce sufficient variety. To keep up an interesting program the year round, it is necessary that one of the number should have the art of getting up good live programs that will necessary.

There are a few Circles existing of varying degrees of inertness, in which the routine has become monotonous and no real progress is made. In some of these the remedy consists in giving them some object to work for. Let them decide to dothe the poor children, who are in need, and win them to the Sunday school. Appoint some of the members to visit the sick and relieve those who are in distress, Hearty, willing, active service should the outgrowth of our missionary reading.

Now is the time to begin work. Make your influence felt, as you read of those who "left all" and lollowed Jesus, resolve that you will be more selfdenying, and work faithfully in your "own vinepard," at home, in your own neighborhood, your

Ir you stand half a mile off from a man, and throw the Gospel at him, you will miss him! but if you go close to him and lay hold upon him, giving have an affection for him, you will, by God's blessing, lead him in the right way.—Spurgeon.

"A FAITHFUL man does not ask whether it is a mail thing or a large thing in which he is to be him to do it."

Or the cost of the world's governments, eighty cent is caused by wars, past, present, and pro-

📥 Sunday 🖪 School 📥

OUR DUTY.

It is a work of heaven, surely, to make people happy. There is much more happiness than misery in the world; so much so that we grow to think we have a right to happiness and that when trouble comes, we are in a way defrauded. And there is some right and truth in the feeling, for plainly the Lord we love meant that we should be happy; and when we are not so it is the fault of those who have disobeyed the eternal order of things-sometimes, alas, ourselves. Rousseau says that "the opportunity of making happy is more scarce than we imagine; the punishment of missing it is never to meet with it again; and the use we make of it leaves us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance." But in one thing the philosopher mistakes —the opportunity is not scarce. On the contrary it lies all about us. The opportunity for kind words and for the simplest acts of brotherhood are in the daily path of all of us. An encouraging word to the servant, of thanks to the pastor, of something outside his righteous fee to the doctor, the seat yielded to another, the precious chance for pleasure surrendered, the confidence given, the trust reposed—these are opportunities shared by all; and the people with whom such things are habitual by reason of the inspiration to do them for the love of God and the love he bears his creatures do not need heroic deeds and mighty sacrifices in order to come within the scope of angelhood.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

LISTENING TO GOD.

A FRIEND of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman, who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man: "I expect that, God almighty had a good many things to say to you, but you were too busy to listen and so he had to put you on your back, that you might be able to give him time."

When he was going out the thought struck him, "I, too, am a busy man and God almighty may have to put me on my back, that he may tell me all he wishes."

So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach, and criticise the life of the previous day.

"WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

A LITTLE girl went home from church one Sunday full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking with her father, who was not a godly man, she said suddenly: "Father, do you ever pray?" He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her:

"Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said all good people pray, and those that don't pray can't be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears and began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?

BE CONTENTED.

Nothing makes us happy but contentment. No difference how much we have, if the mind is not at rest we cannot enjoy our possessions; and no difference how little of this world's goods we have, if we are contented we will be cheerful and happy. Real contentment is found alone in cheerfully taking things as they come, while doing the very best that we can, looking on the bright side, trust God as we go singing on our way, very truly contentment is wealth.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE TROUBLES OF A DOLLIE.

OH, the troubles of a dollie are very hard to hear,
They really are enough to turn one's ringlets white with care;
And just because you never see the hitter teardrops start,
You think I have no feeling in my little sawdust heart.

First they placed me in a window for the gaze of passers-by, Which was really most distressing for a dollie young and shy;

Then in a little maiden's care I found a home at last, And in my joy I fondly dreamed my troubles all were past.

She admired my golden tresses, my tiny waxen toes, My rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, and lovely little nose— But, alas, she has a brother, a schoolboy big and strong. Who is just as full of mischief as the summer day is long.

He has cut away my golden hair, he says 'twill grow again, My waxen charms are vanished quite—well, maybe I was vain;

My "roses" he has washed with soap to make them lify white,

And now at last, I must confess, I really am a fright.

But my little mother loves me, though my beauty all is gone, In the sweet eyes of affection I'm still fair to look upon; So though my cheeks are white and wan, and cracked my lovely nose,

I find there is a soothing balm for even dollies' woes.

THE WHITE CAT.

In a cottage by the wayside there lived a white cat. She was a Persian cat and very beautiful, of a graceful shape, with a coat of thick, soft fur as white as milk; she had a pretty face and a long, feathery-looking tail.

Ohe day she was sitting sunning herself on the low wall in front of the cottage and smoothing her dainty paws. All at once she looked up and saw a dog come trotting along the lane towards her. He was a coarse-haired dog of no particular breed; he was not handsome, but strong and wiry.

"Good day to you, stranger," said the white cat in her soft, purring voice.

The coarse-haired dog looked up in surprise at hearing himself addressed, for he knew that cats usually fled at his approach. "Good day," he said, stopping beneath the wall.

"Who are you?" inquired the white cat, "and where do you live?"

"Oh, I live anywhere," answered the dog. "My master, the tinker, goes about from place to place, and I go with him. And who are you?" he asked.

"I am the delight of my master's heart," said the white cat. "I live here in the cottage with him. In the summer I sun myself outside among the flowers; in the winter I sit inside and warm myself at another kind of sun—the glowing fire."

"The only fire I know well is the one which glows red in my master's can with round holes," said the dog. "I've plenty to do. I guard my master's belongings, and when I'm off duty I run about and pick up what I can get. I share my bones with friendly dogs, and the dogs that are not friendly I fight," concluded he. "And what do you do?"

"I please the aesthetic sense," said the white

"What is that?" asked the coarse-haired dog.

"The sense of the beautiful," said the white cat, purringly; "the delight one takes in looking upon lovely things, and in having them always near."

The coarse-haired dog stood with his paws planted firmly on the ground and gazed at her in wondering silence for some time, and then turned to go. "Good day, Mistress Cat," he said, quite humbly, and he trotted off down the lane and disappeared. He had unconsciously paid his tribute—the tribute that is owing to beauty.

A BRIGHT LITTLE PUPIL.

"Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher.

Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird—" he paused a moment and tried it again; "The early bird—"

"Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly. "That's right."

"The early bird gathers no moss."

MAMMA- Why don't you cat your apple, Tommy? Tommy-I am waiting till Jimmy Post comes. It wouldn't taste half as good if there was nobody to see me eat it.

Good Reading

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In digging, three distinct strata were found. First, there was a thin surface layer of ashes, shells, and bones of various no account animals. Next came a layer of leaves, interspersed with portions of llama skeletons, and beneath this was a stratum about three feet thick composed mainly of brownish dust and containing "grypotherium" bones and hair, a few large pieces of the hide of the sloths, certain human remains, and the bones of beasts identified as an extinct species of horse, and a large creature of the cat tribe, likewise extinct. This cat was about as big as a modern Bengal tiger, much larger than the existing jaguar, and seems to have corresponded in a sort of way to the extinct cave lion of Europe. It was nearly related to the modern ounce [Felis onca.]

Man was found represented in this stratum by a shoulder blade, which showed signs of disease, and

evidences of his presence, however, were supplied by the bones and hide fragments of the griffin beasts. One skull showed a fracture which was undoubtedly made when the animal was killed, presumably with a stone ax, and other indications proved that the huge creature was thereupon cut to pieces- for cooking and eating, one may suppose. A piece of skin, over three feet in length, had been partly stripped of its long hair by means of blunt tools of some kind, marks of which were still perceptible. This piece appeared to be from the upper back part of the right fore leg. Some of the bones, it should be mentioned, bore marks of fire, as if they had been charred incidentally to the roasting of the flesh,

The notion that the Patagonians may have milked the griffin beasts is nothing more than a suggestion-a mere surmise in fact, though entirely within the bounds of possibility. They may even have bred them-an idea which obtains some plausibility from the circumstance that some of the bones unearthed are comparatively small in size and evidently those of young animals. Three of the skulls were found in such good condition that casts were made of the brain cavities, thus reproducing the exact form of the brain of the "grypotherium." These casts are exceedingly interesting, and from them it is ascertained that the great sioths, though so stupid, possessed keen scent, the olfactory lobes being largely developed. In two cases the little bones of the inner ear were preserved, being retained in the cavity behind the drum by the dried soft parts.

Dr. Moreno is inclined to believe that a few specimens of the "grypotherium" still survive in the unexplored wilds of Patagonia, and this notion is shared by Dr. Ramon Listai, who discovered the first bones of the beast that were found. Indeed, Dr. Listai goes so far as to declare that he caught a glimpse of a living specimen disappearing in the forest, though, most unfortunately, the circumstances were such, a stream intervening, that he was unable to follow it. Other naturalists, however, are exceedingly skeptical on this point, believing that the creature has been extinct for some thousands of years. It was a short-legged, shapeless, ungainly brute, with four toes on each of its front feet and three toes on the hind feet. It fed on grasses and the leaves of trees, which latter it frequently uprooted, being enormously strong, and one of its peculiarities was an arrangement of little bony processes put together like the stones of a pavement beneath its skin. These ossicles were irregular in shape and size, but in some parts were set in parallel rows quite symmetrically. They may have served to some extent the purpose of a coat of armor, the beast being incapable of running away and possessing no weapons of defense except its claws. Very likely the tiger already mentioned was its most deadly and dreaded foe.

Some years ago footprints of supposed giant men were discovered in the neighborhood of Carson City; Nevada. They were interesting until it was ascertained that in reality they were fossil tracks of the "mylodon," an extinct species of sloth, slightly bigger than the "grypotherium." The footprints had been made in mud thousands of years ago, and the mud had hardened into rock, thus preserving them.

There seems to have been three species of giant sloths on this hemisphere in ancient times. One, which was much the largest, now known as the megatherium, ranged from Patagonia as far north as Virginia, though occurring in the United States only in a small belt from Florida up. Another was the "mylodon," which ranged from Patagonia up through our Western States into Oregon. Finally there was the "grypotherium," which appears to have been exclusively South American. These beasts were much like modern sloths, except that they were of enormous size and had long tails. If, as would seem to be the case, the primitive Patagonians succeeded in domesticating one species of the mighty brutes, it was certainly a wonderful achievement. Apparently they utilized both the hair and the hide for some purposes, but there is no evidence that they tanned the latter, the pieces found in the cavern near Last Hope Inlet showing no signs of such a process.

WAIT for others to advance your interests and two awls made from the leg bones of a dog. Other you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

ENGLISH DEMAND FOR TOMATOES RAPIDLY

"English statistics show that of late there had been a large and rapidly growing importation of tomatoes," writes Consul Hanauer, at Frankfor, Germany, "the Canary Islands furnishing the supply, which importation amounted to 16,389 toos during the first half of this year. The wholesale price of this quantity was about \$1,655,000,

"Tomatoes were but a short time ago an article of luxury in Great Britain, only used for the pan. pered palates of the rich; but now they have be come a common dish on the table of the working classes.

"In Germany fresh tomatoes are sold at six in fourteen cents a pound, according to season, they are chiefly used to flavor meats, not stewed. Only the best hotels and the wealthy buy fresh tomatoes which are supplied mainly by southern France Canned tomato pulp is found at the groceries of large German cities, offered at a lower price comparatively than the fresh fruit.

"Cantaloupes are a great delicacy—even more so than the pineapple—in German cities. They self at 50 cents to \$1.50 apiece. Some of these are brought from Spain, others are raised in German hothouses, Considering that tomatoes have been sold as low as S5 a ton in Delaware and New Jersey and that fine cantaloupes can be bought in Philadelphia at one to three cents apiece, the question arises, Why don't we export fresh vegetables to Europe?

"The growers of our Atlantic States should form an export association which-if it will send out men of mercantile ability who can speak German and French-would find the European continent, as well as England, an excellent market for their produce. No country could compete with us in the export of agricultural and industrial products, were we to adopt the mercantile methods of European traders."

THE SMALLEST WATCH.

OVER in Berlin, Germany, there is a timepicte which is considered the most marvelous piece of mechanism that human skill ever put together.

It measures less than one-quarter of an inch is diameter, and has a face about the size of the head of a large-sized tack or nail. The case is made of the very finest of gold, and the whole watch weigh less than two grains, Troy. It can only be realize how exceedingly light this is when we consider that in Troy weight it takes 480 grains to make an ounce and that twelve ounces constitute a pound, or the 5,760 grains are contained in a pound. This wonderful piece of mechanism weighs only 1-2,880h part of a pound.

So great a curiosity was this midget considered that the owner paid \$1,946 for it.

The numerals on the face of the watch are in Arabic, and if the hands were put end to end the would not measure five-twenty-fourths of an inc in length, the large one being less than one-eight and the small one less than one-twelfth of an inch long. It has, besides, just as an ordinary watch of clock, a second indicator, which is less than on sixteenth of an inch in length. The numerals held are also in Arabic, but are engraved in red to be more easily seen.

The works and hands are made of the finest-to pered steel and are set throughout in diamond chips. It is constructed on the most improve plan, being wound by the stem and set by pull the stem out a short distance. It is an excelled timekeeper.

QUEER CUSTOMS OF THE CHINESE.

THEY drink wine hot. Old men fly kites. White is worn as mourning. Their babies seldom cry. Soldiers wear petticonts. Their compass points to the south. The family name comes first. Carriages are moved by sails. Seat of honor to the left. School children sit with their backs to the test

Fireworks are always set off in daytime If you offend a Chinaman he may kill himself your doorstep to spite you.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS W. B. Slover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-OFFICERS OND. Action President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 162106, Mrs. Lizzle D. Rosenberger, Cavington, Ohio, Secretary and resident Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading testing. Covington, Ohio.

AMONO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

SISTER C. TEMPLE SAUBLE, of Baltimore, Md., writes the following: "In answer, to your letter, writes the following: "In answer, to your letter, will say that I am glad to send you nine new names; how I wish that the number were larger. I shall take advantage of every opportunity to get new members. I left the school at Bridgewater, new members. I left the school at Bridgewater, June seventh. Then I visited in Virginia before I large here. May the Lord bless the Circle, is my

Bro. J. B. Leatherman, our local secretary, at Burlington, W. Va., sends us one name, and his promise to do all he can for the Circle.

This week we mail certificates to Sister Grace E. Gnagey, of Waterloo, lowa, and Sister Eva Falkenstein, of Germantown, Pa. They both enjoyed reading the books, and will do all they can to persuade others to complete the course.

Sister Mae Stover Wine, of Fruitdale, Ala., writes an interesting letter about the Circle work there. She says: "I was attending school, also teaching, last winter, and so was kept very busy, could not do as much for the Circle as I wanted to. We have a set of the books, so we will gladly loan them to all new members. I think I shall read the books over again, this winter, as if has been a long while since I read them, and they make me feel the importance of doing all we can for Jesus' sake."

We are glad to place the following new names on our Circle roll:

1304,	Leoti V. Leatherman,	- B	Burlington, W. Va.
1305,	S. Maggie Bowman,		Ottobine, Va.
1306,	Densie Hollinger,		Broadfording, Va.
	Wm. H. Sanger,		
	W. K. Conner,		
	Mrs. J. W. Wayland,		
	J. W. Wayland,		
	Mrs. E. D. Kendig,		
	J. M. Thomas,		
1313,	M. Kezzie Hays,		Broadway, . Va.

LOCAL SECRETARY.

129, Samuel Zeigler,.....Royersford, Pa.

HINDRANCES TO CIRCLE WORK.

ls some places Circles have been organized and but little has been heard from them since. Perhaps they have had a few good meetings, and then the programs became dull and monotonous, because there was no one to introduce sufficient variety. To keep up an interesting program the year round, it is necessary that one of the number should have the art of getting up good live programs that will interest all.

There are a few Circles existing of varying degrees of inertness, in which the routine has become monotonous and no real progress is made. In some of these the remedy consists in giving them some object to work for. Let them decide to dothe the poor children, who are in need, and win them to the Sunday school. Appoint some of the embers to visit the sick and relieve those who are in distress. Hearty, willing, active service should the outgrowth of our missionary reading.

Now is the time to begin work. Make your influence felt, as you read of those who "left all" and denying, and work faithfully in your "own vine-own church.

Is you stand half a mile off from a man, and row the Gospel at him, you will miss him! but if you go close to him and lay hold upon him, giving have an affection for him, you will, by God's blessing, lead him in the right way.—Spurgeon.

"A FAITHFUL man does not ask whether it is a sinhful, It is always large enough if Christ wants in to do it."

OF the cost of the world's governments, eighty pective, caused by wars, past, present, and pro-

= Sunday A School

OUR DUTY.

It is a work of heaven, surely, to make people happy. There is much more happiness than misery in the world; so much so that we grow to think we have a right to happiness and that when trouble comes, we are in a way defrauded. And there is some right and truth in the feeling, for plainly the Lord we love meant that we should be happy; and when we are not so it is the fault of those who have disobeyed the eternal order of things-sometimes, alas, ourselves. Rousseau says that "the opportunity of making happy is more scarce than we imagine; the punishment of missing it is never to meet with it again; and the use we make of it leaves us an eternal sentiment of satisfaction or repentance," But in one thing the philosopher mistakes —the opportunity is not scarce. On the contrary, it lies all about us. The opportunity for kind words and for the simplest acts of brotherhood are in the daily path of all of us. An encouraging word to the servant, of thanks to the pastor, of something outside his righteous fee to the doctor, the seat yielded to another, the precious chance for pleasure surrendered, the confidence given, the trust reposed-these are opportunities shared by all; and the people with whom such things are habitual by reason of the inspiration to do them for the love of God and the love he bears his creatures do not need heroic deeds and mighty sacrifices in order to come within the scope of angelhood.—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

LISTENING TO GOD.

A FRIEND of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman, who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man: "I expect that, God almighty had a good many things to say to you, but you were too busy to listen and so he had to put you on your back, that you might be able to give him time."

When he was going out the thought struck him, "I, too, am a busy man and God almighty may have to put me on my back, that he may tell me all he wishes."

So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's spirit might impress upon him what he designed to teach, and criticise the life of the previous day.

"WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?"

A LITTLE girl went home from church one Sunday full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking with her father, who was not a godly man, she said suddenly: "Father, do you ever pray?" He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her:

"Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the child; "the preacher said all good people pray, and those that don't pray can't be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears and began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?

BE CONTENTED.

Nothing makes us happy but contentment. No difference how much we have, if the mind is not at rest we cannot enjoy our possessions; and no difference how little of this world's goods we have, if we are contented we will be cheerful and happy. Real contentment is found alone in cheerfully taking things as they come, while doing the very best that we can, looking on the bright side, trust God as we go singing on our way, very truly contentment is wealth.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE TROUBLES OF A DOLLIE.

On, the troubles of a dollie are very hard to bear,
They really are enough to turn one's ringlets white with care;
And just because you never see the bitter teardrops start,
You think I have no feeling in my little sawdust heart.

First they placed me in a window for the gaze of passers-by, Which was really most distressing for a dollie young and shy;

Then in a little maiden's care I found a home at last, And in my joy I fondly dreamed my troubles all were past.

She admired my golden tresses, my tiny waxen toes, My rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, and lovely little nose— But, alas, she has a brother, a schoolboy big and strong, Who is just as full of mischief as the summer day is long.

He has cut away my golden hair, he says 'twill grow again, My waxen charms are vanished quite—well, maybe I was vain;

My "roses" he has washed with soap to make them fily white,

And now at last, I must confess, I really am a fright.

But my little mother loves me, though my heauty all is gone, In the sweet eyes of affection I'm still fair to look upon; So though my cheeks are white and wan, and cracked my lovely nose,

I find there is a soothing balm for even dollies' woes.

THE WHITE CAT.

In a cottage by the wayside there lived a white cat. She was a Persian cat and very beautiful, of a graceful shape, with a coat of thick, soft fur as white as milk; she had a pretty face and a long, feathery-looking tail.

Ohe day she was sitting sunning herself on the low wall in front of the cottage and smoothing her dainty paws. All at once she looked up and saw a dog come trotting along the lane towards her. He was a coarse-haired dog of no particular breed; he was not handsome, but strong and wiry.

"Good day to you, stranger," said the white cat in her soft, purring voice.

The coarse-haired dog looked up in surprise at hearing himself addressed, for he knew that cats usually fled at his approach. "Good day," he said, stopping beneath the wall.

"Who are you?" inquired the white cat, "and where do you live?"

"Oh, I live anywhere," answered the dog. "My master, the tinker, goes about from place to place, and I go with him. And who are you?" he asked.

"I am the delight of my master's heart," said the white cat. "I live here in the cottage with him. In the summer I sun myself outside among the flowers; in the winter I sit inside and warm myself at another kind of sun—the glowing fire."

"The only fire I know well is the one which glows red in my master's can with round holes," said the dog. "I've plenty to do. I guard my master's belongings, and when I'm off duty I run about and pick up what I can get. I share my bones with friendly dogs, and the dogs that are not friendly I fight," concluded he. "And what do you do?"

"I please the æsthetic sense," said the white cat.

"What is that?" asked the coarse-haired dog.

"The sense of the beautiful," said the white cat, purringly; "the delight one takes in looking upon lovely things, and in having them always near."

The coarse-haired dog stood with his paws planted firmly on the ground and gazed at her in wondering silence for some time, and then turned to go. "Good day, Mistress Cat," he said, quite humbly, and he trotted off down the lane and disappeared. He had unconsciously paid his tribute—the tribute that is owing to beauty.

A BRIGHT LITTLE PUPIL.

"GIVE me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher.

Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird—" he paused a moment and tried it again; "The early bird—"

"Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly. "That's right."

"The early bird gathers no moss."

Mamma Why don't you eat your apple, Tommy? Tommy—I am waiting till Jimmy l'ost comes. It wouldn't taste half as good if there was nobody to see me eat it.

STEALING FROM THE BIO STORES.

have to hunt up new jobs. Among the thousands who would be scurrying around looking for something to do would be discerned a host of quietlooking, well-dressed men and women who spend all their waking hours watching for thieves. They are not connected with the detective department of the city, nor are they "operatives" of any of the great detective agencies of Chicago. They are known as "house detectives" and they are employed at the big department stores to prevent shoplifting.

In many instances their identity is unknown to the clerks among whom they work. They are clerks themselves, so far as appearances go, although they get twice or three times as much salary as most of those around them. Assigned to some department of a great mercantile establishment, they perform the same duties as the other clerks, but instead of gossiping or reading during spare moments they stand watching the crowds of shoppers flowing up and down the aisles. They never take their eyes from the constantly-changing panorama of faces. They are looking for shoplifters whom they know by sight.

When one is "spotted" the detective's real work begins. Leaving her counter on some pretext, she mingles with the crowd in the aisle and draws as close as possible to the suspect, always taking care not to be seen, for most of the professional shop-lifters know the detectives as well as they are known themselves. The sharp eyes of the detective never leave the hands of the shoplifter as the woman moves from counter to counter, and just when she is slipping a bolt of silk or a pair of shoes into one of her capacious pockets a firm hand is laid upon her arm and she is requested to come to the manager's office.

All this is done as quietly as possible to avoid a "scene." Department store managers do not like to have their customers know an arrest is being made. If the shoplifter is sensible and an old hand she will walk quietly to the manager's office and submit to a search by the woman who saw her stealing. If she is a novice she will cry out and make a fuss in the aisle. But it amounts to the same thing in the end. She winds up by accompanying the store employes to the seclusion of the office, where the search can be made. There she usually breaks down and cries and begs for mercy. Sometimes she gets it and is dismissed with a warning. Again, if she is an old offender, she is turned over to the police and prosecuted.

Just how much of that class of robbery known as "shoplifting" goes on it is impossible to say, but one thing is certain—there is not so much of it now as there once was.

Time was when the "business" netted thousands of dollars a year in comparative security. There were arrests now and then, but they never resulted in convictions. The thieves escaped on technicalities or got brief sentences in the house of correction. Then the big retail houses on State Street banded together and determined to rid themselves of the annoyance and expense of perpetually fighting against shoplifting, and the result was wholesale arrests and determined prosecution, which effectually broke up the two gangs.

Whatever shoplifting gues on now is not done by any organized gang. There are occasional individual cases, of course, enough to keep the store detectives on the alert, but nothing like the wholesale work of former days.

Knowing that anyone of the shoppers crowding around a counter may have a skirt with three footwide pockets, the clerks watch them pretty carefully to see that they replace in the stock all the articles they have been examining.

The professional shoplifter goes equipped for her work with a skirt especially made for the business, having capacious pockets reaching almost to its lower hem, the openings of which can be easily reached. A shawl or long cloak of some kind is necessary to cover these openings and under shelter of such a shoulder covering the shoplifter drops the articles pilfered from the counters into the big pockets.

One especially bold operator, who was effectually checked a few years ago, used to visit the stores in a carriage and elegantly attired. Halting the rig outside one of the larger shops she would enter

and, after pricing a score of things, make a few trivial purchases for a blind. Then she would go out to the carriage and deposit not only the purchases but the contents of the false pockets as well, which she had been loading up during her stroll in the store, and returning, as though she had forgotten to make a purchase, would actually re-enter the store for another load.

Such boldness brought its own undoing, for the employes soon had their attention attracted by her splendor and her frequent visits, and remark was made upon her habit of invariably returning for a forgotten purchase.

Investigation showed her to be a very clever shoplifter. The plea of kleptomania, which is a favorite one with shoplifters when detected, does not fool the store employes. When a richly-dressed woman is caught with some trivial thing in her muff or hidden under her wrap, something she could purchase for a quarter, there is evidence that something is wrong.

She does not steal for the value of the articles. But women with false pockets in their skirts, who grab off bolts of silk and rolls of ribbon, cannot very easily get away with any kleptomania plea. The evidence is too strong against them. The gennine kleptomaniac, the wealthy woman who steals for love of stealing, usually makes an awful scene when she is arrested, flashes her card upon the store manager and threatens the dire vengeance which her wealthy and influential husband will visit upon everyone connected with her detention, but she usually ends by pleading for mercy and begging upon her knees to be spared from publicity of arraignment in court.

In such cases the store managers act as they think the circumstances warrant. Nothing is gained by the prosecution of a genuine kleptomaniac. With professional shoplifters it is different, They can be hounded out of the business and made to feel that Chicago is an unsafe place for them. A few of the more persistent have been actually forbidden by the police to appear on State Street and their very presence on the great shopping street is sufficient to cause their arrest. With kleptomaniacs it is different. It is a disease with them, like the use of morphine, and some stores have adopted the plan of keeping account of the articles stolen by wealthy kleptomaniacs and sending a monthly bill for the amount to their husbands, which is promptly settled.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE "FOR FUN."

Miss Mary B. Carroll and Mr. Joseph R. Hoffman, who move in the best society circles of St. Louis, were recently married "for fun." They have just been aroused to a realization of the fact that in the matter of marriage the common law takes no cognizance of practical jokes. The ceremony was performed by Judge Henderson of the Probate court, in the presence of numerous witnesses. It was not regarded by either the principals or the spectators at the time as a serious affair, but the couple nevertheless are just as much married as if the knot had been tied with all the legal formalities. The courts hold that it can be untied only by a divorce suit.

There ought to be no misunderstanding of this case. The marriage ceremony was not made any more binding by the mere fact that it was performed by a Judge. Any other person might have taken the Judge's place. It was the declaration by the two before witnesses that they desired to become man and wife and the public announcement by the person conducting the mock ceremony of the fact that they had mutually consented to the marriage, and that it had been performed, that made the contract binding. The law, wisely anticipating the evil consequences that would arise from any trifling with the marriage contract, has placed this safeguard around the weaker partythat a woman publicly acknowledged by a man to be his wife is his wife. There are legal remedies for those to whom the operation of the law works palpable injustice, but until these legal remedies are resorted to the contract remains in force. The contracting parties may be punished for violating the statutory law relating to licenses, etc., but the imposition of the punishment does not affect the marriage. Nothing can set that aside save divorce or death.

The law provides a severe penalty for married persons who indulge in mock marriages. It postively refuses to see the humorous side of mock marriages between unmarried persons. The tie cannot be severed by mutual consent. A marriage subsequently entered into by either party to a marriage "for fun," such as that performed in St. Louis without first going through the formality of securing a divorce would be bigamous. The intent would have much to do with the determination of the criminality in the offense, but, at the very best the inquiry would result in serious embarrassment to the persons involved.

These facts ought to be known to everybody, and particularly to people of intelligence enough to move in the best society circles anywhere. They have been published in substance often enough. A man qualified for the position of Probate Judge should certainly have known them, yet we shall probably continue to hear of marriages "for fun" in spite of all warning. It seems to be as difficult to reach the intelligence of people who indulge in this form of amusement as it is to prevent a certain class of people from blowing out the gas, kindling fires with gasoline, looking down the barrels of shotguns, or buying gold bricks.

HOW SHOT ARE MADE.

In order to make shot for the trade an expensive tower is required. It might be compared to a tall chimney with a winding stairway on the inside. A the top is an arrangement for melting the lead, and there is a number of pans, resembling large bread pans, and in the bottom of these are holes of the size of the shot it is expected to make. The melted lead is poured into these pans, and it runs out of the holes in the shape of larger or smaller drops, and in the fall of the whole height of the tower as sumes a spherical form, and hardens as it falls to the bottom. It will be seen that different-sized holes will make different-sized shot. If the an rangement is such that the globule of lead falls into water chilled shot is the result Chilled shot is better for some purposes than the soft lead, but they are also harder on the gun, and are not universally used.

It is interesting to watch the separation of the perfect and the imperfect specimens out of the batch made. To tell how it is done is not a very easy matter, but if the reader will imagine the leaf of a breakfast table set at an angle, and another below it, with a gap of some inches between, the ida will be before him. It will be clear that if a single pellet is started to roll down the upper table leaf it will gather momentum as it goes, and at the edge make a leap that lands it on the lower incline. But an imperfect one, lop-sided or undersized, will not attain enough force to make the jump, and so falls down between the tables. Only the perfect specimens can clear the distance while the imperfect ones drop down and are melted over.

HOW MAPS ORIGINATE.

THE other day the writer saw a company of so diers en route to a distant part of the world when there is war. In the course of a longer or shorter time there will be occasion for a new map of section of country. To one who has studied the geographies of the last generation the present change is remarkable, and it will be continuously changing in the future. In truth a map of the world is hardly before the public till changes and necessary to keep up with the facts. It would seem that if there is anything stable it ought to be the governments of the earth and their holdings of ter ritory, but on the contrary there is a continua struggle for supremacy, a warring for more of the earth than now belongs to them, and the political lines are continually changing. New maps are to quired, and all Europe is continually on the ves of war that may be precipitated any day, with it resultant shifting of alleged ownership. But at it bottom of the query as to how maps are made the answer, as far as may be seen, is an army of sediers and the seen. diers, and back of that the ambition and frailty human potentates.

There is something wrong when a lawyer advisory you to avoid litigation or a doctor drinks your good health.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

The INGLEMON IS par excellence. It has The INGLEMION Companion in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler, Each number seems better than the receding one. I have a Sunday-school class! to boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen uts, and all get the INGLENOOK as a Sundaythe paper, and they are delighted with it,— instructive paper,—Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-R. Miller. 0 0

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

Its with much satisfaction that I express rappioral of the Inglenook. Its appearregard general make-up are such that it at te commends it to the reader. It has found say into many of our homes, and the peoease truly glad for its continued success,-I John Zuck.

Mt. Morris Says:

The INDLENOOR easily takes rank among shest young people's papers in the country. sheller than most of them because of the scale of the silly love stories and light readthis a must valuable addition to the rehren's publications. No family should be shout it. - Eld. D. L. Miller.

0 0

Lanark, Ill., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK mit started. We like it very well. I would teto see it go to all the homes of the land. be short sermous are good for both old and ungs-Eld. I. B. Tront.

0 0

From the College.

lake the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased hits steady and almost marvelous growth. te fact that it is sought after by our people, shold and young, is evidence that it proves effto be in fact what it purports to be .- J. G.

0 0

Hear Virginia Talk.

er seen and read I think there is none that weed. weld as great or as desirable influence mits readers as the INGLENOOR .- 11'. A.

0 0

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

while it is not specially intended for the home in our Brotherhood.—Jasper Rarnthouse. yet I find something that interests me in hassue. I am macrested in the 'Nook beed my expectations. I especially recomd it to the young readers. - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

thurch paper. We trust its future may l'animan. thing and useful or e. - J. K. Miller.

0 0

Another From Iowa,

aliarly adapted to both old and young. I placed it in our Mission Sunday school, the general verdict is that it can not he sked by any other Sunday-school paper.

0 0

Over in Indiana.

ly family and I say that the INGLENOUR is ticellent paper. There are many things in everyone likes, and which they ought to v People who do not take the INGLE-Thave occasion to regret it. The Editor "sthe needs of the readers.—L. W. Teeter.

And Down in Missouri.

tanumber of years I have wondered why and have a paper for our young people. the character, with a tendency toward thorch. We have that in the INGLENOOK. old be in every home in the church. E Ellenherger.

00

And This.

so he keeps.—Eld, Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

The Indianook supplies the "missing link"

From Batavia, III.

We think the INGLENOOR an interesting and

Across In Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the Inglenook, Its pages are always well filled with fresh and interesting reading matter .- Il'. G. Schrock.

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South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The INGLENOOR is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it .- Eld. S. F. Sunger. .

Ohio Has Its Say.

We are highly pleased with the INGLENOOK, and think it worthy of a place in every family of the Brethren. It interests old and young, Its literary qualities are of the first rank .- Ino. Calvin Bright.

Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing.

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it Printed Matter, write to long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church hterature. God bless the INGLENOOK .- John C. Zug.

0 0

And Also Hagerstown, Ild.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family auxiously awaiting its com-Of all the young people's papers that I have ing. God bless the Inglenook. - W. S. Reich-

0 0

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, barebeen a constant reader of the INGLE- I think it a most excellent paper. It is always of from its beginning to the present time. laden with good things, and should be in every

00

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column Myself and family greatly enjoy reading our is another feature of great interest.—Daniel

A College President Remarks:

The INGLENOOR gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any they known the INGLENDOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to Item truthfully say that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is the youth's paper I have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home where there are young people.-

As Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. - J. A. Chambers.

0 0

Down In Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction,-J. II. Wayland.

0 0

Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenous's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated. Old and Young Will Be Delighted! and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired necause of the circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulasemetive. The books and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can tion. tion. It certainly is the paper from at a minimum cost.-T. F. Imler.

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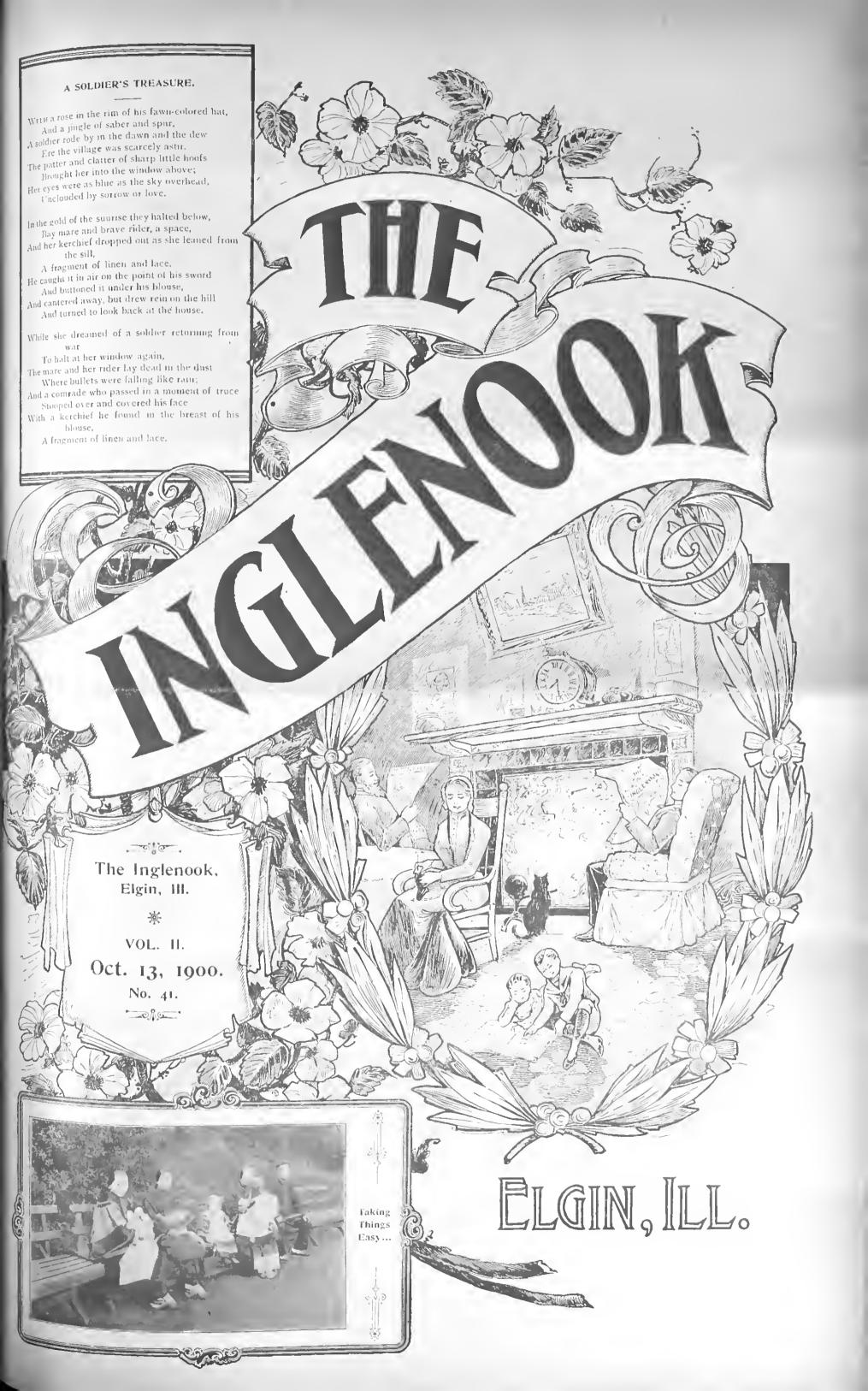
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The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems, Child's History of England,

Confessions of an Opium Eater, Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life. Drummond's Addresses. Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust, Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles. House of Seven Gables, Imitation of Christ.

Intellectual Life. Lays of Aucient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and 1, Rab and His Friends, Reveries of a Bachelor,

Samantha at Saratoga, Sesame and Lilies. Sketch Book, Sticket Minister, Stories from the History of Greece, Stories from the History of Rome, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. Thirty Years' War, Twice-Told Tales,

Window in Thrums, Education, In His Steps, Minister's Woonig, Professor at Breakfast Table, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Lallah Rookh, On Liberty, Tanglewood Tales, Sign of the Four.

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. The third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of these cloth bound books. There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent i he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the INGLENOOK is not going to be thelas If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions re ceived at the office. Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

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The like of it wa Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK next year. never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life.

T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: 'The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove.

W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast,

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance.

MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

Twenty-five Years?

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music. ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM, BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last H. C. EARLY; Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. 1. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism.

S. F. SANGER: The Moravians, QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion. E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bible Study.

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews. D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to Europe. CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side of an Evangelist's Li L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary is Made. D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better, City or Country

sions? NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Do with Ex-convicts.

M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas About Magnetic Health L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Switzerland.

GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide Missions. GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Germany. J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side of an Editor's Life.

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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., OCT. 13, 1900.

No. 41.

HAPPINESS.

THE happiest thing,
The freest thing,
That man may hope to see
Is a sunbounet mite
Of a country child
In the top
Of an apple tree.

CAUSES OF THE PRESENT UPRISING IN CHINA.

BY 1. J. ROSENBERGER.

The present uprising of the Chinese in their efbits to drive the foreigners from their land is
ithout its parallel. The query arises as to the
use of this sudden, wide-spread effort in opposiion to the civilized nations of the world. We
now not how history may answer this question,
ut the information we have gathered from differact sources, has led us to conclude that the Chinese
use a number of well-founded grievances, that
hey, at different times, have been compelled to enure injuries from different political powers as well
s from various missionary societies.

In 1840, when the Chinese refused the British ats to unload opium in their ports the result was, the opium war," in which the helpless Chinese ffered seriously at the hand of the merciless titish fleet, and were compelled to yield to Britdemands. In the settlement, the British deanded that the Chinese pay the expense of the ar, cede to them their valued seaport city, Hong ong, and allow British merchants free shipment lopium into Chinese ports. To this latter the then ling emperor sternly objected, and with true paotism he said, "I will die in the last trench raththan allow the importation of a drug that will be in to my people." But his protest was of no ail. The pitiful tale of the ruin to men, women dchildren on Chinese soil by this fatal drug, the issionaries can all tell.

One of the Chinese missionaries relates the folwing brutal, tyrannical, bloody deed in which the hinese were again the aggravated sufferers. Afttheir seaport town, Kyanchow, was taken by the etmans, a party of German engineers were sent of the interior of that district to survey a railroad. was to be a bee line. Neither house nor church ald stand in their way. As they passed through village they came to a graveyard. Courtesy and mmon civilization would have said, "pass ound," but the party drove their stakes on the ty graves of their dead. The Chinese regard the unal places of their dead as sacred, and that they I be doomed if any harm befalls their dead te villagers gathered and withstood the engineers party, by which eight of the villagers were shot. Aupon the matter being reported to the German mmander at Kyanchow, he sent out an armed (se which killed several hundred of the Chinese, d burned their town. For the last twenty-five Is the different European powers have by one lessive deed after another taken their seaport ies, until it is said that full fifty or more of their des are under the control of foreign powers. heir rulers have continually been browbeaten and dered defeat on every hand, until the Boxers, the constitute the more progressive and enlightold class, have risen up in behalf of their coun-

Rev. H. H. Lowery, D. D., President of the Methdist University at Pekin, in one of his addresses
German officer riding into a city in Shangstung,
assed an old Chinese wheeling a barrow. He
being him sufficient of the road. The German ofcer urged his horse against the old man and
stather's defense, upon which the officer struck
assed him into the ditch. The son resented in
stather's defense, upon which the officer struck
assed an old Chinese wheeling a barrow. He
complete the old Chinese and his son were not
urged his horse against the old man and
which we have go
enough, but to
which we have
we think we
in the smilin
before. They
in the midst.

took refuge in the American mission. A mob followed, but on finding the mission so well guarded, they made no effort for revenge but marked the house, and it was the first to be burned in the late uprising.

Some of the missionaries openly advocate, "the partition of China," and have articles in its defense published in their mission columns read by the Chinese. The effect and results of such efforts are very easily foreseen.

Some of the missionaries are now declaring that they will pursue even a more aggressive policy in China as soon as the present troubles are over. They seem to regard the Boxer movement as a providential event. A Southern Methodist bishop the other day went so far as to publicly "thank God that the Methodist missionaries had stirred up all this trouble in China, and he hoped that they would continue to do so in the future." So says the New York Tribune. Such efforts with such a spirit are not to be commended. It is not surprising that such aggressive, political ruling and a religion of the spirit indicated in the foregoing is offensive to the Chinese.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Soon the Autumn will be on us in full force. The trees that blossomed out in the Springtime will have shed their leaves that heap in the hollows or rustle adown the road. All the little flowers of the May days have long been hidden in the brown mould. Only the rough yellow and purples of the floral kingdom will be seen along the dusty wayside. In the air is that far mistiness and the streams are clearer and the little folk in fur are busy anent the day when the wild wind whistles across the sheeted fields. The youth of the year passed in promise, the Summer came and passed royally, and now the Autumn is on us. All nature recognizes it. The birds, obeying an uncontrollable impulse meet, discuss the matter, and when all are ready they pass in the night Nearly all birds migrate in the night. They swing on the tall weed in the daytime, chirp and call, and when the sun sinks they start for the South. The corn is in the rustling shock, the late apple hangs alone, the yellow pumpkin takes on its bloom, and the bob-white whistles his call to his mate. It is the death of the year, the sere and yellow leaf time, and it impresses us all more than we know

And we are all passing into the Autumn of life, That is the lesson Nature teaches, and as we grow older we recognize it without a teacher. We are nearer the end than ever we have been before. As the years come again the same recurring miracle will be repeated on a thousand hillsides, the greenery of Summer, the flaunting flowers, and the long, quiet afternoons will come, and the Autumn again and again and again. But somewhere in the procession of the seasons we will stop in our journey. Some day the Angel of Death will enter with us, all unseen, through the open door, and we will be carried out when we go again, with quiet, upturned face and we will take our place where the dead rest in peace.

It is inevitable. There is no escape. There is no fright to it. It is simply following the flowers and the birds. As they will come again so will we. We are not sure how or where, but the same good Lord that rules and overrules the children of fur and feather will not neglect us in that hour. It will be somewhere, somehow, and when the time comes and the dear Lord calls we should lay aside our work and follow out into the seeming dark. Those who have gone are on the other side all right enough, but that other side may simply be next to us. Think of passing from a wrecked tenement in which we have dwelt, to these many years, and as we think we are falling into nothingness we stand in the smiling company of those who have passed before. They will all be there, and the Redeemer

What is then in store who may forecast? But it will be well. Up to that point the eye of faith may see, but beyond it passes human knowledge and human speech. But it will be well, thank God!

A WOMAN'S FACE.

A WELL-KNOWN Northern advertising agent who was in the city recently told a whimsical story at his own expense to some friends in the St. Charles lobby. "When I was still pretty green in the business," he said, "I was sent for one day by the president of a big concern that did a great deal of general advertising in the magazines and so on. I found him a man of thirty-five or thereabouts, and very affable. He said he wanted to consult me as an expert in regard to getting up an effective design that could be used as a sort of trademark in all classes of 'ads.'

"The design the house was using at the time included a vignette picture of a woman's face, which had never struck my fancy, and I was a little surprised when he said he wanted to retain it as a feature. 'The public has learned to know that picture and to identify it with our goods,' he remarked, 'so I think you had best work it into whatever you get up.' 'Is it an ideal head or a portrait?' said I. 'Oh, an ideal,' said he. 'Why do you ask?' 'Because in that case,' I replied, 'I would certainly have it redrawn by some competent artist.' He looked surprised. 'Why so?' he inquired. 'Because it's unattractive,' I answered frankly, 'and has a sullen expression. Now, a pretty face,' said I, warming up to my subject, 'is always a good thing in an ad; it arrests the eye, just as it does on the street, but this sour-looking sister is a Jonah to your business.' 'Possibly,' he said coldly, 'but I still insist that the public has learned to know the face, and I intend to retain it in the ad.'

"Well, I did my best with the job, and the design greatly pleased the house, but to my disappointment I never got any more work. I couldn't understand what the trouble was until one day fully a year afterward, when I met my former client walking along Fifth Avenue with a lady whom I instantly recognized as the original of the picture. She was an heiress, and the pair were reported to be engaged. Since then I have learned to keep a bridle on my tongue. But it was his own fault, He had no business fibbing about the head being an ideal."

This month Iceland is celebrating the ninth century of the introduction of Christianity in the far north island. It was Olaf, king of Norway, who sent over the first priests. Longfellow gives a somewhat humorous account of the reception of Olaf's emissary, "Drunken Thangbrand," who came away quite as disgusted with the Icelanders as they were with him. Chicago has a little colony of emigrants from Iceland, but in North Dakota and Manitoba there are many thousand. They are thrifty farmers, well cultured and great disputers on theological subjects. There is hardly an Icelander anywhere, no matter how humble, who is not only well versed in the literature of his own land, but who also knows considerable of other countries' books. It is no uncommon thing to find in farmhouses on the bleak Dakota prairies small libraries in several languages.

Ar a village school a precocious boy being asked to parse the sentence, "Mary, milk the cow," went on accurately till he came to the last word, when he said: "Cow is a pronoun, feminine gender, third person singular, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary?" asked the master in astonishment. "Yes, sir," responded the urchin with a grin, "for if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk the cow?"

"Tex thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves."

Correspondence

SHORTAGE IN MONKEYS.

The United States is experiencing a monkey famine. Simians are so scarce that prices have tripled within the last month, and even Italian organ grinders have been led into disposing of their pets to showmen who could not make purchases of the regular animal dealers.

The unprecedented demand for monkeys for use in vaudeville performances and the innumerable monkey circuses traveling through the country has taken the dealers by surprise, and they are just beginning to realize that the monkey will be one of the imports showing an enormous gain before the year has ended. The apes, ring-tailed balboons, and all other species of monkeys are in great demand, and it is predicted that the famine of simians is likely to be long drawn out. Fully one-half of the monkeys bought for exhibition and training purposes are short-lived. Consumption rapidly carries them off, and the show people find that they must replace them if they want to keep popular with amusement patrons.

Two years ago an Italian trained three monkeys to do a stage act. Vaudeville managers at first turned a deaf ear to his offers of putting on his act at a low price. After some persuasion he induced one manager to give him a trial. The act made a tremendous hit, and dozens of old-time circus men began to train monkeys. Previous to this success they had looked upon monkeys as useful only in amusing children and increasing the sale of peanuts and popcorn.

Last spring ten monkey circuses began to travel about the country, and showmen purchased monkeys by the dozen, paying all sorts of fancy prices for them. About the same number of vaudeville actors having monkeys as leading features sought and found engagements. The circuses made money quickly, and the vaudeville "turns" drew higher salaries than ever before heard of for an animal act. Then monkeys began to go up in price. Two months ago they became very scarce. Two weeks ago they could not be purchased of the animal dealers, who had sold out their supplies, and the showmen began to scour the country for pet monkeys.

Chicago animal dealers, who usually have from ten to fifty monkeys in stock, report that they have none in their stores, and that they are receiving calls for them every day. One dealer said yesterday that he had horrowed a monkey from a showman to display in his show window.

An animal dealer said yesterday that he had no monkeys in stock, and that his customers were anxiously waiting until he could receive a supply from the coast cities.

"A cargo of monkeys is expected from Brazil within a few days and I will have a large consignment," said he. "I expect several varieties. Prices will be far above those of last season. The cheapest monkeys will sell at \$180 per dozen, and from that price to \$5,000 per dozen for the large baboons. Showmen have found that monkeys are easily trained, and that their acts please the people so well that they are all shouting for more monkeys. I only wish that I had a few dozen in my store to-day."

W. W. Gentry, one of a firm of brothers, which owns three pony, dog and monkey circuses, said that he had failed in all his efforts to buy monkeys.

"We need a number of monkeys, and will pay

good prices for them," said Mr. Gentry.

"I have written to all the animal dealers I know of, and they have sent me word that they have no monkeys for sale. Monkeys are bringing good prices, but just now it is impossible to buy any. A cargo is expected from Brazil soon, but I understand that it has been sold in advance. The scarcity of monkeys is caused by the great demand. Every old showman is carrying trained monkeys—they're all the go just now."

Professor Charles Woodford, an experienced animal trainer and owner of monkeys making balloon ascensions, said: "I have five monkeys which I wouldn't sell for \$200 each, although I paid less than one-sixth of that sum for them. It is simply impossible to find monkeys in this country to-day. I've had a man out drumming through the Italian settlement for monkeys, and he has suc-

ceeded in buying one. This demand is caused by the popularity of trained monkeys with amusement patrons. People are just finding out that monkeys are easy to train and are great comedians."

WHAT WE CALL OUR WEIGHT.

You step upon a weighing machine, drop a penny in the slot, the hand goes around the figured dial, and, stopping at a certain point, tells you that your weight is so many pounds. You know by this, in a sort of comparative way, that there is a certain amount of the matter which composes the universe confined under your skin. You have appropriated a certain portion of it in the construction of your flesh and bones. There is a definite amount of the elements combined together which produces an effect upon the machine, and that effect is translated into pounds. You do not know exactly what a pound is, but it is some sort of an arbitrary measure of the force of gravitation, and, after reading the figures on the scale, you know how much there is of you by comparison with other objects that have weight and density.

When you stand outside of yourself there seems to be no reason why you should have any weight. The mind, which is the most important part of you, does not appear to have weight, is a matter entirely outside of yourself; you cannot increase or diminish it by any act of will, though sometimes in dreams you seem to have divested your body of the downward pull, which you call weight, and find yourself floating as easily as a mote in a sunbeam. It may be that this is a sort of recollection on the part of the matter which enters into our composition of a time when it was really not subject to this tugging called gravitation, and floated free. In our present environment, however, this law of matter has us in full control, and we cannot escape it for the smallest fraction of a second. It operates steadily all the time, and we are obliged always to take it into account.

But does the scale actually tell us how much we weigh? It simply calculates the balance between two forces that are working against each other, the one tending to drag us down to the center of the earth and the other to send us spinning out into space. The pull of gravitation has the advantage by so many pounds; otherwise we should leave our happy homes in a hurry and start on a journey from which we should never return—going out into space to hobnob with comets and asteroids and other cefestial wanderers. This old earth is a whirler and a twirler. It has more curves than a baseball in the hands of an expert pitcher. You have seen the experiment of swinging a pail of water over the head without spilling the water. The earth is giving us the same sort of a swing.

It is as if some giant were stationed at the point of space where the center of the earth is, with a string upward of 3,000 miles in length attached to us, and were swinging us around at the end of it. This rate of circular motion is approximately 1.000 miles an hour. It is a pretty rapid swing, and the fact that on account of this rapidity we have a considerable tendency to take a long jump several thousand miles into space, must make a considerable difference in the pressure when we step on the weighing machine. If the earth were to stop its whirling some day for a short time we should all suddenly become heavy weights, and it is a question whether the ordinary weighing machine would be adequate to measure the tendency which our bodies would have to press toward the center of the earth. It is plain, therefore, that we should weigh a good deal more if it wasn't for the giant swing given us by the planet upon which we are involuntary residents.

In order to tell our real weight it would seem, therefore, that it is necessary to calculate how much of the force of gravitation is counteracted by this circular motion and the constant tendency to fly off at a tangent. But, after all, this would not really indicate our weight. There is a law of physics which tells us that matter attracts according to its mass. Now, suppose that you were to take a journey off to some world that had only one one-hundredth of the mass of this one; then, when you stepped upon the weighing machine and dropped in your penny, according to that law, you would weigh but one one-hundredth of the amount indicated by the machines around the cities. If you

weigh 150 pounds here you would weigh but a pound and a half there. You would be decidedly in the feather-weight class, could repose comforts bly on the hardest board, and with the same strength of limb that you now possess could leap over a ten-story building or skip across a wide river.

WHEN TURKEYS COST THIRTY OOLLARS APIECE,

MRS. W. A. HAIGHT, of San Francisco tells many interesting things of the early days of California as seen from a pioneer housewife's standpoint. Said she: "My husband left me, a very young bride, in the East with my family, while he went ahead in '49 to make his fortune. In three years from that time I started on my way to California, where larrived in February, 1852.

"My husband met me at the steamer landing, on Montgomery Street, and asked me if I would walk to my new home, or take a carriage at \$10 an hour, Just coming from the East, where money was scarce, such an amount for a carriage paralyzed me, and I said emphatically that we would walk. Our house was on Bush Street, near Montgomery, and was only a very plain little cabin of five 100ms, without shelf or a closet, for which we paid \$1,800 a year rent.

"What I noticed most after I reached my newly adopted State was the lack of flowers or plants—all was sand, barren sand.

"Fruits were exceedingly scarce. All the fresh fruit that we could get were the little Mission grapes, pears and olives, which were grown at the missions. Butter was \$2 a pound and eggs \$2 a dozen, and once, when my husband wanted to give a dinner to fifteen young clerks of his bankinghouse, we had to pay \$30 apiece for the turkeys and \$15 per pair for chickens.

"A friend of ours at one time had a barrel of apples sent him from Connecticut, and we were presented with a dozen of them, which we considered the greatest of luxuries"

ARE VERY RARE TORTOISES.

Two crates containing live tortoises passed through the New York offices of Wells, Fargo and Company within a few days. They were of the rarest species known and were consigned to a Boston firm who will forward them to the London 200.

This species of tortoise can be found in but two localities, the Aldabara islands in the Indian ocean and among the islands of the Galapagos group seven hundred miles west of the coast of Ecuador. The specimens which passed through New York are from the latter group. The islands are of volcant origin, little less than corrugated strips of lava, and owing to the fissurelike formation, it is difficult to capture the tortoise. It is stated that with the exception of two other tortoises of this species, one in the London gardens and the other a pet about the gardens of ex-Queen Liliuokalani in Honolulu these are the only specimens in captivity.

The tortoises weigh over five hundred pounds and measure ten feet in girth behind the fore flippen. According to James Kneissen, who accompanies the tortoises, the shell plates indicate an age of three hundred and fifty years for each. When these reptiles reach the London gardens the collection of the species of the Testudinata order will be complete and the only one of its sort in the world walter Rothschild, director of the London gardens has instructed his agents, the Blake Company of Boston, to use every means possible to secure the one in Honolulu.

Because of the difficulty in keeping the tortoise alive in this climate they were shipped by fast of press. The tortoises are valued at ten thousand dollars.

Norwegian legislators propose that girls who do not know how to knit, sew, wash, and cook should be refused permission to marry. Daughters of wealthy men are not to be excepted.

THE British government is the owner of over to ooo camels. Several thousands are used in India carry stores and equipment when regiments at changing quarters by line of march.

An unsigned will is a deed without a name.

Nature & Study -

"BOZZIE" WAS "ONLY A DOQ."

Many have read of the recent death of a shepbeld dog in Chicago named "Bozzie," The animal held up animal and, at the same time, a wonder. She was fast becoming an institution, for the intelshe was the had been a welcome guest in many dubs, social circles, even at social meetings in thurs, and in many a newspaper office, where her accomplishments were much admired. If asked to count and announce the number of persons present she did so accurately, even when someone challenged the accuracy of the rapid count. The dog availed herself of the combination of numbers, barking, for instance, thrice and four times to signify thirty-four. If asked how many gore glasses, she replied correctly, though one person once demurred at a result, his eyes not detecting the fact, as the dog's did, that one lady wore a pair in so delicate a frame that even an error by Bozzie might have been pardoned. If asked a man's age, Bozzie correctly barked the facts. There surely is a mystery in the matter. We reject the theory of secret signals to the clog, for the double reason that the master disavowed the trick and the dog would perform for the company when the master was in another room. The accomplished animal would add, subtract, multiply and divide in a way that never failed to "bring down

But Bozzie is now dead. Some people who conspired against the dog, or left poisoned meat in nailing for some other dog, caused the death of the animal whose accomplishments seem to be hereditary, since her father, whose name was Boz, in his day was a wonder and an exceeding attraction. When Bozzie died the grieving owner buried her in the rear of the lot, near to his door. Neighbors heard of the burial and came in groups, each sorrowing very much as if Bozzie had been more human than the world in general esteemed her. Just before the grave was filled in half a hundred school thildren came, laden with flowers and pleading that they might enter and be present. The owner invited no one; but the hint had gone out in some wayprobably through juvenile messengers-and the yard was full. The good sense and delicacy of all was perfect, for scarcely a word was spoken, though it is said that not an eye was dry when all was over. No laws on our books are more valuable and wise than those that condemn and penalize cruelty to animals. The Bible declares that the merciful man is kind to his beast, and that saying has its roots in the principle and fact that he who is unkind to his beast is sure to grow less and less merciful. Human beings, as well as beasts, have deep investments in the great treasury of mercy wherewith God has endowed the world. Societies to prevent truelty to animals aid to conserve the sum total of love and gentleness which makes the path of man less thorny. Brutality towards brutes brutalizes human beings. We wish that that charming story, "The Dog of Flanders," could be read by every thild. Who has failed to be touched and made more noble and more tender by "Rab and His Friends?" The least tendency towards cruelty to dumb brutes should be checked as promptly as if a boy were to curse and swear or steal.

HOW SOME ANIMALS SWITL

Anoxo what are generally considered purely land atimals there is no finer swimmer than the polar bear. This grand creature, with which everybody is nowadays familiar, spends more than half his time in the water, performing immense journeys across the polar wastes from continent to continent. The distance he travels from the pack ice to the main coasts over open water are at times astounding considering that the body is all the time imhersed in freezing water, known to human beings the greatest deterrent to all long swims.

The most interesting family of swimmers is perhaps the rodents. It may be taken as a general he that if one member of a family is a good swimmerall the rest are, but not so with regard to the the nerfor question, for it embraces not only such the performers as beavers, rats, mice and their alles, but such regular land lubbers as squirrels, hares and rabbits.

All the good swimmers among the rodents are also expert divers and are able, moreover, to raise or depress the body in the water at will. When swimming at ease and unsuspicious of danger the water line passes across the mouth, the middle of the cheek and the shoulder, disclosing on the surface rather more than one-third of the whole body, and, though the root of the tail is seen, the tail itself is generally under the water, excepting when the animal is quite stationary. About rats I need hardly speak, so familiar to everybody are their habits. The common house rat, when he takes to living on river banks, is almost as much at home in the water as his cousin, the water vole, and the same thing may be said of mice, notably the water

Among the indifferent swimmers of this family the squirrel claims attention. Many observers are of the opinion that the squirrel does not swim at all, but that by hopping on to a floating piece of bark and using his tail as a sail he crosses the widest rivers. This is a very pretty story and one with a certain amount of truth in it (I have myself seen squirrels floating down stream in this way), but that he often attains his object thus I very much doubt.

Twice, fishing in the Tay, I saw squirrels actually swimming across the river, and their movements struck me as so peculiar that I afterward experimented with them in the water. They were evidently alarmed at the thought of trusting themselves to so treacherous an element, and, at starting, some of them sprang into the air, as if inclined rather to fly than to swim, but once well afloat they paddled away with such extreme rapidity as to exhaust themselves within a few minutes at most. In this action the head and shoulders are carried very high out of the water, while the rest of the body sinks deep beneath the surface —in direct contrast to the pose of hares and rabbits, which, in swimming, are, like an ill-ballasted ship, " down by the head."

Like the squirrels, these two animals show great timidity in the water, and naturally so, for their heads are so low and rear so high that the slightest ripple on the surface would send their noses under water and so drown them, unless they at once returned to land. In perfectly still water, however, they can both swim considerable distances.

Nearly all the ruminants are excellent swimmers, and all take freely to the water, except perhaps the wild sheep and the camels. Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their fore feet, but this is only an old wife's fable. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though owing to the shortness of their legs they just touch their throats with their fore feet, and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels.

Camels cannot swim. They are very buoyant, but ill balanced, and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Beluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the ships, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered into the rump of their charges, causing the animal's heads to come up, and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore.

Several animals, such as hegdehogs and bats, who would at first glance be considered incapable of natation, are in reality quite respectable perform-

TORCH FISHES OF THE DEEP SEA.

MR. LANGLEY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, says that the ideal light, from an economical point of view, is furnished by the firefly and other animals which exhibit the phenomenon called phosphorescence. This kind of illumination is produced by the oxidation of animal fat, and has apparently no waste, being actually light without heat. In the case of the so-called lantern fly of South America, it renders luminous the large hollow head of the insect the head being made of a

thin and paper-like tissue, through which shines the light from within. The really interesting examples of phosphorescent light producers, however, are to be found in

the ocean, many of whose inhabitants utilize their own means of illumination. At times, the surface of the sea is fairly aglow, every breaking wave having actually the aspect of a flame. This appearance is due to the presence in the water of inconceivable multitudes of extremely small animals, each of which holds up its tiny torch, so to speak, to contribute to the general brightness. The minute pelagic crustaceans are mostly light makers, and some of the jellyfishes at night look like veritable balls of fire.

Recent investigators have expressed the opinion that in the depths of the sea, to which no ray of sunlight reaches, there is, a considerable illumination by various animals inhabiting those abyssal regions. If this were not so, why should the large crabs and other crustaceans raked up from the nether deep be found to wear such brilliant scarlet and yellow colors? Why, too, should many of the fishes of the depths possess such enormous eyes? Of the fact that many of the fishes themselves are light producers there is no doubt, the equipment for this purpose possessed by some of them being quite elaborate, while one well-known species is believed to have power to turn its light on or off at

Some of the deep sea crustaceans are brilliantly phosphorescent, and it is probable that they often use their light to illuminate their surroundings and to reveal their prey. Certain caphalopods related to the common cuttlefish have an apparatus to throw the light downward to the bottom over which they pass, as if they were provided with reflecting lanterns. Some of the abyssal fishes have luminous plates on their heads, while others have light-emitting spots along their sides, and still others are rendered luminous over the whole of their bodies by a phosphorescent slime. One fish carries on the end of its nose what looks like an electric bulb, and in all probability this serves as a bait for attracting finny victims.

WOLVES AUTOMATICALLY SCARED.

Examiners in the Patent Office have learned by experience that it is a mistake to jump at conclusions regarding the usefulness of inventions. A contrivance at which they were inclined to poke a good deal of fun, designed to frighten wolves on Western prairies, was patented less than three months ago, and already it has come into considerable use in the sheep-growing districts of that part of the country.

The device is an automatic gun, which goes off at regular intervals, scaring the wolves away from the flocks. It consists of a sort of box, which contains a clockwork arrangement, with a small-steel-barrel projecting from one end. A magazine, also within the box, is loaded with blank cartridges which are fired by the clockwork once in ten minutes or so. By the help of a simple mechanical attachment the intervals between discharges are made as long or as short as may be desired.

Wolves do not attack sheep in the daytime, and the gun needs to be in operation only from sunset to sunrise. It is at the period of lambing that the flocks are in danger, the fierce wolves raiding them and carrying off the lambkins, and hence the apparatus described is intended to be employed exclusively during that season. It may be that the wolf, which is a decidedly intelligent animal, may learn the deception after a while and realize that the automatic gun has not a man behind it.

Hitherto the protection of sheep during the lambing season on many ranches has been a serious problem, the flocks being constantly harassed. Men armed with shotguns make regular rounds at intervals during the night, discharging their weapons from time to time- a troublesome plan, whereas it is comparatively easy for a patrol to inspect, rewind and reload a number of automatic guns in various parts of a ranch once a day.

A visitor who returned from Brazil says that the whole country is perpetually intoxicated by coffee, It is brought to the bedside the moment one awakes and just before sleep, at meals, and between meals, on going out and coming in. Men, women and children drink it with the same liberality and it is fed to babies in arms. The effect is apparent in trembling hands, twitching eyelids, yellow, dry skin and a chronic excitability worse than that produced by whisky.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

TRUTH.

VISITING.

THERE is something pleasant about a visit from one friend to another. There is nothing so easy as to fall into the babit of keeping at home, within one's self, and no habit is so hard to break off, once it is formed. It begets selfishness, and hinders soul development. It is better to get out and around among neighbors and friends and make friends in the new and strengthen old associations. It is very often the case that friends get apart thinking each other cold and distant, when there is nothing the matter but a lack of personal association.

Young folks usually need no urging to get out and around, the trouble being generally to keep them at home. But with the heads of the family it is often the case that a stay-at-home habit is formed to the detriment of all interested. It is well to go off occasionally and renew our youth. If it is only to a neighbor's house it is better than eternally treading the home wheel. Not only do we thus lighten our own burdens, but we help others.

'It is not necessary that a visit be turned into a visitation. The stay need not be such as to involve trouble and worry in cooking and preparation for which things may not be ready, but an afternoon call, and home again, lightens many a load. And the time spent need not be taken in talking adversely of mutual acquaintances. It can be better spent. If on some such a country visit something especially nice in the fruit or vegetable line is taken along all the better. The evil days are coming when we cannot go, and then as we have visited others so will it be to us in our lonely afternoons.

TAKING STIMULANTS.

It should be recognized, says *Health-Culture*, that the universal drug-taking that pervades every class of society, from mineral waters to tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco and patent medicines, is continually lowering the standard of health. Owing to the greater delicacy of the organization of women they are affected more seriously by alcohol than are men. In Normandy, France, the women drink more than the men and mortality among them is excessive in consequence.

A physician may give advice on tobacco and alcohol in a general way, but he will find few patrons who will tolerate him professionally if he advises them to drink less coffee, to smoke fewer cigars or take less whiskey. They think they know what is good for them better than the man who has made a life study of health and its laws. Nevertheless, nature's great law of the survival of the fittest is forever operative and other things heing equal, the best man wins.

Brain workers are of all classes the most tempted to make use of stimulants to enable them to obtain from their tired nerves a little more work. Alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee and chocolate are used for this purpose and with apparent advantage, but the advantage is only temporary. These drugs are deceptive, for they make a person believe he is not tired when in reality he is exhausted, that he is strong when he is really weak and that he is warm when he is cold. Therefore they double the danger from overwork.

Sometimes the claim is made that the first effect on the nervous system of a narcotic, whether it be tea, coffce, alcohol or tobacco, is that of a stimulant, the second that of a depressant. Those making such claim continually mistake vital resistance, the roused up energy to throw off the poison, for renewed vitality. The too-apparent activity is simply reserved nervous energy exhausted in the protection of its own integrity.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: About Animals.

The Christian looks up to God for help in time of need. It is all he can do. Some say that it does no good, some doubt, and the vast majority are agreed that he hears and heeds. The experience of the ages is that God deals kindly with his creatures. Now it is expressly stated in the Bible that in the final settlement of affairs between us and God the adjudication is to be based on the way we have related ourselves to those around us here. Whatever of kindness we show to the least of those about us we have shown Christ, and we get our reward accordingly.

Now it happens in the economy of nature that we are related to animals in such a way that we are the highest power they know. We are final and supreme with them. God made them as truly as he made us. We are responsible to him for our treatment of them. If our knowledge is vast and far reaching, if our intimacy with the texts of the Bible is such that we can quote at will, if we know all theological terms and make all sorts of public professions, and if the dog cowers, or the cat winces at our presence, there is something wrong in the make-up of our Christian character, something serious that is wanting. To have family worship and then kick the cringing dog out of the house, or strike the cat a cruel blow is not the act of a merciful man, for a merciful man is merciful to his beast. It is not Christian, and in the end it will bring disaster. We have not been faithful to those dependent on us. To kill a bird that is harmless, or to set foot on an innocent worm, is simply a form of murder that is condemned by God's law if not expressly forbidden in the statutes of man.

Here is the rule. We are to so relate ourselves to all living things about us that we may safely ask God to deal with us as we have dealt with others, and other things. It is perfectly logical, and wholly within our reach. Think of it, and begin your relations with helpless animals over again for the better.

W. H. LOVEJOV, the Illinois State game warden. has decided to free all the native birds held in captivity, on the ground that they are useless in cages, and would be very useful in destroying insects if they were free. "I shall not stop," he says, "until there is not a captive bird in Chicago or down State that my men can find. I shall go ahead with the seizures and condemn the birds. The old ones which are too old to care for themselves if turned free, having been so many years in captivity, will then be given to Lincoln or some other park, where they will have comparative freedom in the big cages, and will be well cared for. The young ones will be turned loose to shift for themselves, and to make their way back to the thickets and to find mates and nests in the wilderness. Too much praise in this regard cannot be given the Audubon Society, which has aided in our work, has endeavored successfully to stir up public sentiment, and to begin teaching the children the wrong of bird nesting,' and has found evidence for me of many violations of the law."

"Beauty is only skin deep," remarked the person who is fond of quotations.

"Yes," answered the young man who runs the complexion department in the drug store, "and sometimes it isn't even as deep as that."

RECENT studies, of the ocean bottom near the coast line of continents have shown that rivers of considerable size sometimes enter the sea beneath the surface.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What are the causes of typhoid fever?

Typhoto is usually traced to an impure water supply. Purity of water and absolute cleanliness of personal surroundings are the best preventives.

Please settle this question for us. Can sugar be made out other than the sugar cane and maple sap?

Sugar can be made out of an endless number of vegetables, and in practice the world's largest supply of sugar is made out of beets. The birch tree gives a sap that makes a sugar with birch flavor. Sugar can be made out of almost any vegetable

I have heard that a grandfather's clock is worth \$500. In

It all depends. It is worth just what you can get for it. There are many kinds and makes of the old clocks, varying in finish, appliances, etc., and it would take a very desirable one to bring as much as \$50.

What is the best typewriter made?

We don't know. Each has points of excellence and superiority. Three makes are used in the office here, and all are good. If you buy do not get a one-hand toy.

How do pineapples grow?

In the ground like cabbages. A slender stalka foot or two high is sent up from the center of the plant, and on this the pineapple grows. There are a good many varieties.

Is the use of the cigarette as unhealthy as it is said to be?

There is no more deadly form of using tobacco than that of the cigarette. The user is absolutely certain to get the worst of it. A stinking pipe is healthier than a cigarette.

If I saved fancy flower seed could I sell it to dealers?

Yes, but you would be surprised at the difference between the price they paid for it, and the one they would sell it at. Seed growing is a business by uself and in no one place are all the different seeds grown.

Is the Bible to be taken literally?

Why not? If it does not mean just what it says, of what use is it as a guide?

Where does quining come from?

It is a chemical made out of the bark of a tree that grows in the tropics. It is a specific for chills and fever, but of little good where there is no penodicity in the way of a cold and a hot spell at the time of sickness.

Are the Belgian hares what they are advertised to be, and are they good to eat?

Belgian hares, as far as the writer's knowledge goes, are nothing but big, lubberly rabbits, and are the 'Nook supposes, as good to ent as any other rabbit.

If ginseng is so valuable why would it not payto cultivate it

It probably would, but it is of slow growth, and exacting in the conditions it requires, and it is not a sure thing that it would retain its supposed virtues when specially grown. It is not recognized in this country as having any special medicinal virtues.

* * *

Is a colored visiting card, or one in colored ink, mounted usage?

It is in decidedly bad form. Plain white and black without any flourishes or harbaric display of any kind is the correct thing.

* * *

Is there an opening in the literary field for a person where tastes run that way?

There are always openings everywhere in the world of letters, but as the result of our observation there is more money and greater chances of success there is more money and greater chances of success in raising potatoes. Still, if it is in you, it will in raising potatoes. Still, if it is in you, it will come out. As a business literary work is a poor field.

FUNERALS IN CHINA.

WHEN the armies of the world finish with China, Here will be many Chinamen to Chinese burial customs will demand their by change tike coffins, which, alter the corpse placed within, are tightly scaled, and, strange to entity lie out of doors often for months, awaitof the time when the families of the deceased can ford an elaborate burial.

Chinese funerals and burial customs are in many repects similar throughout the empire. The coffor can be seen lying about, just outside many of the houses. No odor escapes from them, for they re tightly sealed with mortar or some other subgance, and within the body lies in a preparation of wicklime. Some of the families keep the coffins and their occupants inside their homes for perhaps tris, however, not considered disrespectful many sections to allow them to remain outside. While all of these queer coffins are shaped like logs, there is a great difference in quality. One an be purchased for \$10, while another may cost 1,000. Some are beautifully carved and made of expensive wood. All are varnished.

A Chinaman often makes one of these queerly constructed coffins for himself during his lifetime, anticipating how nice it will look after he is gone. In some sections incense is burned over one of these coffins as long as it remains above ground. These rites are performed usually by the elder son of the family, especially if the deceased is the fabet. Sometimes this older son goes about raising lands with which to hold a notable funeral celebraion. The Chinese as a rule contribute liberally on such occasions. On the older son also devolves the duty of washing the corpse just prior to placing un the coffin. Then, assisted by his brother, if he has any, they place the finest apparel that they can ford to purchase upon the deceased. A fan is then placed in one hand, and the work of scaling the coffin begins.

The Chinese are shrewd in some ways, and in ase of the death of some one in the family of one sho owes them, they will take the opportunity to attach the coffin in which the corpse rests and hold it until the debt is paid. This scheme works lkeacharm, for never would a son allow his relaire's remains to be the property of the man he may

Throughout the Fokien province, in which foothow is situated, there is a custom of placing a piece of silver in the mouth of the deceased.

laws throughout China make it imperative that the greatest respect be paid to the dead. These aws govern not only the actions of the Chinese, at time when an official dies, but extend even to the tembers of one's own family. It is said, however, that there is less occasion to enforce the laws in this paticular than in any other misdemeanor prohibitadby the lawbooks of the Celestials. Reverence but ancestors, or that which is more properly called ancestor worship," is almost part of the China-

After the death of one of the family, the aim of hose who survive is to save sufficient money to we the deceased an elaborate burial. They deny benselves many things, often for a period of three tars. When the day of the funeral comes, it is a y notable one. There are processions, bands of busic, and the offering of sacrifices. The coffin, be ancestral tablet, and the sacrifices are all borne to the grave separately.

The performance is in many respects similar to he luneral services held in San Francisco to-day in hat section of the city known as "Chinatown." Especially is this true in the procession, when a eding Chinaman goes ahead with strips of papers bich contain many holes. These he scatters bev as. It is the belief of the Chinese that, if they can bury their dead before the evil spirit, bith is following, can catch up with the body, hen the deceased will have peace after death. It hrmse believed by them that this spirit must pass brough each hole in each one of the strips of parand as they scatter thousands of them there the Chinamen who are not saved, if the funeral conducted at all as it should be.

No matter if it is three years after the death of tone whom they are bearing to the grave, the tembers of the family are expected to mourn just

While the greater part of this is agonized form rather than sincere mourning, still, they succeed very well in making the show.

There are practically no Chinese graveyards in China. The only cemeteries are those of American missionaries. The Chinese of the southern provinces usually select a burying spot for the deceased off by itself, perhaps in the side of a mountain. Their graves resemble in shape somewhat a horseshoe, and are several times as large as the coffin. A dry place is selected, out of the reach of the white ants, and there a tomb is built. Sometimes these tombs are finely carved. The style of grave or tomb differs in various sections of China.

EARNS A GOOD LIVING.

About a year ago the manager of a large tobacco house in one of the southern cities died, leaving his affairs seriously involved. When his estate was settled his widow found she had little upon which she could rely for support. She had four small children and at once saw the need of earning something for their and her own support. She was a tiptop housekeeper, but she knew absolutely nothing else, and things were looking pretty desperate when she read in the paper that a fellow who had been running a lunchroom in the town had failed and skipped out. She hunted up the landlord immediately, talked him into trusting her for a month's rent of the place and fixtures and took charge before night. It was a small room and the former proprietor had conducted it in the cheapand-filthy lunch-room style, running chiefly to moldy pies and petrified doughnuts. She cleaned all that out and put up a sign announcing that she would serve nothing but chops, steaks and coffee. She had no money to lay in miscellaneous stock and, as there was a butcher shop right around the corner, she could send one of the children out of the back door for a piece of meat whenever she got an order. That was also a big saving on the refrigerator, and about all she had to keep on hand was coffee and bread and butter. What she depended on to make the thing go was her good cooking and the neatness and cleanliness of the service.

For a few days business was light, but then it took a sudden boom. One of her first customers was a traveling man. "I dropped in," he relates, "because it was handy, expecting to get the usual sole-leather sirloin with a cup of chicory on the side. To my astonishment they brought me a thick, delicious steak, blood rare under the crinkley brown surface and as tender as a squab; the coffee was the best I ever tasted outside of New Orleans; the bread and butter were capital, and cups, plates, knives, forks and napkin were all spotlessly clean. I was delighted, of course, and promptly became a walking advertisement for the place. Other chance patrons did the same, and that's the way the boom started. Within a couple of weeks it was impossible, half the time, to get a seat at any one of the five little tables, and everybody urged the widow to enlarge the establishment, which could easily have been done by annexing a small newsstand next door that the tenant wanted to vacate. But she firmly refused, and right there, in my humble opinion, she showed her sound sense. She said she had all the business as it was that she could take care of properly, and any increase would necessitate turning things over to possibly incompetent help. The revenue from the five tables was ample to support herself and the children, and she proposed to take no chances in lowering the quality of the service. So she stuck to the little cubby hole and is there yet, although she turns away enough people to fill a place five times that size. Moreover, she has never extended the bill of fare, and still serves nothing but steaks, chops and coffee. I got a steak there only a few days ago, and it was just as good as the first I sampled. She told me incidentally that she was making a nice income out of the establishment."

AN ORE FOR COLORING TEETH.

RUTILE is an ore of titanium, another of the rare metals. It is dark gray in color, and is found in small quantities in many minerals. Rutile occurs in very pretty crystals, varying in hue from yellow as if it were the next day after death. only one commercial use, as has been ascertained

recently by special Government inquiry, and that is in the manufacture of artificial teeth. It is utilized to color the porcelain of which such teeth are made, its differing tints giving the requisite variations of hue, such as occur in natural teeth. The cost of rutile is about five dollars a pound, and most of it is obtained from the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and along the Susquehanna River.

About twenty million artificial teeth are made annually in the United States; and of this number nearly one-half are turned out by a single manufacturer in New York City. The porcelain of which they are composed is chiefly kaolin, and the process of putting on the enamel is extremely delicate, the coloring substance being rutile, as ahove stated. No two teeth are exactly alike in coloring, and after being finished thousands of them are taken together and matched in shade. There are fifty different shades, intended to correspond to variations in the tints of natural teeth.

At an earlier period in the development of the art imitation teeth were made as perfect as possible, in respect to both shape and whiteness, so that their very freedom from blemish often rendered their falsity more conspicuous. Nowadays the matter is better understood, and defects are purposely made in order to contribute to illusion.

UNUSED RAILROAD TICKETS.

Some men with unused railroad tickets on their hands will sell them to scalpers, while others go to the railroad company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most persons, however, do neither and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar. Indeed, many persons do not realize that the railroad companies stand ready to redeem unused tickets even of small value, so that the companies must be richer by many thousands of dollars a year through this ignorance.

Every railroad ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent and of the general manager of the road. It is a simple matter to inclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent, asking him to refund the money paid, and explaining the reason why the ticket is left unused in the hands of the purchaser. It is courteous to inclose a stamped envelope in which the money may be returned.

When all these things have been done the company generally acknowledges the receipt of the ticket-holder's communication and promises to investigate the matter. The investigation consists in the proper identification of the ticket by the agent who sold it, and a little bookkeeping to set the accounts right. Then the purchaser receives a check for the amount due from the railroad company, along with a letter requesting acknowledgment.

FRUIT LOSING ITS TASTE.

"Whar has become of the fruit that used to taste?" asked the distracted man who had just taken a bite from a peach that glowed in delicate shades of pink and gold. "Where are the peaches that used to have the real taste and juice and flavor and were a delight to eat? I have just paid five cents for a large, delicious-looking peach that is as dry as sawdust and as little more to suggest that it is fruit and not cotton batting. Such beautiful colors I have never seen before, and so far as their merely spectacular features are concerned the peach of the day is a great improvement on its predecessors. But it is of no earthly use for any purpose. It is dry and flavorless and does not repay the trouble of eating it. I can remember, however, quite another peach which was common enough some years ago, although it seems to be rare enough now. The good pears are as difficult to find as the peaches, and the quality of the ordinary run just as poor. They are more beautiful than ever to look at, but are tasteless. Nobody seems able to tell just why fruit should have lost its quality so completely. But the fact is remarked by everybody. All I can say is that these two particular kinds of fruit would never have gained their present reputation if they had always tasted as they do now. As the fruit stands grow large and elaborate the quality of the fruit itself seems to become poorer and poorer."

Sturingry has no friends and wants none.

Good Reading

LOST PEOPLE.

More than 1,000 cases of "lost, strayed or stolen" people are reported to the police department of Chicago every year; fully ninety-five per cent of them are returned or return of their own accord to their homes almost immediately. A small percentage of the missing are women. In fact, when a woman deliberately abandons her home it is either for the purpose of committing suicide, going to the bad or to seek shelter among kinfolk from unbearable domestic conditions. Nowhere in social life is the devotion of women to men under the most exasperating and humiliating circumstances more clearly shown than in the families of men who make it a practice to get drunk and absent themselves from home until the police department is asked to "see if he hasn't committed suicide or been killed in an accident."

Such cases have become an old song at police stations. Almost always these delinquents will be found in a liquor house drunk and drinking more or sleeping themselves sober. It is the custom of officers in charge of stations to closely question the informant to ascertain the habits of the missing man before action is taken. If the man is in the habit of getting drunk or has before absented himself from home a record of the fact is made, but the stations are not notified until the next day, for experience has taught the department that practically every one of such cases will report at home drunk or sober within the next twelve or eighteen hours. If, however, the missing man's habits are good, his domestic relations harmonious and his business matters satisfactory a full description of him is at once sent to all stations and the entire force notified. The suspicion is at once aroused in the mind of the department that the man has been foully dealt with.

Occasionally the force is fooled into weaving theories concerning a missing man's habits, and sometimes an abrupt question put to the informant will reveal the very thread the police want. A few days ago a woman called at a station to solicit the aid of the department in locating her missing husband. He had left home that morning for his place of business as usual, but had not returned for his noonday meal as was his custom. It had not occurred to the wife that the proper place to inquire about her husband was where he was occupied during the day. She just knew he had been killed by accident or had committed suicide. She said their domestic relations were all right and that his business affairs were satisfactory, and that she could feel in her soul that something awful had happened. The desk sergeant said in a severe tone: " Madame, did you not have harsh words with your husband this morning and did he not leave the house in an angry mood?" She hesitated a moment, and then admitted that it was true. The sergeant advised her to hurry home so as to get there before her husband arrived. The department has many such, and even more ridiculous cases of "missing men" to deal with, but they make no official record of them. But when there is suspicion of foul play or suicide every police officer in the city is immediately furnished with as good a description of the person as is possible to get, and he keeps his eyes and ears open for a "pointer," a "tip" or a "thread," and that is really the only method the department has or could have to locate missing people, but if the missing person is in the city, dead or alive, his whereabouts is almost sure to be located in a few hours—or days at most.

what surprises the department most is the great number of missing children when "the greatest bargain sale of the century" is on. Mothers flock to such places, taking their tots that are too young to be left at home to care for themselves, and on such occasions the police expect to be busy looking up missing children. A good many mothers become so absorbed in the "bargains" that they seem to forget all about their children, and as it is quite natural for little folk to wander from counter to counter it is an easy matter for them to lose themselves, and hunting a lost child in one of Chicago's great department stores on a "bargain" day is very much like hunting a needle in a haystack. But it is not until the child cannot be found in the store that

the service of the police is requested, and experience has taught them to search sidewalks in the vicinity. When a child realizes that it may roam where it likes it is quick to wander to wherever its little eyes see pretty things. And somehow or some way the average child will work its way toward the door and out upon the sidewalk, and when once in the passing throng it is pretty sure to follow in the stronger current until a police officer rescues it. It is perfectly amazing how many such cases of "lost child" there are in the great stores, and but for the vigilance and untiring energy of the police many a mother would go home without her child or children.

Not two per cent of the missing "drop out forever." During the last twelve months only twelve of the suicides were buried without identification and presumably most of them came from outside of the city and purposely destroyed everything that would be likely to identify them. When asked how they managed to locate missing people so readily, a police officer said: "I do not know. We do it and that is all I know about it. But you must realize that when every police officer in Chicago is armed with a description of a person and under orders to make diligent search and inquiry for him the force is more or less in touch with the entire population and someone is pretty sure to be able to at least give us a thread to start with." The more than 1,000 "missings" every year are those of whom some sort of a record is made, but the unrecorded list is still larger. Children who stray away and are temporarily missing, especially in the department stores, are merely mentioned as "incidents of the day's duties." Requests from other cities as well as from country towns to locate missing people are always on file in the chief's office and when descriptions are furnished that are at all intelligible every police officer in the city is on the lookout. A very large percentage of out-of-town requests are for boys who have run away from home, and the records of the department show that such boys will have found jobs of work or applied to the chief for transportation to their homes before a week has passed. The police department of Chicago knows human nature thoroughly.

WOUNDS THAT DO NOT KILL.

DR. ERNEST F. ROBINSON, formerly head surgeon in the second reserve hospital, who has just left the army service, is now settled in Kansas City. Dr. Robinson during his service in the Philippines, it is said, operated on more gunshot wounds than any other surgeon. He gives an account of some of the most wonderful wounds as follows:

"There is something mysterious, almost weird, in the direction and course of a bullet. Certainly it often seems that the missile is directed by a strange and unseen force other than the man behind the gun, his eye and trigger.

"Probably there is no braver individual on the face of the earth than the American soldier. He is not a coward. He is more often a fatalist. He never believes he is going to be shot. It is always the other fellow who is going to be hit. In a crude sort of way he is a philosopher. He says to himself: 'If I and the bullet reach the same place at the same time I will suffer for it, but I am going to be there just a little ahead,' and he generally is. So he goes into battle conscious of his danger, yet with a faith born of courage in his own lucky star. And so his faith or that unseen power called luck protects him.

"The most remarkable gunshot wounds I have ever seen have been received by those very men who knew not fear. After the fight at Zapote River the hospital was crowded with victims of gunshot wounds, chiefly Mauser. One poor fellow, a corporal, was struck while in the act of firing. The bullet struck R left hand and went through the forearm. It then struck the gun barrel and ricocheted to the right, passing through his neck, pierced his shoulder, emerging at the back through the shoulder blade. It had thus produced four wounds of entrance and four of exit, and had passed through his hand, arm, neck and chest, and despite all this the plucky fellow had walked back to the dressing station, absolutely refusing to be carried. He recovered without incident.

"The wound of the Mauser is generally clean and generally antiseptic.

"There were quite a number of gunshot wounds of the head involving the brain substance that recovered. Peter Dunn of the Twentieth Kansas was perhaps the most startling example, yet his case was by no means unique. A poor fellow of the Montanas was shot directly through the head, destroying completely the sight in both eyes. No more pitiful condition could be imagined than he at the transport sailed through the golden gate into home and God's own land. To hear and feel and know that he was home at last, yet to know that his home he would never see—death almost seemed

"In a fit of despondency because he had not received a commission the sergeant major of the Thirty-sixth United States volunteer infantry on day placed a forty-five-caliber revolver at the thin interspace, just one inch to the left of the sternum and pulled the trigger. The ball passed directly through the left shoulder blade. How his heart es caped is a mystery. A knife, nor even a needle could have been passed through in this locality without producing instant death and yet the bo recovered. Medical men whom I had told of the case would not believe such a wound possible with out causing death until they had seen it. His on gans were all in their normal position, as was show by a careful examination, yet the bullet had passed through the chest. The most plausible explanation for this would seem to be that the boy's heart was in his mouth when he was shot.

"The true explanation was, that the ball had passed just above the heart, grazing it or the large blood vessels, and that the latter had escaped owing to their elasticity and well-known resistance to bullets, being pushed aside by the ball in passing.

"Speaking of remarkable wounds, General Funston probably has the most remarkable wound on record. During his campaign in Cuba a Mauser bullet passed directly through his chest from side to side, penetrating the lungs and passing through the tip, or apex, of his heart, yet it did not kill him. The explanation of this is that the ball grazed or passed through a portion of the muscle wall of the heart without penetrating it or causing shock sufficient to produce death. To-day the heart can be distinctly felt to pulsate beneath the scar.

"The stout and hearty bugler of light battery Fol the Fifth artillery is now serving with his battery in General Chaffee's division in China. At Pantan Bridge he was just sounding the advance when he fell to the ground. He had been struck in the right shoulder. The surgeon hastily tore open his shirt and found a huge black and blue mark, b nothing more serious. Within a few moments h was back at his post. Not an hour later he sudden ly placed his hand to the same shoulder, remarking to his captain, who stood near, 'I'm shot this time The captain leaned over and picked up a spen Remington ball that had just fallen to the ground But the bugler's troubles were not over, nor hi fated shoulder out of the range of fire. Below the morning was over he was shot through the same shoulder, not two inches from the spe where he had been struck twice before. This time the ball passed directly through his chest and he nearly lost his life.

"It is true, as the soldiers say, 'when you try' to stop 'em you wish you were home.'"

STRUGGLING authors who feel that their work waits long for appreciation may take some comform the history of A Message from Mars, a play which has been the one real success of the past year in London, a time when almost nothing has year in London, a time when almost nothing has succeeded, not even war dramas. This summer one of the most prominent and successful of American actors sat in a box and saw the performance and suddenly realized that fourteen years ago the play had been submitted to him.

And hard-driven editors may take almost male cious comfort from the reason why the play was not taken at that time.

It was not typewritten, and the author's liand writing was so illegible that the actor never man aged to get into the play.

THE strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down, a compliment pays to no one else.

ooo The o Circle ooo

OFFICERS W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-option of the Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., President, Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., United the Communication of the Mission of the Market Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading acts, Corington, Ohio.

WHY?

MR. HAROLD SPENDER, the Alpine climber, in his wok on the "High Pyrences," tells of an unexected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the with the descending, found refuge on the storm and night in the chalet of a goat-The three men, half frozen and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with

trumph, crouched before the fire. The goatherd's wife, a dull old woman, stood ooking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word:—" Pourquoi?" (Why?)

Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise meach face. They had risked health and strength and life itself, "Why?" What had they gained? There was no answer. The one word struck like blank wall across their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

The snow fell outside and the mist shut out the They did not talk to each other, each was asking himself, "Why?"

There are other heights in the world besides hose in the Alps, which men try to scale to as litle purpose, barren heights, at the top of which is peither profit nor honor. - Christian Endeavor World.

FORWARD WITH THE FLAG.

DURING the battle of Missionary Ridge one deachment of Union soldiers broke away from the main army, and pushed on and up, through a deadly hail of lead, until they reached the very summit of the mountain, and there, within a few yards of the memy's fortifications, planted the shining Stars and Stripes. The greater part of the Union force was still in the valley below, but when the soldiers saw the old flag flying there, on the top of the mountain, nothing could restrain them. With a mighty theer the whole army rushed up the mountain side like a resistless wave, and in an hour the victory

We need to get into a glow in order to win great victories. There are too many half-hearted soldiers of the cross still halting in the valley. Where are the liberators of enthusiasm who will plant the flag m the summit, and rouse the army of the Lord on ostill more grand, inspired advance? — Arthur Burmby.

"CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY."—Horace Mann said, he "had never read anything about the resolutions of the disciples, but a great deal about the acts of the *Postles." It is to those who are most active, thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and for things that God's showers of blessings fall upon. There is abundance of life, and fruit is not lacking in such a character. The fruitless fig tree withered away, no life, no vitality there. A passion for souls salasting incentive to Christian activity.

USELESS PEOPLE.—A man who is useless in the kingdom of God may console himself by thinking that at any rate he does no harm; but every dead reight holds back the wheels. Is there no progfess in your Circle? Are hooks less interesting, the meetings poorly attended? Look out for the dead weights!

Every stroke of sorrow that issues into light and by is God putting into your hand the key of that Sorrow, to unlock it for all the poor souls whom You may see approaching it through all your future le. It is a noble thing to take that key and use it.

Nor a prayer, not an act of faithfulness in your alling not a self-denying or kind word or deed, weariness of painfulness endured patiently, duty performed, not a temptation resisted, but it enlarges the whole soul for the endless capacty of the love of God.

IF you want knowledge you must toil for it. Ruskin.

📥 Sunday 🖪 School 📥

FOLLOW EYERY DAY.

JUST to follow every day Where God leads: Just to scatter all the way Sunny deeds. Just to go, nor question why Shadows fall, Ever looking to the sky Through them all.

Just to live through every day, Pure and right; Keeping from the heart alway Cares that blight. Just to stand with purpose strong When I'm tried, Learning thus my very all To confide.

CHARACTER.

Rev. C. H. Parkhurst says: "My character today is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished and all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment. So that character is the quintessence of biography; so that everybody who knows my character-and there is no keeping character under cover-knows what for forty or more years I have been doing and thinking. Character is, for the most part, simply habit become fixed."

"Character is that kind of statuary which a man cuts out with himself as both tool and subject."

"Christian character is Christlikeness. standard, the pattern is before us. The exhortation is: 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ.' This can be accomplished only by being so much in the presence, fellowship, companionship of the living pattern that we 'put on Christ.'

THE BIBLE.

This book contains the mind of God, the state of man, the way of salvation, the doom of sinners, and the happiness of believers. Its doctrines are holy, its precepts are binding, its histories are true, and its decisions are immutable. Read it to be wise, believe it to be safe, and practice it to be holy. It contains light to direct you, food to support you, and comfort to cheer you. It is a traveler's map, the pilgrim's staff, the pilot's compass, the soldier's sword, and the Christian's charter. Here Paradise is restored, heaven opened, and the gates of hell disclosed. Christ is its grand subject, our good its design, and the glory of God its end. It should fill the memory, rule the heart, and guide the feet. Read it slowly, frequently, prayerfully. It is a mine of wealth, a Paradise of glory, and a river of pleasure. It is given you in life, will be remembered forever. It involves the highest responsibility, will reward the greatest labor, and condemn all who trifle with its sacred contents.—Selected.

THANKFUL FOR SMALL POTATOES.

BILLY BRAY, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many of God's children, says that one year his crop of potatoes turned out poorly, and as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow and said: "There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes."

He stopped hoeing and replied: "Ah, Satan, at it again; talking against my Father, bless his name! Why, when I served you, I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" And on he went, hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes—a valuable lesson for us all.

I no not expect that "time" and "past" are any more at all to them who dwell in the celestial sunrise than they are to us; I do not suppose the years we count so sadly have anything more to do with their dear relations to us. Our life is not slow detail and pain to linger in, as they see it. Neither can they forget; there are no forgetting spaces .- A. D. T. Whitney.

WE push time from us, and we wish him back.

For * the * Wee * Folk

GRANDMA KNITTING.

WHILE she sits beside the window With her honny, silver hair, As a child I watch her needles, How they clash and glisten there; Cool the maple swings its shadows, And the balsam branches croon Soft and low and sweet and tender, In the drowsy afternoon-And grandma knitting.

When the busy cares are over And the fret and tumult cease, And the lull that follows after Brings a little spell of peace; In the restful evening shadows Growing deeper more and more, In the quiet of the gloaming, Oft some sweet tune humming o'er, Sits grandma knitting.

Round the hearthstone in the winter While the frosty voices call, And the firelight's fickle dancing Weaves its shadows on the wall; With the old clock ticking ever To the flicker of the flame, There's the music of the needles. And the smile of love the same And grandma knitting.

This was in the years of childhood, Happy years of long ago: And the restless feet have wandered Swift and farther than we know; Ah! the visions that have vanished As the sunshine from the hill, Since I stood there in the twilight With the voices now so still-With grandma knitting!

Yet I see her still in vision, All the sweetness of her smile. Looking out across the shadows, Creeping eastward all the while; See her in the cushioned rocker, Sitting by the open door, While a band of sunshine slumbers In the silence on the floor-And grandma knitting.

NAMING THE BABY.

In some countries curious customs prevail in regard to selecting a name for the baby. A Hindoo baby is named when it is twelve days old and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother. In that case two lamps are placed over the two names and the name over which the lamp burns the brighter is the one given to the child.

In an Egyptian family the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three belonging always to some dignified personage. The candle that burns the longest determines the name for the baby.

The Mohammedans sometimes write desirable names on five slips of paper and these they place in the Koran. The name upon the slip first drawn out is given to the child.

The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterward called

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, according to their

Boys are thought so much more of in China than girls that if you ask a Chinese father who has both a boy and a girl how many children he has he will always reply; "Only one child."

German parents sometimes change the name of their baby if he is ill and the Japanese are sure to change the name of a child four times.

"What is a queen, Willie?" asked the Sundayschool teacher of a small pupil.

"A queen," answered Willie, " is a woman that rules a man that rules a country."

A BARE in arms is worth two armed with toy pis-

BULLS FOR FIGHTING.

Mexico is one of the few countries in the socalled civilized world where bull fighting is still regarded as a legitimate pastime and where the successful bull fighter is esteemed a hero-worthy to sit by the side of the most lofty of men and the most beautiful of women. The arena is recognized by the government and by high officials as a proper place in which to educate the people, and when the wild bulls come to town accompanied by the matadors, the banderilleros and the picadores the entire populace turns out to greet them.

Sunday is the day usually selected for bull fights in Mexico. Then the entire population is at leisure and a large attendance is certain.

The advance agent of the fighting troupe usually places an order for bulls as much as a month or two before they will be needed. He knows the ranches where the fiercest are bred and he enters into negotiations with the haciendado of one of these for twenty-five of his bulls. Out of this number only six will be needed eventually for the fight. but the weeding out process is so thorough that twenty-five is none too many to start with.

It means much to the financial interests of the troupe what haciendado furnishes the bulls. The names of some of these are known throughout Mexico, and it adds to box office receipts to advertise "Bulls from Cusillos Haciendado," for instance. This is the most famous bull-raising ranch in all the republic. Its fame spreads throughout its own town of Guadalajara and state of Jalisco, and further yet, through all the other states, and penetrates even to "the city."

When the order is finally placed, after much competition, the fortunate ranch owner laughs in satisfaction and gives the children an extra pat apiece and pours himself an extra glass of the strong tequilla that makes men merry and drunk. For the price of a fighting bull is \$65, and the price of one of his competitors' bulls, which must now be sold for beef steers, is only \$10. The more he thinks of this the more tequilla he drinks.

The next day the master of the ranch sets matters going by starting his vaqueros out to bring in bulls from the range. They must be brought to a pasture, twenty-five of the fiercest, and kept for the fighters to try later on. 'It is a slow task to bring them in, for they are a rampageous lot, always "looking for trouble." In this they differ widely from the bulls of Spain, which have to be educated out of their mood of lazy tolerance before they are fit for the ring.

It often takes two lassos of the maguey fiber to bring a bull to terms. Rope him by the horn in order to lead him, and you have simply invited him to charge your horse. Your fate lies in the hands of the other man, who may ride up from behind and catch the bull by the foot. This leaves him in a most uncomfortable position, and he finds his easiest way is to go in the direction indicated by a third vaquero, who rides alongside with a third cactus rope in readiness.

Once the twenty-five are shut within the pasture their troubles begin. They have plenty to cat, they have room to wander, but the sorry time comes when they must be put through their paces.

For the fighting men are after fighting bulls, and hey would test their enemy's worth. They come, the whole band of them, to the hacienda and take up their abode there for several days at a time and the senora must prepare many chickens and frijoles. The matador is there, the big man, and he has as many as four picadors, most likely, and still more banderilleros. The senora clucks about the hacienda like a distracted hen at the sight of so much company and the senoritas take more pains than usual with their guitar practice and the draping of their mantillas. The bullfighters have come to try the bulls and the occasion is great.

Out on the ranch a round corral has been built with an opening into the pasture. When the time for trial comes a bull is driven into the corral, shut in there and joined by one or more of the fighters. He is teased with a bright-colored cape, which is part of every fighter's outfit, or with a barbed pole. If he has any fight in him it is not long before he begins to charge upon one of the horses.

The little California ranch horse is not in the habit of standing still to be charged upon, as he is wanted to do. He is sniffy and hurried and he is not trained to be otherwise in bull fights as are the

Spanish horses. That is why the blinding handkerchief is tied over his right eye and the chargings of the bull are all received on that side.

There is a vulnerable spot that the picador knows how to find on the bull's withers. This is the spot he strikes at when the bull charges. No injury is intended and no injury results, but there is one thing sure to happen if the right spot is struck. The bull halts and swings his head sideways in sudden pain and the attack is ended. If he is a good fighter he will charge again and at least once again. Three times is the test, both before and during the

One after another the chosen animals are driven into the corral and tried. This sifting process may last several days and at the end not more than half of the twenty-five are deemed worth keeping. The others are turned out upon the range again.

When the time comes to take the chosen animals to town for the eventful Sunday a great commotion goes on at the hacienda. Everybody must be up early to see the party off. Each bull is fastened by the horns to two cabestos. These cabestos are steers that have been broken to haul dead cattle, and for that purpose have holes for rope punched in their horns. The fighting bull has no holes in his horns-they would render him imperfect for the fight but the rope that is wound about his can be tied through theirs. He is a much handsomer and prouder fellow than the drudging steers that form his bodyguard, for their horns branch sideward, while his prod directly forward, rendering him bien *amada* or well armed.

For a few hundred yards there is much excitement, for none of the beasts take gently to their new mode of travel and the vaqueros who drive them are as excited as they. But hysterics grow tiresome even to bulls, and after a while they settle down to a quiet jog trot that may be continued for fifty or seventy-five miles before the secthing town of the fight is reached.

And then—the shouting of many people and the screeching of trumpets, and a confusion of dazzling colors and an angry fight. When the fight is over the meat of the six dead bulls is sent to the barracks for the soldiers.

BLOODHOUNDS.

· IT was recently reported that Governor Tyler, of Virginia, was entertained on a visit to a convict camp by a man hunt with bloodhounds, the man being given an hour's start and plenty of time to climb a tree. Such exhibitions are quite common on the South Carolina farms, where bloodhounds are kept. The same kind of animals are kept by the sheriffs of many counties in South Carolina, and they always do well on such show occasions, but have never been known to run down a criminal.

"I very much doubt," said an old slave owner, "whether there is a genuine bloodhound in the south or one with the 'nose' of the old runaway slave catcher in the country. Any breed of dogs that run by scent can be trained from puppies to run man and man alone. Ordinary deer or fox hounds take to this quite naturally and if crossed with a half or quarter fox terrier they become vicious and persistent in the chase. But these are not bloodhounds, nor should those now owned by the State or counties in South Carolina be so

"The bloodhound in his perfection of 'nose' and his ferocity was the product of the institution of slavery. The finest strains came from Cuba; large, powerful beasts, tawny or black with white points, and so fierce that when not in service they were chained and only their master could feed or touch them. If they escaped they chased the first person they saw and their desire was to eat his flesh.

"Many of the dogs were imported to the South by the men who made their living catching runaway slaves. They were crossed on the deer hound and the product was a good man hunter-fierce enough, but not so dangerous as the Cuban. Several packs of such dogs were owned in South Carolina and their presence in a county kept many a slave at home who would have otherwise sought the shelter of the forest, where he could live for years, paying weekly or monthly visits to the negro settlements.

"The alleged bloodhounds of this day can not from duty.

run a man if the trail is over three hours old, it goes in water or is crossed by other trails. slave catcher's hounds, bred for their cold nose in more than a century, could 'carry a trail' thirty-g hours old. The common definition that used to given for the name of this species of dog was the if a drop of blood fell on the track he would neve leave it. They were like wolves in that they bung ed for meat and were eager to devour a man run t a tree or cornered. There are many authenticate stories showing the remarkable qualities of see and sagacity. It was practically impossible baffle an old dog, and when his nose was once p by his master in the footprints of a man the partic lar scent of that person was the only one he would entertain in his nostrils, and that track he would pick out of a hundred. Ordinary hounds of cha are puzzled when the quarry takes to a running stream and goes up or down. The man hunter acute and wise as a man, would systematically hun the banks up and down for miles until the trail wa recovered.

"There is a case of particular note on record where the services of a professional slave catche were called in to catch a murderer. The crime ha been committed more than twenty-four hours whe the boss of the pack arrived with his dogs on the scene of the murder. One naked footprint w found, retreating from the spot, and into this th muzzle of the prize trailer of the pack was presse and she was given the word to go, the other dos being held in reserve. Miles through swamp across ponds of water and into the woods the do trailed, finally coming out on a cultivated plants tion, her nose close to the ground and occasional giving utterance to the fierce, yet musical, long drawn 'bay' that carried terror always to the hearts of the runaway. Into the street of the m gro village went the dog, carrying the trail where had been crossed by dozens of men, women an children, and then into a house. Here she made circle of the room, came out of the same doo trailed to another house, scratched at the barre door and when it was opened caught the murdere under the bed. He belonged to another plantation and had come there for shelter and protection at had used every device to throw off pursuit.

"It was, of course, important and necessary that the owner of such a pack of dogs should be respon sible and vigilant. He had to be a fine horsema and ride horses that could go almost anywhere, to he must be up to the leading dog when the slav was brought to bay. If the fugitive was too hard pressed to climb a tree, or as they sometimes die attempted to shoot the dogs he would be torn to pieces if the master was not promptly on hand Laws governing the abuse of slaves were strict and enforced. The most noted case of their violation is one of the best-known criminal cases in our law books, although it occurred sixty years ago. A cap tured slave had incurred the enmity of the hunter and he was killed and his flesh fed to the dog The two whites implicated were tried, convicte and hanged at Walterboro, the militia of Charlesto being arched sixty miles to prevent their rescue b friends on the day of the execution.

"With the passing of slavery the necessity cold-nosed man-chasers no longer exists, and li breed, at least in this part of the country is no lon er preserved."

A very successful educator, a subscriber to the Inglenook, says in a letter: "The Inglenook is fa superior to any other young folks' paper leve read. Not only does it furnish pleasant and it structive reading for the young, but the old and middle-aged will be far more than repaid by perd ing its pages. By a little help on the part of the teacher I find that it can be used very profitably the primary and intermediate grades of our day schools."

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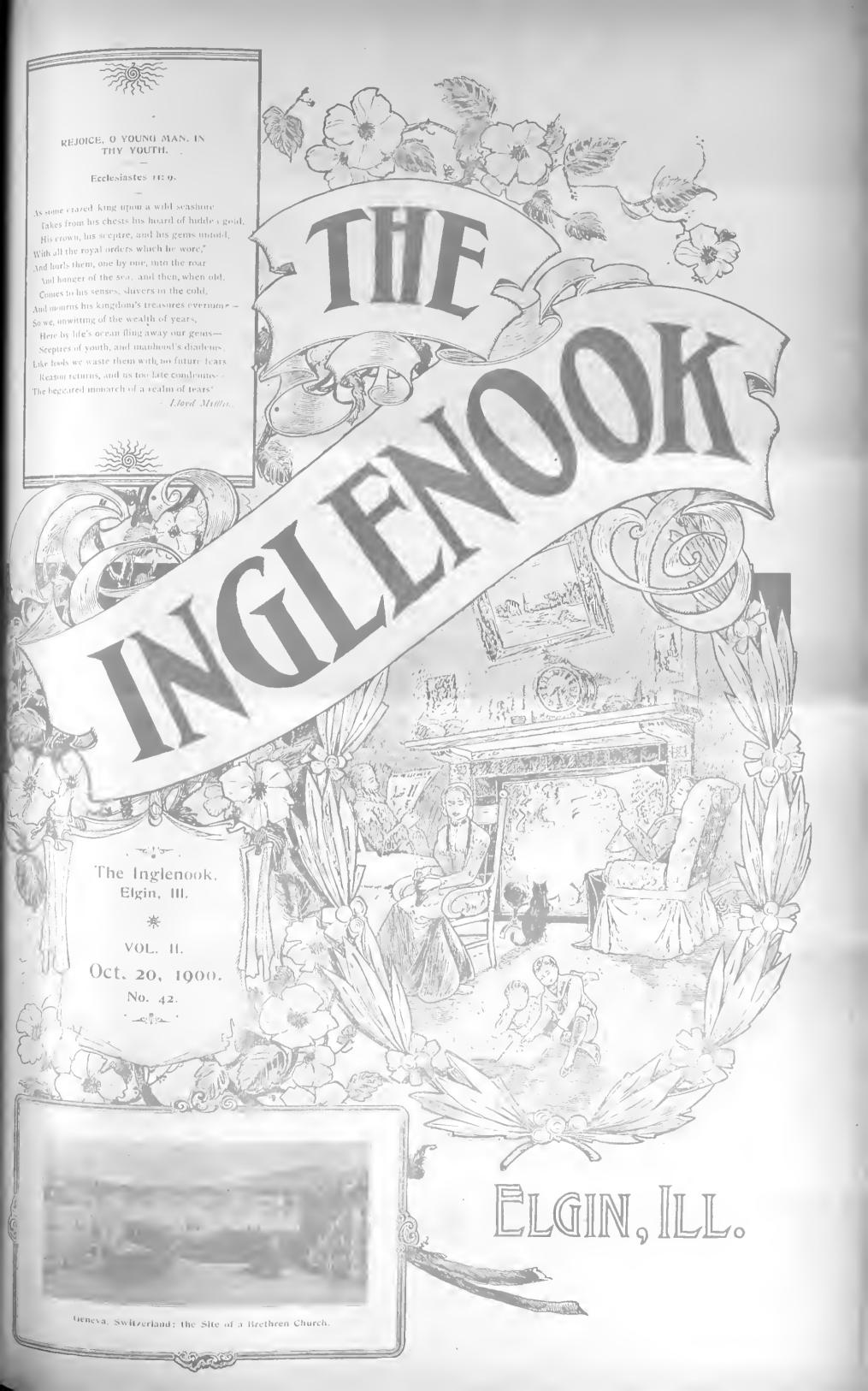
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Intellectual Life. Lays of A icient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Poe's Poetical Works. Price and 1. Rab and His Erierds, Reveries of a Barh-lor.

Samautha at Saratoga, Sesame and Lilies, Sketch Book, Sticket Minister. Stories from the History of Greece, Stories from the History of Rome, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. Thrrty Years' War, Twice-Lold Tales,

Window in Thrums, Filucation, In His Steps, Minister's Woong, Professor at Breakfast Table, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare Lallah Rookh, On Liberty, Tauglewood Tales. Sign of the Four.

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. T third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of the cloth bound books. There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the INGLENOOK is not going to be the in anything. If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions? ceived at the office. Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

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The INGLENOOK is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper me who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always ha and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the Inglenook next year. The like of it was Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knot never undertaken in the church before. what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE. The Shadows of City Life. T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER. The Chinate of the Pacific Coast

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance. MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

NANNIE, J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last Twenty-five Years?

S. 7. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through College.

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER. The Missionary Reading Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions

DAN'I. HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER. Negro Church Music. ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota, W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH. Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER. Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. 1. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians, QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion. E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bilde

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews.

D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to 1 or pe. CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side than Frangelist st L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary of Made.

D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better, City or Country sions?

NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Do with Ex-convicts. M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas A acit Magnetic Halls L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Swit a rid GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide Variation

GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Germany J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Sule of A Liter's Life.

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Brethren Publishing House,

PUBLISHERS,

Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

YOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., OCT. 20, 1900.

No. 42.

WHERE HE FALLS SHORT.

When things insist on going wrong
And bravely tells me not to fret—
Who cheers me with his hopeful song.
Who says: "Go in and win and let
The world behold that you're a man
Who will not brook defeat!" And yet
I'd like him better far, I vow,
If, after telling me I "can,"
He'd go ahead and tell me "how."

HAVING ALL IN COMMON.

It has doubtless occurred to many a reader that if the world all worked, and put the result in a common fund, things would be better and times easier. Then the troubles of old age and lack of aming capacity would be shorn of their terrors, and poverty would practically disappear from the world. It is an ideal condition, and it has been med over and over again in different parts of the world, and at different times, and the result has always been the same—failure in the end.

One of the most successful efforts of the kind has its headquarters at the town of Economy, about eighteen miles west of Pittsburg, Pa. Here is a considerable town, and in it are nine persons, the remant of what was once a community of eleven hundred people. There are others living there, but it is said that but nine of the original membership, or rather of those holding to the tenets of the original members, are left. There is not enough space at the disposal of the 'Nook to give more than the merest sketch of the people who have come the mearest to realizing a perfect community.

The public called the community the Economites, probably because they lived at a town called Economy, but they, themselves, call the organization the Harmony Society. The founders were Germans, and took their start in a religious fervor. They decided to emigrate to America, the one country in the world where people can believe anything or nothing. They had a hard time of it in the beginning of their existence. With the usual aptitude of the public for persecution they were harassed continually, and as a result they grew in humbers and importance. Moving from place to place they finally settled in the town of Economy, and that is where the society will see its end.

The town is a picture of rural beauty. The streets are wide, the houses substantial brick structures, with the gable ends to the street, and mulberry trees line the walks. When the writer was there some years ago the atmosphere was that of a New England village on a Sunday afternoon. It has permeated by a graveyard quiet. The air of substantiality pervades everything. The men and somen dressed in a common garb, and it was not whike that of the Brethren in the country to-day. The German idea of everything was in evidence everywhere. The German language was spoken, and things had a German look, and a general German flavor.

The peculiarities of the town may well be noted. he people had not always held to communism, and in the earlier stages of their existence they We each for himself, as others are, but they decidd that having all things in common would be productive of a higher type of spiritual life and they dopted the plan. Funny things happened in the retice of this idea. Clearly those who were marthad things that those who were not were deed, so they settled that by doing away with marge and leading a celibate life. Married people ontinued living together, but the same as though bey were not married, and there were no marages in the community for half a century. It emed to work all right enough till some Dutch athing work all right enough tin some othing would answer but committing matrimony, ad these got married and left the fold. But the majority stood by celibacy. In order to justify Fractice they construed the creation of woman

as follows: At the time of creation of Adam everything was all right, and should have been left alone, but when the animals were passed in front of Adam, sexed, for naming, he got to fussing and complaining that there was only one of him. So the Lord threw him into a deep sleep and created Eve, who with her kind, has made all the trouble that ever existed. They did not attempt to say just how the world would have been peopled had Adam kept quiet, but some miraculous method would have ensured posterity. As it was they added to the fold from orphanages, and the like, and at different times a great many grown people came and went, some staying and becoming members, and others tiring and leaving the community. Being Germans there were a good many smokers and the question arose what the non-smokers should have in the way of an offset, and it was decided that tobacco should go, and it went. It was a community where no tobacco was ever after used.

The town is in the midst of a very large farm, and all worked, and all the profits went into the common fund. There were several trustees who did the managing and there was a large and wellfitted store where all the usual stock of a good town store could be found. The neighbors, those not members could buy, and did, though none but members lived in the town or on the property, unless it was some necessary outsider like a doctor or schoolmaster. Whenever any of the members wanted anything they went to the store and got it, and that is all there was to it. There was no incentive to take more than was needed, and there was no danger of trouble ahead as to where this or that thing was to come from. It was all provided for, and each one got all he needed by simply taking it or asking for it.

In the center of the town was a beautiful walled garden, with a grotto, and a band stand. There was a good band, and on Sunday afternoons, in the season, after preaching, they went to the garden and enjoyed themselves, German fashion. At one time they made whiskey, wine, and engaged in manufacturing ventures, all of which were successful, financially. There was a good hotel in town, but only for transient guests. People's staying there was not encouraged.

In matters of religion they were non-combatants, non litigants, opposed to fashion, non-swearers, and they bore a general resemblance externally to the Brethren. They were final restorationists, and looked for the coming of Christ any hour. A watchman made the rounds of the town at night and called the hours as they passed. They had a sort of confessional, one to the other. They were opposed to secretism.

As they grew wealthy their troubles began. Wolves in sheep's clothing entered, and divisions came. It was the age-old story of quarreling, going into court, having trouble right and left, and the final dying out of the community. It had a perfectly fair trial, but the elements of human weakness and ambition were too much for it. It would only be a repetition of the result to try it over again in any part of the country. The highest estate of society seems to be reached when every man sows and reaps for himself.

POTATO BUTTONS.

HERE is new evidence that this is an age of adulteration and artificiality.

It is not many years since that the threatened ivory famine produced that remarkable imitation we know as celluloid, which has been successfully employed for every possible use, from billiard balls to piano keys. To-day the imitation has itself been imitated, and that, too, by a curious preparation of—potato pulp.

The inventor is a Dutchman named Knipers. He treats the waste pulp, itself a residue from the manufacture of the artificial potato flour, with a solution of acid and glycerine.

The resulting compound takes the form of a species of stickphast, which is dried and ground to powder. This powder is moulded into blocks with the aid of water, very much as one uses plaster of Paris.

There is, however, this important difference. The new compound can be cut and turned and bored and used for every purpose, from buttons upward, in which it was formerly customary to use bone ivory.

Many a woman is wearing this season buttons which she fancies are ivory, but which are really only potato pulp.

From potato buttons to wooden silk dresses is only a step. Remarkable to relate, wood can be utilized for soft flowing gowns. Wood pulp silk has long been a staple industry in the St. Etienne district of France. By certain secret chemical processes the pulp is reduced to a syrupy condition.

It is then forced into tubes full of tiny holes through which it emerges in the form of fine, silk-like threads. These are speedily dried by being passed through a hot atmosphere and are forthwith wound on bobbins ready to be woven into silk. The appearance of this unique product is said to be so natural that even experts have mistaken it for the genuine article. It is, of course, infinitely cheaper.

With cotton at its present low price one would scarcely imagine that it could be imitated with any possibility of a lucrative return. Nevertheless the thing has been done.

HEAVIEST OF FLVING BIRDS.

The heaviest bird that flies is the great bustard. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old males weigh about thirty-five pounds but when food is plentiful the young males may weigh forty pounds. Great bustards were formerly as plentiful in western Europe as partridges. Now they are rarely found. They may occasionally be seen on the Dnieper and on the coast of the Caspian Sea.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., has a cat of unusual sagacity. When a train pulled into the depot the other day several railroad men who were looking out for members of the "hobo tribe" stealing rides noticed a cat perched on a truck under one of the ears. It was covered with dust, and showed the effects of a long, hard journey. As the train came to a standstill the animal alighted and was in the act of scampering off when the conductor, named Walker, recognized it as the family cat, which he vainly had tried to get rid of for the last month.

When train No. 18 left Rochester, Walker carried the cat with him, and when he reached Corning put it overboard, hoping to lose it. But the animal refused to be lost, and, boarding the truck of one of the cars, "beat" its passage back to the city.

- "WERF you the smartest boy in your school?" asked the very bright boy.
 - "Why-er-no; not exactly," answered his father.
- "Did you know as much as I do when you were my age?"
- "I don't believe I did."
- "Are you even at this ate day able to extract the cube root of a number without referring to a text book?"
 - " No-no. I don't believe I can."
- "That's all," said the very bright boy as he turned to his books. Then he heaved a sigh, and with a look of deepest reproach exclaimed: "Parents often turn out to be a terrible disappointment to their children nowadays."
- "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."—Carlyle.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

THE RELIGION OF CHINA.

Now that China occupies such a large share of the attention of the world, especially the religious element, it may not be amiss for our bright 1xca.s-NOOKERS to study more of the situation as it is in the remote country, half way around the world. When we talk about a system of religion our phrase is pretty well understood, but it does not apply to China. While there is a religion over there it is not strictly speaking a system. A long time ago a man by the name of Confucius wrote out a lot of wise sayings and maxims, and these are studied and constitute the religion of the country. It is about the same as though the people of the United States should pitch on the wise sayings of, say, Benjamin Franklin, and be governed by them in their daily life,

Kong-fu-tze, whose name was Latinized into Confucius by the Jesuit missionaries, was born in the ancient province of Lu-now Shang-tung in the year 551 B. C. About 200 years ago he was canonized as a saint by the Roman Catholics, who gained thereby many converts among the ignorant Confucianists.

His father was a magistrate of the mandarin class. Kong-fu-tze early exhibited a wonderful love for learning and for the society of wise men. He was already a philosopher of note when at the age of nineteen he married an estimable woman of the name of Ke-Kwan-she, by whom he had two sons. Many of his descendants still survive in the district where he was born.

In the year 500 B. C. he became the chief magistrate of Chung-tu, and proved himself to be as great a political reformer as he was a philosopher. His exalted moral teachings worked such a reform among the people that he was raised to a position second only to royalty itself. He died in the year 479 B. C., aged about seventy-three years. Around his tomb there was formed a nucleus of what afterward became a large town. There are now over 2,000 temples in China dedicated to the memory of the great Kong-fu-tze.

Among the studies said to have been undertaken by this sage were magic-that is, the conscious control of nature's hidden forces-history, poetry, philosophy and religion. The books associated with his name are the famous "five kings" (books). which are the canonical scriptures of the Chinese, and which they regard with as much reverence as the Christians regard their own Scriptures. These books are the "Yi-King" (Book of Changes), the "Shi-King" (Book of Poems), the "Li-King" (Rituals), the "Shu-King" (Book of Inscriptions), and "Tshun-Tsien" (Spring and Autumn).

These kings, or books, teach the unity of mankind and charity, and duty to one's neighbor. Kong-fu-tzc attached a great importance to obedience on the part of children to their parents. Veneration to the memory of ancestors-those who have made our present existence possible-was also a part of his teachings.

His system of thought was essentially of the nature of a utilitarian religion, capable of being successfully applied to political, social and moral questions, but it had little or no teaching concerning the nature, origin and destiny of man. These problems were illuminated by the transcendent genius of Kong-fu-tze's famous contemporary, Lao-tze. It was such stupendous problems as the exploitation of existence, cosmic and individual, that Lao-tze dealt with. Because of their intensely mystical and metaphysical aspect they were regarded as less practical than those of Kong-fu-tze, which were more easily comprehended by the majority.

The once mystical philosophy of the Tao-tze-Taoism-has now degenerated into a mere system of tiresome religious rites and ceremonics, and is not at present in repute among the more learned Chinese. Lao-tze is held in much reverence among theosophists as one of the great scriptural teachers of the world. The greatest contemporary exponents of these two systems of thought-Taoism and Confucianism - were Chuang-tze and Meng-tze (Menceus). That the philanthropic and mundane doctrines of Kong-fu-tze did not satisfy the more mystical thinkers of China is shown by the subsequent introduction and the wide-spread acceptance of the teachings of Buddha.

It is worthy of note that Kong-fu tze, in common with other great teachers and sages, does not claim originality for his teachings. He says: "I only hand on; I do not create anything new." Notice in John 7:15, 16, that Jesus says the same thing: " And the Jews marveled, saying, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned? Jesus answered them and said, My doctrine is not mine, but his

Kong-fu-tze represents the doctrine of justice, Lao-tze that of love. Kong-fu-tze says: "Recompense injury with justice, return good for good. What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." Lao-tze says: "The good I will meet with goodness, the not good I will meet with goodness also. The faithful I will meet with faith, the not faithful I will meet with faith also. Overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth."

The doctrine of Kong-fu-tze, like that of Moses, was justice, while Lao-tze, like Jesus, taught the doctrine of nonresistance. As China discarded the too exalted ethics of Lao-tze for the so-called more practical doctrines of Kong-fu-tze, so the western world, while nominally Christian, yet clings to the Musaic code, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for

KID GLOVES.

BAREFOOTED boys and hens form a curious partneiship in the making of a pair of fine gloves. Thousands of dozens of hens' eggs are used in curing the hides, and thousands of boys are employed to work the skins in clear water by treading on them for several hours.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knew the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a three-weeks-old colt, whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped with huge bundles of other colts' hides to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves. Or he might, with equal regard to the truth, tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once darted from tree to tree in South America on the back of a ring-tailed monkey. And, if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another, he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia, lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England, calves from India, muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China and other parts of Asia, rats, cats, and Newfoundland puppies.

But the Russian colt, the four-footed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supplies the skins which are the favorites at present with the glove makers. Experts say that the colt skin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kid skin.

But, after all, the real kid, the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy, furnishes the choicest and most expensive gloves, and nearly 10,000,000 kids are sacrificed every year that women and men may cramp their hands in smooth, delicate-hued gloves.—Chicago

THE CHINESE FARMER.

As China is now undoubtedly foremost in the public eye a glimpse of her "Boxer" farmer will no doubt prove interesting.

A Chinese farmer is about as unlike his American compeer as can be imagined.

He does not live as they do in comparatively isolated districts, but in a village which is walled around and very densely peopled.

In China two hundred acres of land is a huge

The man who owns ten is considered wealthy, while a single acre will yield its owner a decided competence.

Rice, sugar cane, potatoes, indigo, ginger, tobacco and wheat-these are the things he grows.

Rice, of course, is the Chinese staff of life. As the Chinese farmer uses no milk, butter or cheese, the only four-legged beast on a Chinese farm is the zebu, a species of ox, that is used for

drawing the plough.

"I wondered at this, but was still more surprised later on to see the same thing repeated when we were obliged to stop on account of a threatened hor box. Upon inquiry I found that this was the custom on fast trains. 'Sometimes, if we have lots o time,' said the conductor, 'we whistle for the men to come in, but in most cases we leave them to b

Perhaps the most curious phase of Chinese farm. ing is the fact of the Chinese farmer training hi hens to follow the harvesters to pick up the law grains left among the stubble and also the noxion

If at the close of the present turbulent times in China any enterprising American should care to emigrate there to start a farm, the cost of such a project will no doubt prove of much interest.

Of course, as to the price of land no authentic figures can be given at this time, as the result of the present conflict will have a great deal to do with

A complete outfit will cost about \$50, consisting of a plough with two shares, a harrow, a funning mill, a pump worked by a treadle for irriga ing the fields, a zebu, hoes, sickles and numerous sundries. If the farmer should care to hire a laborer he will have to pay him about \$25 a year, and clusive of tood, clothing, tobacco and head shaving

Twelve cents a day is a very fair allowance for many Chinamen, and the fortunate recipient of so much wealth will often share his good fortune with one or more dependent relatives.

HOW EXPRESSES DROP MEN.

"While coming from Chicago last week," said a prominent business man of this city, "I noticed a peculiar railroad custom which interested me con siderably. I happened to be in the last car of the limited when the train stopped in a desolate spoi between stations. The rear brakeman, of course dropped off and went down the track with a flag to warn any train that might be following us. Is a moment or two we started up again, but minus the brakeman.

est station.' "But isn't that rather hard on the men?" asked. 'Oh, it's part of the business,' he replied 'I have known of cases, where men dropped off in this way were frozen to death or waylaid by trampa but the railroads have to make the time, and that why it's done. I have seen trains running with on ly a conductor aboard them, at times, because I rest of the crew had been left behind in just this way.'

picked up by the next train, or to walk to the near-

THE WORD "WIFE."

What do you think the beautiful word "wile" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Saxon languages conquer the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get word for it instead of their femme. But what d you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. "Wike means weaver. You must be either housenives of house moths; remember that. In the deep sen you must either weave men's fortunes and embroit er them, or feed upon them and bring them to de cay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is alwa arround her. The stars may be overhead, the glow worn: in the night's cold grass may be the fire a her feet; but home is where she is, and for a no woman it stretches far around ber better that houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vern ion; shedding its quiet light for those who a homeless. This, I believe, is the woman's total place and power.—Ruskin.

MAKING FLINTS STILL A GOOD TRADE.

THE oldest manufacturing industry in Great Britain is that of flints and flint locks, which have been carried on since the beginning of the fifteen century, if not farther back still, at the Linghea mines, Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and

The flints are all made by hand, being placed of Suffolk. the operator's knee and clipped with a hammer

A number of these flints are used for fire making the proper shape. being principally used in countries like Spain and was Italy, where the duties on ordinary matches and matches are matches are so high as to convert them into luxure

Nature & Study -

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

THE subject of this sketch died in New York Jan. 1851, after a long life devoted chiefly to studyng and picturing the birds and quadrupeds of America. Mr. Audubon was the first great Amerian naturalist and was one of the most famous and nature of his time. Born on a plantanousiana in May, 1780, he seemed to have come into the world in a locality and at a season of the year when the birds that he afterward so dearly loved could give him a most joyous welcome. from earliest childhood Audubon showed an ideal deration to his feathered friends and was always uying to draw pictures of his favorites So his fathe sent him to Paris to study under the celebrated minter, David. For two years the lad, who was of French ancestry, lived happily and learned much about painting in the capital of France. But he longed for the deep-green woods of his native country, and returned home at the age of seven-

Within a few years Audubon was presented with afor estate on the banks of the Schuykill River, in Pennsylvania, by his father, and he married and fixed there. From that time on for ten years he studied and painted the birds that came to the wilderness about him, often going miles away to sit under the trees and paint the portrait of a special bid in its favorite haunts. Frequently also he took long journeys and stayed away from home months atatime while in search of new specimens to add whis bird collection. Then he moved to Henderion, Ky., and continued his out-of-door studies. Finally in 1824 he went to Philadelphia with over 200 large folio sheets covered with colored drawings representing about 1,000 American birds. Being suddenly called away he left his drawings in the warehouse of a friend, and returned to find that rats had completely destroyed them.

Thus was the work of years lost forever, and the shock and disappointment threw Audubon into a fever that lasted several weeks and nearly resulted nhis death Not daunted, however, the naturalist left for the woods as soon as he was able and began the work all over again. In about three years he had completed another set of drawings, better than the first. With these he went to Europe, where he was received with delight by all bird lovers. His wonderful pictures were reproduced, together with book on American birds, which gave him high rank among the scientists of his time. He was retrived with every mark of honor and esteem at home and abroad and several famous scientific and an societies gave him special honors. In addition basis books on birds, which are very rare and valuble, he published a book called "A Biography of American Quadrupeds," and nearly completed a book entitled, "The Quadrupeds of America."

The story of the life and adventures of this amous American is very interesting, particularly because it tells of a time when the United States has new and its primeval woods were alive with numerous varietics of birds and other animals which have since either been destroyed or driven to more remote parts of the world.

BEAUTY OF THE TROPICS.

THE large number of aquatic flowers and plants the White House conservatories and grounds this lear attests the growing popularity of this species. Throughout the country the demand for the aquatic plants has increased, and no garden, park, cemetery public ground is considered thoroughly com-Pete without a basin or pond well filled with beauulul aquatics, of which there are many novelties

In all the basins of the white house fountains are hater lilies of the rarest kind, night and day bloomhon it the foundation in the foundation it n on the east side of the grounds near the enhance to the treasury department, there are nearly Incomp five varieties, and they do not fail to attract by the varieties, and they do not rain to the buch attention from visitors and even residents of the city. The rich foliage, the many kinds of caves and the still more beautiful variety of flowers burnish study and delight the attention. In this the filled also with the rare and beautiful Japagold fish, are to be found the water lilies of

China, Japan, Africa, Egypt, Mexico and nearly all other climes. Naturally they produce a variety of foliage and flowers.

The water lilies from strictly tropical climes are known to seed and flower growers as tender, inasmuch as they must be placed in hot houses or conservatories in winter. Among these are the nymphæa Zanzibarensis, a native of Zanzibar; nymphæa Mexicana, a native of Mexico; nymphæa scutifona, a native of Cape of Good Hope; nymphæa rubra, from East India; nymphæa dentata, from Sierra Leone, and the nymphaea lotus, a plant that grows in vast quantities in the plains of lower Egypt during the time the land is under water. Among the tender lilies also is the nymphæa devoiniensis, one of the choicest in cultivation. No modern collection is complete without it. The flowers are a brilliant rosy red. They are a most pleasing color when seen by artificial light. It is a night-blooming plant, and the leaves are a deep green, with a reddish shade. The Egyptian lotus is also a night plant, and produces a white flower, sepals red at the margins, cup-shaped, with broad petals. Most of the other lilies mentioned are day bloomers. The flowers of the night plants look beautiful in the early morning, and if the sun is not too hot they remain open for several bours. A hot sun, however, soon closes them, and they reopen after nightfall,

Only one of the water lilies from a tropical country is anyways hardy. That is the Egyptian lotus, scientifically known as the speciosum. It is a wellknown and far-famed species. Its superb flowers and magnificent foliage produce a splendid subtropical effect. The flowers are about a foot across when fully opened, are of a deep rose color, with a soft, creamy white at the base of the petals. It differs from some of the other lilies in that it is exquisitely fragrant.

The benefit of the hardy lilies is that they can remain in a pond or basin all winter if they get the same water supply as in summer. The names of these are numerous, among them being the odorata Caroliniana, the marliacea rosea and the pygmica. The latter is the smallest of the flowering series in cultivation. It is a native of China. The flowers are either pure white or pink and very fragrant. They are no larger than a half dollar. The leaves are green and two to three inches in diameter. The Caroliniana is a native of South Carolina, and is one of the grandest of its type. The flower is large and of a rosy pink.

The Zanzibar lily of the tender variety is considered a royal flower among the lilies. The flowers are very large, of a deep purple color, sepals deep green on the outside and purple within, with a red margin. It is exquisitely fragrant and is free-

The lilies are planted in boxes filled with rich earth and the boxes are set in the basin, below the water, of course. They are not given much attention except to be kept free of the aquatic bugs that would quickly kill them if not looked after. gold fish helps to eradicate the water bugs, but once a week at least a White House gardener, with the lower part of his body incased in rubber, wades in the basins and ponds, carefully going over the plants. He knows exactly where to look for the dangerous bugs and often kills many of them.

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

From time immemorial there has been much confusion in the popular mind between alligators and crocodiles. And in spite of the fact that until recently the North American alligator was the only known representative of that group, yet the name was and is persistently applied to the broad-nosed crocodiles of India. Currously enough, just twenty years ago naturalists became acquainted with a secdisproving the assertion that alligators were exclusively an American product, like turkeys.

the difference between alligators and crocodiles. There is, indeed, no real reason why the name alligator should be restricted to one of these ungainly saurians rather than another, as it is merely a corruntion of the Spanish term "una lagata," for any lizard. Since, however, this term was applied by the Spanish conquerors to the great saurian of the Mississippi that term has ever since been taken as the special title of that particular reptile as distinct; from the crocodile.

In common with their South American relatives, the caimans, alligators are best distinguished from crocodiles by the circumstance that both the first and the fourth lower teeth are generally received into complete pits instead of notches-in the upper jaw, and are, therefore, concealed when the mouth is shut. Again, there are as many as from seventeen to twenty upper and from seventeen to twenty-two lower teeth in the mouth of an alligator or a caiman, whereas in a crocodile there are never more than nineteen pairs of upper teeth, while the number in the lower jaw is limited to fifteen.

An essential distinction between an alligator and a caiman is that the latter has a thick, bony armor on both the upper and the lower surface of the body. In crocodiles and the North American alligator the under surface is indeed totally unprotected by such a bony armor, but in the Chinese alligator thin remnants of such body plates remain, the species thus being in this respect intermediate between its cousin of the Mississippi and the caimans of South America.

Besides differences in regard to the number of the teeth and the arrangement of the scales on the hack, the alligator of the Yangtsekiang also differs from the Mississippi species by its inferior dimensions. Although little is known of the habits and mode of life of the former species, they are probably similar to those of its American relative.

Fish form the main staple of the diet of the American reptile, but it is evident that the terrible teeth with which its jaws are armed were intended also to hold larger prey. And, as a matter of fact, many an unfortunate dog, sheep, goat, deer, or even horse, that comes to drink at an alligator-infested pool is seized by the vise-like jaws and dragged headlong beneath the water. During floodtimes the Mississippi alligators leave the main stream to take up their abode in the flooded lands, where they live almost exclusively on fish until the subsidence of the floods.

PHILADELPHIA'S GURICOOLA.

In donating a guricoola to the zoo a missionary in Borneo has furnished a riddle which students of natural history are vainly trying to solve, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. The little creature is one of the queerest creations in the animal kingdom, and just how to classify it is the problem. At first glance it greatly resembles a monkey, but many radical differences are soon apparent. The guricoola lives largely in trees, and it feeds on small birds. In this respect it differs from the monkey tribe, while another, and very apparent difference is its snakelike tail, which is fully eight feet long. This remarkable appendage, when not used in assisting its owner to travel, is carried in a neat, nautical-like coil. When the animal wants to climb a tree it shoots the coil out, lariat fashion, catches the nearest limb and shins up its own tail with amazing rapidity. Once among the branches another cast is made, and up goes the guricoola like a spider climbing his thread. So deft is the creature at lassning that the tallest trees are ascended in a jiffy, and the absence of noise in the operation makes it easy to take the feathered tribe unawares. Ancient scientific writers have casually mentioned he creature in their works, but owing to the inaccessibility of the region whence they come and the rapidity of the animal's movements, a study of the species has not much enriched natural history. The animal that has been brought here is the first known specimen in captivity

THE dragonfly possesses the unique faculty among winged creatures, birds or insects, of flying backwards and forwards and sideways without turnond species of alligator in the Yangtsekiang, thus ingits body. There are very few insects that the swallow, with its marvelous speed and dexterity, cannot catch, but the dragonfly is one of them. Comparatively few persons could state off-hand. The dragonfly without any apparent trouble, will keep a few feet ahead of a swallow for halt an hour at a stretch, and no matter how swiftly the swallow flies, the dragontly is never just there when it makes its swoop. This is because the swallow has to turn its body, while the dragontly only reverses

> For the last ten years there has been an increase of 2,000 annually in the number of Great Britain's insauc.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year—It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOON wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, it not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenoon, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

THE INGLENOOK OUTLOOK.

THERE are thousands of INGLENOOK readers and friends everywhere and they sometimes ask the circulation and inquire how we are getting along. If the circulation were anything like a fixed quantity we could answer intelligently with justice to ourselves. But it is continually creeping up in numbers, and it would be misleading to quote figures now that would need revision to-morrow. It must suffice to say that the increase in circulation has been continuous and steadily upward. There is no predicting the limit. It goes to all the States where there are Brethren, and it widens out wherever it finds a permanent reader. Naturally we are gratified at all this. The winter evenings are coming on, and there is a great deal more reading done at that season than when the days are longer.

The Inglenook expects to improve in character and quantity as fast as facts and figures justify. It is a welcome guest in thousands of homes now, and wherever it is known it has made friends. We have in mind certain most interesting things for the winter evenings, and we can promise our readers a most interesting publication for their homes. We will take it as a great favor if those who are acquainted with it will speak a word for it to those who are not so well acquainted with it. Its readers know that it is not exclusively a youth's paper by any means. The old read it as well as the young, and it is hard to say which of them is the better pleased. There is something new and interesting in each number, and it will be continued on those lines throughout its publication.

ABOUT GETTING MARRIED.

Young folks! the 'Nook wants to give you some good advice. It knows what it is talking about, for the writer has seen a great deal of trouble right along these lines, not personally, but trouble others got into through the very thing the INGLENOOK is going to caution you against. It is this, When you get married, give the fact the widest publicity consistent with good form, and whatever you do never consent to any clandestine marriage, not under any circumstances. It is almost certain to make trouble for both parties, and it is so easy of avoidance that a fool, or a pair of them, need not err therein, It seems to be a part of human nature to do its courting on the quiet, and to keep an engagement a secret. The Inglenook does not object to this. Half the fun of the business of getting ready to be married consists in its privacy. But if it is suggested to carry the matter a step further and get married " on the sly," saying nothing to anyone about it till you get ready, then stop right there, and stay stopped till all concerned are willing and ready to make it as public as newspapers can do it. There are reasons. The 'Nook will give an instance.

Mary and John are two young people bitten with the romantic idea of getting married "and saying nothing about it." They slip off to some place where secrecy is the leading feature, and an obscure preacher or magistrate performs the ceremony. Three months afterward John comes into his share of a good farm. In another three months John dies. Mary proclaims herself his widow. Prove it, the other heirs and the public say. The party performing the ceremony has left and nobody can tell where he is. The woman is discredited, her dowry is lost, the innocent child suffers, and the public laughs at what seems to be a very clumsily set up job to cover a crime and get a dead man's money. And all because of the idiocy of a clandestine

marriage. The right thing to do is to tell everybody when you are married, put it in the papers, and on no account trifle with such an important matter. Remember this advice and a lifetime of trouble may be saved you.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Drudgery.

ONE of the things that come to us often is the sense of drudgery that the duties of daily life entail on all of us. There is no escape from it in every well-ordered life, because where things are well ordered there is Duty, and Duty repeated is drudgery. Blessed be drudgery! It is the way that we take these things that determines our moral value. He who repines, to the extent of getting rid of his work, is failing in the comprehension of what is due his or her place in life. Everyday life is pretty much like a wheel; it goes round and round. It is the common lot of household duty, and many a girl gets tired unto tears over the endless repetition. It should be remembered that in whatever lot our lines are east it is expected of us that we do our duty without repining. The outlook may be simply a perspective of dirty dishes and unmade beds, but it is a condition that must be met, and those meet it best who take up the burden of their work with no spoken note of complaint. Nothing is bettered by fault finding.

One good way to reconcile ourselves to our lot is to go to other places temporarily and see the lives of those less favored. Often we return better satisfied in the knowledge that there are dishes to wash, and beds to sleep in. Others there are who have neither, and there is never a billet so hard but that there is a harder one dealt out to others if we only knew where to look for it. It is not in the fact that moral merit or dement lies, but in how we take the issue as it is presented to us.

There is no position in life that is without its routine, and an exchange would often leave us worse off than we think could it be accomplished. It is not what we have to do, but the uncomplaining way that we meet our duty that will affect our standing through all eternity when the hands are finally folded and the tired feet are at rest.

NO ENCORE.

THIRTY years ago one of the famous elephants that traveled in this country was old Columbus. During one of his summer trips through Virginia he stopped at the town of D—. In the neighboring town of H——a boy familiarly called "Dave" and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks determined to show off before the other boys at old Columbus' expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him first candy, then cake and finally cried, "Now, boy," and slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis, intending to get out of danger and enjoy old Columbus' disgust and anger.

But before he could move Columbus seized him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by this unexpected "rise," Dave dropped on the haymow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration:

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, earnestly answered:

"No, boys! I only do that trick once a day!"

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

A CERTAIN German professor of music, to be met with in English drawing rooms, is an entertaining old gentleman.

To him, recently, a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests:

"How do you like the rendering of your song, professor?"

"Vos dot my song?" replied the professor. "I

OUR QUERY BOX.

Is prayer a cure for stammering?

More things are wrought by prayer than are dreamed of. It is the prayer of him who believes that does the work. In other words it is the faith of the one praying, not the one benefited, that brings the blessing.

Can I learn Spanish out of a book myself?

No, you can't, and you'll be wasting your time to

Was the story Leah and Levi written by a member of the church, and was it a man or woman who wrote it?

A brother wrote it. He does not care to have his name to it for reasons of his own satisfactory to himself and the Editor,

Can I get a complete file of the Inglenoor, and what well toost?

You could not get a complete file of the paper here, for "love or money." The only way would be for you to piece out the file by getting a paper here and there from others.

What is chocolate made out of?

It is made out of the seed of a tree treated mechanically and chemically.

I read of a ship trading in copra in the Pacific, What is copra?

Copra is dried cocoanut meats, and it sells mainly among the Chinese and that sort of people.

If a perfectly sound man made no mistakes in living would be not live forever?

No. The machine would wear out in time, and it is appointed to all to die. His time would come, and as you state the case, his end would probably be painless, a flickering out of life. There have been just such cases.

If China is partitioned what part will the United States gel?

China will not be partitioned. The European powers can not agree about it, and nothing will be done.

If I go into the raising of pet stock will it likely provere munerative?

There is no limit to any specialty if pushed, It depends more on the man than the work. All such things require judicious advertising.

What is the reason my articles are refused when others and so good are printed?

The only reason we know is that of the rank gnorance of the Editor in charge.

Why can I not acquire an education by staying at home and reading systematically?

Reading judiciously will give you a fund of m formation, but not an education. Education is a disciplinary process, a getting things right as a matter of habit and not by trial and guessing.

I have beard it said that there is a point on the earth where all clocks and watches have the right time, no matter has they vary. Is this correct?

Yes, at the North pole all of them would be right, that is, one would be as correct as another.

Could I grow bulbs for the market and make moneyedox ering bulbs are meant?

INGLENOOK thinks not unless under exceptionally favorable circumstances. The bulb-growing business is a European industry, and they are regiment at wholesale.

How shall I go about getting a cut of a lavorite horseld mine?

Have a good-sized photograph taken, and send it to a photo-engraver. It will cost you, delivered, about twenty cents a square inch.

A FULL-BLOODED Indian lunatic has never existed. Lunacy among the Indians was never known until they began to mix with the whites.

AT LAST.

BY B. H. BAKER.

What though our skies be dark and drear, With storm-clouds overcast ther the harbor bar the light shines far, We'll auchor safe - at last.

Then through the darkness of the night Why grieve the trials past? the harbor light is shining bright, We'll anchor safe - at last.

At last, at last-with tattered sail Though broken be the mast. Aht the Harbor gleams, the love-light streams, We've anchored Home-at last! MiPheron College, Kansas.

EDUCATED CANARIES.

BY EDITH M. MORRISON.

WE are all well acquainted with educated elephants, horses, dogs, pigs and cats, but canaries, hemost flippaint, joyous, light-hearted little creautes imaginable, have nearly succeeded in escaping the professional trainer's attention. Yet they ne bright, intelligent little things, and amply repay the work of training them, as the seven I saw recently fully restified.

They were all named, and each knew his name and answered to it by a chirp or by doing that which he was told to do. The table on which they performed their tricks was about five feet long, having at one end a perch to which each flew when

It was in the evening when I saw this remarkable exhibition. The birds were all asleep when they were brought into the room, but their mistress' voice and the bright light soon awoke them and they were as lively as ever. When all were resting on the perch, a miniature teeter board was placed midway of the table, and two bright vellow fellows. sith little chirps of delight, took their places one steach end, while a third stood in the center for a balance; and when their mistress started it going all seemed to enjoy it hugely.

The next trick was an imitation of the Rough Riders.. The little wooden horses were fastened to acontrivance something after the pattern of a mery-go-round, and each bird had a horse. Faster and faster went the horses, but not one little bird bithis balance, and the curious part of it was that ach one leaned toward the center the same as a person would in riding in a circle.

Then they ran a race over a double stepladder, ited with tiny rounds instead of steps. The first one over and back was rewarded with an extra supper. Poor yellow Ned, being the lazy one, of tourse was the last going over, but coming back, the a glance of despair at the others already neary half way back, he darted through under the 64mds, and with a chirp of triumph flew to the ich ahead of them all.

Alter this performance all took a rest except rank, who rolled a small barrel the length of the ble, making his tiny feet fly as the barrel gathered

The crowning feat of all was when Dewey fired he cannon. A genuine toy cannon was loaded and luse lastened to a wire contrivance, then lighted, and Dewey, who had been watching the preparaons with interest, flew to his post. But the canhad not been properly loaded and did not go, d Dewey refused to leave, thinking he had not one his duty until he had shot the cannon. Eviandy he was puzzled and wondered why it did not hoot, for he pecked the cannon and hopped about trying to find the cause of failure. At last it was perly loaded and this time it went off, but Rey never flinched at the loud report although at of the ladies did.

For a grand finale they all climbed the golden is, and arranged themselves on a perch at the pand kissed each other good night. Then they pped onto a stick their mistress held, and bowed the audience, each one bending his head several nes before they were carried away.

After the performance the lady who owned the ds was plied with questions about how she had naged to train them. She replied it was a matof infinite patience, and try, try again, several and try, try again, She beand claimed that not one of the little performers was yet a year old!-In Pets and Animals.

ARTISTS' MODELS.

THE work of a professional model is something very much misunderstood by the majority of people. What is imagined is that some person of either sex is paid to stand unclothed before the artist for the purposes of art. This may, at very rare times, be the case, but it is comparatively rare. No one person combines in himself or herself all the requisites of art. One may have the hand, another the arm, and so on, and thus it is that a famous picture, supposed to represent the highest development of the human form is a composite, dependent specially on no one person particularly. The business is a profession, and models are known and hired for their special purposes as any other representative would be. As to their character it is said by those who know that it is as high as in any other of the walks of life.

Child models are the prettiest and rarest of all. Almost every child possesses beauty, if no more than the mere beauty of childhood-that strange, winning sweetness that cannot be painted. But it isn't every child that can be trained to sit still. And of all things, a model that cannot keep a pose is the most exasperating. The child models of New York are famous, and deservedly so. There is not an art store in the country which does not hold some picture of little Emily Schaffer, or Edna Lawson, or Daisy de Lacy, or one of the other few of these beautiful children.

The best-liked model, aside from her qualifications in figure and coloring, is she who has learned to be silent and still. Of course the latter-the power of holding a pose without a movement, yet with no appearance of rigidity and strain-is something that the professional models are trained to. One of them will retain for ten or fifteen minutes, at a time an attitude that no strong man untrained to the business could hold a minute at a time without showing effort. It is not only the holding of the pose that is desired, you can see, but the holding. thereof naturally, gracefully, and as if one liked it.

A model's compensation depends somewhat upon the model herself and the character of the pose she assumes; but the variation from the established rate of fifty cents an hour is seldom great. That may be taken as an average; it is almost a schedule price. The hours also depend upon the work done, for some poses will wear out a model-very fast; but as a general thing she is supposed to work six hours a day. That makes her usual income about eighteen dollars a week, if she is continuously employed by different studios.

DOG vs. CAT.

It is time that the controversy concerning the superiority of cat or dog should be discussed on some more general ground than that of human egotism.

The case is prejudiced, if we are to weigh the cat's merits on practical grounds, for the cat is essentially dramatic; or if we are to estimate her character from the western point of view, for the cat is an oriental, or, finally, if we are to consider the moral qualities of the cat solely in relation to the desires of the human being.

In all such cases the vulgar estimate of the cat would be the true one, and, according to this vulgar estimate the cat is a domestic, comfortable animal, usually found curled up like an ammonite, essentially selfish, substantially cruel and, apart from these two drawbacks, essentially feminine.

"The cat is selfish and the dog is faithful." This sums up a judgment founded on willful denseness and gross egotism. In respect to what is the dog faithful and the cat selfish? The judgment rests on this-that the human being is a very little portion of the cat's world, but it is the all-absorbing object of the dog.

It is commonly said that cats are devoted to places and not to persons. We have never found this true, but if it is the case it not improbably results from the fact that many people are devoted to kittens, but not to cats. Then the cat's devotion is transferred to the scene of her romances, the corsh with very young birds, not yet a half year old, she has secretly viewed the movements of her foe from the water in Australia.

or of her prey, the place where she has experienced the surprising and absorbing joy of her kittens.

The truth is that the scope of a cat's emotion and experiences too nearly resembles our own.

The dog's conscience takes a somewhat higher rank than the cat's, for the chief part of his moral code he accepts as a law given by a higher being. He shows a desire for moral approbation when he has behaved well; he is depressed by moral disapprobation quite apart from the fear of the whip. But the cat defies the external code if it dare and covets admiration rather than moral approbation.

Esthetic sensitiveness scenis more developed in the cat than in the dog. The keenness of a dog's intelligence, combined with the inferiority of nature that lies behind it makes the employment of the senses almost entirely utilitarian.

Among esthetic sensibilities the enjoyment of music is the keenest and most common. It is common to find dogs who "sing," following, to some rough extent, high or low notes of music; but one doubts if such imitation is conscious, or based at all

on enjoyment.

With regard to color, both cats and dogs appear to have little esthetic perception. Cats, however, seem to show a definite esthetic perception of texture-esthetic, for it is not ordinary bodily comfort which rules. They may like to sleep on velvet, but they revel, waking, in the feeling of crackling paper or texture of stiff silks.

And there is a well-authenticated story of a cat which goes into the garden to lick the under sides of foxglove leaves and cannot be kept from trying with his tongue the texture of flannelette.

But the keenest esthetic pleasure for a cat lies in the region of smell. The dog uses smell merely as a medium of information, but the cat revels in it. She will linger near a tree, smelling each separate aromatic leaf for the pure pleasure of it; not, like a dog, to trace friend, foe or prey. If the window of a close room is opened the cat leans out, smelling the air. New dresses are smelt, partly, perhaps, for future recognition, but also apparently for pleasure.

This apparent power of esthetic enjoyment in the cat is counterbalanced in the dog by a quality we are wont to rank highly, yet not without a haunting misgiving. The dog has a rudimentary sense of humor. It is the commonest thing in the world to see a petted dog try to laugh out a scolding. If he is encouraged, if his fooling is successful, he will repeat it again and again, with growing exaggeration, will roll with wide mouth and absurd contortions or fly at one's face to lick it

Now, the cat is solemnity incarnate. To punish it is to cause instant offense, to tease it is to outrage its dignity. The better bred a cat is the more easily it is offended.

But the "sense of the ridiculous" is, after all, a gross quality, and the humor of one age seems vulgarity to the next. A cut is never vulgar.

The old Egyptians said that a cat reasoned like a man, and the root of the matter is there. In the dog there is a quicker intelligence, a greater adaptability and more facility in planning. But a dog cannot, as a cat can, determine its own end and purpose and live its own life. He is, after all, the kinsman of Br'er Fox, but the cat is a scion of roy-

A LADY had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. - - - tried to tell her to wash her face without offending, and at last resorted to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot soarcy water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder venivir tried it, ma'um."

EMPLOYER According to your credentials, you are a man of unimpeachable honesty. How much wages do you ask?

Honest Applicant - That depends. If you have a eash register in the shop I should have to ask \$25 a week. If there is no register I might be satisfied with \$15. Boston Pranscript.

THERE are in Great Britain 3,000 theaters and music halls, giving employment to 850,000 persons

A PIKE under twelve cances must not be taken

Good Reading

ABOUT BOOKS.

No 1.-Take Care of the Boys and Girls.

[The following article is from the pen of one who has been a teacher for over forty years, and who knows what he is talking about. It will pay careful reading, and in the article to follow there will be given a list of books, the publishers, and the prices. The writer signing himself "Uncle," has had a great iteal to do with young folks, and his advice is worth much along the lines and on the subject he deals with.]

NEARLY all parents would like to train their children right, but so many miss their aim because they have not had instruction in the right manner of doing it. Then the children vary so much in their disposition that no iron-clad rules can be laid down by which to train all alike. You might as well have all their shoes made over the same last or all their clothes cut over the same pattern—little and big and expect all to fit, as to train all the children alike and make a success. As you measure the foot or the body for a pair of shoes or a suit of clothes, so you should study or measure the child's nature or disposition and suit the training to it.

There is, bowever, one general direction that would be safe to give at all times and for all classes of children, that is, give only wholesome food and plenty of it. Well, you agree to that, but perhaps it means more than you" think. The mind needs food just as much as the body. Good literature is just as necessary to make a well-developed man or woman as bread, meat and potatoes.

Does not the Scripture say, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel"? Every child has a physical, a mental, and a moral nature and it will never comply with the above Scripture, or answer God's purpose, to stuff the body and starve the mind or dwarf it.

Children need good books as well as food and clothing. It is one of the best ways to build their character by furnishing them the right kind of books as they grow up. It is much cheaper than furnishing bicycles, horses, and buggies, or such uscless things as jewelry. Horses, buggies, bicycles, jewelry, and fancy clothing, all are temptations to lead young people away from home and parental influence, into company not always approved by parents or suitable for the young. Wellselected books have a tendency to keep young people contented at home, and in the best company the world has ever afforded, for good books are such company. When we see the lack of good books in so many homes, we do not wonder that young people wish to go into company that often leads them to neglect their Sunday-school lessons, and drift away into the path of the prodigal son. Take care of the boys and girls by furnishing them good literature.

Next week we intend to give a list of books for children from which parents may select, for many would like to buy more books if they just knew what to choose. After that we wish to give a list for older children, then one for young people. Watch the INGLENOOK each week.—Uncle.

A QUEER SECT.

It takes all kinds of people to make up a world, says the proverb, and the saying is verified in the religious world by the Firebrands in Kansas, and perhaps other sections. They took their rise from among the River Brethren, an unusually staid class of people. Some of our own people are concerned in the movement, but not many. There is much difficulty in getting at their real belief, as they are only of yesterday and have no crystallized creed. It is, however, a sort of religious revelry, a spasm that will pass as readily as it came. A writer in the Chicago Record commenting on the sect has the following:

"Fire! Fire! Fire! Bless you, brother!" was a cry that startled the townspeople one afternoon a few months ago. A soberly-dressed farmer, wearing the plain suit and long hair of the Quaker-like sect of River Brethren, met another of the same appearance and this was their greeting. Afterward came other experiences when a young woman in River Brethren garb came to town and going from store to store declared in a despairing voice:

"Beware! Abilene will be destroyed in ninety days."

One day a young man, having had his abundant locks trimmed in a barber shop, arose from the chair and stepping to the middle of the floor announced to the crowd in waiting: "I feel called on to say that I have been haptized by fire and ain saved." Then he put on his coat and went out.

These were but manifestations of a new movement that have caused the staid River Brethren more uneasiness than anything that has occurred in all their religious life, even from the early part of the century, when they settled on the banks of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania and began to worship in their own way without restraint. And, by the way, that was how they acquired their title, for they were "River" Brethren, as distinguished from other members of their sect, Brethren in Christ, who lived among the hills.

This new form of religious zeal is the product of somewhat sensational preaching by leaders of the so-called Fire-Baptized association, or, as they are familiarly known, the "Firebrands," and it is the first schism that has occurred in the River Brethren denomination. It has worried the elders. Said one grave-faced brother, shaking his abundant beard and locks: "We hardly know what to make of it, but we abide in faith and think it will come out all right,"

The "Firebrands" began with the coming to central Kansas of an evangelist, B. H. Irwin, from lowa, two years ago. He was taken in by the River Brethren and they accepted his doctrines, which were of the utmost perfection through faith. Finally he undertook to change their form of dress and they objected. Then he started meetings of his own and preached the fire doctrine. He held that the fire of inspiration came to the believers and his meetings abounded in trances, screaming and other exhibitions of the "power." Long after midnight, night after night, the little band prayed and testified, all the time growing in numbers. Finally Irwin advised all the members to sell their hogs, as they were unclean beasts, and he was obeyed. A score of farmers took their swine to market at a great loss. He also attempted to cure by laying on of hands and found some patients who thought they were helped. One man declared he was cured of a sort of palsy, but he was as bad as ever the next day. One farmer "believed" and was pronounced cured of consumption, but he died in a few months.

Irwin returned last fall with a big tent and two assistant preachers and opened meetings with greater zeal than before. The excitement drew people from a score of miles distant and on Sunday thousands gathered. The service consisted of sermons, shouting and exhibitions of the "power." Communicants jumped up and down for a half hour at a time screaming praises to God. Some went into trances. These Irwin allowed none to touch. In his address he abused the River Brethren, their form of dress and customs, pointing them out in the congregation and calling them by name.

It is a peculiarity of the sect that its members believe that they are incapable of any sin and hence are absolutely removed from all the temptations of the world. Many wear scripture texts on their hat bands and they make pretense of following the established rules of the old River Brethren sect as to dress.

One of the notable converts is Mrs. Annie Brechfill, a wealthy woman, who has given of her property and strength to the cause. She believes in the new faith implicitly and claims that she has been cured of consumption by means of faith and laying on of hands. She is prosperous as a farmer and gives liberally to spreading the new Gospel.

Some of the River Brethren are alarmed at the growth of the "Firebrands," as they think the more sensational doctrine will win the young people and will weaken the church. They look on the radical element with much disfavor and have formally renounced all connection therewith as a matter of church policy. The persecution, however, does not dishearten the local enthusiasts and they hold their meetings in the private residences—the comfortable River Brethren houses built when the adherents were firm in the old faith—and will doubtless continue to do so. Their outdoor meetings are sometimes held on the streets and on Saturday afternoons on the streets in this city a little group of

praying and singing men and women attempts to hold the attention of the busy farmers who are no shopping expeditions. They get small and diences then, however, but are not discouraged and keep up their efforts regardless of the unfavor, able surroundings.

CALIFORNIA'S BIG TREES ARE THE OLDEST OF LIVING THINGS.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a report concerning the big trees of California that brings out some interesting and new conclusions. The trees are described in the report as "the grandest, largest, oldest, and most majestically graceful of trees," and "the scarcest of known species, with the extreme scientific value of being the best living representatives of a former geologic age."

The bark of the big trees often is two feet thick and almost non-combustible. "The oldest specimens felled," the report says, "are still sound at the heart, and fungus is an enemy unknown to at Yet, the big trees, apparently, have not increased their range since the glacial epoch. They have only just managed to hold their own on the little strip of country where the climate is locally favorable.

"The only grove now thoroughly safe from destruction is the Mariposa, and this is far from being the most interesting. Most of the other groves are either in process of or in danger, of being logged. The very finest of all, the Calaveras Grove, with the biggest and tallest trees, the most uncontaminated surroundings and practically all the literary and scientific associations of the species connected with it, has been purchased recently by a lumberman, who came into full possession on April I.

"The Sequoia and General Grant national parks, which are supposed to embrace and give security to a large part of the remaining big trees, are eaten into by a sawmill each, and the private timber claims amount to a total of 1,173 acres. The rest of the scanty patches of big trees are in a fair way to disappear, and in Calaveras, Tuolumne, and Toulare Counties they are now disappearing by the ax. In brief, the majority of big trees of California, certainly the best of them, are owned by people who have every right, and in many cases every intention, to cut them into lumber."

The most recent investigations confirm the estimates that these giant trees probably live 5,000 years or more, though few of even the larger trees are more than half as old. The average rate of growth is estimated at one inch of diameter for every twelve years.

The report corroborates the statements of one authority, who says that one tree, on which he counted 4,000 rings, was undoubtedly in its printe. "swaying in the Sierra winds, when Christ walked the earth."

"The only place in the world where the big treexists," the report says, "is in ten isolated grown on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The species, however, represents a surviving prehistoric genus of trees once growing widely overthe globe. The Southern groves show some reproduction, through which there is hope of perpetuating these groves. In the Northern groves the species hardly holds its own."

A DISCHARGED soldier, lately returned from the Philippines, tells a tale of a shut which is ton good to be lost. His company was returning from a long and tiresome scouting trip, in which most of the men had parted with the greater part of their wearing apparel, when he saw on a clothesline in the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the grounds of a residence adjoining a big stone the proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Where proceeded to help himself to a whole one. Where upon a woman came out of the house and said to him, in passable English: "You will pay for that of the judgment day." "Madam," he replied, "if you give such long credit, I will take both shirts which he proceeded to do.

A BELIEVER in the faith cure says that the path that lead to an untimely grave are allopath and homeopath.

The remedy of to-morrow is ten late for the of

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of others all communications to Our Missionary Reading to the Counging Communication to Our Missionary Reading to Counging Other Counging Counging

TOGETHERNESS.

Is many of our churches we have observed, that ge is a feeling of alootness, not as much sociaalters there should be. At one church meeting there a young brother was being examined for some that had been charged against him, he angreed. I never had any company here, the other ong members did not seem to want me with them." and he spoke the truth. He had been slighted, the and sisters for some reason or othadid not find it worth their while to look after him welcome him. He was never included in any of e few gatherings at the homes of the young peote he stood alone. Is it any wonder that he endthis talk by saying, " I do not want to remain in

The Circle aims to remedy this state of affairs. The united efforts of its members to do some pracal good, the reading of the same books, the exhange of views at Circle meetings all tend toward inging about a togetherness of the young people your church. The meetings themselves tend to omote sociability. Be sure to urge the ones who me timid, inclined to remain away from church erices, to attend Circle meetings, join the Circle and read the books.

FELLOW-WORKERS WITH GOD. - The Apostle Paul caught the idea not only of being God's workmen, doing a work which is certainly worth while because a work at which God has set us, but of doing that work not alone or unaided, but with God's to-operation. God can work without any assistme of any sort-such was his work of original meation-but his ordinary method is to do his book in the midst of forces which he has before set nmotion, and this is the unexplainable wonder of is working, that he does not overshadow or overstelm these forces, while at the same time he ooks upon them and through them. We are all tonscious of physical freedom to come and go and move our hands and feet and tongues at our own ill, while we know that our power and freedom reentirely by his supporting. And this is quite strue as to our inner consciousness, and in our deper nature, and to our more vital sensibilities nd sacred aspirations. The thing that we are first fall bidden do is to repent of sin and right our wes before God: "This is the work of God" (i. e., hework God bids us do), and this is the thing in bich God works with us, and in which we can be klow-workers with him. Then, having righted wiselves as far as we may, and God having washed nd re-created us, according to the thought of the dy-first Psalm, we can go on, in the spirit of that me Psalm in the larger work that God gives his cople to do, and in which he gives them the joy of s larger co-operation toward the blessing of all

onewhat singular in his life and habits." telife paths of men are reduced to two,—the the wrong way. It was years ago that a dy who was ill sent for a minister. She was very althy, a member of a distinguished family. The mister told her in simple words the terms of salthat they are the same for high and low,—a Whole acknowledgment of sin and unworthiness. What!" she exclaimed, "do you mean to say that the is no difference in this matter between me of my coachman?" "None whatever, madam," the answer, "Then, she said in anger, "I do of wish to be saved," and she dismissed him.

Ratning A high-caste Brahman in Narsingspur, learning the hymns and tunes in our Hindustani mn book. She said she was always fond of busic, but she could never listen to the music of the Hindoos, for, although the tunes and some of thy every beautiful, yet they were so full of thy expressions that it was a shame to listen to But for four years I have been listening these Christian songs and they are all clean and

🏝 Sunday 🖫 School 🚉

EVIL SPEAKING.

WE cordially commend the following pledge, which originally appeared in The Presbyterian Review. Its careful consideration and daily practice will help remove manifold hindrances to the success of God's work:

- 1. I will speak no unkind word of any one.
- 2. I will repeat no unkind remarks I hear of any one, and will discourage others, as much as possible, from saying unkind things.
- 3. I will judge others' faults leniently, remembering that my own faults are probably greater.
- 4. I will never say one thing to others, and yet think quite differently; this is hypocrisy. "Deceive not with thy lips."
- 5. I will make no injurious remarks on the failings of others, remembering these words: "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."
- 6. I will put the best construction on the motives and actions of all my neighbors.
- 7. I will act unselfishly, peaceably and forgivingly, obeying the Master's command-"Love one an-

I saw once, lying side by side in a great workshop two heads made of metal. The one was perfect; all the features of a noble, manly face came out clear and distinct in their lines of strength and beauty; in the other, scarcely a single feature could be recognized; it was all marred and spoiled. "The metal had been let grow a little too cool, sir," said the man who was showing it to me. I could not help thinking how true that was of many a form more precious than metal. Many a young soul that might be stamped with the image and superscription of the King, while it is warm with the love and glow of early youth, is allowed to grow too cold, and the writing is blurred and the image is marred. - Canon Teignmouth Shore.

WE cannot make the world quiet about us; its noise cannot be hushed; we must always hear its clatter and strife. We cannot find anywhere in the world a quiet place to live in, where we shall be undisturbed ourselves. We cannot make people around us so loving and gentle that we shall never have anything harsh, uncongenial, or unkindly to offend us. The quietness must be in us, in our own hearts. Nothing else will give it but the peace of God. We can have this peace, too, if we will. God will give it to us if we will simply take it.

Suffering is as God's letter. Open it and read it. Many of you will find that you are titled, or that there is an inheritance laid up for you. O my soul, sit thou down as a disciple of Christ, and say, O Lord, what wilt Thou? What shall it do to me? What secret is now to be disclosed? What better way is to be walked? What new strength is to be developed? What higher hope is to be awakened? What disinterested love is to be called into action? What has this suffering brought to me?

THE BROAD WAY.—"The multitude still goes Higher motives than mere hope of success must though way. He who would be a Christian must still be our inspiration to work for its coming. the hope of it is not a faded and colorless thing. The air is full of talk about it, and the wicked and barbarous wars now going on have only served to bring it into clearer vision and to make an increasing number of the wisest and best in all civilized lands determined that its realization shall not fail.

> So long as doctrines are kept only as pressed flowers between the leaves of the Bible, or some other book, they are merely theoretical. They must be changed into living experience and made the substance of the inner being by which we live and win our victories, as our food supplies our life —not when it is in the cupboard or the refrigerator, but when it is changed into blood and bone and muscle through digestion and assimilation.

> Giving money to the Lord is just as much an act of sacred service as offering a prayer, or singing a hymn of sacred praise, or teaching in a mission school, or coming to a sacramental table. In the Bible the consecration of our substance is not made a mere incidental, it is put in the forefront of our religious duties.

For * the * Wee * Folk

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I know a little girl (You? Oh, no!) Who, when she's asked to go to bed Does just so: She brings a dozen wrinkles out, And takes her dimples in; She puckers up her pretty lips, And then she will begin: "Ob, dear me! I don't see why! All the others sit up late, And why can't 1? "

Another little girl I know, With curly pare Who says: "When I'm a great big girl, I'll sit up late: But mamma says 'twill make me grow To be an early bird." So she and dolly trot away Without another word. Oh, sunny smiles and eyes so blue, And-yes, now I think of it, She looks like you!

THE RESCUE OF PIT-A-PAT AND PETERKIN.

PIT-A-PAT opened one round blue eye and yawned a round pink yawn. Then she opened the other eye and yawned again. Then she blinked vigorously with both of them and stretched out one dainty forepaw, then the other. Then she arose, performed several Delsartean exercises, gave her little gray jacket a few settling touches with her pink tongue and administered to Brother Peterkin a gentle and gingerly cuff.

Whereupon Peterkin went through precisely the same motions. But the paws he stretched out were as black as Mistress Mary's shoes; and so were his other paws and his whole suit, in fact.

Then they glanced toward the window.

What they had been longing for ever since Mistress Mary adopted them was a chance to get on that window-sill and see what they could see But wise Mistress Mary had perceived their thoughts, or else she had great wisdom concerning kittens in general. (I forgot to tell you that Pit-a-pat and Peterkin are kittens. Did you gness?) So she kept the curtains tucked up beyond their reach and they were too wee to climb up the wall or spring to

But now! One curtain had been loosened by the brisk breeze and was sweeping the carpet; while the other fluttered gayly forth from the window.

" Mip!" quoth the two little kits in unison and started toward the window (also in unison). Which reached it first I cannot say. Neither can I tell you which proposed swinging on the curtain outside.

I only know that Mistress Mary, hieing her homeward with a bottle of cream (to make them purr and purr and PURR), glanced upward to her window and saw a little coal black kit clinging desperately to the end of the curtain; while a little Quaker-gray kit was clasping her little white arms tightly around the little black kit's waist (if kits have waists), while her little gray tail waved wildly and her fuzzy little "back legs" (as Polly calls them) dangled forlornly in space - all from a third-story window!

"Meooww!" "Meooowww!" quoth they. At least, it sounded so to me. But Mistress Mary states that Peter was saying, "Hold on tight to big brother, Patty!" while Patty gasped back, "Yes, Brother Peter, I will."

Mistress Mary flew up the stairs and in a twinkling those frightened little explorers were safe on her shoulder, where they clung trembling and poking their cold little noses into the soft folds of her newest and most fetching necktic, while she poured out a brimming saucer of cream by way of discipline. But whether they promised never to do so any more or whether they ever will do so any more I cannot say, for Mistress Mary has not yet given them another chance.-Minnie L. Upton, in the Christian Register.

Two large wooden shoes were sent through the mail to Frank E. Decring, of Holland, Michigan, Twenty 1-cent stamps were on each sole, arranged along the outer edge and over the instep so as to form an ornamentation.

GATHERING BAD FRUIT IN THE CITY.

At most any afternoon at the closing hour of the fruit stores on South Water Street, Chicago, from fifty to seventy children may be seen with baskets and buckets overhauling cast-out fruits and berries. Most of the scavengers are girls, and while nearly every nation is represented in the scramble, a larger percentage are Italians. They come in squads of from three to ten, as though representing different localities, but when once engaged in clawing over boxes and barrels of decayed fruit, it is "every fellow for himself." An apple, an orange, a peach or any other kind of fruit that is not more than four-fifths decayed is enough to fight over if discovered by two persons at the same moment. In fact, until every barrel and every box has been pawed over it is a continuous war of words and often of fists. And when the street has been "cleaned up," as they put it, the children present a grotesque appearance. Their clothing and their faces and their hands are covered with the rotten pulp of as many kinds and as many colors of fruit as they have scrambled in. They come a motley crew and they go a bedaubed motley crew, and those having secured the richest prizes are hated by all the others. Often this leads to a fight, but never does the one having the most and best let go of his or her basket to fight. The prize is held on to in any event.

Time and again the policemen on duty on Water Street have "run in" squads of these rotten fruit pickers, but the parents invariably come forward and protest that their children were on the street without their knowledge or consent, and that they had never done so before. There never has been a conviction, although the law forbids the very thing that a half a hundred or more children do every day in the week. Nor need it be supposed that all these children are burdened with exacting conscientious scruples. One eye is always out looking for a chance to purloin a banana, an orange or other fruit from wagon or box or barrel, and unless pretty close attention were paid to them their hour's work would be represented by a basket or bucket full of the soundest and best kind of fruit, only that there would be a layer of half-rotten stuff over the top to conceal the theft. And not only sound fruit catches their eyes, but it is their delight to chase a chicken that has escaped from its coop. Usually the chicken is caught by one of them, but the history of the street has no record of a chicken so caught being returned to the coop.

The chief business of these children is to pick over rejected fruit and put the best of it into their baskets and buckets to take home for family use, only that much of it is not taken home at all, but if one of them is by nature or education inclined to steal the temptation to do so is there every second, and not many of them would resist it if they could.

On being questioned as to what was done with the half-rotten fruit they gathered, one little Italian said it was sold to jelly-makers, but her folks reduced it to jelly and prepared it for market themselves, but a little investigation showed that nearly all of it is for family consumption, though in most cases it is first put through some sort of a cooking process. It is estimated that some days as high as twenty-five bushels of decayed fruits are carried away by these children. In fact, if the amount cast out is unusually large many of the children will run home for another basket or bucket, for it pains their little hearts to know that anything worth saving has been left behind. It is easy enough to see by their enthusiasm and industry that they are desperately in earnest and that their life almost depends upon returning home with the largest possible quantity. That they are there by the positive command of their parents is well known to the police, and it is well known that their little hands will glide like snakes from boxes and barrels of refuse to boxes and barrels of sound fruit if they are not watched. Efforts have been made to rescue these children from "that school of petty stealing," as one police officer put it, but without avail, for as long as their parents oblige them to go or even consent to their going they will go.

It is not often that attention is given to vegetables, except such sound varieties as roll into the gutter, though an open barrel or box is always a temptation; besides, sound vegetables never come amiss, and they help fill the basket if the rotten fruit supply is light. But it is in the orange season

that these little Arabs are in their glory; picturesque glory too. It is a study in the reverse of still life to see a half hundred or more of them bedaubed from head to foot and carrying baskets loaded down with oranges in all stages of decomposition. It is their great harvest time of the year, because there is more sound fruit in a rejected orange than in any other, excepting apples, possibly; besides, they seem to value the skins of oranges highly, but why would be hard to say. Presumably they dry them, and there may be a market for them when dried. One little girl said her folks extracted the juice and bottled it, but she did not know for what purpose nor why they dried and ground the rinds. It was ascertained that nearly all the rotten-fruit children go to school and that gathering stuff on Water Street is all the duties they have to perform away from home. For a while a few little squads of girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age came to the street with baskets to pick over decayed fruit, but the police were quick to see that the basket was an excuse and they were promptly driven away. But, however impossible it may seem, there is enough profit in the business of picking over rejected fruit in Water Street to induce dozens of girls and boys to engage in it every business day of the week.

VIOLETS FOR ABANDONED FARMS.

"The worn-out farms of Virginia, principally in Albemarle and adjacent counties, of late have been turned to good account by their owners, who have directed their attention to violet-growing. The violet industry is spreading rapidly in that section and the growers, the most successful of whom are women, employ small negro boys to carry on the work, which, while not laborious, is tedious, for the violets require constant attention. The greater part of the yield is taken by Philadelphia dealers. Although they are not 'making wealthy,' the growers are receiving substantial returns and find this new industry more profitable than ordinary farming.

"The great violet-growing center is Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says Dr. B. F. Galloway of the Department of Agriculture, who has had the violet hobby for years. He is the author of several books on the subject of profit in violet-raising. All violets from this district find a ready market in New York City, and as the demand for them is increasing yearly a promising field is opened for the young, energetic and intelligent men and women of to-day.

"Answering a question as to why the violet has always been a popular flower, Dr. Galloway said that for four or five months in the year the public has no violets at all. It is only from the middle of October to the end of Easter time that violets are in season, and when they do arrive they are in great demand. On the contrary, roses abound all the year round. There is also a certain delicacy, a modesty, about the violet that makes it always wanted, while its perfume is another important point in its favor.

"Only two of the double varieties of violets are grown-the Maria Louise and the Lady Hume Campbell. There are many kinds of single flowers, which, while beautiful and fragrant, are not popular. This is a matter of taste, however. In Europe, especially in Paris, the single violets are in great demand. There is a growing demand for the single violet in this country, however. The oldfashioned way of growing violets, borrowed from the English twenty-five and thirty years ago, was in 'cold frames.' These were cheap, boxlike arrangements put up and covered over in winter with a glass sash. As the demand increased it was seen that this method of culture was not practical. Dealers in the cities were unable to secure the flowers at times, as the frames would be covered with two or three feet of snow, and it would be impossible for the growers to get at them.

"American ingenuity took a hand at this point and cellars were constructed adjacent to the beds, and this difficulty was obviated. From this evolved the regular violet houses of the present time, properly heated and ventilated and so constructed that they can be reached at all times. Still a great number of violets are grown in frames, and for the beginners it is the best plan to adopt on account of its cheapness, as valuable experience can thus be won at slight expense.

"Violets to be successful must be grown entirel from cuttings. Young offshoots taken early in the spring give the most satisfactory results. In some cases the old plants are allowed to remain year after year, but this is unsatisfactory, as each year crop shows a decrease in the number and the size of the flowers. The best results are obtained by to planting every year. A start should be made even spring with your offshoots-baby plants-planted in small boxes. As soon as they make good roots they should be planted directly to where they an to stand all summer. It is at this time that there should be carefully watched. Dead leaves and run ners should be taken off and the plant made to con tract, each forming a bushy crown. By the middle of September, if properly treated, these plans should cover the entire ground. By Oct. 1 they be gin to blossom. At first the flowers are small, and consequently, of little or no value and are throw away. By the middle of October they are suffi ciently large, however, to send to market, and im mediately bring a good price.

"Violets generally sell for not less than a cent apiece, and when the average of a single plant is fitty flowers a season, and, with good care, a hundred the profit can be readily seen. In the vicinity of every city violet raising could be made profitable. Any land that will grow potatoes, made rich by the addition of fertilizer, proves excellent breeding ground for violets. In starting a violet house care must be taken to see that there are proper facilities for shipping, although a person from four to six hours from the city can ship to good advantage.

"In the Virginia violet farms, after the youn offshoots have been transplanted into open frames rolling wooden screens are used on the top of the frames to regulate the amount of sunshine which shall be admitted to the plants."

PROVIDENT BOER FATHERS.

We hear a lot about the uncultivated habits, the ignorance, etc., of the Boers, but at least there one very good example they set us, and that it their forethought and providence for their children's future.

English parents are apt to leave their childrent future to take care of itself to a large extent, or, a any rate, postpone making any provision until the last possible moment. Not so the Boer parent As soon as a child is born to him he sets asides certain part of his stock as the property of the child, and has it specially branded. This stock is allowed to accumulate and increase until the child is of sufficiently advanced age to start life on his own account, and, as none of his stock is ever killed or sold during his minority, it is more than likely that it will have become larger than his father's.

A Boer youth generally marries very soon after the comes into his portion, and starts saving for how own children as his father did for him.—Londs Leader.

A NUMBER of boys went out on an excursion the river, and stopping off at a certain play walked around a while to see the country, what they spied a beautiful large apple tree, the bough of which were so laden with the luscious fruit they almost touched the ground.

The boys did not hesitate to help themselve and went at it with a determination to get all the apples they could carry.

They had not been there many minutes, however when the owner went after them with a great by whip, causing them to run away as fast as the could, but not before they had stolen between the and three dozen apples.

After they had gotten away to a safe distant they proceeded to divide them, and found that they proceeded to divide them, and found that counting four apples at a time there were three a ples left over, but by counting five apples at a time there were three apples left over, but by counting five apples at a time there were three apples at a time three apples at

Wall paper does not hang, and yet the person whose business it is to paste it up is called a paper to hanger. The reason is simple. Long before to introduction of wall papers, Arras, a town introduction of wall papers, called France, was famous for its tapestries, called ras." These were used as wall coverings and the men who were employed to put them up are called hangers.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

and the Lenth's Companion in our mour church publications. John F. Mohler, Each mimber seems better than the reging one. I have a Sunday-school class hows and gir s, from thirteen to eighteen and a get the INGI FNOON as a Sunday. paper, and they are delighted with it.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

with much satisfaction that I express and general make up are such that it at Omniends it to the reader. It has found aviato many of our homes, and the peoare troly glad for its continued success .-John Luck

Alt. Morris Says:

w ISBLENIUM cardy takes rank among est young prople's papers in the country. better that it ist of them because of the seerf the silv oce stories and light read-

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Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

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Hear Virginia Tatk.

ask there is more that and, seen and desirable influence INGLENOUR, - II', A',

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

Thave been a k frim is while it is that interests me in issue. Lan bid in the 'Nook be-Lespecially recomd it to the aders -Eld, A, B,

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

iself and land church paper We trust its future may Vanuman. a long and use) " I. K. Miller.

Another From lowa,

placed it in a Mission Sunday school, the general verdict is that it, can not be fled by any other Sunday-school paper,-

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Over In Indiana.

ly family and I say that the INGLENOOK is scellent paper. There are many things in d everyone likes, and which they ought to People who do not take the INGLEthave occasion to regret it. The Editor is the needs of the readers. - I., W. Teeter.

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And Down in Missouri.

ranumber of years I have wondered why and have a paper for our young people. thing in character, with a tendency toward barch. We have that in the Ingl. Enook. Id be in every home in the church.— E. Ellenberger

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And This,

antuctive. The hooks and papers one Prov be keeps, - Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

15 NOOK is pur excellence. It has The INGLE NOOK supplies the "missing link"

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From Batavia, III.

We think the INGLENOUR an interesting and instructive paper. Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol. Minnesota,

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Across in Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the INGLENOOR ppinval of the INGLENOUR. Its appearable properties are always well tilled with fresh and interesting read with the INGLENOUR. interesting reading matter. - Il' G. Schrock.

South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The INGLENOOR is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it. Eld. S. F.

0 0

Ohio Has Its Say,

We are highly pleased with the INGLENOOK, It is a meet valuable addition to the and think it worthy of a place in every family her spab was No family should be of the Brethren. It interests old and young, Its bierary qualities are of the first rank. Ino. Calvin Bright.

Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing.

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it Printed Matter, write to long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. . I think it a grand acquisition to our church 220 South Clark St. literature. God bless the INGLENDOK. John C. Lug.

And Also Hagerstown, Md.

The INGLENOOR I regard as quite an acquireports to be. J. G. sition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family auxiously awaiting its comque s papers that I have ing. God bless the INGLYNOOK HUN Reich-

0 0

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOR since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, t ader of the 1861 & 1 think it a most excellent paper. It is always to the present time, laden with good things, and should be in every (a) y intended for the home in our Brotherhood, -/asper Rarnthouse.

0 0

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column writty enjoy reading our is another feature of great interest. Daniel

A College President Remarks:

ty of valuable information found in few if any] have known the Istal ENGOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to can trubfully by that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is r I have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home arly adapte the both old and young. 1 where there are young people. S. Z. Sharp.

0 0

As Seen in Michigan.

There is no hetter paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOR. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. 1. 1. 22 & 24 S. State St., Chambers.

Down In Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction .-- /. If: Wayland. 0 0

Lancaster Heard From.

The INGLENOOR'S weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired necessive.

which is so much desired necessive abundance of printed matter now in circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulawhich is so much desired because of the great Play be keens from the is as well as the be had much valuable information at a mini-

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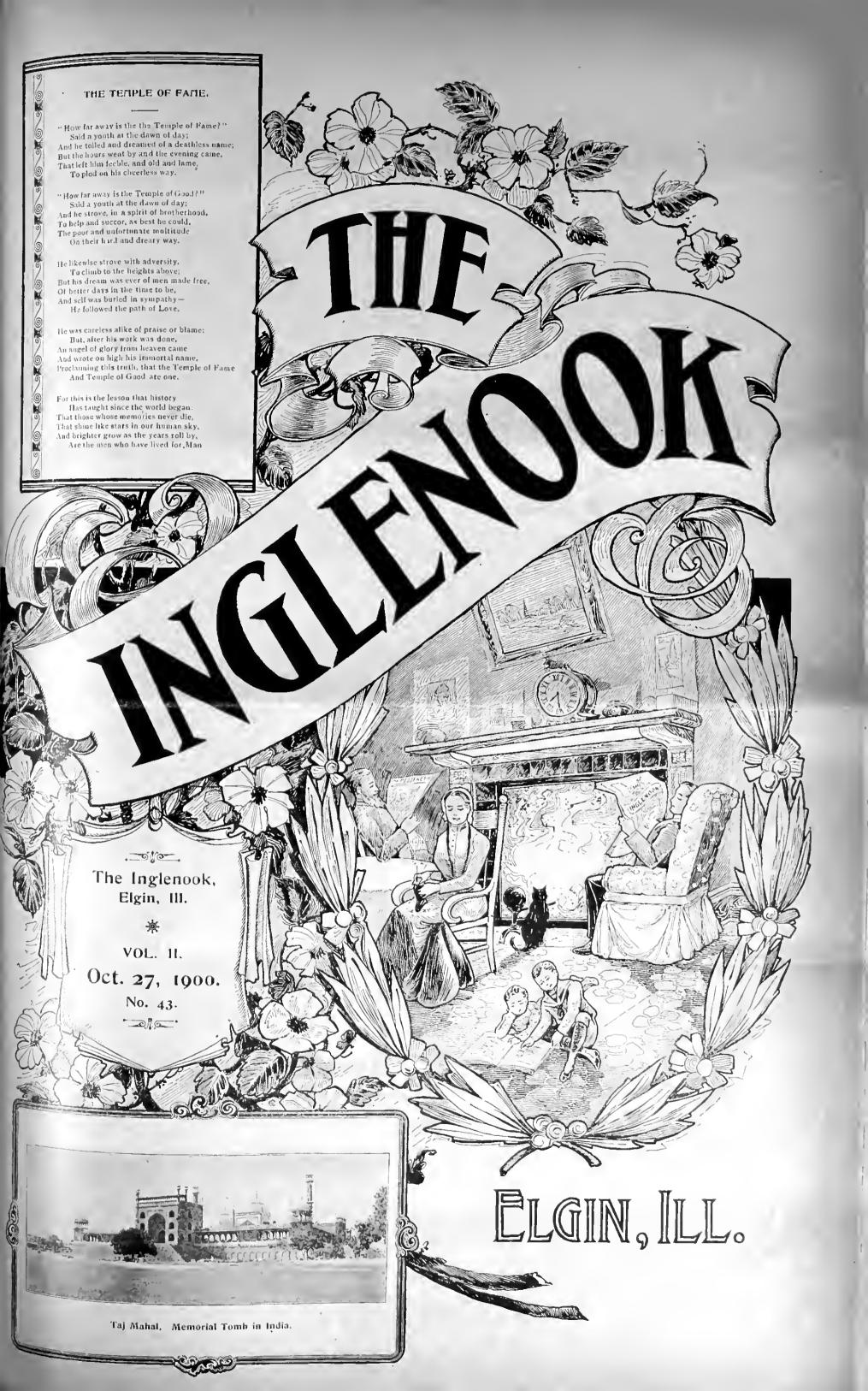
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Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, Adventures of a Brownie, Imitation of Christ, Etc.

If he gets twenty subscribers he can have two books; for thirty subscribers three books, and so on. And they could be had in an hour's work in many a place. Whoever shows himself an efficient agent will be put in line for the Fall work connected with the Inglenook. There is a library of Fifty bound books waiting for somebody.

The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems, Child's History of England,

Confessions of an Opium Eater, Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life, Drummond's Addresses, Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust. Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles. House of Seven Gables, Imitation of Christ,

Intellectual Life, Lays of Ancient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse. Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Stories from the History of Rome, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and I. Rab and His Friends. Reveries of a Bachelor,

Samantha at Saratoga, Sesame and Lilies, Sketch Book, Sticket Minister, Stories from the History of Greece, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. Thirty Years' War, Twice-Told Tales,

Window in Thrums, Education. In His Steps, Minister's Wooing, Professor at Breakfast Table, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Lallah Rookh, On Liberty, Tanglewood Tales. Sign of the Four.

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. The third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of these There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent if he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the INGLENOOK is not going to be the last in anything. If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions received at the office. Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

A Live Paper for Live People.

The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper and who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing old and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. The Inglenoon isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the Inglenook next year. The like of it was never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life. T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

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cial Preferment? NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last

Twenty-five Years?

S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. I. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians.

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THE INGLENOOK.

Vol. II.

ELGIN, ILL., OCT. 27, 1900.

No. 43.

THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

Found a wild weed growing in a marsh, Foundored, noxious, freckle-leaved and harsh; Whose poison chalices the hungry bee Refused to sip, and like the upas tree Whose shadow slays, the bubbling ooze below Bore no green blade, no smallest brook-side blow; No peering creature of the slimy deep There reared its timorous head to bask and sleep.

I took the weed and in my garden bed, Among my favorite blossoms white and red, I nursed and nourished it with anxious care, And saw how, day by day, it grew more fair. Shedding its blistered leaves and baneful flowers, It bore such stately foliage as dowers The rarest garden queens, and blooms as bright.

So many a human life in gloom and blight
Dwells weed-like in the slough of sin and want,
Which, if transplanted to some happier haunt,
Would ere long grow to gracious leaf and bloom,
And shed on other lives its rich perfume.

-Charles L. Hildreth,

BELGIAN HARES.

THE INGLENOOK has been appealed to that it may something authoritative about the Belgian hare, and the business of raising them. The first the writer saw of the business was in a magazine article that seemed to set the world mad on the subset. Now that it is settling down to a legitimate business it is not out of order to say something about the animal, and its raising. What is said in his article is not from the INGLENOOK proper, but on the say of one who has been and now is in the business and knows what he is talking about.

The States of Kansas, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Colorado and Texas have turned attention of this new breeding industry, and Belgian hare slubs are being formed for the purpose of extending and fostering the business. The finest bucks and does are imported from England, where Belgian hares are bred for pets and for the market. In the West the demand for blooded stock is so great that dealers find it impossible to fill orders. One abbitry in Kansas City, in response to an adversisement, received in two days checks and drafts mounting to more than \$600.

As in the breeding of all kinds of food and fancy locks, there is in the Belgian hare industry a temier class, which to obtain dealers are compelled exercise careful selection and keen attention. In California, where this class of breeding has been ong established, the inferior classes of the breed, hose that do not reach perfection in color, markngs and conformation, are sold to the markets at a holesale rate of about ten cents per pound. The leat is white and said to be superior to spring thicken. Breeding for the market, while not so politable as raising stock for fanciers, is less exensive, and does not require the care necessary to Production of prize animals. It is, however, a ure method of income, and, by reports from places here the Belgian hare has become established as a ood animal, it is a lasting one.

Sometime early in the present century there distincted in Belgium a variety of tame rabbit thick later in England became known as the Belsian hare. They somewhat resembled the wild lare, and an enterprising Belgian breeder, taking is the from the resemblance, announced that he lad succeeded in crossing the wild hare with the labbit, and the "leporines," as the new variety was alled, was the result. Scientific breeders in England shattered this fiction, and close observers in that such a cross is impossible.

The present Belgian hare was developed from pecimens brought to England from Belgium about bety-five years ago. For some considerable time that two objects, one for size and the other to dellop an animal of the form, color, and fur of the onians," and the smaller "Belgian hares." Im-

provement in the type and color and fur of the hare continued until the early eighties, when the breeders of England adopted a standard. The color bred for now is rufous red, uniform ticking of chocolate black, conformity of body, shape and length of ears, size and condition.

The Belgian hare of to-day looks not unlike our New England rabbit in summer coat. He is, however, larger; has longer ears and longer hind legs. His eye is hazel, large and round—bolder than the rabbit's. For prize showing he should weigh about eight pounds. The larger ones, called "Flemish giants," descended from the early "Patagonians," weigh several pounds more, and are prized as market stock. When in full garb a true Belgian has a coat of rich red, with a sunset dash of golden tan.

According to Western breeders the culture of Belgian hares is a durable and lucrative business. Any intelligent person—man or woman—who is willing to invest a few dollars in Belgian stock may, with half the attention and a quarter the expense necessary in the poultry business, double and triple the amount invested in a very short time. As the hares are a staple article it is impossible to buy good stock very cheap. One of the prime essentials, however, is a good foundation stock, and the better the buck and doe as a basis of business the brighter the outlook for success. Once started in business the breeder should advertise, and the best medium of the Western men who are making money in the business is the daily press. The following extracts from an article by Dr. Robert Davidson, one of the most successful breeders in the Middle West is taken from the Belgian Hare Breeder, Minneapolis:

"During the past year I have written hundreds of articles on the Belgian hare, and yet hundreds of letters come to me asking practically the same questions, viz., What is the best way to begin raising hares? What do they cost? How can I dispose of them? In the first place let me say Belgian hares are the most profitable stock in the world; they pay better than a gold mine, but even a gold mine is not profitable unless it is worked in the proper manner.

"I have been raising and experimenting with hares for some time; I can take a doe that costs say \$10 to \$15 and at the lowest estimate I will make her produce from \$30 to \$40 worth of young every year, and at that I am not figuring on high-priced stock. I figure that all it costs to raise a hare until it is three months old is nine cents. I have sold hundreds of the six weeks of age at \$3 each, and they increase in value each month at the rate of at least \$2, until they are six months old, when they readily bring \$10 to \$15, and in many cases much more; for in every litter there are sure to be some extra fine ones that fanciers will pay big prices for. I do not advocate selling hares until they are six months old, unless you are in the business on a large scale and have lots of stock. If you start with a few, keep all the young until they are old enough to breed. A conservative estimate of the rapidity of their breeding would be six litters a year, averaging eight at a time.

"This makes forty-eight, but you must remember that the first litters of the doe will or should have young themselves at the end of a year, so you can readily see that my estimate of \$30 to \$40 yearly is very low, leaving a big margin for accidents and only figuring the young when born at \$1 each. But some people may say at this point, 'But suppose we only raise them for meat, and not keep them for breeding purposes?' Well, suppose you do-kill them off at four or five months; they will be worth at the lowest calculation S1 each, and they will have cost you only nine to fifteen cents to raise them, and I am sure 1,000 per cent profit is more than you can make at raising anything else. But for the next few years at least you won't have to sell any at \$1 apiece, for the demand for breeders is so great that you cannot afford to sell them for meat.

"This Belgian hare business is not started yet, al-

though thousands of people are raising lots of hares; yet there are millions of people to be supplied, and all going into hare raising in the proper manner will make lots of money. Some will get rich, but they will be the ones who attend to it properly.

"First, buy your hares. Go to or send to some reliable breeder, tell him how much you want to invest, let him make a choice for you. The best hares to buy are those already bred. In this way, within thirty days you will have a litter of young; if you have several does, you will soon have a great number of young, which in a few months will give you enough breeding stock for a big rabbitry.

"I am not writing this article for advanced fanciers who have gone heavily into high-priced stock. My advice always is to buy low-priced stock at first; by this I do not mean cheap, common stock. You can buy hares for almost any price, but a \$10 hare is cheaper than one you might buy for a very low price. In regard to selling your stock—how do other people sell theirs? How do you sell anything? Advertise it, of course. It costs but a little to insert a card. You will find that the trouble will be, not to sell it, but to get enough of it to sell; and when your neighbors find out you have Belgian hares, they will want stock.

"Now, in conclusion, I will just mention a few words about feeding. They will eat anything a sheep will—hay, oats, weeds, and even table scraps that are not greasy. Of course in an article of this kind I cannot go fully into the subject of their care. A careful reading of the books published on the subject will give you all the information necessary and if at the end of a few months you do not find yourself on the way to a competency I shall be very much mistaken. The fault will be your own. Many of our most successful breeders are women, who seem peculiarly adapted to the work, and many a hard-working wife has blessed the day she learned of Belgian hares.

"Not a few men and women in New England are inquiring into the Belgian hare industry with a view to making a venture in business. A rabbitry was opened at Dorchester not long ago. When a reporter asked if there was any money in breeding hares for the market he was told:

"'I don't know. All the hares I have been able to breed have been taken by other breeders and by people who either wanted them for pets or for foundation stock for a business of their own.'

"When the Belgian hare was first introduced into this country there was a vigorous outcry from farmers and others, who thought they saw disaster in overproduction. There would some time be a Belgian hare pest, and farm lands would be overrun by hungry rabbits. This fallacy was entirely exploded by sportsmen in several States, who attempted to stock shooting preserves with the Belgian hare. The attempt was a failure as the animals are essentially domestic and cannot take care of themselves when forced to run at large."

From the above it will be seen that the Belgian hare is not a hare, and it is not even Belgian. It is nothing hut a big, high-hred rabbit, and if it can be sold for ten cents a pound there is much money in the business. If the INGLENOOK was going in the business for breeding for money it would buy high-class stock. If it wanted rabbits to eat, and to sell, some of the kind that finds its way to the market would do just as well.

MERELY THE LOGICAL RESULT.

"This is not war; it is brutal murder!" General Chaffee says. But, as a matter of fact, it is war, for war unchains the brutal passions of man and makes of him a mad barbarian. The revolting spectacle in China is the logical, the harmonious accompaniment of that "strenuous life" of fighting which the imperialists on both sides of the ocean are so given to glorifying. New York World.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

THE SCUPPERNONG.

BY N. R. BAKER.

It is quite probable that only a small percentage of the Inglexook readers know anything about the scuppernong as it is a variety of grape growing chiefly south of the northern boundary of Tennes-

Its color, when ripe is about the same as that of the well-known russet apple of the North. In shape it is perfectly round. It is very large and the skin is very thick, perhaps three times as thick as that of the Concord grape. So distinctive is it in variety that many persons never think of it as being a grape at all, but simply call it "scuppernong."

If our Northern readers wish to see it they must come South as it is never shipped to Northern markets. This is probably because it rarely grows in clusters or "bunches" and hence in pulling from the stems the individual grapes are broken, allowing the juice to escape and the pulp to decay.

The wine is said to contain twenty per cent less alcohol than that made from other varieties of grape.

The flavor is as we heard one express it, " Neither sweet nor sour but perfectly delicious." The taste is decidedly "more-ish" and it seems they may be eaten in any quantity many times a day without any ill effects or even a feeling of "full-

. The vine grows profusely, needs little pruning or cultivation and hence is admirably adapted for arbors. A simple vine has been known to live more than a hundred years and cover an acre of ground.

Its origin is unknown—to the writer at least—but it has no doubt been developed from the Bullace, a wild grape of the South In North Carolina there is a small river and also a township bearing the same Indian name, and it is claimed scuppernongs were first cultivated in that vicinity.

Neither the vine nor its fruit seem to have an enemy. They are proof against mildew, fungoid growths, phylloxera, insects, and weather, alike. Hence a crop failure is unknown.

They do not ripen evenly but from August to October in the extreme South and from September to December farther North. This is a decided advantage, inasmuch as they are used locally. It gives more time to enjoy and handle the crop,

Should you be in the South during their ripening season and receive an invitation to "come and eat scuppernongs," do not expect to be served in the parlor or dining room. You will be invited to the arbor and there requested to "help yourself" or in the dialect of the uneducated "hope yose'f". To pull them from the vine where they grow, selecting only the ripest, is to thoroughly enjoy this most delicious fruit.

Longfellow must have known something of this remarkable grape, for in singing the praises of Catawba wine, something we are really surprised to find Longfellow doing, he employs this stanza:

It is not a song Of the Scuppernong, From warm Carolinian Valleys, Nor the Isabel And the Muscadel That bask in our garden alleys. Citronelle, Ala.

APPLE BUTTER.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

ONE of the many toothsome products of the Keystone State is apple butter. Though made in various other States, in none has it become such a popular article of diet as in Pennsylvania. The INGLE-NOOKER who has not got outside a piece of good bread and butter, thickly plastered over with fresh, new apple butter has certainly missed one of the pleasures of life.

It is not all pleasure, however, to get it manufactured. There is plenty of hard work connected with it.

As you can't make apple butter without cider, neither can you make cider without apples; so it will be necessary some hazy autumn afternoon to pick the apples. The youngsters of the household

the procession starts to the orchard. Billy, the big boy, goes along to climb the trees and shake the apples down. This same Billy watches his chance, and when you are all fairly under the tree, then will he give a tremendous shake and send the apples bouncing over you in no gentle style. And then the mean fellow sits up there and laughs to see you scampering from under that tree. By and by Billy goes home for the horses and wagon, and leaves you and the youngsters to finish picking.

Their interest in the work, however, has dwindled down pretty low. The small boy prefers throwing apples at a chipmunk scated on a fence post. The small girl is deeply engrossed in the fascinating occupation of making a grasshopper hop by tickling its hind legs with a straw.

You conclude to eat a particularly fine apple and rest your weary spine awhile.

In an absent-minded manner you seat yourself right at the front entrance to a flourishing summer resort of ants. The old proprietor of the establishment, not relishing your company, sends out a few hundred of his most valiant followers to give you a gentle hint to get out of that

That they succeed in an admirable manner is shown by the surprising agility you display in getting hence. The performance you go through during the next few minutes suggests anything but weariness.

Beginning again to pick apples, the third apple you grab happens to have a hornet concealed in its under side, who quietly disputes possession with you. His argument has but one point, but that one is so deep and touching that you yield immediately, in fact so suddenly as to surprise the hornet himself. Being in an amiable frame of mind, by this time, you assert your authority over those youngsters and the remainder of the apples are picked in a jiffy. Billy loads up the apples and cider barrels and wends his way to the cider press.

The best apples have been kept to thicken the butter, and these the women folks now begin to "snits" for dear life. The old-fashioned "paring bee" has about disappeared, but often a few neighbors still assist in heaping up a couple big tubs with apples peeled and quartered ready for the kettle. Boiling the butter usually begins early in the morning. The big copper kettle holding from thirty to forty gallons is lugged forth from its hiding place and bright and shining is put over the fire and the cider put in. Not much attention is required except keeping up a good fire, until it is ready for the apples to be put in. When the apples begin to melt then it is that the great longhandled stirrer gets in its work. Whew, but it takes elbow grease to keep that stirrer on the steady move around and through that seething, bubbling cauldron. Woe to the unlucky one who pauses during his or her manipulation of the stirrer and lets the butter burn to the bottom of the ket-

When sufficiently boiled it is ladled out into crocks, and when cool is tied up and set away to use when needed. Apple butter will keep for years if properly made and no one uses it in its youthful prime.

Newburg, Pa.

PEACHES.

BY TRA E. FOUTZ.

Possibly all Inglenookers have at sometime in their lives caten peaches, but perhaps few of them have ever seen an orchard, or seen them packed and made ready to be shipped to the large cities. As Waynesboro lies in the great peach belt of the Cumberland Valley, there are from three to five carloads of them shipped from here daily, in the peach season. There are also a great many shipped from the small stations. The season opens rightly about September first, and closes the second week in October.

A short time ago, with camera in hand, I started for a stroll out to an orchard. I did not have to walk far from my home to reach one. After passing the borough limits I walked along a road for about one hundred yards when I came to the orchard. While passing through it I saw a merry crowd of pickers. There were six or seven men in the crowd. As the trees are not very high, some of the pickers were standing on the ground, some on hustle around and hunt up baskets and sacks and small movable platforms, and the others on short

ladders. It did not take them long to strip a tre-

After following the road for about three-quarters of a mile I came to the packing house for which had started. A description of this one will give the reader a good idea of what the packing houses are like, as they are nearly all built in the same way It was entirely surrounded by peach trees and they stretched out as far as one could see. It was on top of what we might term a small plateau an commanded a fine view of the mountains three miles distant with their fine hotels and parks.

The building was twenty-five by thirty feet and at the north side there was a roof extension furth teams to drive under when they came in from the orchard. It was not put up for architectural hean ty, merely being boarded up with rough boards of foot in width, with an inch space between each one It was not plastered, and paint had not found way up through the myriads of peach trees The half story under the roof is used to keep basket and lids in. Each end has a large sliding doc and through these doorways the peaches are lo ed upon wagons to be hauled to the railroad

When the peaches are brought in from t orchard they are unloaded at the one side. In are first sorted into the different grades by a pead sizer. The one end of the sizer consists of a shall low trough into which the peaches are first poured At the lower end of the trough they are separated into two rows of single file. Each row is camer along by two chains which are farther apart along the remainder of the sizer, the smallest droppin out first and the largest last. As the baskets h come full they are poured upon tables to packed into baskets. The packers, who are mostly girls, stand around the tables.

They are packed in four different grades, is grades of fancy, one grade of choice, and one gra of culls. The best grade of fancy are packed carriers, a box arrangement which holds twell small baskets, with two layers of six each. carriers hold about three-fourths of a bushel. I other grade of fancy are packed in twenty-pow baskets. The choice are also packed in twen pound baskets. The culls are put in crates which hold about one bushel.

One of the bardest things to be learnt in packing peaches is to have the basket filled to the rig height when it is finished being packed, so t when the lid is put on it does not mash them there is no space between the lid and peach After they are packed the fuzz is brushed off top and the lid fastened on. The grade of them also stencilled on the handle. As they are load upon the wagon the name of the commission a they are to go to, and the name of the man they from, are stencilled upon the lid. If they are cl peaches a "c" is put on with a lead pencil. Il are then ready to be taken to the railroad shipped to the different markets over the country

The best varieties of early peaches are the Cras ford, Mountain Rose and Variegated Reds. 1 late ones are the Heath Cling, Smack, Salwall Cheers Choice, Globe and Stump of the Wor There is another very late peach called the Allbrig which often does not ripen before frosts come.

In the packing of peaches the soft ones and that are very ripe, are not used and are settle side. Many people go to the orchard and ha these peaches. Some of them not and are threat away.

When the peach season opens many men 58316 into the peach belt to buy peaches for the differ commission merchants. They sometimes buy man's whole crop, estimating the number of bush in it before they are ripe and paying him so much bushel.

Waynesboro, Pa.

GERMANS make flannel underelothing of the fibe of the pine needles, as well as sucks for men at stockings for the women, while knee warmers, ting and darning yarns, cork soles, quilts, widdles for in deafening paper for walls, june needle soap, need and even cigars made from the Liw material har been exported from Germany for years and resorts by resorts have also been established at points the river the pine needles are crushed, and these resorts in long been popular with people affected with the matism and other ills.

Nature & Study -

WAYS OF THE LARGE FISHHAWKS.

The genius displayed by fishhawks in nest-build-The second monderful, leading persons to suset that the mechanical calculations of the bird ed that to those of the average human being. n comment forests and groves fringing the alers of Narragansett Bay to obtain material for allding new nests and repairing old ones. Rotten into of trees high over one's head are heard snap-This snapping of sticks is aused by fishhawks. Mechanically they examine ad break off the limbs by sheer force, something hatis unsque in the character of birds. A bawk who about wheels short on its wings, having elected a decayed stick that is suitable, on some sk tree Something after the fashion of tent-peging the hawk charges past and just above the ough. Just as he is passing the limb, with great extenty he hooks his claws upon it, and without topping in his flight, and with wings flapping furiusly enough, hang goes the report of the breaking theretten limb, and triumphantly the feathered onder carries to the nest the stick, sometimes four aches in diameter and four and one-half feet long. Ubough as a rule the birds break off the limbs at he first attempt, they have been seen to try the peration on the same stick two and three times store being successful. In case the stick is not roken off the first time, they do not lose their old, but unceasingly flap their broad wings in the a exhausting every measure toward accomplishng their purpose

Ordinarily then bodies are not so heavy as to ause one to suspect that they could break off such tout pieces of houghs, but the momentum carried their flight as they hook on to the limb without copping almost invariably causes their efforts to be cowned with success. The loud snapping noise of behreaking of tree branches by the hawks would ad a person not accustomed to their habits to oppose that an elephant was running amuck through the forest.

Ofabout four leet in width and of a very comact structure, the nests can withstand the fury of erere storms. The fabric is so woven and bound fisscross fashion that cases have been known of be nests remaining intact even after the wind tled the tree or pole and threw the nest violently otheground. A severe storm blew down a fishwk's nest at Warren a year ago, leaving the nest ottom up. It was discovered several days later, ith three young dead birds inside. Being imasoned, they had died of hunger. The inner ages of the nests are woven with light sticks, omstalks, pieces of cloth and dried seaweed

The fishhawk lives to a good age. On one of the astern Rhode Island headlands a Mr. Anthony tils of an incident that happened twenty years ago tar his home. A male fishhawk was brought to be ground by a gun in the hands of a boy. anthony eared for the wounded bird in his barn, kking out grains of shot and stopping the flow of All the time the hawk fought him with its pinjured wing. In a month's time the wound had ompletely healed and the bird had become quite he. It would not eat anything but fish, however the wounded wing was stiff when the bird was givhis freedom, and the peculiarity of this stiff wing noted every season by Mr. Anthony on a bird hat located near his home. He is confident that it the bird that was wounded near his home twenty

nong the other sticks of which its own nest is onstructed. Like vassals to a chief, these smaller olds lay eggs and hatch them in perfect security, ad in mutual harmony with the larger feathered teatures. Often there are from twenty to thirty be find. Often there are from twenty the finds of small birds in the rounded outer sides of he fishhawk's nest. From long acquaintance with he fishhawk the sparrows and crow-blackbirds ate no fear of them, and they have learned that as fishhawk during incubation constantly is on uning incubation constancy, their nests are doubly secure from feathered and from the invoads of the common house every morning with packs of alfalfa (the

crow, the bird that they most fear when their nests | tropical clover), to sell him some at his gate, but contain eggs.

When the young fishhawks come forth from the shell the constant guard of the nest by male and female is gradually relaxed. The female leaves the nest at intervals in quest of food, soon flying back with a fish caught in harbor or bay. A noticeable feature about the mother hawk is her mode of feeding the young. Returning with a shad or porgie when the young are only a few days old, the mother bird tears the fish in pieces with her claws and bill, giving a strip to each young bird. When the birds become a week old, or about that age, and thereafter during the season, a whole fish is given to each young fishbawk by its mother. It is interesting to watch the young hawks when they are fed. They will cry for food when hungry, but, unlike the progeny of all other feathered tribes and land animals, they will not fight for food. The mother bird selects the young one to which she will give a fish. The rest of them remain sitting beside their more fortunate companion in the nest, but beyond uttering plaintive crics make no effort to get part of the fish for themselves, simply waiting in patience until their turn comes, which circumstance may prolong for quite a length of time. The young birds catch no fish the first year of their lives. Their food is procured by their parents. As soon as the young brood become a few weeks old the mother throws off quite a piece of the top of the nest to the ground. This enables the young to see their surroundings, and less obstacles are in the way when they first make attempt to fly.

The young birds do not take readily to flight. They are fully feathered, and yet make no attempt to leave the nest. Generally their initial attempts. to rise on wing are begun about July 10. Flying I up from the nest they fall back upon it again from a height of about five feet. They make attempts in turn, with like results. The young hawks are very timid about flying away from the nests, and it devolves upon the parents to drive the young forcibly off in order that they can fly. Great is the screeching and loud are the cries of the birds on such occasions. At last one of the young hawks will make an attempt to reach an object fifty yards away from the nest. These efforts are generally awkward, and it is not uncommon to see the fledgling tumble in somersaults earthward. The mother hawk, ever on the alert, rushes to its rescue, and shooting under the young bird catches it on its back and wings before it tumbles to the ground.

A SUSPICIOUS LOT.

One of the most conservative people on earth is the native American Indian as he is found from south of the Rio Grande all through South Ameriea, wherever he has anything to do with the man with the white tace. Nothing can change him. He has had an experience in the last three centuries with the Spaniard, and it has not improved his confidence in human nature

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will be trade anywhere but in the market-place, in the spot where he and his forelathers have sold "garden-truck" for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet armies of Indians bearing heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies upon their backs, they can purchase nothing from them, as the native will not sell his goods until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles, and dispose of them for less than he was offered at home. We met one day and than he was offered at home. We met one day and than he was offered at home. We met one day and than he was offered at home. We met one day and than he was offered at home. We met one day and than he was offered at home. The was offered a firm, and declined to sell anything until she got to town, although there was a weary, dusty journey of two leagues ahead of her. The guide explained that she was suspicious of the high price we offered, and inferred that pincapples must be very scarce in market, or we would not be willing to pay so much on the road; but it is a common rule for them to refuse to sell except at their regular stands. A gentleman who lives some distance from Quite told me that for the last four years he had been trying to get the Indians, who passed his

they invariably refused to do so; consequently he was compelled to go into town to buy what was carried past his door. Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a gourdful of potatoes for a penny as often as you like, but will not sell their stock in a lump. They will let you have a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicions are excited.

CATS THAT SAIL THE SEAS.

Every large ocean liner carrying passengers has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as appearing on the vessel's books for rations.

And even, beyond this, on most of the great lines particular employes are instructed to feed daily, as a part of their duties, certain cats in their part of the ship. And there is promotion for pussy as well, for any cat that is particularly amiable, clever and interesting is permitted to enjoy the run of the first or second or third-class salouns, according to the popular vote. In this way certain of the firstclass saloon pussies have become quite celebrated, especially on the long-voyage boats that go to India and Australia, and the stewards of the various classes are quite commonly eager to push their own favorite cat into first place. "Of course," says Tit-Bits, "there are amazing favorites with the staff of the ship that are fine hunters and do not seek 'society.''

When the ship is in port a certain man has the duty of feeding the cats at regular hours and of entering the rations in a book; but every cat on the ship that has been long there seems to wait with eagerness for and to recognize at once the professional rat-catcher, who always goes to work in the hold of every passenger liner when it comes to dock, and who lives by ridding ships of rats. The "staff cats," as the stewards call them, never leave the rat man until he has finished his duties.

SOME OLD CITIES.

THE settlement of America, or at least that part of it in which we live, is as yesterday. We know to the day when the Pilgrims landed, where, and what happened during their stay in the New England States as a distinct body. But at the time they landed on the stern and rock bound coast of the poet there were other cities South of the United States, and they were pretty old at the time. Take the City of Mexico. It was a city of very considerable size when Cortez conquered it, just one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed. It was known as Tenochtitlan, and it has a record of at the least a thousand years of age. When the Aztecs appeared on the scene at what is now Mexico City there was the remnant of a tribe of people that had gone before them, and these people they called Toltecs. The word Toltec is the Aztec word for builder or architect, and the Toltecs were preceded by a class of people who built the now ruined cities of Yucatan and Central America. Old and all as the Toltees were they had not a myth or a legend as to the name of the people who dwell in these ruined cities, who had come and gone before they the Toltees, had a hold on the country. It is easy to see that the dwellers of the cities in all probability had a civic and national existence long prior to the advent of Christ on the earth.

Now who were these people, and, what is more interesting, what became of them? There is not the breath of a record of what happened them. Their cities were large and populous, and the surrounding agricultural conditions were such that an immense population must have existed in the immediate vicinity of the cities. But they disappeared off the face of the earth and not a whisper of who they were or what became of them was left behind. There are the ruins of their cities, immense in area, massive in structure, and all as silent as the grave as to who or what they were, or what became of them as a people. There is no answer to the question. Silence is over all.

THE oldest banknote in the possession of the Bank of England is dated Dec. to, 1000, and is for

INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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ONE HUNDRED MAKERS OF HISTORY.

THE INGLENOOR has in contemplation the preparation of a series of historical articles, short and interesting, about one hundred men who have done more or less in the various phases of human endeavor to improve the interests of mankind Those who read these brief sketches will be amply repaid those who study them will be incalculably benefited. The list of one hundred is printed below, and is the result of much thought on the part of the compilers, and their story in the 'Nook will be of intense interest, and will be worth all that the paper costs to those who will carefully and conscientiously follow the sketch of these great men of the world:

Homer, Confucius, Buddha. Pericles, Phidias, Sucrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Alexander, Hanmbal, Cicero, Julius Cassar, Virgil, Augustus Carsai, Plutarch, Marcus Aucelius, Constantine, Augustine, Justinian, Mohammed, Charles Mariel, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Hildebrand. William the Conqueror, Dante. Gutenburg, Columbus, Copernicus, Angelo, Raphael, Luther, Loyola, Calvin. Lord Effingham, Cervantes, Henry of Navarre, Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, Galileo. Kepler, Harvey, Grotius, Richelieu, Descartes, Milton, Bunyan, Louis XIV.

Newton, Marlhorough, Peter the Great. Alexander Pope, Swedenborg, Voltaire, Wesley, Franklin, Frederick the Great, Blackstone. Adam Smith, Immanuel Kant, Robert Clive, John Howard, Edmund Barke, Richard Arkwright, Washington. James Watt, Jefferson, Dr. Jenner, Goethe, John Marshall, Hamilton, Lord Nelson, William Pitt, Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Napoleon, Wellington, Beethoven, Sir Walter Scott, Metternich. Stephenson, Webster, Вутоп, Faraday. Morse, Macaulay, Von Molike, Lincoln. Dacwin, Tennyson, Gladstone, Dickens, Bismarck, Alexander II.

Cyrus W. Field,

U. S. Grant,

T. A. Edison,

William of Orange,

In the INGLENOOK account of these great men, there will appear briefly when and where they were born, and what they did to make them great. Ten thousand volumes might be consulted about these people and the field not be exhausted. Those who follow with care, omitting nothing, and not allowing their interest to wane, will be wonderfully helped in an historical way, even though nothing but a bird's-eye view of the achievements of each will be given, owing to a lack of space. We suggest that in each family, where there is a number of readers, after the study of the historical column, views be exchanged and questions asked, if it is so desired. This will be, by a long way, the most important and valuable addition to the INGLE-NOOK, that has as yet appeared in its columns. Next week we will begin. Study carefully the series and you will be in possession of much infor-

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Speaking Evil.

Ir is an unfortunate habit with many people to regard it as their seeming duty to adversely criticise those in authority. The evil that is spoken of dignituries, present or prospective, is expressly forbidden in the Book. It is not a pleasant sight to see a man in a church pew on a Sabbath listening to and approving a sermon on charity and then hear him the same day, or the next, belittling some candidate for office, or some incumbent, and the higher the office and the official the viler the criticism. It is a fact that the so-called "yellow journals' sell better than the more reputable papers, the undoubted reason being that there are more yellow people than there are of the other kind. This evil speaking extends to all public positions, and not even the church is exempt. A man may be ever so exemplary and praiseworthy in private life, but let him come out for office, or he appointed to any position of responsibility or preferment, and immediately the pack behind is in full cry. But there is this one thing for the 'Nook reader to remember, and that is, Christians never do it. Christ was a gentle man, a gentleman, and those who are like him in reality are also gentlemen, and they are not to be sought for habitually in the midst of the detractors of official supervision.

It is not asserted that all officials deserve respect, or that their acts are beyond criticism, but it is undoubtedly beyond the province of the Christian to engage in detraction and defamation, and especially so when the subject of criticism occupies a place so exacting in its requirements they could by no possibility fill it themselves. It is easy grough to settle matters of state and polity in the potato patch, and it is another thing to be actual president in Washington. Learn to think more and talk less about people in high places.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

NATURALLY and justifiably all persons want to succeed in life. But have you ever stopped to consider what real success is, and how it is obtained? If a poor boy starts out with nothing and in the course of a lifetime accumulates a hundred thousand dollars, or half of it, we say he has succeeded in life. The girl he marries is said to have succeeded also, to have done well. Now not everybody who dies owning much money has obtained it at too great a cost, but a great many people do pay too much for their success. It is entirely within the reach of anybody and everybody to become rich. Those who work continuously, save all they get, loan it out to others, keep doubling up their receipts, giving nothing away, working while others sleep, being not over nice morally in dealing with others cannot fail to accumulate wealth. But it costs too much. The price is too high to spend a whole lifetime in petty thrift and doubtful methods that one may die owning much money to leave to others to squander. Yet how many seek it only to fail in the undertaking!

On the other hand there are those who pass through life attracting no attention, saving no monev, and judged by what they have left behind they have failed in life. But have they really failed? It is not within the province of this article to go into details, but it is often the case that there are those who die penniless who leave behind them an honored name that is worth more than money, a precious memory that lives in all hearts in a way that no money can buy in any mart of the world. Money can do much but it cannot buy love and respect. Many men and women have done their duty to those around them, and they died with no property worth the name. But the world has been made better by their having lived in it, and after all that is the measure of true success. If the world has been bettered, if the cause of truth, justice and mercy, has been advanced by our lives then are we successful, and without it we are failnres, money or no money. The price of this suc-

cess is an unselfishness that is not common to are too apt to think only of ourselves and we forge that we live for others as well as for ourse When we have sunk self, and put the moral spiritual welfare of others beyond our own interest we are on the road to real success. It may be show in a bank account, in notes for money on of us, but in the hearts of those who survive us, and the Book of Life we reap the reward not measure ble by money alone.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

How does the Weather Bureau forecast storms and the

THERE is a large number of observers everywhere in the country, and these telegraph into the central office daily the weather conditions, and from these reports forecasts are made. About eighty percent of them come true.

Do the leaves on an evergreen tree never fall?

They are falling all the time, and coming on the same way. Look under a pine and you will se that they do fall. The leaves of other trees beside evergreens shed at a given season.

Can persummons be preserved the same as other front?

Yes. And it seems to the editor that where they are plenty a good city trade might be worked up it canned and preserved persimmons.

Could I buy an Elgin watch at the factory cheaper that

Unless you were in the trade they would not sell it to you at all. They sell only to wholesalers an jobbers. So we are informed.

Is there anything in the witch hazel wands offered for sile for the purpose of detecting minerals, etc.?

Yes, there is for the man who sells, and for no body else. The whole business is a fraud.

Would it be right to ask a visiting friend, not a member, I go along to a council meeting?

Find out what is coming up, and see the Elde and get his consent. We have often seen strangen at a well-conducted council with apparent good to sults.

Is it an evidence of a lack of familiarity with hown wass? stare in at show windows at stores?

If there is anything in the window you want to see it is a lack of common sense not to stop an look at it. That is what it is there for. It is the INGLENOOK practice to go inside and askifith sired to have detailed information, and never the information been refused.

I know where there is a large deposit of what is called? clay. Is it of any special value?

For making firebrick, yes. But the question transportation facilities is to be considered takes a considerable sum of money to establish plant, even if the clay is all right

How long will it take to get fruit from a seeding all planted from the seed?

It will take years if you wait on the tree to great After the first year of your seedling's growth gra it on a bearing tree. Then it will come into best ing soon.

What color is the true Belgian have

There is no such thing as a true Belgian has They are simply big rabbits and are all co though red and bluish are regarded as most de ble. In practice off colored ones are extented for food.

How is incense made?

Incense is a compound of any kind of quantities ground fine and mixed. It is set on fire and fragrant, smouldering smoke, is the thing? Anybody can make and use it, and it is a thing to have about the house Avery hills fired and burning gives off a widespread and ing fragrance.

SALTION FISHING.

Out to Oregon is where fishing is done on a large Valentine Brown in Young People tells some-

If at sunset you would stand on the banks of the Columbia river a few miles from where it enters the ecan, and look across the expanse of tide-swept nater, you would see a thousand boats like as many hirds gliding on its surface. These are fishing bulls, staunch and graceful, about twenty-eight ict long, and propelled by one sail. If the wind blowing against the tide quite a sea is running, and the boats toss like corks, but scarcely ever a drop of water dashes over their sides. The mouth of the river is formed of a series of bars, low sand islands, and deep channels through which the great mass of water sweeps rapidly to and fro with the ebb and flood of the tide until the bar proper is reached, over which the waves of the ocean ceaselessly beat in great white billows, except where the ship channel gives free pass way to the sea. Swiftly on though seemingly flitting in every direction, glide the boats until twilight darkens the liver, then fishing begins.

Each net has a cork line which floats on the surface and a lead line which drags on the bar, and when drifting extends crosswise with the river for about a mile, so a thousand nets weave a network through which it seems no salmon could escape. nor could the fishermen keep their nets from getung mixed together, but the Columbia is a great nver, and there is room for all.

The reason that fishing is done at night, is that the salmon entering the river in their mad race to the spawning grounds, can not see the net at night and work their way around it, but plunge into it and become "gilled" that is the mesh of the net gets behind their gills and fastens them, the mesh being too small to permit them to pass through, Thus the fishermen drift until they take up the net and sail back to drift again.

As the fishermen nearest the ocean have the first chance at the fish entering the river, they strive to be the closest to the breakers, and there the danger lies. Often, drifting on an ebb tide, they know it will flood at a certain time and bear them back up the river, but miscalculate distance or time, and beforethey are aware they are in the breakers, and must cast away the net and struggle for shelter. Sometimes a gale rises in an hour, and sweeps down the over; then their only chance is to anchor, feeling the surges dragging them nearer unto death, hoping the life-saving station near may know of their danger and come to their rescue. Fishing on the bar is a hard life but every fisherman is venturesome, reckless, and cares not for danger to body or soul.

Further up the river are the seining grounds. These are sand bars, usually covered at flood tide, where the water is shallow for a mile or more out in the river. The seines are of great length, usually over a mile long, and are deeper than the drift nels, also having finer meshes; they have the lead line and the cork line, and require about eight men and fourteen horses to handle them, while the drift nets require only two men. One end of the seine is fastened to the bank, and the boatmen pull out in the river half a mile, circle around and row back to the shore, enclosing as much space as possible with the seine, and the horses then drag it on shore, and Ath it the fish which are imprisoned. • This work is of less danger but more toilsome than drift net fishing, and the time of fishing depends on the state of the tides, that is, when the water is of a proper depth on the bar over which the seine is hauled.

These are the two great means of individual salhigh fishing, but capital has put in fish traps and

Point is a small trap. The piles hold in place a heavy network which the fish strike on coming up A salmon never turns back, but continually endeave was eagerly worshiped by the credulous. ots to Push its way up stream, and is easily caught anen the trap is raised.

The fish wheels are operated up the river where the water is very swift, and are placed just above which is a large wheel with four arms. Each arm has a paddle on it like one sees on the wheel of a steamer, and the current running against it turns the wheel continually as one of the four paddles is in the water, each in turn. On these arms is a wire network arranged to hold the fish, but let the water pass through, leaving as little resistance as possible to the turning of the wheel. The salmon swimming up the eddies pass into the wheel, are scooped up and thrown over on the scow. This is the simplest, and also most destructive way of salmon fishing, because it catches all sizes and every kind, while the drift net fishermen are required by law to have the meshes of a certain size, so that the small salmon can pass through in safety.

HORRIBLE CHINESE EXPERTS.

THE Chinese authorities from time to time, by official proclamation, warn the people of the country against child thieves. Monsters are often made of stolen children, and so profitable is the trade that vigilance has to be used to thwart those engaged in it

To transform a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-bear or a man-dog, he is made mute to complete the illusion, and also to deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture.

A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dogskin. He stood erect, although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours, could utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down; in short, make the gestures of any human be-

A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial. appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he could write. A pencil was given to him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and country.

Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master, who was condemned to death, testified during the trial that barely one in five failed to endure the process of skin changing. He practiced, that he was sitting on the smaller seat, so in order it according to a traditional and, doubtless, old for-

method of monster making. They know how to graft a child on an adult in imitation of natural teratology. The operation is on the same principle as that of skin grafting. The circulatory systems are brought into close contact by means of deep fair time a lat man, who on the morrow was to wounds. According to a note of Consul Cinatti, lead to the altar the daughter of one of the leading the Chinese are skillful in performing such experi- townsmen, says a writer in the New York Press. ments on animals. They delight in giving chickens the feet of ducks and in putting cocks' combs on the heads of ducks

Darkness alone, it seems, is sufficient to make a curious specimen of a child, especially if a certain, summoned the landlord, and a thorough search was kind of food is given to it, and its vocal cords are made. All in vain. The clothes were not forthmade useless. A living Buddha was made in this way and exhibited by the bonzes to their congrega-The fish traps are placed near the mouth of the tions. This child, alter years passed in absolute rier, away from the main channels, and consist of darkness, had become as white as wax. He had been the main channels, and consist of darkness, had become as white as wax. Pies driven in the main channels, and consist of darkness, may become motionless in the posture service in the sands about the form of the let-, been obliged to remain motionless in the posture service and the sands about the form of the let-, been obliged to remain motionless in the posture berg volume in the sands about the form of the let-, been obliged to remain motioniess in the posture and guest and the stimulate thought. All a happy one!

Point is a small end up stream, at which of Buddha until his muscles had become rigid. No his head to stimulate thought. All a happy one!

There was a "fat man" on exhibition in one of the one had ever spoken to him, and he had grown in his cellar as a fungus would have done. Brought the river, and work along until they enter the trap, out to the light, this mute, blinking, living statue

At Shanghai, shortly after the opening of the side of amplitude. port, there was on exhibition a monster whose enormous head, with its long hair and mustache, was that of a person of thirty, while the body was as of becoming a scoundrel in riper years; meanness that of a person of thirty, while the body was as of becoming that of a person of thirty, while the body was as of becoming that of a person of thirty, while the body was as of becoming the beads to villainy with fatal attraction.

They consist of a scow, on the stern of small as that of a child of two. This marvelous re-leads to villainy with fatal attraction.

sult has been obtained by placing the victim, when a child, in a jar, from which the head alone protruded. This grew abnormally large, while the body remained stationary in its narrow prison

FUNNY FAT MEN.

Nor long ago a bus belonging to a hotel in a north of England town was on the point of starting for the station when an enormously stout man appeared and, with the aid of the waiter and Boniface, was squeezed in. At the station he tried to alight. In vain; his giant bulk would not pass through the door, but stuck halfway, effectively preventing the exit of the other passengers. With vigorous push and vehement language -for the train was due -they tried to remove the panting obstacle. At length extraneous help arrived. A frantic haul, a desperate shove, and the massive, fat man was ejected into the road just as the train steamed into the station.

Six years ago in Courcelles-Levallois, a station near Paris, a massive butcher, who had taken a ticket for Auteuil, tried to enter a railway carriage. Unable by himself to accomplish this, he called to his help a couple of porters who succeeded in jamming him in the doorway, so that his body was half in and half out of the carriage. He struggled hard to release himself, aided by a small crowd of officials, who at length managed to pull him back again onto the platform. He subsequently was conveyed to his destination by a treight train, seated on the top of some empty casks

Three years later a man weighing over 420 pounds presented himself at the booking office of a small town in Normandy and asked for a ticket, The official, who evidently was conscientious, refused to issue one, on the ground that, as the would-be traveler could not possibly enter any carriage, he would be taking his money under false pretenses. This decision, however, was met with strong protest, and the matter finally was compromised by the colossus agreeing to travel in the baggage car van at freight rates.

One would imagine that of all "callings" that of burglar was least fitted for one of gross habit of body, yet a certain Viennese householder, when last year his premises were entered by thieves, surprised a tub of a fellow tutilely struggling to pass through a window, by which his slimmer comrades had departed. Vain were his efforts, he was firmly fixed, and not until the arrival of the police was he ex-

Signor Lablache, the celebrated singer, who was a man of avoirdupois, when leaving Her Majesty's Theater after rehearsal sent his servant for a cab. The cabman, on seeing his prospective fare, cried promptly, "He'll never get in," and indeed, only for the aid of the bystanders he probably would have been right. Once within, the singer found to change he stood up. Crash! beneath his hige weight the floor gave way, and he found himself The Chinese have another still more horrible standing in the road. Rescue was at hand, but not until the door had been wrenched from its hinges and the cab otherwise damaged was Lablache released.

There arrived once at a certain Southern town in That night he put up at the chief hotel, which was filled with a party of convivial souls, one of whom contrived while he slept to steal his clothes. On awaking next morning and discovering his loss he coming, and the minutes sped apace.

What was to be done? A suit must be borrowed, and that at once. But of whom? The landford knew of no one whose waistcoat would meet around his guest's aldermanic proportions. He scratched fair booths. Perhaps he would oblige. He did, and the bridegroom duly appeared in church dressed in a suit which, if anything, cried on the

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk

Good Reading

THE WAYS OF THIEVES.

THE breed of petty thieves who infest the streets and public conveyances of every large city known collectively as pickpockets has not changed much since the days of Oliver Twist. Each succeeding generation has its quota of clever, bright young thieves, instructed in the art by older heads, who have grown too well known to ply their calling in safety and who have been arrested so often that they fear the habitual criminal act. The streets of Chicago, of course, have not escaped and not a day or a night passes in which half a dozen or more purses and watches are not taken. Many who read babitually the "Lost and Found" columns of the newspapers marvel that so very many persons have the misfortune to lose their watches and their purses every day. They cannot conceive it possible that so many citizens would loosen their grasp on their valuables and let them drop in the street. They don't. A watch will never climb out of a man's pocket. It is taken out by slim and numble fingers. The purses "containing valuable papers" which are daily advertised are removed from then hiding places by the same clever hands while the owners of the valuables were in a crowded street car or crushing then way out of a crowded theater lobby.

That is where the pickpocket plies his vocation with the least danger of detection where people are of necessity jammed close together and a sudden push or jolt will go unnoticed. There are scores of them who habitually "work" the street cars, and the extent to which this practice is carried is shown by the fact that six of the eleverest detectives at the central station are detailed every day on that work and on no other to watch the corners where the cars take on their heaviest loads, to keep an eye out for known pickpockets" in the crowd and for strangers who appear to be crowding passengers unnecessarily.

Many an arrest is made about which the bystanders know nothing. Many an arrest is made which comes to naught in the police courts because the detective seized the prisoner on sight, on general principles and for the salety of the public and without any specific charge against him, except the old one that he is "a well-known thicf." The detective knows that it is better for the safety of all concerned that these lads be kept behind the bars. While they are there they can pick no pockets, and while they are on the streets they are certain to get a watch or a pocketbook sooner or later.

A remarkable feature about these petty thieves is the youth and small size of some of them. A few of the eleverest and best-known pickpockets in Chicago are tiny lads who do not seem to be more than seven or eight years old, barefooted and sometimes pretending to sell newspapers. Their arrest on the street is always sure to cause a chorus of sympathy from the crowd and condemnation for the detective.

"I suppose that's the best that big brute can do, arresting that poor little newsboy," a woman will say.

say.
"What's he done, robbed a bank?" asks the amateur comedian in the crowd.

But these same people would be the first to denounce the incompetence of the police if that "poor little newsboy" had taken a diamond stud or a purse from one of them. Most of these lads have been arrested so often that they know the ropes thoroughly and they know it is of no avail to weep and protest their innocence after reaching the station. That does well enough on the street corner, but once within the squadroom at the city hall, where half a dozen detectives greet them with "Hello, Benny," or "What, again, kid?" they drop their childish airs and become supremely indifferent to their fate, knowing it is ten to one they will be released in the police court on the plea that they are under nine years old.

Many of the little lads who try to sell newspapers late at night, with piteous tales to move theatergoers, are pickpockets. In the fall and winter, when most of the pedestrians wear overshoes, these little lads walk close beside a man, falling in with his step and follow him for half a block, whining out a tale about being "stuck" on their papers and repeating, "Mister, please buy a paper." All the

time they have a newspaper spread out as if for inspection held close to the pedestrian's side, covering the little change pocket of his overcoat, and while they are walking along the hand closest to the man is exploring the pocket for whatever change may be in it under cover of the newspaper. Success in this line of thievery leads them to bolder attempts. Eventually they abandon selling newspapers, get arrested a few times and develop into professional pickpockets.

The scheme of picking an overcoat pocket under the shelter of a newspaper is but a modification of that used by their older brethren in crime to steal diamond studs. A "nipper" gets on the rear platform of a street car close to a man with a "spark" in his shirt front. He may have followed him for blocks, waiting for him to take a car. Taking a newspaper from his pocket, he stands opposite the victim and spreads the paper out fully, pretending to be intensely interested. He manages to raise the paper to such a height that it covers the diamond stud and just touches the breast of its owner. Then under the newspaper a deft and clever hand holding a pair of steel nippers is extended, the thin gold spiral is supped into and the diamond falls into the hand of the thicf. Suddenly glancing at a street lamp sign, he makes a fuss as if he had passed his corner and jumps off, and another diamond is advertised for.

Of course the ordinary method of the pickpockets on a street car requires the services of two or three men, the "stall" and the "tool" or "dip"the latter being the slang name for pickpockets generally. The two selected to "stall," or distract the attention of the intended victim, either get into a pretended quarrel and attempt to strike each other, during which time the "dip" fleeces the pockets of the victim who crowds forward to watch the fight and forgets to guard his watch and purse, or they pick a quarrel with the victim himself, tread on his toes or jostle him, and after some rough words one seizes his arms as if to shove him from the car and at the same instant the "dip" gets the pocketbook, which has been located by "fanning" or passing the hands over the body of the victim to see whether the bulky pocketbook is in his inside coat pocket or in his hip pocket. The quarrel is brief. When the "dip" softly says, "It's off," the confederates know the trick has been turned and they all spring from the car and disappear. The victim can fume with rage all he pleases. He does not get his pocketbook

ABOUT BOOKS.

No. 2. Take Care of the Boys and Girls.

As promised last week, we present this week a list of books for children beginning with the first grade in school. We can assure you this has not been an easy task. Not because there were not books enough from which to select, but the trouble was, "What shall we leave out?"

The plan adopted is based on that of Froebel, the best critic of children's education that ever lived. You will notice that the plan is not only to develop the different faculties of the mind, but to suit the various ages, with classified literature.

We suppose that the children have had "Chatter-box," published by Estes, and know all about "Bi-ble Pictures and Stories," by Lathrop, price, \$1, or only 60 cents if you know how to buy. If your children are six years old or under and have not had this last-named book, then save your butter and eggs and buy it. You cannot afford to miss giving your child a right start in the Bible study.

BOOKS FOR PRIMARY GRADE.

"Æsop's Fables" has been a book of marvels and the delight of children for three thousand years. Price, 30 cents.

To instill a taste for history, and lay the foundation for further study, get "American History Stories," by Mara L. Pratt. Four volumes, 35 cents per volume. Get as many of these as you like but begin with Volume 1.

For Natural Science get "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children." It tells how corn grows, about coral, star fish, coal mines, etc. Ginn is the publisher. Price, 50 cents.

"In the Bird World" is a delightful companion book. Illustrated, written in a masterly style, (Ginu). Price 65 cents

To lay the foundation for general history at for "Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from L. Ago to Now." It gives an idea of the Aryan, Per sian, Greek, Roman, Saxon, English, Puritan, and Yankee boy. It is delightful reading and costs at cents.

As a foundation for literature, buy "American Authors for Young Folks" (Lathrop), for 75 cents simple and interesting.

"Child Life in Poetry," by J. G. Whittier, Is one of the best of its kind ever written. Every pared can trust his children in company with Whittier who has embodied in this little hook the cream of his larger works. Price, 46 cents.

Supplementary to the above we would suggest "Classic Stories for the Little Ones," 35 cents "First Year Nature Reader," 37 cents, "Seven Little Sisters," 50 cents, "Stories from English History," 40 cents, "Grandfather's Chair," cents, "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play," by Jacob Abbot, 40 cents each, should be in every library. "Jungle Book," "Black Beauty," "Little Women," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Gulliver's Travels," "Swiss Family Robinson," all are children's classics and only a few of what might be named.—Uncle.

LUCKY DIPLOMATS.

Among the many pleasant features of the life of an ambassador in Washington is his immunity from all law and all taxation while residing at the capital in his official capacity. The secretary of the treasury, in a decision just issued, has further exitended the privileges of these gentlemen by excusing them from paying the customary two-cent stamp on checks drawn by them.

This generosity on the part of the government toward the representatives of foreign powers in Washington was quite generally abused several years ago. The representatives of some of the pelty South American republics were particularly obnoxious because of their flagrant violation of or dinary police regulations. It frequently happened that these young gentlemen, after big dinners, came in violent contact with the police, who, not knowing them, treated them as plain drunks. At the station-houses they would present their cards. whereupon they were dismissed with apologies The next day they would complain to the secretary of State of the gross discourtesy shown them, and the secretary was also compelled to apologize of behalf of his government to the minister of the le gation to which the young roisterers were attached This grew to be such a nuisance that the police de termined to remedy the matter by drastic measure-One or two of the more notorious offenders, falling into the hands of the police, received a thorough and well-deserved clubbing before the obtuse p liceman could be made to understand upon whose sacred body his club was falling. There ensued the usual round of apologies from the policeman the chief of police, and the secretary of State, hi the young attaches soon learned a lesson and be haved themselves.

The London Times says: We are justified in leasing more sanguine about the fate of the European in China than the disparity of the apposing force would warrant, because the country represents are mass of contradictions, which talsify habitual sequences, a country where the women have no petitioned and the magistrates no honor, where old not give the sand puzzled people scratch their backing stead of their heads; where the seat of honor where the left and the abode of intellect is in the stomach where to take off your hat is insolent and to wear white is to wear mourning; where, finally, there is white is to wear mourning; where, finally, there is the same and a language with our a grammar.

The ill-repute of Friday as an unlucky day shown by some current statistics to be unabsen. A careful investigation, largely through office channels, has been made of the matter in tiermal and as a result it is found that of 10,048 weekly cidents and disasters, such as are commonly reidents and disasters, such as are commonly tributed to bad luck, 1,074 occurred on Mon in tributed to bad luck, 1,074 occurred on Mon in the tributed to bad luck, 1,074 occurred on Mon in the tributed to bad luck, 1,031 on Wednesday, 1,638 on Friday, 1,038 on Saturday 250 on Sunday.

ooo The o Circle ooo

ITERS -W B Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R, Snyder, Belle-inication, Acting Fresident, Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 1262 July Lizze D Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Realing and Corington, Ohio

VISITING CIRCLES.

IN JOHN R. SNYDER.

I WILL send you a short report of my work mong some of the churches of Southern Ohio, in the interests of Our Missionary Reading Circle,

My first stop was at Lower Stillwater church, on Monday, Oct. 1. Susie F. Bookwalter is Local

Secretary On Tuesday evening we met at the Salem church, shere a goodly number were congregated. Here are a number of members. Lara Rinehart is local Secretary. The interest here seems good and I think we can expect a good Circle.

On Wednesday we went to Pitsburg, to the home of Eld. Jesse Stutsman, and in the evening to their church where quite a number had assembled. We had good interest and much inquiry concerning the Circle. Lucinda Stauffer is Local Secretary, and at her request, John Eikenberry was selected to help her, he to work among the people of Painter Creek.

On Thursday evening we were at New Carlisle, where we had more people out than at any previous meeting. Good interest. Sister Funderburg is Local Secretary. There are a good many young people here and I think a good Circle will be or-

On Friday evening we met with the people at West Charleston. Here the house was well-filled with an attentive people. Many questions were asked about the Circle and methods of work. I believe a good Circle will be organized here. Benj. Mudebaker is Local Secretary, and a young man

Un Saturday we were at Harris Creek. Owing to bad weather we did not get to see as many as we would have liked. We talked with quite a number and left the work in charge of Bro. Hartle and Bro.

On Sunday we went to Sidney, but owing to rain and so few coming out but little could be done. Prospects are good for a Circle there.

Taking everything into consideration we think much good was done. In every place the elders and ministers were in favor of the idea. At severplaces they urged their younger members to take up the work. We urged all the Local Sectelaries to keep the work moving while there is merest manifested.

MANEKELEA OF MELANESIA.

"THE llistory of the Melanesian Mission" is as ull of adventures as a romance. One of these, which befell Manekelea, a native teacher who had become totally blind from ophthalmia, shows on what a slender thread a man's life may hang.

Manekelca rebuked a great head-hunting chief, ho had threatened to attack the missionaries. learing of these threats, Manekelea said: "Be it oll will go and see him. If he kills me, never mind; it is for you all.'

to he went, fully expecting death, as did his tew, who said: "Let us go and die with him."

The chief received them with his men armed, but thad given directions that only Manekelea was to killed. Manekelea walked up to him, and said: "Why are you angry?"

You have insulted me," was the reply.

Thave not insulted you, but I have told you and lell you still, that this head-hunting is wrong."

He knew as he spoke that one of the men was ady waiting for the chief's signal to strike him To this very man he turned, pipe in hand, and quietly said:

"Have you got a light?"

The man in sheer amazement let his tomahawk some talk ensued, and the whole thing passed Manekelea's presence of mind had saved his

THE curfew bell does not cause the average ther as much concern as the 11 o'clock belle, who etslists in sitting on the front porch with her hand sized in that of some young man with a yellow and a cackle for a laugh.

🚣 Sunday 🖪 School 🟯

GOD'S ORGAN.

THE day had been very sultry and hardly a breath of wind stirred the hot air. But in the afternoon thick masses of cloud gathered abruptly and the low rumbling of the distant thunder gave token of the coming storm.

Soon the splashing of many raindrops told us that the "windows of heaven were opened," and quick flashes of lightning came and went as though through the open window the eye of Jehovali was glancing out. Nearer and nearer came the storm, more vivid grew the lightning and deeper and louder the thunder.

Suddenly the room seemed filled with the flame. So thick and lurid was it that I could not see the affrighted scholars, whose heads were pillowed in my lap. Then succeeded a terrific peal of thunder. A barn near the schoolhouse had been struck, and as the boards, riven from their places by the lightning, flew through the air, scream after scream burst from the trembling children.

But little Hattic, whose brow only four summers had kissed, said, in a clear voice that rose above the noise of the tempest: "Don't be frightened, Sister Mary, it is only God playing on his organ, and he won't let it hurt us." Hattie had just come from California and it was the first thunderstorm she had ever witnessed.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THERE is no power like love. I loved my little boy long before he loved me. One night 1 heard him say to his mamma, when he thought me asleep, "I love papa," What a thrill of joy that gave me! I had loved him from infancy, but now he was beginning to love me. A few weeks before, he might have seen me carried out of the house in a coffin and, perhaps, not knowing better, have thoughtlessly laughed about it. But now my love for him had found a response. Something like this is the feeling God has when a sinner melts under his love. Love produces love. What a power it might become in our pulpits and Sunday-school classes and meetings! The reason we have so little love for Jesus Christ is that we are so little acquainted with The more intimately we get acquainted with the Son of God, the more shall we love him, and we may get acquainted with him by reading about him in the Word.

JESUS THE JUDGE.

A LADY engaged in litigation was advised to consult a certain lawyer and engage him to defend her cause. She delayed for one reason and another until the last moment. At length, going to him, she began to explain her case; but she was stopped by his saying: "You are too late, I cannot now be your advocate, for I have been appointed a judge."

Let sinners beware. Just now, if they come to Christ, they will find in him a Savior, an Advocate. Let none delay, but put away those frivolous pretexts for procrastination and come to Christ at once, lest delay be followed by a summons to meet him; not as the Savior and Advocate, but as the righteous Judge.

It is said that a young preacher, once desiring to get the opinion of Prof. Jewett as to a sermon he had preached, asked him what he thought of it. The professor looked at him a moment, and then slowly added. " Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better sermons." That is a criticism not likely to be easily forgotten.

A realm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful, both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.

LOVE is the solution of most human problems. That is why Christ said, "Love your enemies." It may be a hard saying, but it will work out the solution unerring, if we are willing to try it.

For * the * Wee * Folk

THE MOTHERLESS BIRDIES.

BY J. S. MOILLER,

A SEST full of birdies were chirping for mother, Who was gathering food for sisters and brothers, And returning with dainties for her children at home Was pierced by a bullet, and sank with a grean.

" Teta-tete," " Teta-tete," the children all cry For mother, as she dropped from her home on high, And heard her death-wail at the rifle's sharp knell When she, dead, at the feet of her murderer fell.

The poor little birdies without mother, or food, And no garments to shelter the tender young broad From the storms, and the rains, and the chill of the night, Were left in a suffering, and pittful plight,

Their cries for their mother, for food, every day Grew fainter, and fainter, and helpless they lay Till the once happy home, with its soft cozy bed Was desolate, silent, -the children were dead.

And the cruel murderer of sisters and brothers. When he'd stain the sweet life of their diligent mother, Her beautiful wings from her body tore away, To be worn on the heads of the proud and the gay.

Oh Father of mercies! Who dwellest on high, And hearest young ravens in their pitiful cry, Some Guardian Spirit do thou send us below To protect the mother, and her birdies from woe. Pleasant Grove, Kans.

DOG ROVER.

ONCE I went nearly fifty rods from the house after potatoes and peas for dinner, taking Rover with me. We had to go through high timothy grass all the way. I dog my peck market basket heaping full of potatoes and set it down. When ready to go back to the house, I could not find my potatoes; and Rover, too, was missing. When I reached home, however, there was the basket of potatoes on the doorstep and Rover keeping watch beside it 1 could not see that he had dropped one potato as he came through the long, thick grass. One day the master forgot his mittens in the woods where he had been at work; but about the time he arrived at home. Rover came, bringing the mittens. Lonce gave him a basket of apples to take to the men who were working in the field. They were working so busily that they did not see him set, the basket down. Three or four days after, needing the basket, Lasked the master for it, but he had seen nothing of it. "Rover," said he, "where is the basket your mistress gave you the other day with the apples in it? Can't you go and get it?" He did not even point to the field, but Rover started out immediately and soon returned, bringing the basket of apples. He never touched anything that did not belong to him. It seemed to us he knew everything we said. . Idvance.

. . A TRUE FAIRY TALE.

Do you know of the house Where guiger-shaps grow Where tarts for as chaldren March out in a row? Where wishing is having, Where - isn't it grand' Just up in the garret Is real Fairy Land? Where voungsters can caper And rouge and hallow, For they always do right. Whatever they do? You don't know the house? Then oh deary me, L'ai sorry for you! Why, it's Grandina's, you see

A CHILD'S PHILOSOPHY.

It is one of the prime secrets of bappiness to recognize and accept one's natural limitations, but philosophy of this kind is perhaps hardly to be expected of children.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things that go to make a grand Christmas dinner. Finally she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate of turkey.

"What's the matter, Ethel?" asked Uncle John. "You look mournful."

"That's just the matter," said Ethel, "I am mor'n full."

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

HOW A MULE WON OUT.

THE following story from the American Magazine tells of the heroic deed of a mule and a driver who was not afraid of anything.

Sometimes the mule is called upon for special service, requiring qualities for which he does not generally receive credit. During the Civil war lines were tightening about the birthplace of secession when Admiral Dahlgren's fleet began operation in the harbor, and rendered it practicable for the troops on shore to advance with some hope of being able to hold points previously untenable. During the night a detachment of the Tenth Corps dislodged a picket post on the eastern end of Morris Island, and when day light came had thrown up quite a formidable beginning for a field-work. But the place was within easy range of Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner, and every rebel gun that could be brought to bear began to drop shell in the little earth-work. It was thought that an attempt was about to be made to carry the place by assault, and, while there were men enough to hold it, they were a little short of aminunition. The only practicable road was a mile and a half of hard, smooth sandbeach, commanded from end to end by the rebel batteries.

But there was a combination in the Federal camp that was equal to the emergency; namely, a flect mule and a plucky driver. The mule is mentioned first, only because he has long since kicked his last kick, but the driver, if he still survives, will acknowledge that without the mule he could not have done what he did. It may be assumed that the mule had a good feed of oats before he was called upon to run the gauntlet, and possibly the driver, too, may then have felt justified in fortifying the inner man. Be that as it may, just before noon a few boxes of ammunition were thrown into the lightest available wagon, and, after looking the harness over carefully, the driver took his seat in the shelter of the sand hills. The mule stood with his extensive cars raking aft and a wicked gleam in his eye, as if the oats were beginning to rise into his

"Good-live, boys! G'up, mule!" and the equipage started down through the dry sand to the hard level of the beach. The mule shook his head and executed a demi-volt when he felt the damp sand under his feet, but the driver soothed him with endearing words. It had not yet dawned upon the rebels that the expedition was intended for the relief of the garrison. But presently the gleam of intelligence was indicated with a rush in the shape of a shell from the southeast angle of Sumter, It struck the water fairly in line, ricocheted, and burst over in the marsh; but it was the signal for action. Up went the whip, and the mule gathered his mighty hind legs under him. For a moment it was uncertain whether he was going to kick or run, but a few remarks of the driver convinced him that there was demand for forward movement, so he "lit out for all he was worth." At least thirty guns commanded that stretch of beach, and they pounded away as fast as they could be fired. Now and then a shell would burst rather too near the mule's ears for comfort, and he would sheer violently and try to make for home. But the gallant driver plied the lash, and held him to his work.

At length a ten-inch shell tore up the beach and exploded so near that the mule was entirely demoralized; but not so his driver. Leaping down from his scat he caught the mule by the head, backed him rapidly round once or twice, and was off again on the keen jump before the gunner could get his range as a fixed object. On he went, and at last dashed into the redoubt; but there was no shelter in it for the mule. His ear's waved conspicuously above the low-lying parapet.

The ammunition boxes were tumbled out unceremoniously, and the mule's nose pointed for home! With the lightened load and the prospects of unlimited fodder, he beat the previous record. But the rebel artillerists were on their mettle now. They had failed to stop the supplies, but their hearts burned for revenge. Their shots now came more from the rear, and bets were freely offered with no takers, on what the result would be should the mule have a fair chance to kick a ten-inch shell, as it were, "on the fly." The crescendo scream of shell chasing him up the beach, lent wings to his

covered, when some careful gunner made a close calculation as to the lengthening range, and pulled his lanyard almost in the nick of time. The huge mass of iron struck the beach, as it seemed to the anxious spectators, exactly behind the wagon, and the next instant nothing was to be seen there but a cloud of white smoke and brown sand. In an instant, however, this floated away, and the mule was seen vigorously reducing to kindling wood what was left of the quartermaster's wagon.

And the driver, where is he? Well, he was apparently knocked over by the explosion, but he got on his fect in a moment, and, having out the traces, was on the mule's back in another, waving his hat in response to the cheers that rolled across the water from Yankee blue-jackets, from Confederate garrisons, and from the dark blue masses that crowned the distant sand dunes.

It is a pity that the driver's name has not been preserved, for his daring act certainly deserved recognition and reward. Perhaps he received both, but the writer has been unable to find mention of

WHY JOHN WEARS A CUE.

"Wity do you wear a cue?"

Sam Sing, of Lewiston, paused and wiped his

He did not know.

Let us tell you.

This cue was a mark of bondage and later an acknowledgment of superiority on the part of the weak to the strong who needed not the cue. Such was the practice in central Asia, west of the Chinese empire. In China itself up to the year 1644 the hair was worn in varying fashions, but never in the cue fashion. The Tartars, whom the Chinese feared, marked all their subjects with cues, but the pigtail was unknown to the Chinaman until 1644. Why after that he was compelled to wear it is another story, in which there is a bit of religion, some superstition and much tyranny.

While for 3,700 years China was seething and boiling within herself there was forming on her northern borders a race of people destined to change the entire course of development of her people. This race came from certain Tungusic tribes whose original home was in Manchuria and Mongolia. They bore the name of Tartars or Manchurians and as early as 907 had conquered a part of China and made much trouble within the empire. In 1644 they again entered China and after much bloodshed conquered it. They set Sun-che upon the throne and inaugurated the Manchu, or Tatsing, dynasty, which still prevails in China

They were horsemen of great prowess, whereas the native Chinaman was not a horseman. They shaved their heads entirely or wore tufts quite similar to that displayed by some tribes of North American Indians. They were prodigious fighters, sayage lovers, iconoclastic in every respect. When their soldiery were in possession of the empire they collected all the Chinese women needed, placed each in a bag, tied the open end of the bag and then made their soldiers take a bag and settle down with it. The soldier could not see what was inside. All that he knew was that it was a woman, and that she was to be his future wife, whether she was old or young, pretty or ugly, blind or halt. The Chinaman did not like this. He rebelled, but so far his rebellions have been futile. But what thus in China became part of a law and a religion, strangely enough in England in the eighteenth century was merely a hair-dressing custom, borrowed from the French, who in turn copied it from the Chinese. English beaux just wore wigs with cues and later shaved their heads just as did the Chinamen, and wore the pigtail.

When the Tartars came upon him he wore his hair in quite ornamental fashion. The Tartars put an end to this They said+

"You are servants of our dynasty. Von must not only acknowledge the Mancho, but show outwardly a sign of submission. Shave your head close to the scalp at all spots but the center. Then permit it to grow long and twist it into a long coil. When thus vou wear your hair you will be known as a faithful subject of the dynasty. Otherwise you are liable to be mistaken for a traitor and be tortured."

The Chinaman obeyed, and by 1651 the shaved heels, and he fairly flew toward the sheltering sand head and the pigtail—the sign of Tartar sovereign- rest of his equipment.

hills. There were only a few yards more to be ty-was almost universally adopted. The native priests of China, like all other priests, were anxion to curry favor with the ruling powers. So to make the shaved head and cue still more permanent the began to preach that no Chinaman could cole heaven if he did not have his cue with him when he died That was the symbol to the gods that he was of the elect. Without it he must dwell forever with the genii of the lower world

So between priests and Manchu emperors it has come about that the Chinaman and his cue are separable. Should the Manchu ever be banished he may cease the cue. The Christian Chinaman often does, but it will be ages before the pigtail will cease to be the token of Chinese bondage to Tattar conquerors and Chinese evidence of certainty of heavenly reward.

THE SIN HE COULD DENOUNCE.

IT was in a Western church. The new minister had just delivered a strong sermon against the evils of stock gambling. Several of the elders took him aside and whispered that he had better avoid that subject in the future, as some of the wealthy and liberal members of the congregation were stock brokers.

The next Sunday he spoke against the evils of drink. Again the elders took him and explained that Brothers So-and-So, who contributed largely occasionally liked the cup that cheers and it would not do to offend them.

The third Sunday horse racing was the theme, and again the minister was warned.

He was in despair. "Are there," he said, "any sins against which I may preach without offending some member of this flock?"

There was silence for a moment. Then a grayhaired elder blurted out: "Yes, preach against Mormonism, and give it to 'em strong."

A SEVERE CRITIC.

"CAN you draw pictures, auntie?"

"Why, of course," said auntie, and pad and pencil were soon in hand.

"What shall I draw first?"

" Draw a cow."

The cow was received with bursts of laughter, and when that was followed by a chicken, which received the same doubtful compliment, the aunt

"If you make fun of my pictures, I will not draw any more."

Sobered at once, the young critic begged for

" Draw a pig, auntie, please?"

When the attempt at a pig appeared, all was quiet for a moment, then the boy, with serious mouth and laughing eyes, looked first at the plo ture and then at his aont and shouted:

"Did you ever see a pig?"

A KATHER amusing story is told in connection with a certain learned professor. He had been asked to deliver a lecture—which he readily consented to do-in the village schoolroom, and on the important night the place was packed with an ev pectant audience.

The front seats were occupied by a few of the shining lights of the neighborhood, and apparent the lecturer was addressing the select few for he talked completely over the heads of the rest of the

At length, at the expiration of a couple of hours audience. the professor dropped his lofty style and bland remarked:

"And now, friends, in conclusion allow me to st that if anyone has a question to ask I will do a best to answer him."

It was a very old villager in the back seat which slowly rose to his feet and asked the first and on

"Aw'd be vurry mich obleeged, messter, be he question: marked, "if ye'd jest tell us wet on airth it is the ye've been praiching aboot."

Cars are greatly venerated in Persia. The (distance) friends of the shah number fifty, each having own attendant and a special room for meals.

Every German soldier carries a Bible with the

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

THE INGLESION is par excellence. It has Indiana Wouth's Companion in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler, Each number seems better than the reding one. I have a Sunday-school class go boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen and all get the Inglenook as a Sundayexipaper, and they are delighted with it.

0 0

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

115 with much satisfaction that I express approval of the INGLENOOK. Its appearte and general make-up are such that it at commends it to the reader. It has found way into many of our homes, and the peokeate truly glad for its continued success. John Zuck.

0 0

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOK easily takes rank among best young people's papers in the country. sheller than most of them because of the ace of the silly love stories and light read-It is a most valuable addition to the rethren's publications. No family should be bout 11 .- Eld. D. L. Miller.

0 0

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK se it started. We like it very well. I would eto see it go to all the homes of the land. be short sermons are good for both old and ing.-Eld, I. B. Trout.

0 0

From the College.

take the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased his steady and almost marvelous growth. he fact that it is sought after by our people, thold and young, is evidence that it proves ell to be in fact what it purports to be. - J. G.

0 0

Hear Virginia Talk.

Otall the young people's papers that I have it seen and read I think there is none that wield as great or as desirable influence THE readers as the INGLENOOK. - III. K.

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

have been a a containt render of the INGLE-K from its beginning to the present time, al while it is not specially intended for the home in our Brotherhood, -Jasper Barnthouse, d yet I find something that interests me in assue. I am interested in the 'Nook beof my expect a s. (especially recomad it to the views readers, - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapids, lowa, They Say:

Myself and fame a greatly enjoy reading our church paper. We trust its future may along and useful one. - J. K. Miller.

0.0

Another From Iowa,

a both old and young. I e placed it in our Mission Sunday school, the general ver lect is that it can not be alled by any other Sunday-school paper,-

0 0

Over in Indiana.

Refamily and I say that the Inglenook is escellent paper. There are many things in tar everyone likes, and which they ought to * People who do not take the INGLEthere occasion to regret it. The Editor vs the needs of the readers.—L. W. Tecter.

And Down in Missouri.

tra number of years I have wondered why cloutbave a paper for our young people. ating in character, with a tendency toward the We have that in the INGLENOOK. s in every home in the church. E Ellenberger.

00

And This.

RECEIVE. The books and papers one raty he keeps.—Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

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We think the Inglenook an interesting and instructive paper .- Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

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South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

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0 0

And Also Hagerstown, Ild.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its coming. God bless the INGLENOOK .- W. S Reich-

0 0

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column is another feature of great interest,-Daniel Vaniman.

0 0

A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any have known the Lacel ENOOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to can truthful. v that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is tive youth's part of have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home where there are young people, -S. Z. Sharp,

0 0

As Seen In Michigan.

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Down in Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction .- J. W. Wayland.

Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other bomes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the street in the stre which is so much desired because of the great tion. It certainly is the paper from which can tion. It certainly is the paper from which can Land Commissioner U. P. Ry. mum cost .- T. F. Imler.

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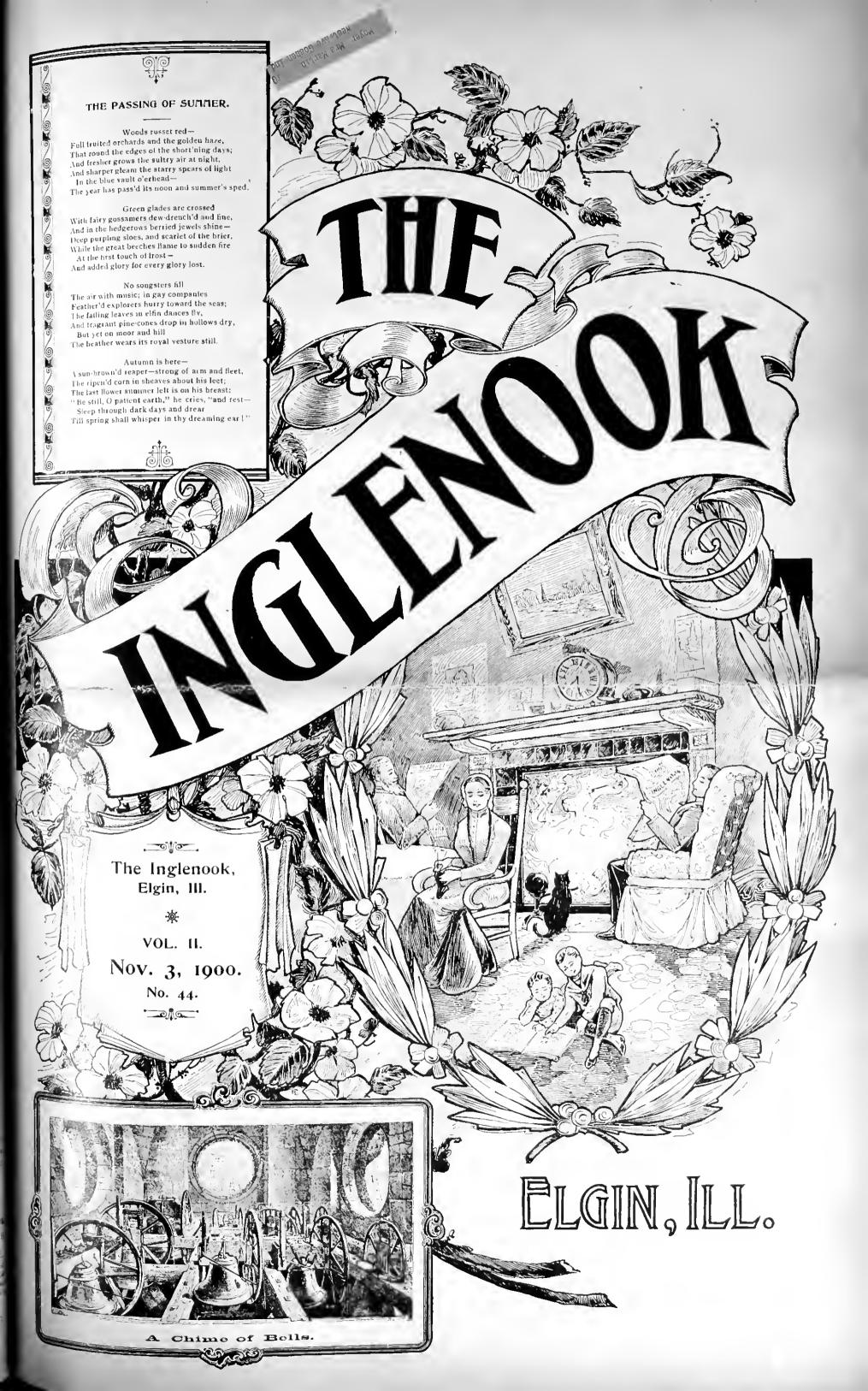
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PUBLISHERS. Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. Vol. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 3, 1900.

No. 44.

IT MUST BE SETTLED RIGHT.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing mags
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heef of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning
And keep this motto in sight —
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
Though the enemy seemed to have won,
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night

For sure as the morning follows

The darkest hour of the night
No question is ever settled

Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labor,
O woman young, yet old,
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast
And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

-Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER.

It's all been a good while ago, but each Autumn he same old instinct overtakes us, as it did back in he days when we taught the village Academy and had Saturdays to ourselves—that is, the dog and the writer. I place the dog first, because without im little would have happened. He was a rry, smooth-coated dog of the terrier kind, and his strong point was squirrels. It was a squirrel tountry, and that means forests of tall trees with bere and there a nut tree. At the place we boardtd there was an old-fashioned rifle. It had cost a mint of money, and had been made by a celebrated ocal gun artist. It was a muzzle loader, and the ball required a greased patch. The ramrod was a slender piece of seasoned hickory, and once propery loaded, the hair trigger set, and a convenient tree to steady against, the gun would send a ball Just where it was held within a hundred yards'

Bright and early on a Saturday morning in October, or later, the usual thing was to start for the moods with dog and gun. It would have broken the dog's heart to have stayed at home under the dicumstances. Away we went, the crisp, brown leaves rustling under foot, the sun just over the hill, he gurgle of the brook in the air, and that indeatibable buoyancy of youth that goes so quickly. I stems, once it has really left us. All the world has before us in those days, and it was rose-colored. On nearer view and later acquaintance—But never mind, let all that go. It is the past we are talking bout. Presently there is a wild "Yap-yap-yap" not the dog, and off we go to overtike him. There he is at the root of a tall hickory, down in te meadow where the stream ripples. He has eyes of fire fixed in the tree top, and tries to climb the Dugh bark. The squirrel is there, but where?

We circle slowly around and around the tree, taking in every limb and fork of each twig. The dog whines and prances around below, but all he knows that the frisky shadowtail went up its bark like a systreak, dropping a hickory nut on the way, as your arm, is something flattened out close to the lite. All that is clearly seen are two pointed ears, way, but showing distinctly against the blue sky. The craft of the squirrel is wonderful but he has ead, and perhaps he cannot do it. Now for a con-

venient tree for a rest, still of course, keeping the squirrel's head in sight. Up comes the long rifle, the hair trigger is set, the dog dances, and then the steady sight-there is a vicious snap, a spurt of fire, and up in the tree a bluish gray ball of fur is writhing. It lets go, all but one paw, then that loosens, and down comes the poor beastic, bouncing from a limb, and striking the ground with a thump at the moment the dog snaps it for a shake. It was successful hunting, but the writer wouldn't do it these days, for he looks on it as murder. There lies the little animal, shot to death, and never more to swing in the tree tops on a pendulous limb. Thirty or more years have wrought a wonderful change. What was eagerly sought in those days is as sedulously avoided now. Murder is murder and it is not right.

Repeated half a dozen times in the forenoon in varying ways and we find ourselves where the spring boils out at the foot of a maple, and here, lying down, we drink of the pure water coming through the bubbling yellow sand at the bottom. And with the gun against a tree, the dog lying near, we dreamed of things that have never come to pass, but we were happy and healthy. The dog has gone, who knows where, the gun with its crescents and half moons of inlaid silver is probably done for, the forest has disappeared, most of the students are dead, the squirrels are perhaps as lively as ever, but there is something wanting in the hunter. What is it, think you? It seems to me that it is Youth, lightly held and little valued, that has gone, and other things fill the mind of the writer. But sometimes, when the red and gold of the Autumn is in the land there comes a feeling to whistle out the dog, get the old gun and do it all over again. Then we remember and try to forget that we are going down the other side of the hill.

LAND OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

Few people who travel over the asphalted streets of New York are aware of the origin of the black, pitchy mass that goes to make up the basis of the smooth roadway under their feet. Eighteen hundred miles almost due south from New York lies the little tropical island of Trinidad—a British possession off the coast of Northern South America. At the southwestern extremity of this colony the famous Pitch Lake is located on the summit of a small hill, less than 200 feet above the level of the sea. In appearance there is nothing phenomenal about this wonder of the tropics, but a visit to the lake, as it is familiarly called, reveals one of the most unaccountable oddities of nature in the annals of travel.

The tourist may take passage to the "land of the humming bird," as Trinidad people like their community to be called, and after securing accommodation at the only decent hotel in the colony, proceed to the lake by one of the small government steamers, plying coastwise three times weekly, disembark at the Brighton pier, and proceed to the scene of the "digging." Of all the crude, rough, and ready means of extracting wealth from mother earth, the Trinidad Lake asphalt operations are the most striking. The visitor arrives on a fairly level plateau, spotted here and there with tiny pools of water, beneath which the soft shiny surface known as asphalt glitters in the reflections of a herce tropical sun. Scattered over the surface of the lake dozens of swarthy negroes are plying pick and hoe, extracting the tar-coaly looking stuff from the earth.

One may sit in the shade of a near-by shrub, or under the protecting shelter of an umbrella, and watch the negroes pile heap after heap of the asphalt into the endless chain of tubs that hurry along to the pier, from which one has but recently landed, until a yawning excavation of twenty or more feet suggests to the supervising darky that the time has come to move a bit further on. In the course of a few hours the excavation resulting from the morning's digging begins to look less deep,

and by eventide the spot from which more than five or ten tons have been dug is again level with the surrounding earth, and ready to be dug over by the gang of noisy blacks. From the point of digging to the pier is but a mile or less of endless-chain descent; moored to the pier are big sailing vessels, and sometimes steamers, into whose capacious holds the tubs discharge the pitch at the rate of two or three hundred tons per day.

COMING DOWN WITH A PARACHUTE.

"Coming down from the clouds in a parachute is like a dream," said a circus balloon artist, "Ever dream of falling from a high place? You come down, alight quietly, and awake, and you're not hurt. Well, that's the parachute drop over again. No, there is no danger. A parachute can be guided readily on the down trip, but you can't steer a balloon. To guide a parachute out of harm's way, a practiced hand can tilt it one way or the other, spill out air, and thus work it to where you want to land, or to avoid water, trees, chimneys or church spires. Circus ascensions are generally made in the evening. When the sun goes down the wind goes down. The balloon then shoots into the air and the parachute drops back on the circus lot, or not far away, A balloon is made of four-cent muslin and weighs about 500 pounds. A parachute is made of eightcent muslin. The rope that secures the parachute is cut with a knife. The aeronaut drops fully 100 feet before the parachute begins to fill. It must fill, if you are up high enough. There are several hundred parachute men in the business and the accidents are less in ratio than railroad casualties. Our business is new at that. After awhile the ratio will be less. A man can't shake out a parachute if it doesn't open. A man in the air is simply powerless. Invariably the fall is head first. When the parachute begins to fill the descent is less rapid, and finally, when the parachute has filled, it bulges out with a pop. Then the aeronaut climbs on to his trapeze and guides the parachute to a safe landing. In seven cases out of ten you can land back on the lot where you started from."

JUST A HINT.

"FATHER," said Tommy the other day, "why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer off-hand.

"Why, why," said he, stumblingly, "it's so because it is, I suppose."

"Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father I'm going to give you a ticket to a theater and a dollar besides. I always said that if I was father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in and have a good time while you're young. I never had a chance myself!"

Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he said:

"Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."

POPE LEO'S IDEA OF DRESS.

The following story comes from Rome. Some ladies made their appearance at a Papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ball-room dress. A well-known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus fulfilled his somewhat delicate mission; "The Pope," he said, "is old fashioned and does not like décollete dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

Correspondence

AT A CLAMBAKE.

PROBABLY few Inglenook readers have ever been at a seaside clambake. It is out of the ordinary for the average man, and unless he has been along the coast at the right time and season of the year he has missed a big sight and a good time. People who do not like oysters would probably not care for clams, but at a regular and well-ordered clambake there are other delicacies that keep the inland man or woman with the inborn dislike for shellfish from going away hungry. In the first place a real, orthodox clambake can only take place along the shore, or beach of the ocean. Strictly speaking it is not a bake at all, for the food is steamed rather than baked. A writer in Pearson's tells how it is

Having received his orders as to time and place and the number of persons to be fed, the clambaker makes his preparations. He arranges for the supplies, and over night gathers the necessary amount of seaweed. This is kept in the water until it is almost time to use it, so that it shall be thoroughly moist. Then he gathers a supply of smooth, hard boulders, varying in size from that of a man's fist to two or three times that of a man's head, the number depending on the size of the intended bake. These he gathers in a circular pile on the spot of ground close to where the bake is to be served. On top of the pile of stones he heaps up his fuel-driftwood or ordinary firewood, as the case may be. It takes several hours to bring the stones to the proper heat, so the fire is lighted well in advance, and the clambaker and his assistants go about their other preparations. The things to go into the bake, including the bushels and bushels of clams which form its foundation, are near at hand. In a pail of water are a number of squares of clean, white cheese cloth. A table is improvised from a board and two empty barrels, and on this a very important part of the operations is carried on, This consists in tying up the food in big bundles in the cheese cloth, each kind in a parcel by itself. One of the squares is filled with chicken, plucked and drawn; another with fish, properly cleaned; another with potatoes with their "jackets on;" another with the frogs' legs with the skin off, and so on. The cheese cloth separates the different foods from one another in the bake, and prevents their coming in contact with the seaweed.

Now, the fire having burned down to glowing embers covered by a coating of blackened ashes, in the judgment of the clambaker the stones are hot enough to do their work. He and his assistants go at the remains of the pyre with rakes and brooms until shortly nothing is left of it but the cleanlyswept stones. Some of these have been cracked in pieces by the intense heat and all show beneath the blackened gray of their exterior a pinkish glow evidencing the fire left in their hearts. They are pushed close together in a neatly-rounded pile, and we are now ready for the first step in preparing the bake proper.

On to the stones is quickly pitchforked a layer of seaweed about two feet thick. As it strikes their hot surfaces a cloud of white steam arises and the surrounding air is filled with a pungent aroma as indescribable as it is delightful to the nostrils of the experienced epicure because he recognizes it as the harbinger of many good things to come. It will be present as a scarcely to be detected underflavor in all the food cooked in the weed and it is this aroma that gives a clambake its unique distinction among lovers of good eating. On these again is poured another layer of clams, which settle down into the interstices between the bundles and form an interior roof for the mixture that is soon to be so delicious. Now another layer of seaweed is put on so that the heap looks like nothing so much as a smouldering bonfire of dark green brush except for the whiteness of the smoke and the smell of the sea chemicals. Over the whole structure is pulled a double thickness of sail canvas, which is fastened securely at the edges with heavy stones so the least possible amount of the precious heat and vapor shall escape. So your clambake is properly constructed—is already cooking.

Depending on its size, it will take it an hour or

increase your appetite to its largest possible outside limit.

At last the delightful music of the clambaker's fish-horn is heard announcing that the bake is ready to be opened. The tables are ready under the trees, or in the pavilion, and if you are an oldtimer at clambakes you will make a rush for a seat as near the bake as possible, so there shall be no danger that the food shall not reach you piping hot.

HOME OF THE PLAGUE.

ONE who has seen any of the towns and cities in China wonders little why disease and plague are prevalent. A correspondent lately in China writes that he recently went to Foo-Chow, a town near the East coast, which is approached by way of the river Myn, one of the most picturesque waterways in the whole of the Celestial empire.

Ships have to anchor at the customs pagoda, from which persons are conveyed to Foo-Chow by sampan, or steam launch, the distance being about ten miles.

Poo-Chow is considered one of the most filthy and overcrowded towns in China, and a person landing there cannot fail to notice the fact immediately he sets foot on shore. Everywhere there are teeming masses of dirty, ragged, and half-starved looking celestials. The streets-alleyways would be a better term-are only about eight feet wide, and all metaled or paved with irregular lumps of stone and rock. On each side there are stagnant gutterways, which emit most obnoxious perfumes, causing one to hold a handkerchief to his nostrils the whole time he has to traverse the roads.

In the terribly hot weather the Chinaman places a plank of wood from his doorway on to the street, across the gutter, and takes his night's sleep, perhaps without a covering, perhaps in the clothes he has not had off for weeks.

Nearly every building is a shop, and outside every three or four are placed buckets of garbage-in some places holes full of it—which add to the sickening stench of the gutters. Every now and again one hears loud shouting in front or behind him, which is an indication that all on foot must clear the way for some chair carriers, who are carrying upon their shoulders some important personage.

The sight on the main bridge spanning the river cannot be accurately described. Each side was crowded with stalls with goods of every description -dirty-looking, tumble-down affairs. Cripples and beggars were numerous, and there were also lepers; there were men with terrible sores, and two Chinamen lay half-naked on the roadway, dying. There is a law in vogue in Foo-Chow that the first person who shall touch a man who has died in such a manner shall bury him. Very few, however, receive burial if they die on the bridge. The person who is unfortunate enough to touch the dead one waits until dark, and then, as the Americans say, "dumps" the departed into the river. Bodies are found nearly every day floating among the shipping, or half buried in the mud when the water is low.

BATTERED OR PLUGGED COINS.

FOUR different legal tribunals, among them the United States supreme court, have decided that "slick," or smooth, dimes and plugged, battered and even slightly mutilated nickels are legal tender when offered to common carriers. Most people have had such coins passed back to them at one time or another and have never questioned the right of the person to whom they were tendered to reject them. But no one has any legal right to reject such coins. The law of the land strictly defines what coins are to be rejected and the reason for the rejection, and the nickel and the dime are not included. So long as the coin-whether it is a dime, a quarter, half dollar, dollar or a nickel or cent-is distinguishable as a genuine United States coin and its denomination can be ascertained the fact of its being slick or worn smooth doesn't count; it is good, lawful money, is a legal tender and no good citizen who respects the law should refuse it.

Are "slick "silver coins good money? Yes. Is the objection that they are worn smooth a legal objection to accepting them? No. Do shopkeepers who refuse them offend the law? Yes, for ignortwo to cook, and it is your duty in the meantime to ance of the law is no excuse, is a well-known legal

maxim. The idea of these shopkeepers that the dime or quarter worn smooth is no good is just con trary to the decision of four courts - the jury court the supreme court and the court of errors and a peals of the State of New Jersey and later the preme court of the United States

THE SMELL OF THE ONION.

Ir is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is sim ply due to the presence in some quantity of another mineral matter in the bulb-sulphur. It is the sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing prop erty and makes the bulb so very useful a medicin agent at all times, but especially in the spring which used to be—and still is in many places-th season for taking brimstone and treacle in oldfash ioned houses before sulphur tablets came in

Now, sulphur, when united to hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphuretted hydrogen and then becomes a foul-smelling, well-nigh a felid compound. The onion, being juicy, has a ven large percentage of water in its tissues, and this combining with the sulphur, forms the strongh scented and offensive substance called sulphere of allyle, which is found in all the alliums. This sulphuret of allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion; it is iden tical with the malodorant principle found in asafet ida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty. The horse-radish, so much liked wit roast beef for its keen and biting property, and a ordinary mustard of our tables both owe the strongly stimulative properties to this same si phuret of allyle, which gives them heat and acrid ity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the differ ent arrangement of the atoms in their volatile oils.

THE WHITE DEATH.

"Or all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region none is more strange of terrible than the mysterious storm known to the Indians as 'the white death,' " says a scientist who recently visited that region. "Scientific men have never yet had an opportunity of investigating it, be cause it comes at the most unexpected times and may keep away from a certain locality for years Well-read men who have been through it say that it is really a frozen fog. But where the fog come from is more than anyone can say. This phenom non occurs most frequently in the northern part of Colorado, in Wyoming and occasionally in Mon-

" About two years ago a party of three world and two men were crossing North park in a wage in the month of February. The air was bitter) cold, but dry as a bone and motionless. The shone with almost startling brilliancy. As the fi people drove along over the crisp snow they d not experience the least cold, but really felt mo comfortable and rather enjoyed the trip. Mout tain peaks fifty miles away could be seen as d tinctly as the pine trees by the roadside

"Suddenly one of the women put her hand up t her face and remarked that something had stuff her. The other members of the party did the thing, although not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marveled greatly at this. A monitor later they noticed that the distant mountains well disappearing behind a cloud of mist. Mistingle orado in January! Surely there was no mistake because within ten minutes a gentle wind began blow and the air became filled with fine particles something that scintillated like dramond dust int sunshine. Still the people drave on until the came to a cabin where a man signaled to then stop. With his head tied up in a hundle of mul lers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece paper, on which was written, Come into the bo quick or the storm will kill all of you. Don't to outside here.'

"Of course no time was last in getting un cover and putting the horses in the stables. they were a little late, for in less than an hour whole party were sick with violent coughs fever. Before the next morning one of the will died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. others were violently ill of it, but managed top through after long sickness."

Nature & Study -

CARNATIONS.

DMNTV and sweet as carnations are they thrive in the smoky city and for that reason people lucky the smoky city and for that reason people lucky greenhouses always raise them. Then spiciness and strength make them great favorites with nearly every one. In England they have carnation shows, just as we have displays of have carnation shows, just as we have displays of have carnation shows, and the fact that they use the favorite blossom of Queen Victoria adds not a little to their fame abroad.

Yellow carnations are rarest and most valuable, Yellow carnations are rarest and most valuable, The blooms easily hold their own with the famous Malmaisons. A lovely new carnation that appeared of its own accord is a salmon-pink and is noted for

Apricot carnations are decidedly beautiful and Apricot carnations are decidedly beautiful and extra large. A queer new tint is called chocolate, but it will never be as popular as the pearly white ones, or the great rose-colored blossoms. There is another carnation which is a perfect mauve in tint and still another is slaty-violet. There is a rich red-brown, buff and a yellow marked with red and maroon among the novelties. Indeed, the novelties include some remarkable combinations, the flowers tooking as though they had been splashed with colored inks in riotous profusion.

In growing carnations they should never be overwatered and should have lots of air, with a dry atmosphere. It is easy to kill carnation plants with too much kindness. They do not stand being lossed over.

A HORSE THAT UNDERSTANDS.

BY HENRY E. KORNHANS.

The following is taken from the Ohio Farmer:

A Missouri correspondent of Colman's Rural World gets off the following "tough" story. A little incident showing the intelligence of the highbed horse is this. My youngest daughter, a few evenings since, went out to milk. Jersey was some hundred yards distant and did not seem disposed to tome for calling. Joel Miller, our three-year-old Kahoka Boy pacer, came ambling up and my daughter said:

"Joego and bring Jersey up." He wheeled and went pacing across the meadow and drove up a neighbor's Jersey we were pasturing. "Not that one Joe, bring our Jersey." Away he paced and "tounding up" the yearling, "Blossom," drove her to where her mother was standing in the corner of the mendow and came back looking very demure and acting as though he wanted to know how she liked that, "Now, Joe, you know better than that, go and bring Jersey here to me." Without further ado he went sailing after the cows and brought them up in a jiffy, taking his stand about twenty ket away till the milking was done, when he meandered off, picking grass as though he had not just done something wonderful. My wife, daughter and a little niece were witnesses to this marvelous

If this be true it seems as though animals could understand our speech.

Orreille, Ohio,

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

Among the small animals which are quite a rare sight to city folks, although familiar enough in the country, is the cunning little flying squirrel. This is really a wonderful creature, and seems to be a soft of compromise between a bird and an animal. It is about five inches long as to its body, which is black and gray and white beneath, and carries a culiar construction, which assists in its flight from or, in reality, leaping—18 a loose membrane constructed.

or, in reality, leaping—is a loose membrane conacted to the front and hind legs on each side, which the squirrel has the power to expand at will, air,

When they desire to go from one tree to another they first ascend to the topmost branch and boldly appendages make themselves useful. They spread takes a downward, circular flight toward another

tree. When it arrives within six or eight feet of its intended landing-place it changes its position so as to light upon its feet against the tree, when the membranes become greatly reduced and are not at all in the way.

They live in decayed trees, where, if not disturbed, they become quite numerous. They are difficult to catch, and bite viciously when captured; but they are easily domesticated and make admirable pets, and soon become an unfailing source of amusement to the children. They live upon nuts, acorns, and insects.

THE DOO LAUGHED.

The proprietor of a Third Avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

ANIMALS THAT SWIM.

NEARLY all the ruminants are excellent swimmers, and all take freely to the water, except, perhaps, the wild sheep and the camels. Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with their forefeet; but this is only an old fable. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, though, owing to the shortness of their legs, they just touch their throats with their forefeet and beat the water high.

Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs, which are the descendants of those which have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels, says *Pearson's*.

Camels cannot swim. They are buoyant, but ill-balanced, and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks.

During the Beluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the slups, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered on to the rear part of their charges causing the animals' heads to come up; and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore. Several animals, such as hedgehogs and bats, which would, at first glance, he considered incapable of swimming, are in reality respectable performers.

A PHONOGRAPH GOOD FOR TEN MILES.

A PHONOGRAPH that shouts so loudly that every word can be heard at a distance of ten miles has been tested at Brighton, England.

You can whisper a sentence into the machine's small funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shricks of a liner's steam siren. Yet every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily as if you were dictating to him in a small room.

In appearance it—the machine—is merely an ordinary phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring four feet in length. Inside this trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks is something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine.

Instead of the "records" being taken on wax in the usual manner, a sapphire needle is made to cut the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time, the vibrations cause the whistony to the control of the "records" being taken on wax in the puzzled to know whether I should be true or Senator Frye. "Welt," representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time, the vibrations cause the whistory of the control of the puzzled to know whether I should be true or Senator Frye. "Welt," representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time, the vibrations cause the whistory of the control of the c

tle to produce a series of air-waves, and the machine thus becomes a talking siren which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The experiments were made near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor has his workshops.

QUEST FOR OSTRICH EGGS.

Although the skin of an ostrich is worth from \$40 to \$100 on the spot, the hunter of the desert usually prefers to search for the eggs when he has discovered an ostrich in flight. An English traveler in the Sahara, H. B. Tristram, describes this search:

"Once, and once only, I had the good fortune to take an ostrich's nest, although fresh eggs were not infrequently brought in by the Arabs. We observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the same spot and were induced to ride toward them. They rapidly scudded off, but on intersecting their track we turned back and retraced it instead of continuing a vain pursuit. An ostrich's track is by no means easy either to follow or to retrace, for his stride measures, when he is at full speed, from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet, and the oblong impression of two toes at so wide intervals affords no very evident track to any eyes less expert than those of a Bedouin huntsman.

"We retraced the impression to the spot where we had seen the birds standing together and where the sand was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a depth of about a foot under the warm sand.

"Ostrich egg omelet we always found a most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare, and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell the eggs keep perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks."

Two instances showing how tenacious of life lobster and cod are, is related in a bulletin of the United States fish commission. In the fall of 1899 about twenty lobsters were left in a car in the "basin" at a fish commission wharf. Near the end of March, 1900, when the car was opened, all seemed to be in a perfectly healthy condition.

On the conclusion of the fishing for broad cod in the fall of 1899 fourteen cod weighing from four to six pounds, taken with hand lines off Nomans Land or Nantucket, were inadvertently left in the well of the Grampus and not discovered until April, 1900. These fish were placed in the well not later than Nov 18, possibly some days before. During this time they had not been fed and had only such food as came through the holes in the well. When released in Gloucester harbor on April 16 they were found to be lively, although somewhat emaciated.

FANCY a baby petting a rattlesnake. Yet this was the perilous position in which F. E. Pierce, who lives near Coyote Creek, Cal., found his little one the other day.

Mr Pierce has a daughter still younger than fiveyear-old Mabel. When the little toddler came hurrying into the house saying: "Oh, papa, tum an', see what Mabel is playing with!" Mr. Pierce at first paid no attention to her. But she prattled so insistently that finally, to please her, the father did "tum an' see."

What he beheld norrified him.

Mabel was cuddled up close to a snake and stroking its back with both dimpled hands. His snakeship appeared to be enjoying the attention, and lay perfectly quiet, but on the approach of Mr. Pierce to rescue his child the reptile made a sudden angry spring at him, and had he not that instant jumped back the fangs would have entered his flesh. Mr. Pierce, however, sprang forward and seized Mabel before the snake could strike again. He then secured a club and despatched the enemy. Eleven rattles and a button are souvenirs of the fray.

WHEN Senator Frye was at Rangeley Lake a native approached him and said: "Mr. Frye, 1 am puzzled to know whether 1 should call you Mr. Frye or Senator Frye, " "Welf," replied Mr. Frye, "if I was in Washington to-day my friends would say, 'Good morning, senator,' but anything goes up here. Bill's as good as anything."

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a bigh grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING House, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, III., as Second-class Matter.

MAKERS OF HISTORY.

It must be clear to all that in the history of the world there have been those who have stood well to the front in the changes that have been wrought. As the world grows older these men stand out prominently, and what they did, is clearly seen. Every great movement that changed the current of human affairs was originally a thought in one man's mind. Who this man was, when and where he lived, and what he did, is of absorbing interest to all who care for mental improvement. Read the list carefully from week to week. Make a study of it. Go back over your 'Nooks and review them till you can answer the questions: Who was he, when did he live, what did he do? If you get this so that you can tell off-hand what will be set forth here you will be in possession of a mine of information. Many a weary page has been studied that the simple presentation of facts might be made, and any man or woman who will thoroughly study and fully remember the Who, When and What of the individuals composing the list, so that they can repeat it at will, will be in possession of more knowledge of general history than lies at the tongue's end of nine college graduates out of ten, the country over. Every reader who lets this chance go by is making a mistake beyond all doubt.

The list is arranged according to the time at which these people lived, not according to what they did. A good idea is to form a quiz class in the family and review from week to week. The knowledge is yours for the taking. See that it does not fail to find its way into your head.

* * * HOMER: The place of his birth is in dispute, seven cities having claimed the honor, and the place and date of his death is also a matter of legendary lore. But that he was, by all odds, the greatest poet of antiquity is agreed to by all critics. He probably lived about 850 B. C., and he was a Greek. His greatest poems are the *Iliad* and the Odyssey. At this time, and prior thereto, the world was full of legends and myths, and it is the telling of these in masterly style that gives him his place as the greatest of poets. He takes a grand, heroic idea, or legend, and treats it in an heroic style. For ages he has been read, studied, and admired, both in colleges and by the scholar in his library, and his impress, in a literary way, covers a large part of the world's known history. It is as the world's greatest poet, of all ages, that his fame is built upon. No other poet has been so world-wide in his influence.

CONFUCIUS: Born in China, 551 B. C., died, 479 B. C. His name in Chinese is Cong-fu-tze, and if impressing one's individuality on people constitutes greatness, then Confucius is one of the world's greatest men. He was a philosopher, according to the Chinese ideas, and he was not the head of a great system of religion,-what he taught not being a system at all-but rather the formulating of certain principles of morality and equity, as applicable to society and to politics as they are to religion. A great deal of what he inculcated has the stamp of high morality, and he was accepted as authority by millions. There are at least two thousand temples erected in China to his memory, and his impress is on uncounted millions of people, dead and living. Obedience to parents and reverence for ancesturs are two of Confucius' great features, and this is a distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese to this day. Truly, if influencing the world constitutes greatness, Confucius is entitled to a first place in the history of the eminent.

BUDDHA: The founder of the world's strongest sect, numerically speaking, was born 550 years before Christ, and died 470 years before Christ. He taught that a great religious reformer came at intervals, his doctrine flourishing for a time, and then after dying out, a successor came. Such he professed to be. Of immaterial existence, such as Christians believe in Buddhism knows nothing. The morality of Buddhism is, for the most part, of high order; self-conquest and universal charity being the foundation facts. At first the new religion rooted in India, but became corrupt and was expelled. At present it is far removed from the teachings of its founder. It is doubted among scholars whether Buddha intended to establish a new religion, but it certainly so happened in the course of events that it was adopted by the people, and today, in one or another of its forms, more adherents are to be found to the direct or indirect teachings of this reformer than to any other cult in the world. His personal life was pure, but his philosophy has been much vitiated. He taught different stages of after existence too extensive to be considered here.

Pericies: An Athenian statesman, born 479 B. C., died, 429 B. C. His fame in the world's list of great men is based on the services he rendered his country both as a statesman and a great general. He was a finished orator, and a far-seeing statesman. He kept a fleet of sixty ships at sea eight months out of the year, so that the young Athenians might become better acquainted with naval affairs. He introduced the idea of paying the soldiers out of the public treasury. At the time of his political ascendancy Athens was ostensibly a democracy, but Pericles was the one man, and his ideas and methods prevailed. What makes him great is the fact that his methods were so wise that at the time of his rule his country was at the greatest and happiest stages of her history, and it was one of the greatest ages of the world. Most of this was due to the wisdom of Pericles, and this is why he holds the place he does in the world's history.

Phidias: Born about 500 years before Christ, time of death uncertain. His fame is based on the fact that he was one of the greatest of Greek sculptors. Prior to his undertaking the work of a sculptor he had studied painting with one of the Greek masters of the art, and when he took up the work of a sculptor he combined the effects of the colorist with his efforts on the ivory, wood, and marble on which he wrought. In some of the colossal figures he executed, the nude parts, such as the hands and feet, were of ivory, while the drapery was of gold, enriched with enameled coloring, and the result was a great splendor of effect, not attained by any other sculptor prior to or cotemporary with him. Some of his work is preserved in the British Museum. But it is as one of the world's greatest sculptors combining the inimitable skill of both color effect and form that gives him his place among

Socrates: Born in Athens about 469 B. C. He was a man who acquired a remarkable tact in dealing with practical morality. He was remarkably pious according to his times and had a steadfast belief in the existence of a Supreme Being and Creator of the universe. It is this exposition of his views, his high morality and his general teachings that give him a place among the leaders of men. He claimed for himself much that could not be established, such as saying that he was in communication with the gods, and that he acted under their guidance. He maintained the immortality of the soul and from what he taught and the nature of his teaching and its influence on his surroundings, is entitled to fame.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Taking Care.

THERE is one thing that we should be careful about, and that is in our relations with our fellow creatures in the matter of what we say and do. We

are apt to say and do ugly and cruel things, lorgetting that they can never be unsaid or undone. It we take a handsome vase and either intentionally or unintentionally crack it, it will always be a broken vase. It may be so infinitesimal a break that those who do not know may not notice it, but it is a cracked and broken vase all its days. It is so in our personal friendships. Once they are cracked they are never again as they were, and they are all ways broken vases.

Now the moral of all this is that the break should never be made in the first place. Our vanity may be touched, our ideas of what is right may be wrenched and then we say and do things that we may have occasion to regret in after-life, and all utterly without avail. If you have ever said or done a wrong thing to one who has passed you can never fix it up in this or any other world, for there is no going backward hereafter to right a wrong. The direct method of prevention in the first place is the one to follow. This implies thought, and being very sure of our grounds. All through the Bible judgment and punishment are forbidden us. The reason seems to be our fallibility and our consequent inability to do justice.

Friends grow not on every limb, and once we have one we should be very careful, exceedingly so, how we crack the vasc. It is a coarse nature that imagines because a friend is a friend we are entitled to say and do mean things. The opposite is a much better plan. Therefore, remember to take care.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Is there any chance for a young man from the country to secure a position in the city?

Very little indeed, unless he has good recommendations, and some special knowledge and, better than all, friends to talk for him.

How soon after the winning of the subscribers' prize will the library of filty books be sent?

Right away. As soon as it is settled the winner gets his books.

Are such games as checkers and dominoes morally wrong?

There are so many better ways of spending one's time that the question answers itself largely.

Can wild flowering plants be transplanted in gardens?

Very readily, and properly combined they make very effective ornamental plants. All flowers are wild in some part of the world.

I have heard that the common crawfish of the streams is enable. Is that correct?

Yes, there are people who cat them.

Is there any truth in spiritualism?

The grain of truth that may be hidden in the mass of fraud and general rubbish has never been separated from its surroundings, if it exists at all.

Are the marriage associations advertised in the papers is

They seem to the INGLENOOK to be cunningly devised schemes to separate the fool and his money. If you can't get married where everyhody know you better let it alone.

1 am peculiarly liable to my poison. What is a god

There are many remedies. Sweet oil put on the affected spots and taken internally will kill the inflammation. It can be taken internally in but flammation. It can be taken internally in but cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm cases to the amount of a quart a day without harm.

If a church divides which side is entitled to the property.

The side that remains true to the original purpose of the church. If there is only one person remaining that one can hold the buildings. It is not a matter of numbers, but of loyalty to the original methods and the traditions of the elders. The party that goes off forfeits its rights.

LAYING AN OCEAN CABLE,

In land telegraphy a wire is run between the terminal points and connected with suitable instrutermina Pointing and receiving signals. The wire monts for and is supported by poles high enough above the earth to save it from accidental The poles are fitted with glass insulathe at the points where the wire touches so that there may be no "leakage" of the current, and the for is natched closely to guard it from molestation and to repair it if it be injured. If experience shows that the route first selected is unsuitable, another can be taken with little extra trouble or expense. It is not so with a cable. Its wires must be overed with a stout envelope through which the sed water cannot penetrate, for the electricity gould be lost if the conductors had a bare spot. The cable must lie on the bottom and risk the dangers that threaten it. If it be injured the precise spot can be found only by difficult calculations, and when found the cable must be sought and brought to the surface from a depth perhaps of miles. Besides these difficulties there is a great one that is based on a property of electricity itself. Every one knows that if a strong current meets resistance, hatis developed as in the common incandescent dectric light. Now, nothing that is yet known is a perfect conductor, and if a strong current is passed through the best ones we have the conductor will get warm and some electricity is lost. On land this does not amount to anything, for the lines are not continuous for very great distances, but have "rehis" at intervals where the weakened current is geinforced. This cannot be done on a cable, and electricians were puzzled to find some means by which a current could be caused to traverse several thousand miles of copper wire without being so powerful as to destroy the cable. It was found that the current was so weak when its journey was ended that it could not move an ordinary Morse instrument, so a system was devised that employs apparaus of another sort and of exquisite sensitiveness. In order to understand why a route for a proposed cable is sought with such care, the structure of the cable itself should be known-for on its safety depends the success of the enterprise. A cable consists of a "core" of wire that is really the important part of the whole, and a covering of some insulating and protecting material. The core is made of strands, of copper woven into a rope-like cord, and weighs from 70 to 400 pounds per milefor the shore ends that have to stand the surf are much stronger and heavier than the deep sea portions. The stranded form is more flexible than a solid rod, and is not so apt to be broken in laying. The core is coated with a mixture of resin, tar and

the insulation firmly to the wires. The insulating material must comply with many requirements. It must not conduct electricity and must prevent "leakage" as much as possible; it must be thoroughly waterproof, for the sea water will soon corrode the copper if it reaches it, and will steal the current if there be the smallest hole through which it may reach the wires. It must resist the chemical action of the water on itself, and it must be flexible and tough, so that the cable may be coiled into a small space on board ship and run over the pulleys when being laid without cracking or tearing. Finally it must be something that does not decay readily and does not dissolve in water. So far but one material has been discovered that fulfills all the conditions. That is gutta percha, a gum that is easily worked and whose only drawback is its scarcity.

gutta percha, that is to act as a cement and hold

When the pure gum is heated to about 150 de-Reces Fahrenheit it becomes very soft and plastic, it total it can be rolled or pressed into shapes that makes when cold. Advantage is taken of this in through cables, for the heated gum is forced through a cylinder surrounding the core, and as the core is drawn through a diepiece a thin layer of gutta percha is left on it. This is repeated as often sit is required and the core is thus covered with a break of gutta percha jackets that extend without break or seam from end to end, and, from the electhe standpoint, the cable is done. In this condition it would be exposed to many mishaps that might injure the envelope and destroy the working of the cable, so a sheathing is put around to protect Some curious accidents have befallen cables. Sharks have bitten them in two, swordfish have

been known to cut them, and once a whale got entangled in one and broke it in his struggles. Other marine animals do damage at times, among them the "ship worm," that devastates vessels and wooden piers in some seas. These pests bore into the insulation and admit the water by millions of holes, of course ruining the cable. The only defense lies in making the cable strong enough to resist them by sheathing it with wire, but best of all is to choose a route as free from such enemies as is practicable.

Finding the best route is the most difficult thing connected with submarine telegraphy, though few outside of scientific circles ever think of it. The surface of the earth beneath the ocean is as irregular as it is elsewhere, and a cable can no more be laid at random on the sea floor than can a line of rails be laid haphazard on land. In either case a suitable bed is necessary, but it is obtainable in very different manner. The bed of a railway is made. If mountains lie in the way they are tunneled or cut through; streams are bridged and valleys crossed by embankments, but cable engineers can do nothing of the sort, for human skill is useless in the deep waters. A bed must be found ready made, and the only means of finding it is the sounding rod.

The rod in use in the United States was invented by Capt. C. D. Sigsbee, of the ill-fated Maine, and is an improved form of the one contrived by Prof. J. M. Brooke, now of the Virginia military institute. Omitting details, it consists of a cylinder arranged to sink into the mud and retain a specimen of the bottom. It is weighted by a shot that is automatically released when the bottom is reached, thus relieving the line, and lessening the danger of losing the rod. The line is of piano wire, and is coiled on a reel that registers the revolutions made in paying out, and so gives the depth. Besides the rod, the line carries a "cup," also an invention of Capt. Sigsbee, that collects a sample of the water near the bottom, and a peculiar form of thermometer that is not affected by the pressure of the water. With this equipment, each sounding gives the depth of the water, the temperature and composition of its lower strata and the character of the bottom, and from these data the cable surveyor deduces the knowledge he requires.

When a new cable is projected a surveying ship is fitted with sounding appliances and sails slowly over the proposed route. Soundings are made as often as is demanded by the character of the sea floor, and if this be fairly level and uniform the intervals are made longer than if it be rough and uneven. The depths are recorded and compared, and from them a profile is prepared that shows the different levels of the bottom and its hills and valleys. A steep slope is dangerous, as the tendency to slip down puts a severe strain on the cable that may break it. For the same reason a narrow ravine is to be avoided, as its edges may chafe and destroy the insulation, even if the whole cable is not cut through-and there is no means of overcoming these obstacles except by avoiding them. Very deep water is objectionable because it is difficult to lay the cable in it and still more so to grapple and raise it if it should need repairs.

The material brought up from the bottom is of great value as indicating the state of the water sea floor. Over a large part of the ocean the bottom is covered with a light powdery mass called

It is made of the shells or tests of little animals that can hardly be seen without a microscope, that have died and settled to the bottom as snowflakes settle through the atmosphere to the earthis the sort of deposit that made our beds of limestone ages ago, and it is the best kind of resting place for a cable, for it sinks into the soft, fluffy mass, and is protected from harm. Ooze shows still water, for a current would wash it away as a wind blows snowflakes, and if the floor sloped steeply the ooze would slip down like sand on a roof, so when the rod shows ooze it indicates calm, still water, and a nearly level floor. A hard bottom of gravel, rock or clay shows a current that should be avoided if possible. Near shore the refuse from the land may heap up into piles of rotting matters that may be injurious, and some kinds of seaweeds are said to have done damage, perhaps by the iodine they contain.

Submarine volcanoes would destroy a cable very we gain, but what we do. Thomas Carlyle.

promptly, and they should be detected in advance if possible. The thermometer aids in this search, as a sudden rise in temperature is suggested, but the rod is apt to bring up bits of volcanic ash or lava that will be conclusive.

If any great obstacle is found another route must be tried, and these trials must be continued till a practicable one be found-a task that may take years, but when it is finally discovered a great step in the advancement of the world is made.

WHAT THE SENATE COSTS.

THE United States Senate has been popularly dubbed "the Millionaires' Club."

It is the cheapest club in the world for the poor man to join. Its perquisites, daily increasing, are too enormous for reckoning. The newly-prepared report of the secretary of this dignified body reyeals some amusing facts. It shows, for instance, that a local drug firm received in the last fiscal year more than \$1,700 for medicines and toilet articles. These were supplied to the senators for their individual use and paid for out of the generous pocket of Uncle Sam. No small item of this expenditure was 1,000 doses of bromo seltzer and bromo caffeine. Three dozens of caffeine powders, four cases of lithia water, two bottles of bromo lithia and \$2.70 worth of lithia tablets further contributed to keep the senatorial system in good repair. Twelve pounds of soda mint tablets were purchased for the alleviation of "that dark brown taste," and the extravagant sum of eighty cents was exchanged for tabules for indigestion.

To each senator there are four employes, in various capacities. The smaller body of congress has come to cost Uncle Sam twice as much per member, per annum, as the house. Almost all of the sixty messengers receive \$1 440 a year each, whereas the old blind chaplain is considered to be worth only \$900. Yet he is dependent upon some one to lead him daily to and from the capitol. Laborers in the folding-room get \$1,000, and those who run the elevators enjoy still more, \$1,200. The man in charge of the stationery-room draws \$2,102.40 anaually; his assistants, \$1,800 and \$1,200 respectively. The little pages who wait upon senators get \$75 a month, the postmaster of the senate \$2,250 annually, firemen \$1,095 and the upholsterer and locksmith S1,440.

By far the greatest proportion of expense incurred each year for toilet articles is demanded by the senate barber-shops and bathrooms. It is not generally known that each member of this distinguished body is barberized gratis as many times a day as he wishes. In conjunction are all the appurtenances to Turkish and Russian baths. Skilled masseurs are always in readiness to hasten the course of slothful blood

During one hot week in June the senate paid \$136. for lemons for lemonade, and shortly afterward returned no less than 3,700 empty bottles which had contained lithia water. But the taxpayer should not grow long-faced at such a modest rate of revelry as this, considering the fact that fifteen years ago nearly every committee-room at the senate end of the capitol had its provision of liquors purchased by the chairman or by a member with a reputation as a connoisseur.

The senator's salary of \$5,000 a year is perhaps nothing to brag of. Yet it is just \$5,000 a year more than given to members of the British house of lords for their parliamentary duties. To this add \$125 allowed each year for newspapers and stationery, only about 850 of which need be spent. Further add an allowance for failroad mileage given at the beginning and end of each session, and which need not be expended by those who hold passes.

While scated at his desk a schator need only claphis hands to summon as many pages as necessary to order his lunch, deliver his notes or fetch him books, stationery or a glass of water. If a chairman of a committee he has at his personal disposal the clerkship of that committee, insuring a handsome salary of \$2,000 or \$3,000, not to mention an assistant clerkship or messengership at from \$1,440 up. If without a chairmanship he is insured the personal appointment of a clerk at \$1,500 a year.

EVERYWHERE in life the true question is not what

Good Reading

THE SIGNS.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

WHITE we hear a great deal nowadays about the habits and superstitions of the people in foreign lands, there are equally remarkable customs in our own land, seldom heard of outside their own locality. For instance, there are the "sign" believers, those people who have great faith in doing their work in accordance with some particular sign—either of the moon, stars or certain days of the month.

Numerous specimens of this class of people are still in existence among the hills and hollows of Pennsylvania.

As a general rule the sign man doesn't concern himself much about the social and political problem of the day. It takes all his surplus energy and intellect to keep on the right track of the various signs that are his especial hobby.

For the benefit of those who have never been introduced to the science of signs, it will be necessary to explain that it is a sort of forty-second cousin to that of "spooks," witches and the like.

The sign class don't all believe in and practice the same signs however.

Some rely entirely upon the different phases of the moon, such as the light and dark of the moon, the fulness thereof, and the moon's ascension and descension. The last two are usually referred to, in brief but significant terms, as the "up" and the "down" signs. Other signologers include all the constellations in the zodiac along with the moon.

Anyone desiring information along these lines is respectfully referred to the almanac, as from that volume the greater part of the signs are extracted.

The devout believer in signs will not begin any important work until his particular sign for that work comes along. Under the benign influence of the sign he feels confident of success.

No matter in how favorable a condition everything may be for planting, he would think it folly to plant his corn or potatoes except during full moon thus insuring a full crop.

It is a fact, however, that the man who plants in the sign usually has to go to his neighbor (who plants in the ground) for his seed potatoes, corn and so forth. The aforesaid neighbor also frequentby assists in filling up a chronic state of vacancy in the larder of the sign man. While this may indicate a hitch in the growth of the crops, I do not wish to insinuate a want of capability on the part of the sign. No indeed!

It is probably due-to this hitch however that the cows of the sign man are so apt to take those peculiar diseases known as "hollow horn" and "wolf in the tail,"

A generous application of spirits of turpentine to these extremities is supposed to have a very stimulating effect upon the debilitated organization of the animal.

In old times, that is from fifty to one hundred or more years ago, it was commonly attributed to witcheraft when horses and cattle failed to thrive, and when their bones made such an emphatic appearance as to threaten to pierce the cuticle. While this opinion is not so prevalent any more, the cure given by a famous witch exterminator, to a man whose cattle were thus afflicted, might be just as effective in these days. His prescription was to "always keep a good supply of hay in the barn and never let the cornerib get quite empty of corn."

The woman who believes in signs is even more lavish in the use of them than the man. One house-keeper blames her poor success in baking light bread on the fact that her bakeoven was built in the "down" sign. Another one is careful to sow her cabbage seed in the sign of the Head to insure a good crop of sourcrout.

When a new supply of yeast is to be made, it must be done during full moon and the "up" sign. Did you ever fry ham or bacon that the slices curled up in the pan and you had trouble to get it properly browned? Just set it down that the porker those slices came from departed this life in the "up sign."

Any fair reader who contemplates "bileing soap" should heed the instructions of a sagacious old lady whose reputation as a soapmaker has been exceedingly great. Her plan is to set the ashes in the sign

of the Lion, so that the lye will be good and strong, and boils the soap in the "down" sign so it will not overflow the kettle. The recipe for making sour vinegar doesn't come from the almanac. It looks as if it had been invented by some cynical old bachelor. It is very simple. Just put your mouth to the bunghole of the vinegar barrel and repeat the names of the seven worst-tempered women you are acquainted with. But whatever you do, be careful and not undertake, in the sign of the Crab, any work you wish to see prosper. It is supposed to have a tendency to advance backwards.

Newburg, Pa.

BIG TELESCOPES.

Speaking of large telescopes and their possibilities, Garrett Serviss writes as follows in the San Francisco Examiner:

The gigantic horizontal telescope at the Paris Exposition excites the wonder of the crowd by the size and length of its huge metal tube, but it shows no celestial marvels because the completion of its object glass has been delayed by accident. The great instrument is sufficiently complete, however, to demonstrate that the limit of size has not yet been reached in the making of telescopes.

We shall have telescopes 200, and, perhaps, 300 feet long, extended horizontally like this one, and furnished, as it is, with enormous mirrors to reflect the images of stars and planets into the system of refracting and magnifying lenses, which constitute the telescope proper. We shall see object glasses five or six feet in diameter, and attempts will be made to use them up to the extreme theoretical limit of their magnifying powers-say 5,000 or 6,000 times linear measurement. A magnification of 6,000 times would bring the moon within an apparent distance of only forty miles from the observer's eye. Enthusiasts talk of a magnification of 10,000 times as within the possibilities. would mean an apprarent distance of only twentyfour miles for the moon and 2,500 miles for Venus. when she is nearest.

These figures are imposing to the imagination. The moon within twenty-four miles would be almost within reach of shot from one of the tremendous rifled cannon that several nations are now bastening to make, without any idea, at present, of undertaking extra terrestrial conquests. Venus within 2,500 miles would be no farther than San Francisco is in a direct line from New York. That is close neighborhood for two worlds. Put them actually so near one another and their gravitation would bring them together with a continent-smashing crash.

I repeat, then, it imposes upon the imagination to think of a telescope capable of making these two bodies, the moon and Venus, appear to the eye as if, respectively, only twenty-four miles and 2,500 miles away. But a little reflection shows that this is not enough. Unfortunately, the atmosphere, without which astronomical, like military, operations cannot be conducted by human beings, does not permit the successful employment of telescopic magnifying powers of 5,000 or 6,000 diameters.

I have seen some of the mountainous landscapes of the moon with a power of more than 2,000 diameters applied to the great Lick telescope. These landscapes were brought within an apparent distance of 100 miles, and, what was the result? A curious blur of light and shadow, in which only general features were recognizable and the detail was lost. The fault was in the atmosphere, whose ceaseless undulations are magnified by the telescope until, with high powers, they practically intercept clear vision. With our present form of telescopes we must emigrate to the moon and acclimate ourselves in a world without air before we can usefully employ magnifying powers exceeding 1,000 or 2,000 times. Even a magnification of 10,-000, which some French astronomers talk of, would not suffice to solve the mysteries of the moon and the planets. We must have a power of 250,000 to bring the moon inside of a mile's distance. With such a power, supposing the vision clear and distinct, we could see such things as trees, rocks and animals of a large size, if they existed. To study the features of two lunar lovers sentimentally contemplating the shining earth from a peach garden in the moon we should require a power of 250,000,-000. Seriously, then, it must be evident that the

immediate precursor of coming instruments capable of opening up the intimate scenes of other worlds to human eyes. Yet there is no reason to be discouraged. We must find a substitute for the telescope—we, who have made for ourselves an electrical eye which sees things hidden and myistile. We shall not give up the conquest of the celestial regions. Let us discover some new punciple in optics, and as the first Galileo carried us a thousand degrees into space, let his successor, who ought to be a twentieth century man, carry us a million.

ZINC IN ARKANSAS.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the rapid evolution of zinc production into one of the great industries of the country is the addition of the Arkansas district to the southwestern field. Five counties of northwestern Arkansas are coming rapidly into prominence because of the zinc deposite they contain. The counties are in the roughest portion of the Ozarks. Their topography consists of narrow but exceedingly fertile valleys, lofty rudges and tortuous watercourses, bounded by canyon-like cliffs, affording the finest scenery to be found between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. The broken character of the region has deterred railroad building. The zinc deposits lie fifty to seventy-five miles from rail transportation.

A full day of mountain staging must be done to reach the edge of the zinc district of Arkansas, The existence of ore in this almost terra incognita was made known by wantlering geologists a number of years ago, says Harper's Weekly. The first really impressive information the country had of this mineral wealth was when a nugget of pure zinc ore weighing 12,700 pounds, over six tons, was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 with the explanation that it was a specimen chunk from a mountain of the same "down in Arkansas." This sounded large, but it was really not much of an exaggeration. The owners of the cliff out of which the zinc "Jumbo" was gouged subsequently tore away overlying dirt and rock and exposed a face of ore which has been the marvel of visiting scientists and miners ever since. They erected a mill and built a trainway. Selecting the richest of the ore, they have been crushing and separating and shipping for several years.

This product is hauled over the mountain roadsa day's journey-to the head of navigation on White River. Thence it is boated 100 miles to a railroad connection and so finds its way to the sea for exportation to Belgium. Presumably there some margin of profit with all of these drawbacks in transportation. The same men have been con ducting the business for years and are still with it They have shipped by this expensive route over 1,200 tons of cleaned ore. They operated their mine when ore was worth about one-half of what is pail for it now. At this the pioneer of the producing mile of the Arkansas district no rock bearing less than twelve per cent of its weight in ore is crushed. In the Joplin district four and five per cent rock is pul through the crusher and separator with profit.

At the Morning Star—for that is the appropriate name of the mine which has led in the development of the Arkansas district—thousands of tons of or of a grade which would be considered profitable in Missouri and Kansas are heaped in great dumps. In fact, it is not improbable that the whole mountain side may some time be worked over for the ore which seems to permeate not only all of the rock which seems to permeate not only all of the rock formations but even the dirt. The former State geologist of Arkansas, Prof. Branner, now of the geologist of California, visited this mine in its early development and carried away for laboratory by development and carried away for laboratory tests some of the soil as well as fragments of the rock. Soon after he reached Little Rock he write back to the superintendent:

"Don't throw away any more of that dirtal god thirteen per cent metallic zinc."

bring the moon inside of a mile's distance. With such a power, supposing the vision clear and distinct, we could see such things as trees, rocks and animals of a large size, if they existed. To study the features of two lunar lovers sentimentally contemplating the shining earth from a peach garden in the moon we should require a power of 250,000,000. Seriously, then, it must be evident that the Paris telescope, wonderful as it is, cannot be the

ooo The o Circle ooo

W B Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Bellegriffs W B Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Bellecapted Mrs. Lizze D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and capted address all communications to Our Missionary Reading testing Compiled, Ohio.

YOUNG MEN AND THE CHURCH. To show the con-1000 to the drawing power of vile shows comand to the church, note the following facts: In of the most progressive cities of Texas, while a votest nation revival " was going on, backed by all inc evangelical churches in the city, while under bl headway, on Friday night with two thousand months present, only eighty-seven of them were ming men. That same night there entered one of the saloon theatricals six hundred and seventeen oung men. On the Sunday night following, the anon revival had one hundred and eighty young no present, but the theatrical had 1,248 men and hars entered its doors between the hours of eight and half past eleven o'clock. It is an appalling fact that in those parts of our cities where we need most of the we have the fewest. The average in all out cities is not less than ten saloons to every charch. - Danger Signals for New Century Manhood.

POWER OF LITTLE THINGS. - You may think that its insignificant, the work we ask of each member: and to read a few books is all that the Circle actually requires, though we hope that the reading will lead much service. Each reader should be moved to to something for Jesus. Much depends on little hings. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. When an army or a regiment comes to a bridge they are always commanded to break ranks, for heir simultaneous tread will destroy the strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge a Boughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Little causes and geat results. Christianity was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible homaship in the harbor of Tokio. Nearly fourteen hundred Circle members ready to do good in ratious ways, ready to work in his vineyard, at home or almoad, should accomplish much for

Too Late.—A minister told of one young man who came to his study after serving his third sentence in prison; he was only twenty-seven years old, but his life had been bad, he was old in sin. The minister pleaded with him to live a better life, and this was the young man's reply: "My friend, this is all good advice that you are giving me, but I have well-nigh passed the stopping place. I am bound by a thousand and one bands, and each of them, it seems to me, is as strong as iron. I have tred, yes tried in vain to break these bands that hold me fast, but it is useless. If my mother or my tather had given me this advice twelve years ago, all might have been different. Then I might have been saved. Now I fear it is too late."

Christ, seek those things which are above. There is a kind of life that burrows in the dark, like that of the mole or the worm, another life which crawls like that of the reptile. The life in the eagle makes it soar up to gaze at the sun. Put the eagle-life into the mole, and it would quit burrowing in the earth, and avoiding darkness, it would seek to seek to burrow. It is not a pleasing thought that burrows in the dark or crawls on the earth's surface. Sheh looks up, and its very nature leads us to seek the things above."

The lath that saves men is an implicit trust, an anywavering confidence in the Lord Jesus himself, which manifests itself by a hearty obedience to the tests entirely on the power and truthfulness of him the commands. How useless, then, is all submisternal redemption. How foolish to depend on the power and truthfulness of him the human authority in matters that pertain to the power for that which God alone can supply. Yet this that multitudes do. They lean upon the arm of the sh, and when this fails them they fall.

= Sunday A School =

INTROSPECTION—a looking inward is indispensable to a good life. We need to be honest with ourselves as well as with our neighbors in order to have a conscience void of offense. A scrutiny not only of our deeds but of the motives that lead to them must be a daily exercise if we would grow in grace and develop spiritual strength. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the end of the Gospel, which is the fulness of wisdom, is love out of a pure heart and a good conscience and faith unfeigned. If this end or purpose is kept in mind, we shall not turn aside into vain jangling, and become teachers of new things and worshipers of modern deities.

The Gospel of Jesus never grows old. It has always to the unsophisticated heart the freshness and beauty of eternal youth. He who could truthfully say, "Before Abraham was I am," could also declare, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." But the words of men are transient, and soon lose their power and fade out of the world's memory. Babylon in the height of its glory was thronged with orators and poets, philosophers and soothsayers, but who now knows even their names? Yet Daniel, the mouthpiece of Jehovah, is a household word in all civilized lands, and his story and prophecy are the delight of all pious hearts.

Pwil represents preachers of the Gospel as builders, and warns them against carelessness in the selection of their material. Wood, hay, and stubble are not fit to be laid upon the apostolic foundation, and he who works them in, as many do at the present time, will in the end suffer loss. They who are seeking salvation should be carefully instructed as to the right way of finding it. They should be led to read the Scriptures for themselves, that their confidence may be in God not in man. They should view each item of the Gospel in the full light of divine truth, and be made sure of every step they take as they come into the kingdom of heaven.

THE Savior rebuked the Pharisees for appearing religious before men while their minds were alienated from God and their desires were controlled by worldly ambition. The Psalmist's prayer was, Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. The hidden or interior man rules the outer. Hence the command, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks. The good man out of the good treasure therein sends forth good things, and the evil man out of the evil treasure sends forth evil things.

Facts, without persuasion, are far better than persuasion without facts, in winning souls for Christ. If we could only present Christ as he really is, how surely men would be drawn to him without the pressure of our clumsy urging! Says Mr. Sankey, out of his lifelong experience: "People come to Christ, I find, in a very simple way." Not through argument or persuasion, so much as through simple presentation of Christ as he is, do men accept him. This is a truth for preacher and teacher alike to have in mind.

Apprentice few people know that they have control over their likings and dislikes. Yet this control is implied in many of the injunctions of the New Testament. For example, Paul tells the saints at Colosse to set their affections on things above, not on things on the earth. This he would not have done had they not had power over their affections to place them where they wished. The will is, or should be, under God, the ruler of the mind, bringing all into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Masy if not all of the ills which have afflicted the churches of Christ have sprung from the conduct of men that fancy they know more about the will of God than the apostles knew. Just as the Pharisees thought they could devise a better worship than Moses taught them, so our modern pastors think their own wisdom a safer guide than the word of faith which Paul preached.

BOOK NOTICES.

In this corner of the 'Nook will be published, from week to week, reviews and notices of new books, such as seem, in our judgment, best fitted for the improvement and interest of our readers. Readers are often puzzled to know what to get when they want a book. In this column they will find notices of new hooks, what they are about, and how they treat their subjects. Publishers who send books for review may omit the usual accompanying notices, as the Inglenook has ideas of its own. Simply address The Inglenook, Elgin, Illinois. The Editor will get them, if sent by either mail or express.

OUR PRESIDENTS, AND HOW WE MAKE THEM. By Col. A. K. McClure. 498 pages, price \$2.00. Published by Harper & Bros., New York, N. Y.

This is a most valuable addition to our historical literature, dealing, as it does with every president from Washington down to McKinley. Ordinarily books about our presidents are more or less biographical in their character, or deal with statistics, and while this class of books is all well enough for reference, or interesting to the critical student of politics, the volume under consideration is a different sort of production entirely. It is a live book by a live man. The author is a veteran newspaper man, given to politics from his birth, and while he has had to refer to written history for his facts prior to his coming on the scene of action, it is astonishing how great a part he has played personally in the political history of our country. He tells the inside of things, as one who was on the ground and took a part in the performance of them. This constitutes the charm of the book, and at the same time is its element of weakness. It is interesting because it is told in a lively way, and it "strings out" like a romance. It is a difficult thing to invest political details with anything like graceful movement, but the author does it. This is the newspaper man of it, and a skilled one he is. The element of weakness in the book is the strong personality of the writer. He has notions of his own, and he gets them into the book. But, however personal he is usually correct, and the reader of the volume will find himself in possession of a vast number of inside facts and details of our presidential characters that will be a revelation to the average man or

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Woodrow Wilson. 333 pages, cloth, price \$1.50, Harper & Bros., New York.

In the years gone by a Life of Washington would have suggested a stilted, ponderous, book with published correspondence, in fine print, the whole prefaced with a picture of the general's crossing the Delaware. Nowadays things are done differently, and the book before us is a case in point. While this book is historically accurate it is as interesting as a romance. It is a good book for a present to some boy, or even to a father from his son, and it has all the elements of permanency of value about it

The story starts with an account of the conditions in colonial Virginia, and follows him through the Revolutionary war and up to the date of his death at Mt. Vernon. The chief charm of the book lies in its pleasant telling and there is much of the personality of the great man that has found its way into the account that will be new to most readers, as it deals with the man and neighbor as well as the military genius. We extract a paragraph from page 110:

"Washington loved horses and dogs with the heartiest sportsman of them all. He had a great gusto for stalking deer with George Mason on the broad forested tracks round Gunston Hall, and liked often to take gun or rod after lesser game when the days fell dull; but best of all he loved a horse's back, and the hard ride for hours together after the dogs and a crafty quarry -a horse it put a man to his points to ride, a country where the running was only for those who dared. His own mounts could nowhere be bettered in Virginia. There was full blood of Araby in his noble Magnoha, and as good bunting blood as was to be found in the colony in his Blueskin and Ajax, Valiant and Chinckling. His hounds he bred 'so flew'd, so sanded,' so matched in speed and habit, that they kept always tune and pace together in the field. 'A cry more tuneable was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,' than theirs when they were let 'spend their months' till echo replied 'as if another chase were in the skies'. Twas first to the stables for him always in the morning, and then to the kennels.'

THE CHICAGO DOG HOSPITAL.

The north side has a dog hospital, where afflicted canines are treated for all kinds of ailments, from flea bites to St. Vitus' dance. Horses are also treated, but doctoring dogs is the principal feature of the institution. The dogs are located one above the other, on either side of a wide space in cages or boxes, covered in front by heavy screens. In the boxes were dogs with various queer complaints, in addition to many common ones.

At one end two cages contained two cats, and it was noticed for the first time that it was possible for cats to remain unmoved by the bark of a dog. The felines had probably discovered that they were safe from intrusion. One of the cats, a Persian, was suffering from consumption, which she had acquired at a cat boarding-house while the owner was away at the seaside. The doctor considered the consumptive beyond the hope of medical assistance. The other cat had been through a recent fire and had remained in the burning building so long that she had a pair of badly smoked lungs. Vapor inhalations were rapidly restoring the lungs to their normal condition.

As might be expected, most of the dogs were troubled with skin diseases, but there were a number of them with complaints not nearly so common. One canine, in a box with a curtain hanging over the front of his bars to keep out the light, was afflicted with ophthalmia. The doctor was treating his eyes constantly and announced that within a reasonable time he would effect a complete cure. In another cage were two dogs, brothers, who had been brought to the hospital suffering from St. Vitus' dance. They had been under the care of the physician for some time and were nearing recovery. Each was still slightly affected, occasionally, with a twitching of the legs, but it was said that the improvement in each case had been marked. The doctor was giving the dogs a strychnine and arsente

A dog with a somewhat enlarged neck was on the high road to recovery. The remedies which were being applied were resulting in the absorption of the enlargement. Another dog was suffering from a mild attack of asthma, but it had shown much improvement since arriving at the hospital. One of the most remarkable cases under treatment was that of a smooth-coated St. Bernard suffering from a bad attack of rickets. The effects of the disease were most plainly discernible in the dog's forefeet. The ankles dropped inward and the feet turned outward in as pronounced a way as could be found in the most severe case in a human being.

This St. Bernard, as well as all the large dogs at the hospital, was not confined in a box, but was kept in a stall, which was originally constructed for the accommodation of a horse. In another stall was a big dog with a broken foreleg. The animal had been struck by a cable train and knocked under a wagon, which had run over the leg. The injured limb was bandaged to await the reduction of the swelling, when the broken bones would be set and the leg placed in a plaster cast.

The aristocratic occupant of a boxed stall was a large white bulldog, which had been in the hospital before. The dog was there this time to receive a little attention in regard to the condition of his skin. On a previous visit he came for dental attention. In an endeavor to bite a brickbat or masticate a rock he had broken off both tusks, or eanine teeth, of the upper jaw. These missing tusks were replaced with solid gold teeth built up on the roots of the broken ones.

One day recently a man hurried to the hospital with a dog that was badly distressed. Dog catchers had made, an attack on the animal and in the onslaught they had in some way torn out the poor beast's eye, which was hanging by the optic nerve and one of the muscles. The doctor replaced the eye in the socket and took a few stitches in the corners of the lids to hold the ball tightly in place until the muscles could have time to become reattached.

A few days ago one of the queerest cases ever at the hospital was discharged. The patient was a Yorkshire terrier belonging to the wife of a chewing gum manufacturer. Of course there was always plenty of gum in the house and the family had naturally taught the dog the art of chewing the stuff. Beppo finally became quite fond of the deli-

cacy, but some way the family was unable to educate the pet-up to sticking the gum on the back of his chair or under the table after he had chewed it long enough.

Beppo swallowed it, probably considering that the unckest way to get rid of it.

As the head of the family made the gum it would not do to think that the goods would hurt anybody or anything. So when Beppo was exhibiting his talent for chewing to visitors and suddenly swallowed his gum the folks said nothing but simply gave him more. But unknown to the family Beppo's appetite grew beyond his control. When no one was around to give him gum he chewed and swallowed rubber bands, sections of overshoes, etc. Finally the terrier gave evidences of indigestion and he was bundled off in the dog ambulance which the hospital keeps for emergency cases and landed in the dog doctor's office.

The physician succeeded in extracting from Beppo's stomach about half a pound of gum or enough to make sixty-seven sticks, twenty-three rubber bands and seventeen pieces of old overshoes. Beppo was then returned home with orders to discontinue his chewing gum and rubber diet.

"Yes, we have some great experiences in this business," said Dr. Young. "Some people think as much of their dogs as if they were children and they sometimes bring them in here as often as parents would take sick children to a doctor. Often they demand that something be done for a dog when nothing is the matter with it. Then we have to do about like the doctor who gives bread pills.

"Once I was in a restaurant close by eating my luncheon Suddenly I heard a great commotion in front and just as I was about to get up and see what was the matter a woman rushed back and laid a badly-injured dog on the table where I was eating and asked me to do something for it immediately. She was half crazy and hardly knew what she was doing. I told her we would go to the hospital, as nothing could be done there in the restaurant, and so we started for my office. The dog had been run over by the cable train. It was an extremely great pet of the woman, as could readily be seen by her actions. Arrived at the hospital the woman laid the dog down and I told her at once that it was dead. She gave a piercing shrick and fell in a faint on the floor. Then I had to devote my attention to reviving her, which I accomplished in a short time. She was inconsolable over the loss of the little animal."

CHINESE LAWLESSNESS.

JOHN LIDDELE, of San Francisco, was speaking vesterday of some characteristics of the Chinese. "I have noticed in the papers recently," he said, "a story of how one Wung Kai Kee, a Chinese artist, had furnished a paper here with the Chinese symbol for 'Kill all the foreigners.' On account of this Wung Kai Kee had incurred the displeasure of his compatriots, and had fled, fearing for his life. Fortunately, Wung seems to have found means of squaring matters, for he has apparently returned home, relieved of dread. This is a typical case, and will serve to point out to you in the East what we in the West are all too familiar with. The Chinaman has a thorough and progressive contempt for all laws but his own. He obeys the law of the country he is in if he has to, but he seldom appeals to it, and is prone, when he thinks wrong has been done him, to take the law in his own hands. Oriental justice is not Christian justice. yet wherever Chinamen are to be found there will be found as well innumerable instances of Oriental justice having been administered by them. A Chinaman offends or transgresses some Chinese law in America. The offense may also break an American law, and the remedy in an American court may lie at hand. But do the aggrieved Chinese try it? They straightway meet in one of their secret conclaves and proceed to prescribe the punishment to be meted out to that particular Chinaman-death as often as not. Then they deal out that law of the land wherein they live, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they escape scot free. This usually is the work of the highbinders, or some kindred secret society, and wherever their devilish work is done heavy punishment should be dealt out to the offenders. If they can't be caught, take a leaf out

and capture the transgressor's relatives. I'll war, rant you'd get the real offender in this way, and put a stop to their work.

"The most famous, and possibly the richest Chinaman we ever had in San Francisco was Little Pete. He was an exceedingly clever Mongolian skilled in American as well as in the Chinese methods. 'Little Pete' got into trouble with the high. binders and they decreed his death. Although the police, he knew, couldn't help him much, 'Pele' advised them of his danger, and they kept such watch and ward as they could over him. Pete personally employed two Chinamen as guards, and was never without one or the other of them, In this way he preserved his life for weeks. But one evening he went into a Chinese barber shop to get shaved. 'Little Pete' wanted to see an evening paper, so he sent his guard across the street for a copy, as no suspicious characters seemed about The guard was gone less than a minute, but that was sufficient, and when he got back, Little Pete" had been gathered to his fathers. His murderer was never apprehended.

"One evening in a crowded street in Chinatown," continued Mr. Liddele, "a Chinese woman was shot and instantly killed. At one cross-street corner at the time were a lieutenant of police and three patrolmen. At the other cross-street corner were two more policemen, while directly across the street another policeman was slowly pacing his beat. At the shot the three forces converged rapidly to the point where the murder had occurred. and arrested all the 'Chinks' they could lay their hands on. There lay the murdered woman on the sidewalk, deliberately killed on a crowded and brilliantly lighted street, within eyesight and carshot of seven guardians of the law. For all that, however, her murderer got away scot free. It was found afterward that the Chinaman who had done the deed never made a move to escape, but, having shot his victim down, thrust the weapon up his sleeve and calmly watched her die. The police arrested him along with a score of others, but as they could prove nothing and no witnesses were forthcoming they had to let him go Yet the smoke of that pistol shot was still in the air when the first policeman got to the scene.

"I give you these instances to show you the deadly and fiendish ingenuity of the Chinanian, when he sets out to kill or punish. He defies your law, and in utter contempt of it takes the law into his own hands. He should be punished for whather does. But alas! our law and our method of administering it seem helpless to reach him or to protect those whom the Chinamen, in secret conclave, have decreed must die. Some drastic method of proceeding with Chinese cases should be invented to inspire Chinamen with a respect for American law, which they now hold in contempt."

SALTING BABIES.

One of the most curious of the practices which have come down to us from Biblical times is that of salting newly-born infants. This quaint rite is generally practiced among the Armenians of Erwan, who carefully cover the child's hody with very fint salt. The duration of the rite is three hours, after which the child is bathed and considered as being free from all evil influences which may have attended its birth.

The Greeks believe that the children will grow up puny and weak—never coming to a good end, if they are not salted. From this cause there is great, mortality—the babes dying in convulsions.

In many parts of Germany the custom still obtains, but happily the infants are not exposed to ruthless suffering, a pinch of salt being rubbed be hind the child's ears, or put on the tongue, or carried in a packet among the garments in order to ward off evil spirits and wishes.

In the United States navy the daily full diet is as follows (the number following each arnels shows the number of ounces): Breaktast Coffee shows the number of ounces): Breaktast Coffee to the property of t

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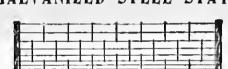
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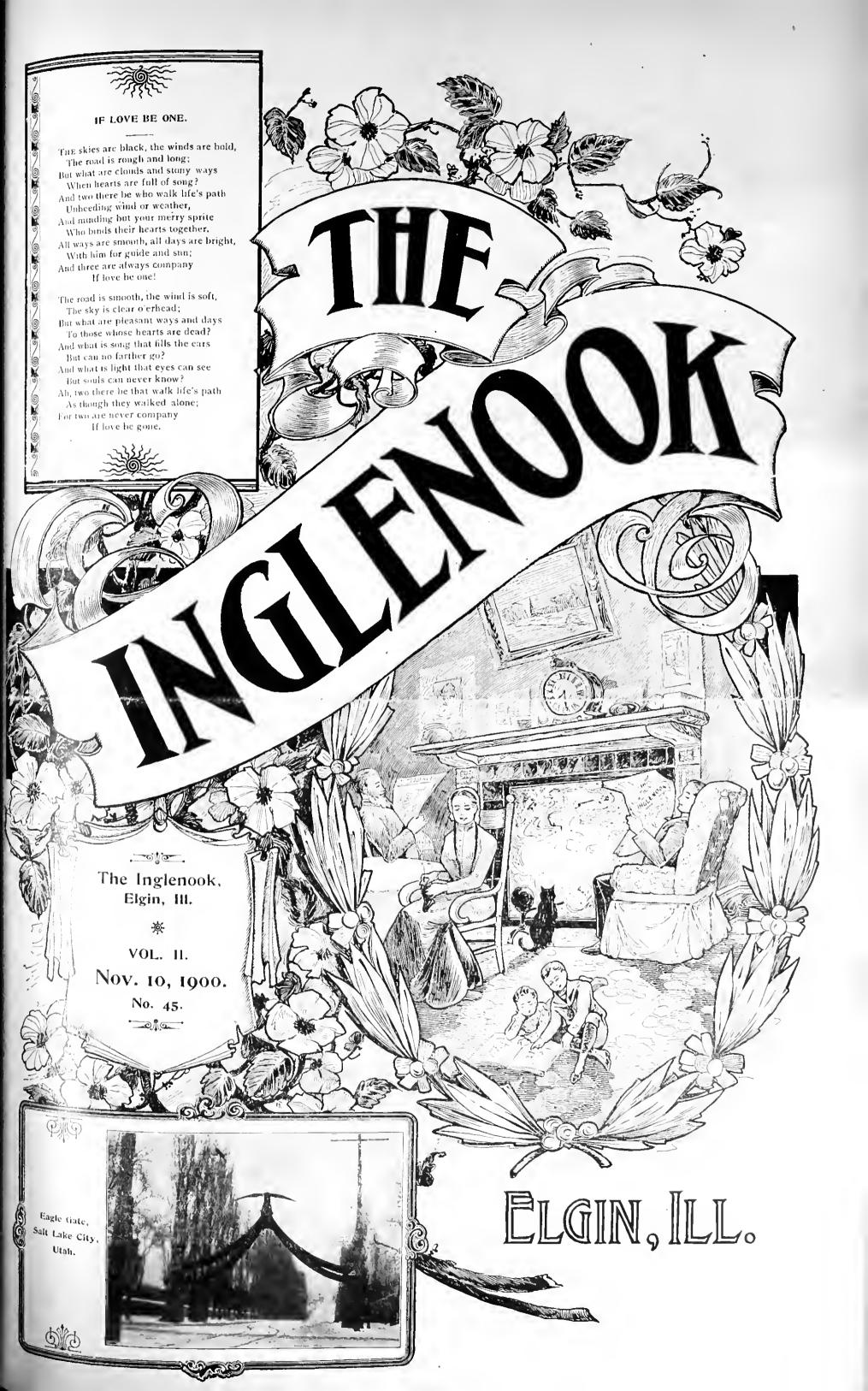
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Samantha at Saratoga, Sesame and Lilies, Sketch Book, Sticket Minister, Stories from the History of Greece, Stories from the History of Rome, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room, Thirty Years' War, Twice-Told Tales,

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The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

A Live Paper for Live People.

The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper men who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing old It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and commonplace about it. and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without The INGLENOOR being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it was Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the Inglenook next year. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows never undertaken in the church before. what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life, T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made. JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast. C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance. MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment?

NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last Twenty-five Years?

S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading | I. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church, H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians, QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion. | E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bible

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Amon the Jews. D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to some. CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side were Evangelist's Life L. W. TEETER: How a Commentar or Country Mis-D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better sions? x-convicts. NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Deagnetic Healick M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas A L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Swit. GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide M GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Gr. ior's Life. J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side on

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And there are Others. You Can't Afford to Miss all This

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Brethren Publishing House, PUBLISHERS, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

YOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 10, 1900.

No. 45.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

By the thorn-road and no other Is the mount of vision won: fread it without shrinking, brother! lesus troil it, -- press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor, Guiding, cheering, like the sun, Earth-hound hearts thou shall deliver,-Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger, For thy life of pain and peace; While it needs thee, oh, no longer Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather, That thou be a faithful son; By thy prayer of Jesus,-" Father, Not my will, but thine, be done! Samuel Johnson.

SLAYERY DAYS.

EVERY reader knows on general principles what a colored man is, and what slavery was. But few how the facts of the slave trade, and at this remote day its story reads like an evil page of hismy. It cost the people of this country thousands oget the African here, and it cost thousands of millions to break his chains. And we still have hm, and are likely to till the end of time. About a dozen years after the discovery of America the Portuguese engaged in the slave trade. It was taken up by the English, as a matter of profit, and in 1620 to Dutch landed a lot of twenty at Jamestown, Valand this was the start of the traffic in the Unitd States. It was a very profitable piece of busiuss. The average cost of five hundred men, wommand children was about \$18, and the average elling price on this side was, for men, \$260, for nomen, \$205, and the boys brought \$155 each. On heother hand it should be remembered that it has ken calculated that for every one delivered and oldhere seven others perished, one way and another, which will be shown later.

During the days of the legitimacy of the slave tade nothing was easier than to fit out a ship, take ma cargo of rum, and gewgaws, such as would deof the soul of an African chief, and set sail for the wast of the dark continent. In the earlier stage of hebusiness there were several ways of securing a ago. The African chief had taken a lot of prisonb, and these he sold, or the slavers themselves all ashore, surrounded a village, set fire to the ls, killed all who resisted and the old and the my young, and drove the rest to the coast and here loaded them for the long voyage, with the flerence between carrying cattle at the present ay and the methods in vogue in slavery days that accattle are much better housed and better treatdon the way. No end of them sickened and died othe voyage. They were crowded together very whas cattle are huddled on a train, food was not oplenty, and as for fresh air and the like, there the none of such things. When there were dead by were brought out and shot over the side of the and it was not an uncomon thing for a live man to be shackled to a dead at and remain so for some days before it was no-They were peculiarly liable to smallpox and diseases, and it is said that a slave ship pde its presence known for miles around, wherter she happened to be, on account of the peculiar ad dreadful odor arising from the cargo. In the best of ships built for slavers, the place set

And for the human cargo was five feet, eight inchhigh, in others only three feet, and some of the the avaricious slavers packed their human cargo such a way that the feet of one was in the lap of nother, and thus shingled with humans the boat and thus shingled with numeric than and the don its long, wearisome journey to Havana, t slave mart of the new world. It is recorded ad were no boat fifty of them died in one night were pitched overboard, food for the sharks. is not said that this mortality was regarded other

confinement, and the bad conditions generally, rendered thirty of the cargo blind. Not much fuss was made over the unfortunates. They were now useless as slaves and were promptly pitched overboard. It was often the case that the captives voluntarily plunged overboard and escaped by suicide. Others attempted to starve themselves, and there was a provision for such cases in an instrument forced into the mouths of the slaves and by means of a screw it was made to open and food thrust in, thus compelling them to live.

From 1680 to 1786 there were brought to our country 2,130,000 slaves, and those in the trade said that of every thousand slaves captured in the interior of Africa five hundred died on the terrible march to the coast, and of the remaining five hundred one hundred and twenty-five died on the voyage. To this dreadful mortality must be added the number killed in the capture of the original thousand that started on the march to the sea.

After a while the horror of the thing dawned on the several governments and the business was outlawed, and men of war set about capturing and destroying those engaged in the trade.

Then began a series of evasions and escapes on the part of those engaged in the nefarious traffic. It is said that when a slaver loaded with his human freight was sure to be overhauled and punishedhanging, it was-he watched his chance and if he had night at his command, the whole cargo walked the plank into the sea. After that when they caught him he was only an innocent mariner. But the business was finally wiped out as far as Africa was concerned.

But a hundred or more years afterward the country ran red with blood shed over the slave and his freedom, and the end is not yet over the colored man. But the incomprehensible part of it was that all people consented originally to the traffic, and only here and there was there a man with a head clear enough to see the enormity of the thing. Preachers advocated the system, and wherever there was a man who opposed the business his life was made a burden to him. The worst of it is over now, but what a nightmare it is to think about at the present day.

"UP THE SPOUT" IN CHINA.

What the public house or hotel is to an English town the pawnshop is to a Chinese community.

Its lofty solid building rears itself above the houses and forms the most prominent feature of the bird's-eye view of any city or town. They are now national institutions, and were known to exist in the days of Confucius, over 2,500 years ago.

In those days usurers charged exorbitant interest for money lent, and very frequently the borrower disappeared with his booty for good. To one ingenious lender there came an idea. As hostages were given in war as a guarantee of good faith, why should not borrowers deposit pledges for the money lent them? Thus originated pawnbroking in China. The pawnshop is a square building, towering to some seventy or eighty feet above the ground. The first twenty feet are built of solid granite, the remainder of best brick. As precautions against fire and thieves, they are most solidly built. No woodwork is allowed on the outside, and the walls are raised several feet above the roof. The windows are very small and tightly laced with thick iron bars, and inside are iron shutters to repel flames.

The eight or ten-storied building stands several feet back from the street line. There is a small doorway, and behind it stands a wooden screen bearing the name of the pawnshop. Instead of the English "three balls" the Chinese pawning sign consists of two. This represents the bottle gourd, used in China as a natural life buoy, and thus proclaims, the pawnshop as "The Life Preserver."

shop is fenced off with iron bars, like a lion's cage, six feet above the ground. The Chinese coming to pawn his winter clothes hands up the bundle to the broker behind the bars.

The Chinese "uncle" fixes the price, gives the "nephew" a ticket, and the money; the pledge is ticketed and packed away, just as in England.

The rates of interest are high. On advances of less than ten shillings thirty-six per cent per annum is charged; from ten shillings to £1, twentyfour per cent, and on larger sums slightly less,

But during the winter months articles can be redeemed at a deduction of one-third in the interest, as a concession to the needs of the poor,

A pledge may hold good for three years. After that time it cannot be redeemed.

Periodically the pawnshops sell off their unredeemed pledges to second-hand shops, sales direct to the public being forbidden.

On migrating to Australia, America, or elsewhere, the Chinaman pawns his implements of worshipcenser, urn, tripod, etc., thus leaving them in security till his return. Pawnshops are also used as banks.

A man having saved some money consigns it to the pawnbroker for safe custody, paying a small fee for the privilege. From time to time he is admitted to see that his treasure is still intact or to add

There are three classes of pawnshops in China. The largest are, of course, the more respectable, while the smaller houses are more grasping in their business. Both are duly licensed by the government, and pay an annual fee. There are also small secret pawnshops existing outside the law, and only by connivance with the officials, whose complacency is purchased. In China the business of pawnbroking is honorable, and followed by the highest men in the kingdom. Much of Li Hung Chang's vast wealth has come and still comes from his five large pawnshops. He is pawnbroker as well as

The Chinese "uncle's" great enemies are fire and thieves. If fire originates in the shop the proprietor must pay the full value of all pledges destroyed. If the building is wrecked by a fire starting outside the owner is exempt save for a small percentage. As to robbers, cartloads of stones are stored to repel an attack, prompted by the rich booty of the pawnshop. The attendants are also armed. but not infrequently the places are wrecked by gangs of robbers.

WHEN MINDS ARE BRIGHTEST.

Swift was fifty-nine when his brain gave birth to "Gulliver's Travels."

Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and 'The Bridge of Sighs" were written when he was forty-six.

George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote "Middlemarch," and this was succeeded by "Daniel Deronda."

Bacon's greatest work took fifty-nine years to mature and Grote's "History of Greece" some years longer.

Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at forty-eight, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs in Many Keys" when he had passed his fifty-fifth birthday.

Cowper had turned the half century when he wrote "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and De Foe was within two years of sixty when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between fifty-four and fifty-nine. It was at this period of his existence when he offered to the world "Paradise Lost."

Sir Walter Scott was forty-four when his "Waverley" made its appearance, and nearly all those Behind this signboard is a small courtyard, stories where all business is transacted. The front of the were composed after the age of forty-six. stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him

Correspondence

THE VOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY JUSTUS H. CLINE.

Among the natural wonders of the world the Yosemite Valley is not surpassed. It is a granite walled chasm located in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains, Mariposa County, California, about one hundred and fifty miles east of San Francisco "as the crow flies." It is seven miles long. The width varies from one-half mile to one mile. It is bounded on every side by frowning cliffs three thousand to six thousand feet high. Over these cliffs leap numerous waterfalls of greater or less volume. Their height varies from three hundred and fifty feet to two thousand at a single bound. In making these terrific leaps they present forms of inexpressible grandeur and loveliness. Merced river, clear as crystal and cold as ice, runs through it. So clear is the water that numerous trout may be seen at any depth. The banks of the stream present many forms of beauty. Its entire course through the valley is through sylvan glades and grassy meadows bordered by fragrant shrubbery and many varieties of wild flowers. Surely nature has wonderfully endowed this isolated spot. I say isolated, because the nearest approach to the valley by rail is eighty miles. At present the tourist must make the journey by means of stages. During the summer season these stages make trips daily.

Not many years ago this marvelous gorge was the hiding place of a band of annoying and hostile Indians, who boasted that they had a place where "white man no catch 'um." In 1851 a body of soldiers in pursuit of the Indians were the first white men to look upon the Yosemite. Strange to say, they returned without making any mention of the unspeakable grandeur of the place. Only an incidental allusion was made to a waterfall, they "guessed was a thousand feet high." A few years later the valley was more thoroughly explored by some parties who returned with graphic accounts of the marvelous sublimity and beauty of the place, also with sketches of some of the most striking features. Thus the valley was made known to the world and since then its far spread fame has attracted to it thousands of tourists annually.

Early in June, 1900, the writer accompanied by three friends started from Fresno, California, en route for the Yosemite. Our outfit consisted of a covered wagon drawn by two horses, a large tent and bedding, food sufficient for several weeks and cooking utensils. The distance from Fresno is about one hundred and thirty miles. The greater part of this is through the Sierra Nevada mountains. The first twenty miles of the journey lay through the almost unbroken wheat region of the San Joaquin Valley. Here it was hot and dusty, and there was little water. At six o'clock we were well into the foot-hills. Water was yet scarce, but fate favored us and we came to a schoolhouse by the road where there was a well of very good wa-Here we made our camp. The horses were fed, the tent pitched, and supper was prepared. After supper we arranged our bed, which was composed of a canvas and a number of blankets and comforters. These we placed on the ground. I found the bed a little too hard for sleep that night, but in the successive nights it was amply comfortable. I never slept better anywhere than flat on the ground, high up in the Sierras.

On the following evening we found ourselves far into the mountains. It was cooler and more pleasant. There was water everywhere. Babbling brooks came leaping down the mountain's side almost at every turn of the road. There was lots of timber-the finest I ever saw. For many miles we drove through primeval forests of pine, cedar, spruce and fir. To one who lived in an arid, treeless country, the scenery was grand. Not a tree had been cut. The woods were fresh from the hands of the Creator. Never had the axe of the woodman marred their original beauty; but a far more wonderful sight in the shape of trees was yet in store for us. We had not yet reached the spot where nature had been most lavish in her forests. We had not seen California's big trees, -her gigantic Sequoias.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the third

day we stood in the midst of the Mariposa Big Tree grove. A wonderful sight met us. Almost before we were aware we were in the very presence of an enormous giant of the forest, a tree twenty or thirty feet in diameter. I will not dwell on the big trees now, but may speak of them at length subsequently.

On the following day, late in the afternoon, I had my first glimpse of the Vosemite Valley. We were driving down a tolerably steep incline about one mile above Glacial Point. As the road made a sudden turn we found ourselves on the very edge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height. I was utterly unprepared for the suddenness of the change. To attempt to describe the impression would be presumptuous. It must be experienced to be understood. Before us was an awful gorge, terrible in its depth and wonderful in its sublimity. Just opposite, less than three-quarters of a mile away, arose the great Half Dome, whose perpendicular front measures five thousand feet—almost one mile. On its top lay a large snow drift. To the left the waters of the Nernalt Falls sparkled in the twilight as they rushed over a granite wall three hundred and fifty feet high. A little beyond the Nevada Falls were filling that part of the valley with the din of their monotonous roar as they made a leap of just twice so high. Guarding this wonder stands the Cap of Liberty, an enormous mass of granite, whose crest reaches thousands of feet heavenward.

We must not pause here, we are nearing Glacial Point. We stand on the very brink of the precipice looking down as though into the very bowels of the earth. Three thousand feet below the largest objects seem as children's toys. The Merced river as it winds gracefully through the centre of the valley may be traced by its likeness to a mere thread. A stage coach drawn by four large horses can only be seen by the keenest eye. The scene was very much like the one just described, only added to that is the crowning glory of the valley, the Yosemite Falls, which send a torrent from the crest of a cliff into the valley almost three thousand feet below. We spent the night near the Point. There was a beautiful moonlight. The semidarkness added strangeness to the scene. It was a late hour when I retired, being loath to tear myself from the grand sublimity of the spectacle. During the evening low fires were kindled on the very edge of the cliff for the benefit of the visitors in the valley below. The charred remains of sticks of wood, fire canes, were sent blazing into the abyss. They seemed as falling stars. Bombs, suspended by ropes were exploded near the surface of the cliff below. Quite a number of distinct explosions could be heard from different localities of the mountains. This was due to the echo. For several minutes rumblings could be heard as of distant thunder, growing less distinct as the distance from the hearer increased.

On the morrow we go down into the valley. It required a drive of about twenty-five miles to accomplish the feat. We found a convenient camping place through the guardian of the valley and for a week we lived among the most remarkable of natural wonders, never tiring, but continually admiring their increasing beauty and majestic splendor. To appreciate the Yosemite one must see it. Volumes might be written, yet the reader could not conceive the thing described.

Lordsburg, California.

THE WOMEN AND THE DOGS.

In Germany a dog may be said to live a "dog's life." And having made this observation about dogs one is tempted to ask: "What about the women of Germany?" For before he knows it the traveler in the fatherland has begun to associate the women and the dogs. Perhaps this is because he sees them so often toiling along together side by side in the market roads or in the streets of cities, dragging heavy carts. And perhaps it is because both are so uncomplainingly faithful and strong and silent.

At first the American looks upon all this with the disfavor of unfamiliarity, for he comes from a country where the dogs, at least, live lives of aristocratic leisure, but after a time he begins to feel that, after all, the women and the dogs are not so badly treated. They are up early and to bed

late and for long hours they wear the harness of work, and yet one is impressed with the unvarying kindness shown these faithful servants. Visit any German market place and one sees hundreds of dogcarts drawn up to the pavement edge, and the dog, with his barness loosened, lying on a clean soft mat which has been spread down for him. If it rains there is often a bit of canvas or an umbrella to stretch over him. At the market in Hamburg once I saw a dog under a little collapsible tent which had been raised over him while it rained And the dogs everywhere look sleek and well fed and they seem to take an interest in drawing the load, often looking up to the woman opposite with almost human companionship. On a rainy day in Vienna I saw a dog holding a woman's skirts out of the mud in his teeth while both toiled before a huge load of cabbages.

The women, too, look well kept. Their clothing is clean and carefully mended, though often coarse, and even these toiling burden-bearers are not without little touches of feminine finery. Invariable they look strong and well, the younger ones rosy of cheek, smooth and sunny of hair, stout of aim, and the older ones, though often bent, are still vigorous, At noon one sees them sitting by their dogs, cating their rye bread and sausage and occasionally offering a tidbit to the great faithful creature, who stands near with eager eyes. And as they eat one hears them chatter very much as their sisters do everywhere the world over-a pleasant bit of gossin about dress and husbands and dogs. Thus the women and the dogs bring most of the produce from the gardens to the city markets, thus travelall manner of peddlers, old-clothes buyers and so on

In one respect, however, the dogs are better att than the women. When they reach home they may rest; the women never rest. One sees them in the fields at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 9 o'clock in the evening, grubbing and hoeing and harvesting. In the cities they are up and down and everywhere, with baskets strapped to their shoulders, carrying laundry work, vegetables, meat, fruit, babies. The markets are run by women almost exclusively, and it is a common sight to see women sawing or splitting wood in the streets, as I saw them often, or mixing mortar for new buildings, loading and unloading brick and lumber, and doing all manner of other heavy work.

And yet, in spite of all this, the German woman, even of the lowest caste, manages to appear womanly, to attend to her household duties and to send her children out looking fairly clean and well dressed. For besides all this hard work the German woman brings many children into the world, and they, like the dogs, are trained to work as soon as they can toddle. A woman's wages are only a few cents a day, and yet, in the aggregate, over all of Germany, they mean an immense addition year ly to the wealth of the nation. The women are the burden-bearers, and if it were not for their productive toil Germany would soon go bankrupt. Itis the work of the women which enables Germany to support the finest army in the world, to withdiaw hundreds of thousands of young men every year from the ranks of productive labor, to enable the kaiser to bluster valiantly over the Chinese ques tion and growl at England or threaten France When one comes to think of it the heromaki business in Germany falls hard on the women. the next great war, although few will so look at it. the women will be the real winners of every victory. the quiet, hard-working, stay-at-home heroes who have watched and worked the farm and built the houses while their sons and husbands wore glitter ing uniforms—these heroes, the women and the

TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

A SINGLE battalion of infantry 1,000 strong, which is the strength of an English battalion, takes up a road length of 525 yards, including alout eight yards for stragglers. A battery of field antiller takes up 200 yards and a regiment of cavalry takes up, when marching four abreast, 650 yards, and army corps, with its staff, wagons, guns, hospitals etc., would extend over thirty-four miles.

Strany, patient, perserving thinking will generally surmount every obstacle in the search after truth.

Nature & Study

MALE AND FEMALE DIAMONDS.

A spoor time ago a certain jeweler's window in mede la Paix, Paris, exhibited a tray of diamonds whose extreme beauty and brilliance attracted throngs of admiring passers-by, and many times a day the obliging proprietor was called upon to explain the remarkable diversity of color,

As a matter of fact this tray is well known to the made, and is specially manufactured to display the wonderful prismatic hues of the large African mine diamonds. The fire and play of color regaled are exquisite and the jeweler's gossip, says lashe's Workle, as he picked up a sparkler here and there with his diamond tweezers was very interest-

"This is a black diamond," said he, "somewhat less than four carats, and worth 12,500 francs. It changes its color in different lights; in strong sunlight it is almost black; in gaslight a rich golden fown. After exposure to the rays of the sun it will remain luminous in the dark for a time, but a candle flame develops its luster more than any other light."

"Here is a grass-green diamond," went on the speaker. "Its builbance and here exceed any emerald's known. This is for an American amateur of precious stones.

"Look at this spray of colored diamonds. Isn't a charming piece of jewelry, with its yellow, black, gray, green, indigo and cinnamon colored jewels: A Tyrolese spent most of his life collecting these.

"This rich, deep red, like a ruby, only more beautiful, is extremely rare and costly. The Russian emperor has purchased this, and also the peachblow mited gem next to it.

"Here is a blue diamond from the old Indian mines," he added, "almost as choice a thing as the red one, and these are all yellow diamonds, mostly canary-colored. The West India trade prefers this line, and all of these others are white, nearly color-less and perfectly transparent, and resemble a drop of clear water.

"Do they break? The old theory about the hadness of the diamond is greatly modified. Some of these gems are so brittle that I could crack them by dropping them on the floor. I can pulverize them in a mortar or split them with a knife in the direction of their cleavage lines. These white diamonds make the microscopic lenses, their magnifying power is so superior to that of glass."

He bent over the gems a moment and, picking up a beautiful white stone of a couple of carats, turned again to his listeners,

"Did you ever know there was sex in jewels?" he asked, "Here is a curiosity," and under a strong magnifying glass he pointed out a group of five or ix tiny diamonds clustered about the edge of the store, but unperceivable without the lens.

"The male gem never gathers these little buds," the jeweler continued. "This is called the female, or multiplying diamond. And the female stone is not only more brilliant, but of greater size and less of the best of the control of the best of the control of the

"The largest and best-known diamonds in history and collections are all female jewels. Strange, isn't

GIANT TREES IN OREGON.

"I would like to draw attention to a bunch of mmense trees in the mountains lifteen or twenty mles from any place, near Latoureli, on the O. R. A N, says a correspondent. I used to make every Jest a trip to the mountains, lasting generally eight ten days, and it was on one of my last trips, hout four years ago, that I discovered on the anthrast side of the divide, between the waters of Run and the Hood River, this bunch of Bank trees. The like I never saw before or since. Before 1 saw these giants I had measured from time to time some trees at home which girdled twenly-nine to thirty feet around about three feet about the base, but these trees could not be compared at they be big trees I found in the mountains. they would appear as mere sticks against those glants, 1 honestly believe that those giants will findle sixty to eighty feet around near the base, and that they are 350 to 400 feet high. They stand on a kind of flat or bottom, and this flat is well protected from discovery, as far as I could perceive, by steep and high bluffs, not only from the Hood River side up, but from the main water divide down. These big trees are, in my mind, somewhere near the north line of the National Park, but it is doubtful if they are in it.

There are two species of the giant trees. One species has a yellowish and not very rough bark, is straight and round as a candle, has no limbs to an immense height, and has a wonderful crown. The father of this very aristocratic species in our mountains is surely the emperor of our forest. People must not think that this tree is the so-called "noble fir," because I know not only the "noble fir," but many other mountain trees very well. Nor must they think that this species is one of the common trees in the mountains. I cannot say how many such giants there are. There may be hundreds, there may be thousands. On our way home one of my companions was drowned in the Bull Run, and, therefore, I never went to the mountains again, but have always had a desire to go and investigate further about those big trees.

Cedar is the second species of the big trees. They rival in size and grandeur the first species. But the most wonderful thing about them seems to be that they are, in spite of their immense diameter and age, seemingly sound and hard through and through

ANT RAIDS SKILLFULLY PLANNED.

From a military standpoint, the methods employed by ants to provide food for an ant colony are almost perfect. Their foraging parties are faultless, both in planning and execution, and are almost uniformly successful. A resident of this city who is at present in business in South Africa, has sent home a description of a foray of an army of ants.

The army, which he estimates to have numbered about 15,000 ants, started from their home in the mud walls of a hut and marched in the direction of a small mound of fresh earth but a few yards distant. The head of the column halted on reaching the foot of the mound and waited for the rest of the force to arrive at the place of operations, which evidently was to be the mound of fresh earth. When the remainder had arrived and halted so that the entire army was assembled, a number of ants detached themselves from the main body and began to ascend to the top of the mound, while the others began moving so as to encircle the base of the mound.

Very soon a number from the detachment which had ascended the mound, evidently the attacking party, entered the loose earth and speedily returned, each bearing a cricket or a young grasshopper, dead, which he deposited upon the ground and then returned for a fresh load. Those who remained on the outside of the mound took up the crickets and grasshoppers as they were brought out and bore them down to the base of the hill, returning for a fresh load. Soon the contents of the mound seemed to be exhausted, and then the whole force returned home, each carrying his burden of food for the community.

Here, then, was a regular foray, planned and executed with military precision, the country surveyed, the depot of provisions known accurately before the march was made, and the most prudential division of labor and care taken that none of the victims should escape.

WHERE DEW COMES FROM.

Ground a little below the surface is always warmer than the air over it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air.

The moist air so formed will mingle with the air

above it and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact dew rises from the ground.

Place some metal trays over the grass, the soil and the road on dewy nights. You will generally find more moisture on the grass inside the trays than outside; you will always observe a deposit of dew inside the trays, even when there is none outside at all. This shows that far more vapor rises out of the ground during the night than condenses as dew on the grass and other objects.

Dew then rises from the ground. But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air?

Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered, to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface, to condense it into moisture.

The vapor does not flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents and carried to hodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the country for many miles all around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such cases the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds.

MUSSELS ARE GOOD FOOD.

"THERE is one shellfish, the mussel, the use of which as an article of food seems to be totally neglected in the United States," observed an Englishman of several years' residence in this country. "In fact, it is so seldom employed that it may be said to be practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is rarely seen in your markets, and near the salt water bays and estuaries in which it is taken it is used, I am told, as a manure for certain crops. This lack of recognition of mussels as an epicurean delicacy probably arises from the popular superstition among Americans that this shellfish possesses poisonous qualities. Such an impression is, however, rather absurd, for in England they are largely consumed by the poor and the middle class people, and if they contained any injurious properties their use would be promptly prohibited.

"It is well known that some persons are unable to eat of particular sorts of shellfish—to some oysters, clams or lobsters are more or less poisonous, but mussels are only 'noxious' to the greater number for the reason that they deteriorate more rapidly when removed from the water than any other species. There are mussel beds within a radius of ten miles of New York and other eastern cities of sufficient capacity to supply millions of people with a clean and nutritious article of food; one that would lessen to a large degree the exhaustive demands made upon the clam, oyster and lobster fisheries.

"To prepare mussels for the table they should be selected of medium size and care be observed to wash them carefully and place them in a vessel of salted water for several hours, so that they may clean themselves; that is discharge the dirt and grit found within their shells. When this process is completed the bivalves should be placed in water and boiled—or steaming is better in the vapor generated by their juice. When they are done they may be easily taken out of their shells and are ready to be used in one of the many forms of which they are susceptible."

HOW PLANTS GAIN WEIGHT.

As far as is known the first botanical experiment ever performed was conducted by a Dutchman. He placed in a pot 200 pounds of dried earth, and in it he planted a willow branch which weighed five pounds. He kept the whole covered up and daily watered the earth with rainwater. After five years' growth the willow was again weighed and was found to have gained 164 pounds. The earth in the pot was dried and weighed and had lost only two ounces.

The experimentalist, therefore, looked upon this experiment as supporting the theory that plants required no food but water. But he was wrong. Later it was discovered that much of the increase in weight of plants was derived from carbonic acid gas in the air.

Vegetable cells contain a liquid known as "cell sap," which is water holding in solution various materials which have been taken up from without by the roots and leaves. Thus it is in the living cells of the plant that those "digestive" processes are carried on which were once believed to occur in the soil.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenook, to the following address.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

A READER of the 'Nook writes that a feature of the paper is in the fact that he gets so much that is new and out of the way from it. Others have said the same thing, and it is precisely what we intended the paper should be. There are papers that give the current news, and there are publications in almost every field of human endeavor. Each has its constituency, and a special reason for living. The INGLENOOK does not compete with any of these nor does it specially appeal to the story reader and never to the love story class. We find no fault with those who care for that sort of thing, but it is not our ideal of a paper. What we started out to do was to make a paper that would be read by both old and young with unflagging interest, one that would contain real information, knowledge that would pay any reader to acquire. We know that we have succeeded. And what is more to the point, we are going to keep it up, and what is still better the paper is to be steadily improved.

When we began the search for the unusual and the little known we feared we would have difficulty in keeping it up. On searching our field, the world, we were appalled at the enormous number of things that are little known, and out of which intensely interesting matter can be made. Instead of finding a scarcity of material the question resolved itself into a choice of what was best. And none of us will live long enough to exhaust a tenth part of available material. To read the 'Nook will be to acquire a fund of information that will be most valuable. True it might be had in other fields, but we pride ourselves in the fact that there is something in the telling that helps to make it interesting.

Theoretically we are a youth's paper, but while we are that we are a great deal more. We are a family paper, one that is read alike by the grandfather and the youth, the mother as well as the daughter, and the bright-eyed boy and the man with spectacles alike want it. This is just what we intended. If anyone thinks it an easy task to strike an average and set a literary table that will satisfy brighteyes and graybeard alike let him try it. It is comparatively easy to write for the grownups, hard to hold children's attention, and hardest of all to get out that which pleases all. There is not another paper like it that we know, certainly none so well adapted to our own people as the 'Nook, and while we are not the people, and wisdom will not die with us, and there is an ever widening field for improvement, we are pleased to know that the Inglenook is appreciated and read in the farthest corners of the earth.

Of course present readers will continue getting their papers another year, as they would feel lost without it. But what is good for us is also good for others, and here is where we can do a good deal of missionary work. Your neighbors may not know the paper. Tell them about it, and urge them to take it. If you make out a list and send it to us we will send them samples and thus spread the news. See that your neighbors get to hear of it. There will be things in coming numbers that you will want to know about, and a good many of them you will never hear in any other way than reading the INGLENOOK. Tell your friends about the paper and urge them to take it.

THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED.

We meet them on all sides,—those who have failed in what they undertook to do. We are apt to criticise them and pass them on our way to an

uncertain success. A person may have failed in securing a material, visible reward, and still have succeeded morally. We see the hearse returning from the graveyard and we say one to the other, "He never succeeded in life. He had no business ability" Yet for forty years he may have kept his parents and cared for his brothers and sisters who, apparently, were ahead or at least equal, in the common race. This thing happens oftener than we think and is most frequently out of sight. Many a young man and woman walk the streets, and the comment of the public is that they are no good or they would get out and do something for themselves. Yet these same parties are often the ones who hold an entire family together and support those not seen by the public. They are heroes, but they wear no laurels. The world recognizes not their worth, but condemns what it thinks is an evidence of mental slowness.

Here and there is a boy or girl whose lot it is to keep things together at home. Sometimes they naturally rebel at the situation and wish to break loose and work for themselves. Yet it is their highest mission to keep right on with their shoulders to the wheel if there is no other help for those around them. The pitiable part of this situation is that sometimes the beneficiaries are ungrateful. They regard the sacrifice as their due. They never give credit to the bread winner of the lot. And it is often reversed. The father or the mother, or both, walk the street in poor clothes, and in self-denial, that children may go to school, or be well dressed in idleness. The difficulty is that we are not able to see through the environment. Our judgment of successes or failures should be very charily rendered. Often the failure is the uncrowned but kingly one and we never know it

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Cheating Ourselves.

We all know what it is to cheat others, and most of us are above it. But there is such a thing as cheating ourselves. It may not have such a serious moral side to it as when we defraud others, but the effect on ourselves is disastrous. A person comes to love money to that extent that he denies himself the fittings and findings of the best side of life. He sees the magazine, the paper, or the delicacy that he knows they would like at home, but he holds on to the ten cents and lets the better part go. This man has only cheated himself. He has saved his money, but he has lost more than its worth.

One can see this going on in churches, A collection is to be taken up and the man feels around in his pocket for a cent so that he can go through the motions of giving, yet not really do anything worth the name. Such a person is only cheating himself, and the pity of it is that he doesn't know it half the time. He compromises with his conscience by saying that is about what others give, and he lets it rest at that. All he has is the Lord's but he has held on to the bulk of it, and he only went through the form of giving and deposited a cent. The only person really cheated in the proceeding is himself. When he comes down to die he will have a little more money to leave behind than his generous neighbor, but it is the result of cheating himself very often.

It is a great deal better when we come to die that the world should be indebted to us than that we should owe the world withheld dues. Life is so short and eternity so long that it does not pay to accumulate in time and let the ages go. The Book expressly cautions us to avoid too much thought about the cares of this life. It is well to be prudent, but it is not well to let that idea pass into our defrauding ourselves under its garb. Give the penny to a child and a piece of silver to the Lord. The result will be that in some mysterious way you will have more than ever you had. Lay not up your treasures on earth.

A small-minden man looks at the sky through a reed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Do many Sunday schools use the INGLENOUS as a pan of

Yes, and they find it a very effective attraction.

Do you want poetry for the Inglenook?

A very little of it goes a long ways in the 'Nook office.

Why is not the Editor's name seen in the IngleNtnik)

Because he does not care a particle for any such

Is God glorified by instrumental music in our churches?

Some think so, others not. The 'Nook does not believe in instrumental music in churches.

What is liconice?

It is the boiled down juice of the root of the become plant, and is usually much adultrated as found in the stores.

Of what use to us is the Chicago Board of Trade?

If by "us" the INGLENOOK readers are meant the answer is that it is no good on earth to any of us. It is not intended to be.

What is meant by high or low barometer?

The movement of the column of mercury in the tube is influenced by the weight of the air. A high barometer indicates fair weather, a falling barometer portends bad weather.

What is a hammerless gun I see advertised?

It is a gun with the firing apparatus out of sight, Accidents are more apt to happen with them than the ordinary arrangement of guns. With the hammer in sight you will be better able to see the danger of a gun ready to "go off."

What is meant by union of church and state?

When there is a special form of worship, or a denomination, which amounts to the same thing adopted by the government, and its higher officials appointed by government authority, who in turn appoint subordinates, that is union of church and state. In countries where this is done dissenting denominations are tolerated, but the State church gets the favors. The system is a bad one.

What is an "Underground Rathoad" that I read about sometimes?

It may mean just what it says a railroad that is operated underground in some crowded city, or it may mean some prearranged route of escape from a place by having help and shelter at regular intervals. There was a good deal of this done prior to and during the civil war. Escaping slaves would be directed or piloted at night to some place where they were hid during the day and then forwarded again the next night. This is probably what you mean.

* * *

Is it right for us to store grain for higher paices while their are people in want in our cities?

As an abstract moral proposition it would not be right. In practice selling at a low figure would only be helping the buyer and not the poor, as he would at once put the price up to the highest notch independent of what he paid. It would not help the family in the alley a particle if you give your wheat crop to the elevator or the general huyer. A personal sacrifice that helps nobody is utterly use less. The holder of any article is morally entitled to the ruling price, but he can discount it to the poor, if he will, where he knows that the recipient is being helped and that he deserves such favors.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A BROTHER writes asking whether or not discribing to hold minor civil offices, or to even vote all. As this is a pretty wide and debatable matter the Editor asks for contributions on the subject generally. There is a good deal to say on either side of the question and we would be pleased to have a few short, pointed articles on the subject.

Good Reading

HOW CHOCOLATE IS MADE.

The chemist, who is always analyzing, testing and experimenting with cocoa beans, explains that the difference between the American and Dutch the difference between the American and Dutch the difference between the American and Dutch the ontion has in the fact that the patient Hollander two all the fiber and thus makes all the cocoa the out all the fiber and thus makes all the cocoa the out alkalication and other queer compounds which he says are the out of the fiber is not eliminated. But an appears when the fiber is not eliminated. But an appears that whether the alkali, fiber or half a dozen the out or not it did not make much difference, and or not it did not make much difference.

The cocoa bean, from which chocolate and cocoa and made, is the seed of a mushy pod, somewhat The a melon, which is the fruit of a cocoa tree. The pod is not edible. The cocoa tree is found in al tropical countries, and over a score of varieties ne known to the commercial world. Central America, Mexico, northern South America, the West and East Indies and Brazil send the cocoa beans to Europe and America. The best of all is he high-grade Caracas cocoa, but this grade does not come to America, for the American people are notyet educated up to cocoa at SI a pound. The World's Fair was a great educator in cocoa, for all the large makers of the world vied with one anothg in the introduction of their goods. Tired-out momen retain grateful memories of the quaint and mistic chocolate booths and pavilions where they and only found rest and peace but a good cup of shocolate and cocoa into the bargain. The French and Dutch chocolatemakers are spending vast nums of money in this country in missionary work, for Uncle Sam's children are the slaves of tea and offee and seem loath to take to the cup which holds the fragrant liquid food which comes from

The cocoa bean is about the size of a pecan nut and reddish chocolate in color. The shell is thin and brittle and easily breaks when pinched lightly. The kernel of the bean is called the nib, and it is from the nibs that chocolate and cocoa are made. The beans are brought to the Chicago works in the bags in which they were shipped, and are carried to the top floor and roasted. The roasting is done in cylindrical, machine which turns slowly around over a coal fire. The bean is roasted for the purpose of making the shells so brittle that they will ome off easily. As soon as the beans are placed hthe roaster the skill and care of the workmen ome into play, for the cocoa bean must have its hat and cold just so or something will go wrong. The heat in the roaster must be just right, and when the roasted beans are taken out and placed in large boxes they must be cooled properly or the cocoa

After the roasting process has been successfully amed out and the beans have cooled down properwthey are carried to a machine called a "cracker and fanner." The machine is well named, for it list cracks the bean, thus removing the shell, and then fans the shell out of the way, leaving the nibs bill into boxes placed below. It is a combinan circular nut-cracker and a winnowing machine such as is used for cleaning wheat. It prepares the obs for the next step in the process, which is a Rinding operation. For this purpose they are fed blo a hopper and sent through a spout to the ginding machines on the first floor. The cocoa can is half oil, and this becomes apparent when he nibs are fed into the grinding-mill. The first trolution of the stone sends out a thick chocolate Paste, for the bean has so much oil in it that nothng tise is needed to grind the nibs. As it comes the stones the chocolate looks just as it does the cook for making chocolate the start making chocolate the maker intends to make the ordinary chocolate of commerce only - or, as it is called by trade "premium" chocolate the process is found when the nibs are ground. The found chocolate is then simply placed in kettles the purpose of completing the stirring up it artied in and is next spooned into little tins and stried into a cooling-room to solidify into the akes which are afterwards wrapped in tinfoil and lancy paper. The grinding mills are heated by tam, for it is hest to keep the chocolate warm working it. In America the bulk of the take up less space.

chocolate consumed is unsweetened, but in Europe almost all the chocolate is sweetened in the making. The American chocolate-users seem to prefer to sweeten their chocolate themselves, so that when the chocolate is ground it is practically ready for use.

The difference between chocolate and cocoa is simply that cocoa is chocolate from which the oil has been extracted. As half of the cocoa bean is cocoa butter, the difference is considerable. Cocoabutter is used by confectioners, and the demand for it so far exceeds the supply in this country that over 2,000 tons of cocoa butter were imported last year. It is the cocoa butter which gives the gloss to the sweet chocolate cakes sold for eating, for sweet chocolate is nothing but a mixture of chocolate, cocoa butter and sugar, either with or without some flavoring extract such as vanilla. To make cocoa for drinking purposes the cocoa butter must be extracted. This is done in various ways, by pressure, filtration or some chemical process. In the Chicago works the chocolate is taken from the grinder and placed in little canvas bags and then put in a hydraulic press, where a pressure of seventy tons drives the oil out of the chocolate and leaves the cocoa in solid, dry, oilless lumps, which are broken with a mallet and taken away to be ground up for further operations. If the cocoa is wanted for drinking purposes it is ground into a flour-like substance and packed in tin boxes. If for eating or for confectioners, it is mixed with the flavoring compounds in a mixing-mill after the sugar and flavor have been first thoroughly incorporated with the cocoa by passing the whole mixture through rolls.

The secret in making chocolate and cocoa-for each maker has his well-guarded secret-is in the blending of several varieties of cocoa beans. Not less than three kinds and up to half a dozen varieties are mixed or blended at some stage of the prodess; and here again a trade secret is guarded, for some makers mix before and others after grinding, and still others at other places in the making. It is this blending which makes good or bad cocoa according to the taste of the man who is drinking it. In the blending the cocoamaker shows his art, and he keeps the formula locked in a secret drawer of his safe and looks very wise when anything is said about "blending," Some chocolates and cocoas require tempering in a hot room for a time, and others are run into a cold room, where the pipes of a refrigerating machine keep the mercury down to zero, as soon as the paste runs out of the grindingmills. The familiar chocolate packages made up like little bricks united by thin webs at the bottom are made in tins which hold just a quarter of a pound of chocolate. For confectioners the chocolate is made up into ten-pound loaves.

EVAPORATING PEACHES.

BY TRA E FOUTZ.

In the disposal of the peach crop not all of them are sent to the city markets. Through the peach belts the canneries and evaporating plants use up a great many.

The evaporating plants are controlled in two different ways. Some of them are owned by companies made up mostly of peach growers, while some of the largest growers have a plant of their own. If good prices prevail there are not near as many evaporated as when they are a glut on the market. Mostly the small ones are used to be evaporated unless there is a surplus crop, when all sizes are taken. They are generally very ripe and many of them soft, when prepared for the evaporator. Mostly women and girls are employed to do the work.

Some of them are peeled by a machine, but many are too ripe—the seeds turning in them—and have to be peeled by hand. Those peeled by the machine have to be gone over and dressed, as strips of peeling are sometimes left on. They are then cut into halves by hand and the seed taken out. The seeds are taken out of the chings by a machine called the peach spoon. They are then ready for the trays, which are made of galvanized cloth wire, bottom bounded on each side by strips of wood. One layer is put on each tray. They are laid flat side down, unless there are a great many peaches on hand, when they are set up on the edges so as to

The trays are first placed in a machine one above the other. Sulphur is burnt under them and the smoke pours up over the peaches which bleaches them and causes them to be of a very light color when evaporated. They are then placed in the evaporator. They are subjected to the greatest heat when first put into it. At intervals they are put into a lower temperature until ready to be taken out. They are dried by a system in which the dry hot air passes over, under and through the trays. They are ready to be taken out after heing in from eight to twelve hours, which depends largely upon the kind of peaches and the heat. In the drying process they stick to the wire and have to be pulled loose, causing many particles to remain.

Two heaters are used for the large evaporators, and wood, coal or coke can be used in them. The number and size of the heaters depends upon the evaporator. A large evaporator holds about one hundred trays and will turn out from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of evaporated peaches every twenty-four hours, which depends upon the length of time it takes to dry them. One bushel of peaches, second grade, will produce about seven pounds unpared and one bushel first grade about six pounds pared

Wayneshoro, Pa.

COSTLIEST SAUSAGES MADE.

"The costliest of all sausages," said a man familiar with the trade, "is Lyons sausages, imported from France. Lyons sausage sells in Paris at two francs and more a pound. Here it is sold at eighty cents to Sr a pound. Lyons sausage is also produced in this country. That made here is even finer than the imported, but sells here, however, for somewhat less.

"Lyons is rather a large sausage. It is put up in the largest size hog casings and it is made of beef and pork. The meats used in making it are of the very best, and they are prepared with the greatest care. From the beef all the sinews and veins are removed, and there is left only the selected parts of the meat. The beef is chopped very fine, so fine as to make of it practically a paste. The pork used is from the back fat of hogs. This is not chopped fine, as the beef is, but is cut into irregular shaped pieces which show in the sausage when it is cut. The spices used in the seasoning are, of course, of the choicest. The Lyons sausage is hard smoked.

"The art of sausage-making has so improved in this country that now, as you can say without reservation, the finest sausages produced in the world are made in the United States. This is true without exception. The American Lyons sausage, for example, is better than the imported. Some American Lyons is exported to France and sold there, and some of that thus exported is reimported and sold here as imported Lyons.

"Lyons sausage is served in the very finest of hotels and restaurants, and it may be found on bills of fare, before the soup, served as an appetizer. For that purpose it is very excellent. I fancy that its increasing use in this manner in New York in recent years is due in great measure to calls for it from Russian visitors. The Russians have always been fond of Lyons sausage, as they are also of caviare.

"In a Chicago sausage factory making fine sausages the owner, who was showing us over the establishment, said, when it came noon.

" Now we will have luncheon."

"What he gave us was Lyons sausage of his own make, pumpernickel, fresh butter and Burgundy, and an admirable luncheon it was."

A max in a small town in Kentucky had ordered a goat for his son. He went to the train to see if it had come. The goat was in the car all right, but no one made any motion to put it off.

"Where is that goat going?" he asked the negro

"Boss," was the reply, "I doan' know whah dat goat's gwine. He doan' know hisse'f whah he gwine. He done chawed up whah he gwine."

Investigation revealed the fact that the animal had eaten the tag which showed his destination

NEVER let a love of life spoil a life of love

ABOUT BOOKS.

No. 3. Books for Young Folks.

GET only the best books. Get a variety of subjects. Place religion at the head. Give prominence to history and biography. Commit to memory choice selections of poetry. Utilize your spare moments in reading.

RELIGION.

Get a good self-pronouncing Bible with all the latest Sunday-school helps. The Nelson, Holman, and Oxford are all good and may be had for \$1.50 per copy. If you do not already have a "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," get a copy next after the Bible, It may be had for 40 cents. The "Life of Christ" and the "Life of St. Paul," by Stalker are among the best and may be had for 50 cents each. The "Life of Judson," price, 80 cents, gives an insight into mission work. "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Drummond is a useful book and costs only 18 cents.

DISTORY.

Those who have not read much history will find "History of our own Times," by Justin McCarthy, among the best for introduction, price, 80 cents. This may be followed by Montgomery's, Fiske's or Alex. Johnson's American History. Price from 70 cents to \$1.00. For General History, get Myers'. It will cost \$1.50. Do not fail to get "Macaulay's Historical Essays." It will stir the blood if there is any to stir. Price, 80 cents. History of the Bible and of Greece, Rome, France, Germany and England, each illustrated, and will cost 80 cents per volume.

BIOGRAPHY,

"Life of Washington," by Irving, 60 to 75 cents. "Life of Lincoln," by Leland, 75 cents. "Autobiography of Franklin," 50 cents. "Men of Invention and Industry," by Smiles, 80 cents. "Peter the Great," by Abbott, 50 cents. Abbott's biographies of thirty-two great men are all good. They include Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Cyrus, Darius, Hannibal, and Romulus, besides the most noted women in history. Price, 50 cents per volume.

VOYAGES.

"Life and Voyages of Columbus," by Irving, 50 cents. "Captain Cook around the World," 50 cents. "Gulliver's Travels," Swift, 50 cents. "Views Afoot,' B. Taylor, 60 cents. "Boys of other Countries," \$1.00, B. Taylor.

POETRY.

The poems of Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, Bryant, Robert Browning, Milton's "Paradise Lost," belong to the "Handy Volume Classics," are well bound in linen cloth and may be had for 18 cents each. They are gems. The beauties of Shakespeare, the poems of Goldsmith, Mrs. Hemans, Cowper, Dante, Goethe, Schiller, Spenser, Wordsworth, can be had from the "Astor Edition" and are among the most desirable inexpensive books.

ESSAYS.

"What a Boy Ought to Know," by Dr. Stall; "What a Girl Ought to Know," by Mary W. Allen, 75 cents each. "Self Help," "Duty," "Character," by Smiles, 50 cents per volume. "Emerson's Essays," First Series, "Irving's Sketch Book" "Tom Brown at Rugby," by Hughes, are all 40 cent books.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"House of Seven Gables," Hawthorne; "Fifteen Decisive Battles," Creasy; "Ivanhoe," Scott; "Last of the Mohicans," Cooper; "David Copperfield," Dickens; "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith; "Robinson Ćrusoe," DeFoe; "Schænberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. Charles; "Les Miserables," Hugo. These are all 40 cent books and well worth the money.

In making out this list, it has been the aim of the writer to keep in view the best books with substantial binoing at the lowest price. If your book dealer will not treat you right, then buy your books from some large dealer in Chicago or New York. Begin your library at once. Do not buy too many books at a time and through the INGLENDOK tell your success to your - Uncle S.

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK very well, as I can get more information out of it than from any other paper I have seen. It is a very good paper for old as well as young." I. C. Johnson.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

Playro: Born, 427 B. C., living to the age of eighty. He was an Athenian philosopher, the father of ideal philosophy. Little is known of his personal life. He was a student, and from the philosophy of Socrates he wrote his immortal works which consist mainly in an unfolding of the teachings of his preceptor. That which makes him take rank among the great in the world is his influence on speculative philosophy. What he wrote is not of much interest to one not a scholar, with ample time and thorough classical knowledge, and a bent toward the philosophy of the ancients. Suffice it to say that he influenced, not only his own people, but all idealistic philosophy since

DEMOSTRENES: Born 384 B. C., died 322 B. C. He was a Greek politician and orator. As a boy he is said to have had an impediment in his speech, which he overcame, and subsequently became one of the greatest orators the world ever knew, and on this count his fame rests. He was a professional writer of speeches for the law courts, and what Homer was as a world poet, Demosthenes was as an orator. His style, in his speeches that have come down to us, is free from rhetorical embellishment, and it was probably his manner, quite as much as his matter, that made him the man he was among the ancients. It is quite probable that there have been other speakers of more recent times that have been quite as impressive as Demosthenes, but it has been the conventional thing to refer to him as the greatest orator the world ever knew, and this may be granted as far as the age in which he lived is concerned

Aristotle: Born 384 B. C., died aged about sixty-three years. There is so much that is legendary and misty about the records of Aristotle's life that nothing certain may be confidently asserted. He was a Greek, and he was a philosopher, writing on philosophical subjects, and considering the age in which he lived, his surroundings, and the lack of exact knowledge about mental and physical phenomena, the indebtedness of the world to Aristotle is great indeed. While he is no longer an authority, yet his impress on the thought of the world is so great that he is truly entitled to a first place among the learned. His fame rests on the fact of his being a philosopher, influencing the thought of his age, and interesting, if not influencing, the thinkers of all nations since his time.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: Born 356 B. C., died 323 B. C. He was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia, and at the early age of twenty headed an army of conquest. He was a military man, second only to Hannibal and Napoleon in the schemes of world conquest. His same is from the fact of his great generalship, unsurpassed, perhaps in the history of the whole world. He was not a great statesman, nor a remarkably good man, but his personality and his genius as a military commander were such that he has made for himself a name, as one of the world conquerors, that time will never efface. He died at the early age of thirty-three as result of a drunken carouse. His successes had led him to pose as a god among his fellows, and while he conquered the world, and will be known to the end of time as a great military man, yet he allowed himself to be conquered by strong drink early in what even while it lasted, proved to be a most remarkable life.

HANNIBAL: A famous Carthaginian name, was born 247 B. C., and died, according to the best authorities 287 B. C. He was a great general, and when only nine years of age accompanied his father on a warlike expedition. At a comparatively early age he succeeded to the command of a large army and attempted to carry out the intentions of his father—the conquest of Rome. In order to do so he invaded Spain and subjugated the tribes there that it might serve as a base of operations against Rome. He then invaded Italy and in a short time all the Northern part was under his control. Further conquests followed, and for fifteen years he ravaged Italy from end to end. It is upon this general fact that his fame is based, and considering the ability and warlike character of the Roman at that time the distinction is well grounded. In the end the Romans combined against him, defeated him, and he took poison to escape falling into their hands. He was a man who had great natural abilities, and control over the rough men of his time.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

Cinevoo is the largest center in the world of new business, one born within the last two yes but already grown to sturdy dimensions. It of sists of the renting out of huge lists of names possible patrons to dealers who seek a mail on business, particularly in tural districts, Brokera firms by methods which will be explained should collect hundreds of thousands of letters written persons residing outside of the big cities-lette which the senders wrote originally to some busin firm inquiring about goods or making a specific order. These letters they sort into packages 500 or 1,000, classifying as a rule by the business which mention is made in the contents, and tent persons who think they can sell more of that say sort or of kindred goods to the writer.

The system, its import, and its scope are easied explained by example. Suppose Mr. Brown is dealer in second-hand bicycles, articles which an apt to be hard to dispose of in a big city, but for which there may be a demand in the country. The margin of profit is not large enough, however, to warrant him in the expenditure for advertising necessary to bring his goods to the eyes of the public which will give them a market. He concludes his best chance is to deal with the individual, he of the small town and the farm. The next question is the find out the individual. He goes to the letter broker and rents a package of letters.

By reading one of them he finds that John Smith village boy, has written to Jones & Co., dealers rifles, revolvers, etc., asking the price of certains their weapons, telling them to answer by telling mail, so that he can decide what he wants and have it sent to him C. O. D., right away. John is in hurry. That letter is full of character to) Bicycle Dealer Brown. The boy who wants a rife also wants a wheel, that is boy nature. This partic ular boy has saved up a little money, and is no quite a fool. He didn't intend to pay for the rife until he had seen it. With this knowledge to help him Mr. Brown sits down and writes an artfulle ter, directing it to Pleasant Prairie, lowa, or som of its companion places. He believes, he says, has an article which will appeal strongly to Mt.] Smith, both for itself and for its price. It is bicycle of latest make, almost new, and to be so for next to nothing. No sale is desired if it wheel isn't what it is said to be, and in proof of that it will be sent C. O. D., to be first examin Perhaps, also, Mr. J. Smith knows of a friend wh wants a wheel or possibly he has two friends wh would like to glide along country roads on steed of steel. In that event a fitting commission to M J. Smith will be the only fair thing and will be pai most willingly, and so on until Mr. J. Smith cannot help but be impressed by the document. Heread feels quite grown up, and m about fifty cases out a hundred he either buys or induces a friend to de

As no two of the 500 letters Mr Brown has lead ed are from persons in the same town, he does he advertising over a wide field. It may be assurthat he might as well have bought the letters of right; that they will be of no use to any one Nothing could be further from the truth. There is a contract to the country of th vidual who gets the mail order and C () D hib lost. He is like the buyer of patent medicines, he becomes an inveterate purchaser. This lack is the basis of the entire business. Letters are real over and over again, each firm through who hands they pass keeping the list of names channels when the letters are returned. They look upon writer as a regular customer. They even me extra profit out of him by selling the letters writes when he gives his order back to the let broker. So that worthy keeps his own collecti

He—the broker also adds to his letters by his ing letters from all order firms, from those who are not his customers as well as those who are. Some not his customers as well as those who are. Some big firms may also be willing to make a little library library his big firms may also be willing to make a little library library his big firms may also be willing to make a little library library his firms and a less practical value than those written by the of less practical value than those written by the of less practical value than those written by more doubtful business standing. In time the how more doubtful business standing, who started out by buying a gun and a brycle who started out by buying a gun and a brycle who started out by buying a gun and a brycle who started out by buying a gun and a brycle who started out by buying a gun and a brycle library to buy household goods on the installment ready to buy household goods on the installment of the proposition of the proposition in less than the chance. It is taken to see he has the chance, the long as he lives he will not be forgotten unless he goes to the poorhouse.

ooo The o Circle ooo

W B Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Snyder, Belle-M B Stover, Bulsar, India, President, John R. Sweetsers, Ind., Acting President, Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Mrs. Lirsle D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Ohio, Secret

WHAT READEST THOU?

rest of the worst things about a corrupt newspabich gloats over revolting scenes, and horrible of crime and cruelty, is that it circulates among the poor and gives subjects for at and conversation which drag downward. akind of reading matter is very cheap, and so testading influence is felt everywhere. Those become acquainted with intimate life of the ement-house population are appalled at the subsand style of the common talk among the peohere. Workers in villages and small towns peak of the scandal mongers who watch every of a neighbor's life in order to talk about it, gralso the gossip hurries from house to house her budget of news, until a certain fear and and distrust is felt instead of the love we should or our neighbor.

Matthew Arnold has said that "a single line of n working in the mind may produce more ohts and lead to more light which is what man as than the fullest acquaintance with the proof digestion." And so it is that the founding reading club, which will lead these people to good thoughts, and think on things that are and lovely and of good report is striking at ay root of much of the evil in the eyes of men

Our boys and girls are influenced in just the same Indeed this is a fact so well known that it ites but little comment. The boy who runs from home, or grieves his parents by going wil ways as a rule has some yellow paper dorcheap, trashy newspaper which has started his mind the train of evil thought which impels to do wrong. It is your duty and mine to do secan to keep such books and newspapers out he hands of our young people, and cultivate a t for something better. The Circle is doing mething towards this end. But it would accomhar more if every member would more fully ize the great need of shaping the future of our sandgirls by inducing them to read the best s. We are not as enthusiastic in this matter as hould be. Let the future in some degree atone our past indifference. "As a man thinketh in heart so is he." The social life of our boys and the talk in which they indulge, and the books gread, all shape their future for weal or woe.

SYRIAN WOMEN.

is reducated girl is not generally admired, she not make a desirable wife, because "she is too t for any man and she likes to converse." give honor to a woman who is talkless. A an husband boasts that my wife "has a mouth tal with but she does not say a word in a A woman who likes to talk is frowned has being too bold and disrespectful. If a girl es her nineteenth year and is still unmarried garded as a calamity, a dishonor.

hision schools are not encouraged. The girls have been educated there are extremely few Epared with the entire population, and the girl goes back to her mountain home after being at has a hard lot, she is laughed at and ridiby her kin. Yet the future of these people argely in the hands of the mothers, our misties are doing what they can here, but the outdiscouraging.

GIVE GOD THE BEST.

Histor mother had two children, one of them She said her god was angry and must appeased or something worse would come to One day a missionary came to her but and the bed had but one child in it. The mother thrown the other into the Ganges.

And you cast away the one with the good

yes," she said, "my god must have the best." the Poor mother had a true doctrine but she d to a bad use.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA, pp. 271, price, \$1 50, Harper & Brothers, New York, profusely illustrated.

This is a reprint from the North American Review of twelve articles on China written by as many men thoroughly familiar with the politics and situation in the Flowery Kingdom. Naturally there is no continuity to the book, each article being separate and distinct from the others. But each article is from the highest and most competent authority in the special domain of its treatment. Naturally George B. Smyth, President of the Anglo-China College at Foochow, knows what he is talking about when he writes on the causes of the Anti-foreign feeling in China. And the Chinese Minister at Washington is authority on his own country when he writes of mutual helpfulness between China and the United States. Every other contributor to the book is equally well informed, and, taken as a whole, it is the most acceptable book of the season on China, now occupying such a share of attention of the public.

. China is so little understood, even by scholars, that any effort given out by those who know, must be and is, peculiarly acceptable at the present time. It is not the view of one man, but the subject is viewed from twelve angles of observation, including that of the native, and he who reads cannot but have a better knowledge of a very complex subject. It is not, strictly speaking, a young folks' book, and for that matter neither is the INGLENOOK a young folks' paper, and wherever there is a reader who desires accurate information of the political and social condition in the oldest empire in the world, this is the book to get it from.

A Georgian Bungalow, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, pp. 121, price, \$1.00, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

This is a book for half-grown children and is a story of Southern life, laid in Georgia. The story itself does not amount to much, though it is well told and will interest and strongly appeal to the semi-grownups. Most of the characters are all of innocent, youthful type and there is a liberal sprinkle of negro dialect and mild adventure in the way of fishing and the like. The best chapter in the book is a description of a negro cake walk and the writer must have seen one to describe it as she has done. The story winds up with a shipwreck, and while there is no high moral to it yet it is a good book to buy for a present to a family of children aging from ten to eighteen who will read it with pleasure and be none the worse for it.

THE INFIDEL, by M. E. Braddon, cloth, 454 pages, Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.50.

This is a novel and those who read fiction, and many do, will find it a very dramatic story laid in the time of John Wesley's ministry, during the great Wesleyan revival. The story centers around Antonia Thornton, a very talented young woman, the daughter of a weak and irresolute hack writer. She did the most of her father's literary work, and both were pronounced atheists. Thornton was a dissolute criminal of the better class while his daughter, Antonia, was a woman of the purest character and highest impulses. Lord Kelrush was a nobleman of a not very admirable turn of character, a patron of Thornton, much with them, and as a result fell in love with Antonia to whom he proposed a mesalliance which was vigorously resented. Kelrush went away and was stricken with a fatal sickness. Meantime Antonia learned that she really did love Lord Kelrush.

Kelrush on his deathbed sent for Antonia to make her his wife, and with all haste the young woman, accompanied by her father, left their humble lodgings and in the spacious apartment of the dying man was united to him in marriage. He signed a will making her heir to all his immense property and she promised him to never marry another. This ends one part of the book.

Antonia, now Lady Kelrush, finds herself in possession of a title and immense wealth, and after due mourning goes abroad and enjoys herself in the ways and along the lines appealing to a woman of education and refinement. Travel and its broadening influences work wonders with Lady Kelrush, who, while still an atheist, goes around helping the poor.

Geo. Stobart, a typical early Methodist of the Puritanical type, falls in love with her. She listens

to the services of the grim Whitheld with his doctrine of selection and reprobation, and is untouched by his teaching. She attends Wesley's preaching and is converted, though not in the Salvation Army sense or methods. She goes about doing good, especially among the poor. She then goes to Ireland to escape Stobart, really loved by her, and then, in overworking among the sick, dies. John Wesley, present at her death, writes thus to Stobart: "I had been kneeling by her bedside in silent prayer for some time, her marble hand clasped in mine, when she cried out suddenly, 'Husband, I have kept my vow,' and, looking upward with a seraphic smile, her spirit passed into eternity."

The only fault of the book, as it seems to us, is its roundabout way from the start to the dramatic end, but it is a story that is exceptionally well told and it is a good, pure book, most likely to be read with most interest by older people. The love parts of it are never mawkish, while the dramatic and tragical settings of the story make it of unusual interest. We recommend it to our readers who, wanting fiction, should get the best, among which this is undoubtedly to be ranked.

🚣 Sunday 📶 Sehool 🟯

HYPOCRISY.

Any man who is a Christian can and should be courteous and kind to all men, whether they be Christians or not, and should both feel and act kindly towards them as citizens, neighbors and fellow-creatures. And if we know they have never obeyed the Gospel, and are not Christians, we should be courteons, friendly, and treat them with respect. But we cannot know or recognize such as Christians, and be consistent. We would not give much for any man's principles, who can set them aside for a little act of courtesy, or a little pretense of liberality. It is nothing but a sham, an empty pretense, and hypocrisy.

HAWTHORNE in his allegory of a "Threefold Destiny" pictures a dreamy young man who imagined that three wonderful events were to happen to him and fill up the measure of earthly happiness. He became so sure of those events that at last he left his native village and wandered all over the world to meet them. But his search was in vain. Disappointed he returned to his mother's home, and to his surprise found them there. The moral is a good one for many persons young and old who are anxious to do something beyond the ordinary, They can find their work close at hand among the common-place duties of life. No need to go forth to teach the heathen in far-off lands so long as you yourself are a heathen when tested by the Sermon on the Mount; nor to attend the great universities in quest of a higher education, before you have practically mastered Paul's lesson on charity.

It is foolish to try to measure God by human standards, and to say that what is reprehensible in the conduct of men is equally reprehensible in the conduct of his Maker. God is the giver of law whether it be natural or spiritual, but he is above law, and can do as he pleases with his own. He can suspend the power of gravitation as he did at Gibeon, and neutralize the effect of fire as he did in the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar. If he sees fit to destroy people by floods or tempests, plagues or famine, no person should presume to question his love or goodness, and if he has determined to punish impenitent sinners everlastingly who shall venture to doubt his justice or mercy? He is not to be judged by our limited notions of the universe.

A pozen disciples who confine their faith and worship within the limits of the apostolic teaching and show in their daily lives the fruit of the Spirit of holiness are a far greater power for good in any community than five hundred nominal Christians who follow the fashions of this world and pervert the Gospel to suit the tastes of the present age. Many a large and wealthy church, like that of Laodicea, instead of being a blessing is a curse to the people among whom it is located. It gives a false picture of the kingdom of God, and calls good evil and evil good.

Maxb unemployed is mind unempoyed,

CITY PIGEONS.

A KEEN observer who is much about town declares there are fully half many as dovecots in Chicago as there are homes. Eight out of every ten boys, the observer says, must be lovers of the pretty feathered fowl. To the casual observer this statement would seem an underestimate; the boy who has not pigeons at one time or another during his boyhood probably has unsatisfied ambitions. H he has no yard for his pets he will build a house and a platform for them on the roof, or if the roof is not open to him he will put up a pole and build his dovecot thereon. It is one of the satisfactory points about pigeons that they will live and thrive wherever they are housed in a cellar or on the housetop, as the convenience of their owner suggests.

The most popular place for these slittle houses is the roof, either of the house or shed, sometimes both, for start as modestly as one may the doves soon outgrow their cot and additions and annexes are necessary.

If you would see the pigeon-houses for yourself take a street car and go anywhere, or take particularly an elevated train and keep your eyes on the housetops. You will see not only the cots, but the pigeons, out on the roof to get the warmth of the sonshine. It will prove no mean array, for the dainty pets are of the choicest breeds and evidence the best of care.

When Chicago boys took to pigeon-raising, ever so many years ago, they were not satisfied with the modest gray birds. They must have the fantails and the ponters and the carrier pigeons, and like every other animal fancier they must have registered stock. After this fashion a start, made modestly a few years before, will spread itself into an elaborate undertaking. The first pigeons, which were probably Christmas presents, will soon be overlooked among the other and finer pets and their unadorned beauty will be quite put to route by the beleathered and bedecked varieties. And unconsciously as they perch on the roof the humbler bird will take an insignificant perch, leaving the ridge pole for the more aristocratic. There the fantails will spread their phimage and the ponters smooth their breast feathers. It is one of the daintiest sights to see a family of the pretty creatures out for their sunning.

Go wherever you will -north, south, west the dovecots and the pigeons are to be found. They are not too cheap for the rich or too expensive for the poor. The poor homes of the river districts are conspicuous possessors of them, and they seem never to be missing from the establishments of the boulevards. In the regions of flats the array of dovecots would lead one to believe they were part of the flat paraphernalia, just as is the icebox and the electric lights. They are built in-rows along the caves, each cot with its tiny porch in front and its occupants always on view. On sheds, wherever they are to be found, these bits of fanciful architecture are set up in groups, forming a regular village

There are more kinds of pigeons than one could undertake to remember, unless one were a boy and a pigeon fancier. Needless to say, a boy knows every variety that the market affords, and no matter how large his bird colony may have become he has always plans for adding just one more to his collection. The tipplers and the tumblers and the homers are but a few of the great families into which the smaller families are divided. There is as great a difference in tipplers as there is between the smooth and the muffed birds of each particular kind, and another striking difference is seen as well between the same birds when arrayed in different colors.

The colors of the pigeon form an endless variety of changes and characteristic differences. The soft dove and white pigeon is no more like the gay red ones nor like the plain white ones, again, than if it were a different bird. The colors come in endless variety and arrangement, as though nature were doing her best to make the pretty pets the daintiest creatures in the bird kingdom. Probably it is this very thing which has made them the favorite pet of Chicago, and it is certainly this which makes them an ornament to the poorest and at the same time to the finest housetop in the city.

them has a trick which gives its members a popular precedence over their bird friends. The tumblers are a plain, apparently ordinary pigeon, but as the name indicates their performance is not at all ordinary in the feathered families. The tumblers do just what they claim to do-they tumble. Put them on the floor or in the yard and at the signal they will turn a perfect back somersault. The parlor tumblers, the smallest of the variety, make the most interesting demonstration of this peculiar faculty. The somersault the parlor tumblers turn raises them less than three feet from the ground, while the performance of the ordinary tumbler is on a much larger scale, the somersault being turned in midair. The parlor tumblers are a particular favorite of boys, although they are among the most expensive varieties and many boys covet them in vain.

Not all the dovecots in Chicago are owned by boys far from it. Men are as fond of the birds as the boys are and as frequently have their housetop collections. Indeed, they go into the pigeon raising far more extensively than do boys and often an entire roof will be covered with their bird shelters. In this way some expensive and rare collections are kept in the most unexpected places about town. The roof of a large apartment-house on the south side is the home of nearly 300 pigeons, the property of the house owner. This man lives in one of the flats himself and can give several hours a day to the care of his birds. He reaches their novel home by means of a ladder which he must put in place for each visit. Up the ladder he carries all the food and water which the birds use, together with an occasional armful of straw for bedding, This sometimes requires ten or more trips a day from the housetop to the ground, but the man works with the greatest interest and with no apparent fatigue. When he is on the roof the birds swarm about him with a cooing that can be heard by passers-by in the street; they settle over him like swarms of flies, flapping their wings until they look as though they might fly away with their own-

The average collection of pigeons numbers about twenty-five, although a fancier does not consider 100 birds a large collection. A dovecot is a deceiving thing; it looks as though it could hold at the atmost four birds when on the contrary it will easily hold twenty. After the same fashion a collection of birds is deceiving; the owner thinks he has ten birds when he really has twenty.

FADS ABOUT FUNERALS.

A RECENT telegram from New York, states that Mrs. George Norton, a wealthy resident of Pawling, was buried sitting in the very self-same armchair in which as an invalid she spent the last three years of her life. This curious form of interment was directed by her will, and the detailed instructions were faithfully carried out. The body and chair were inclosed in a huge case, and the grave containing them was walled in with brick and surmounted by a heavy marble slab.

Not long ago there died in a North London suburb a lady who wished to be buried in the bedstead in which she had lain continuously for nearly a quarter of a century prior to her decease; and to insure, as she thought, her wishes being respected, she left a plump contingent legacy to a relative, As the bedstead in question, however, was of the old "four-post" variety, and an unusually massive specimen at that, the cometery authorities objected. Eventually a compromise was effected. The bedstead was taken to pieces, and from the timber so obtained a sort of box coffin was constructed for the reception of the remains.

It is, however, among the mining population that instances of funeral eccentricity are most common. lack Hustler, a coal-hewer of Tong, near Leeds, who died the other day at the age of sixty-seven, was buried in a coffin constructed to his own specineation twenty years ago. It was made of pitch pine, with silver handles, and the lid was binged at one end. The deceased was buried with a lump of eoal which he had carefully preserved for years. It served as his pillow, and his tobacco and pipe also found a place beside him. This latter custom is said to be very prevalent among the coal miners. The tin miners of Cornwall almost invariably in-Pigeons are not trick animals, but one class of clude an umbrella among the coffin "furniture." It loved .- George Macdonald.

would be interesting to learn the origin and signs cance of this strange use.

Some years ago an old and wealthy Derbyson farmer expressed a wish to be embalmed-th body, after being so treated to be sunk in one of the lime-impregnated subterranean springs so coe mon in the Peak district. The old chap's last was es were faithfully carried out, and after three year the corpse was found to be completely incased in filamentary shroud of pure white limestone. For some time it remained on show, but eventually the authorities interfered and the ghastly relic was n terred in the ordinary way.

Brooches, rings, medallion portraits, and other similar articles, mostly valued for old association's sake, are constantly being consigned to the grave even among the poorer classes of the community Indeed, in a large East End cemetery, not lonago, a body was buried with a large sum severa hundred pounds—in Bank of England notes, the valuable roll being placed inside the little hollor wooden pillow which supported the head. It difficult to surmise the object of this strange proceeding, as the only result would be, of course, to present the institution in question with the face value of the notes. It may have been, however, that the intention was to try and disappoint some expectant heir-in-law a species of ostentations post-mortem spite which is far more common than most people suppose.

DOORPLATES OF THE PAST.

"PEOPLE who get about town much must have noticed one change that has taken place in the past few years," said the man with the red mustache. "and that is the abolition of doorplates for all excent business purposes. There was a time, and not so very long ago, either, when everybody that aspired to any kind of social prominence decorated his front door with a plate on which his name was engraved. These plates were made of all kinds of metal, ranging from plain tin to solid silver, according to the prosperity of the owner. Some of them were very expensive. I happened to be in the engraving business when the doorplate craze was raging in its most virulent form, and I know for a fact that we turned out any number of plates that mounted up to and even beyond the \$100 mark.

"One of the most expensive plates we ever made was for a man who lived over on East Twenty-seeond Street. This man was a Russian who hadembraced American customs, and he had a name, I can't remember now what it was, but I do know that it used up about all the plate we had in the shop to fit him out, and that when we were finally through with him his front door resembled nothing so much as the billboard of a show. There was a peculiar thing about another block over in that part of the city. There were forty houses in that block Each was ornamented with a doorplate, and on thirty-one of these houses the name was Green I went over to that neighborhood the other day out of curiosity. There are no doorplates there now. and I had no means of ascertaining whether the Green colony still sticks to its old haunts.

" In one way these doorplates were a mighty hat thing. They gave a stranger within our gates in valuable assistance in sizing up the nomenclate of the city, but they savored too much of self-advertising to suit the quiet tastes of the more con servative element, and gradually the custom west out of fashion, until now a private house that sports a doorplate is a curiosity.'

HAVING ALL SORTS OF FUN.

A woman sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received this letter "I got here all right, but forgot to write sooner. feller and I went out in a boat and the boat topped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water I didn't know anything for a good while. The officer host has er boy has to be buried after they find him horse kicked me over and I have got to have so money for fixin' up my head. We are going to an old barn on fire to-night and I should smile it don't have some fun. I shall bring home a tree pole cat if I can get him in my trank

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

ne Notenook is par excellence. It has in our church publications,—John E. Mohler, Each number seems better than the the sting one. I have a Sunday-school class boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen s and all get the INGLENOOK as a Sundayand paper, and they are delighted with it.—

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

his with much satisfaction that I express approval of the INGLENOOK. Its appearreand general make-up are such that it at commends it to the reader. It has found ry into many of our homes, and the peopre-truly glad for its continued success. John Zuck.

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOR ensity takes rank among rest young people's papers in the country. setter than most of them because of the secte of the silly love stories and light read-It is a most valuable addition to the thren's publications. No family should be Hout it -Eld. D. L. Miller.

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK enstarted. We like it very well. I would to see it go to all the homes of the land. short sermons are good for both old and ricg.-Eld. I. B. Trout.

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From the College.

lake the INGLENOOR. I am much pleased hits steady and almost marvelous growth. e fact that it is sought after by our people, hold and young, is evidence that it proves of to be in fact what it purports to be .- J. G.

Hear Virginia Talk.

seen and read I think there is none that ard. meld as great or as desirable influence rits readers as the INGLENDOK .- W. K.

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And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

have been a con-tall reader of the INGLEon from its beg to the present time, while it is not jet I find some that interests me in issue. I am 'ed in the 'Nook bemy expectat t especially recomd it to the vi readers, - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapi. inwa, They Say:

Kiself and family v enjoy reading our church paper trust its future may along and uset. J. K. Miller.

Another from lowa,

lave known the ll can truthfully re youth's p. diarly adapted t oth old and young. I placed it in our ssion Sunday school, the general year is that it can not be alled by any other meday-school paper.

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Over in indiana.

I lamily and I say that the INGLENOOK is acellent paper. There are many things in everyone likes, and which they ought to People who do not take the INGLEthave occasion to regret it. The Editor is the aceds of the readers .- L. W. Teeter.

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And Down in Missourl.

Readumber of years I have wondered why tot bave a paper for our young people. in character, with a tendency toward We have that in the Inglenook. be in every home in the church.— E. Ellenherger.

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And This,

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0 0

And Also Hagerstown, Ild.

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0 0

From Somerset County, Pa.

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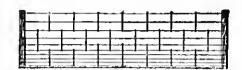
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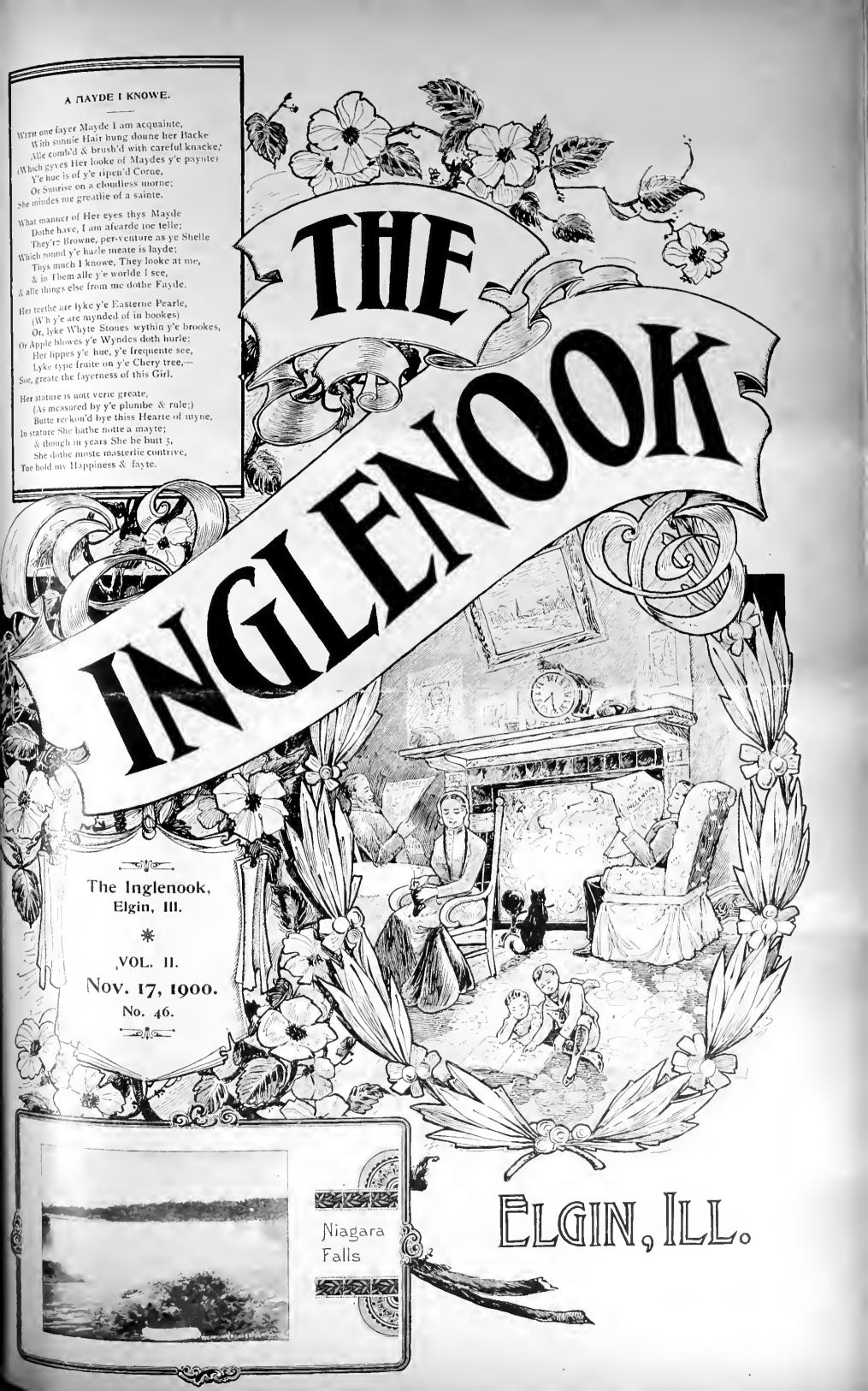
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N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Chinate of North Dakota W. R. DEEFER: St. Paul, WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. 1. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians,

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THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 17, 1900.

No. 46.

CRADLE SONG.

as maple strews the embers of its leaves gr mapic six allows nestled 'neath the eaves, ethe moody cricket falters in his cry—Baby-bye dibelid of night is falling o'er the sky—Baby-bye helld of night is falling o'er the sky!

The rose is lying pallid, and the cup the frosted calla-lily folded up; diffe breezes through the garden sob and sigh—Baby-bye— Wer the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie - Baby-

Per the sleeping blooms of summer where they lie!

el, Baby, O inv Baby, for your sake Tasheart of mine is ever wide awake, And my love may never droop a drowsy eye — Baby-bye! your own are wet above me when I die -Baby-bye Lyour own are wet above me when I die,

- James Whitcomb Riley.

WILD GOOSE HUNTING.

Our in the farther Northwest, in Minnesota and Dakota, the season is better than the average, and here are birds enough to give abundance to any shooter who knows when he has enough, and does not want to make a slaughter. Not only is the duck crop good, but the geese are now coming down in numbers sufficient to assure the lover of goose shooting a chance at his favorite sport in any one of many localities. Goose shooting is an art of itself, and some shooters become so attached to it that they well night forsake the marsh and steams where they have erstwhile hunted ducks, and take to the pit and the decoys on the stubble fields exclusively.

In goose shooting, as in every other line of sport with the gun, there are several ways of playing the ame, and only one right way. There are different places and methods by which this, the wariest of all wild fowl, may be taken, but the most effective may to outwit the honker is to hunt him on the uplands, and not along the waters. There is no bigger brain under feathers than that in a goose's noddie, and it requires study to outline the system thich now is most commonly pursued by the sucessful goose hunters.

The wild goose never sleeps, so far as mankind is ble to discover. He never leaves his flank exposed, and never fails to post his pickets. If he lights on a marsh or prairie it is sure to be in the addle of a wide strip of burned-over ground where e can see several times the distance of a gunshot, and he sure that no enemy can come up under covto molest him. If a flock of geese is swimming n some sheltered stream, and the ambitious hunter shinks him of slipping up behind the bank and potting them on the water, he is sure to hear a onk of warning from some unseen sentinel, and to dlaess the big birds rising far out of range.

If the shooter lies in wait for them at some fence in the country where they have been in the labit of crossing, it is ten to one that they will in ome way detect his presence and sheer off to one ide, out of range, as they come over. There is no when the goose loses sight of the great of wild life, that eternal vigilance is the net of safety. He knows nothing but suspicion, does nothing but look out for himself, and he the latter well in advance of all immediate tessity. If he sees a suspicious character a mile this Landons not wait till the character comes thin half a mile, but at once gets himself farther ay from that particular neighborhood.

let the wild goose, even that grandest of all the genuine Canada honker, has his bline and this was long ago discovered by the the genuine Canada honker, has his blind tend shooter, who knows his habits like a book, knows how to take full advantage of them. ettenderfoot on the goose hunt in North Dakota, thistance, having discovered a lake where the to be seen in great flocks every day, are to be seen in great flocks every to sheak up along the edge of the lake to a shot from shore. He might perhaps think it to lie in wait in the reeds of the shore, and try

to get a shot or so at the fowl as they pass over, going out or coming in. By this latter method he might, indeed, succeed in getting a bird or so, though he would begin to wonder why he got no more. The old shooter who understands goose lore, would tell him that his course was the worst possible if he wished to get any number of birds. He would take the novice away from the lake where the geese were seen resting, leading him perhaps eight or ten miles from the lake, out into the open country, where the wheat stubbles stretch for miles.

The wild goose is a creature regular as a clock. He makes two feeding flights each day from that bit of open water or sand bar which he has selected as his temporary resting-place. Suppose you have located a lake where there are numbers of geese to be seen daily. It will not take long to discover that they have chosen a certain line of flight, They always go in and out at a particular point, and it is always the one which they think is the safest. If there is a shore line of rushes and other cover at one point, and at another a high, hard bluff, with no cover, you will find that it is the latter place where the flight will cross. The first flight is in the early morning, about daybreak. At about ten o'clock the birds will sail out over the water at a great height, and then pitch down in a thousand sudden and grotesque circles, one of the oddest sights a hunter sees. At midday the geese rest and sun themselves, preferably on some bag or sandy bank. Near two o'clock, as though by a common signal, they rise and again leave their resting-place, going out upon the feeding grounds again. At dusk they return to their roosting place, where they have been sunning themselves during the warmer hours of the

Now, these birds must eat, somewhere, and they must eat a considerable amount of food, for a goose is a large bird. Naturally it will seek to make its living along the lines of the least resistance, will feed where it can get the most food at the least expense of labor. Hence, the problem which interests the old-time goose shooter who has located a good body of geese on a roosting place is, not to find the best cover near the water, but to find the feeding ground which they have chosen out in the open country. He knows that if he can find some farmer who has a field where the geese have been feeding for a few days without being disturbed, he has solved his problem, for the wise birds know it is good policy to let well enough alone, and they will continue to regularly visit any feeding ground where they have not been disturbed. Having located such a farm, the shooter learns from the farmer, or from his own observation, what part of the field the geese are in the habit of using when they come in to feed

This is the point which he selects for the site of his pit. He digs this pit at some time when the birds are not about, and is careful in digging not to change the look of the ground. The loose earth he removes in sacks, or carries far out and scatters in the sun so that it will dry out to the color of the surrounding earth and not show up to the keen eyes of the game. The pit is dug deep enough to hide the head of a man sitting down in it, and is big enough for two, for ordinarily two guns will shoot out of the same pit.

The decoys are then set out. These are works of art in their way, though close at hand they do not look like geese. They are simply sheets of thin iron, cut into the profile likeness of a goose, and painted to further carry out the resemblance. These profiles are provided with a spike at the bottom, by means of which they can be stuck upright in the ground. They are put out around the pit, at different angles, so that some of the decoys may offer a side view, no matter from which direction the birds may come.

The sport of goose-shooting is a trifle strenuous for a city man, who is not used to seeing the sun rise. He must get up in the black of night, eat a "Plentee Chinamen left."

hurried breakfast, drink a cup of coffee more or less bad, and then go out into the coldest, shiveriest air that mortal man ever faced, for the time of gooseshooting is after the chill of autumn is well established and the air is full of frost. It seems dark and gloomy out there in his hole in the ground, and the tenderfoot wonders whether or not he is having a good time.

It seems an age until the sky begins to clear a bit, and a faint spot in the East to show where the sunrise is to be. Objects begin to become visible, and the tenderfoot can see the ghostly forms of the decoys standing up rigidly before the pit. Now there comes, far off, from where no one can just tell, a faint, soft, musical, mysterious note. The old shooter raises his head, grasps his gun, and gazes out eagerly while he listens.

Far away on the horizon, toward that lake where the geese were first located, there now shows against the sky a faint, dark line. The excitement of watching the oncoming of a flock of honkers is something not surpassed in any form of field sport, and is often too much for the novice, who becomes excited and almost invariably rises too soon and shoots while the birds are too far away. The older head warns him solemnly to keep still and keep down in the pit until he gives the word to fire.

The babble of the fowl now comes on until the chorus is confusing. The birds have sighted the decoys, and wonder what these new fowl are doing on their own private and preëmpted feeding ground. They come on and on, and the tenderfoot shivers and trembles in the pit, for to his eyes, peering through the fringe, the birds seem big as meetinghouses. They come on and yet on, and the leader in the pit is forced to catch the barrel of the tenderfoot's gun to keep him from springing up and firing.

They swing actually directly above the decoys. Then as they look down they lose sight of the decoys and do not understand it, not knowing yet that the birds they are addressing are but thin shams, and hardly to be seen at all edgewise. At this moment the surprised flock takes a pitch, and a curve, and a tumble. The air is full of legs, and feathers, and voices. Vast white, and gray, and brown, and black bodies fill all the air. And now, almost beneath the confused mass of deceived fowl, there rise two muffled figures. Once, twice, three, and four times, and then again for a time or two. the thin lines of fire pierce the air. Three geese, four, five are down, struggling on the stubble; the rest are screaming, and climbing, and clawing away from that dreadful spot as fast as they can go. The tenderfoot has killed his first goose and the old hunter has not killed the tenderfoot, which he has been much tempted to do.

HE GOT THE TEN CENTS.

"GIMME ten cents," commanded five-year-old Jimmie of his sire as the latter was about to start from his home in the west side for his downtown office, five miles distant.

"Haven't got it," replied the father. "Come down to the office and I'll fix you out."

Laughing at the success of his evasive reply, the lawyer turned away and soon was on a car headed for his office. He was busily engaged with a client a few moments before noon when in walked his five-year-old, dusty and begrimed, and demanded "that ten cents." He had walked the entire distance-five miles.

WHEN the Yellow River flood carried off its thousands a Californian attempted to break the news gently to his cook, as it must, he thought, shock a Chinaman to learn that so many of his fellow countrymen had miserably perished. So he approached the climax of horror by degrees, expecting a perhaps passionate outbreak. But the cook's only comment was the eminently practical reflection:

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

A WEDDING IN CHINATOWN, CHICAGO.

Wednesday night there was a great festival in Chicago's Chinatown. Lanterns were hung out from the shop doors and the oriental merchants put on their best jackets for the celebration. It was not a New Year holiday, it was not any of the annual feast days, this gala event. Indeed, it was a wedding, not an ordinary wedding either, but one which Chinatown might well celebrate. Never before in Clark Street has there been a wedding celebration in which one of the small-footed women has taken part. Chicago is well supplied with Chinamen, but it is different with Chinawomen, and well may the colony welcome a kimono to its midst.

Little Sella Yoy came all the way from Portland, Oregon, to become Chicago's first Chinese bride. Could the tam-tam's bail her too merrily? She reached town Monday in her wooden-soled shoes and embroidered wrappings, every inch a Chinese maiden. She could talk very little English and was alraid of the strange city. Moy Ing, her lover, met her at the station jauntily dressed in a suit of brown clothes and a broad-brimmed hat, for Moy Ing is much American. Sella Yoy was properly awed by her luture lord, and as becomes a true Chinese maiden she humbly followed him through the station.

At the street an automobile was waiting. Now, Sella Yoy had never seen an automobile, let alone having ridden in one, and she thought her end had come, although she obeyed tearfully when Moy Ing told her to step in. The automobile went off like a great buzzing bee, with Moy Ing sitting proudly beside his weeping bride. It was a great treat for Moy Ing—that automobile ride. It made him the most distinguished man in Chinatown and he felt that he had brought honor to his name—No Chinaman had been seen in Clark Street in one of the strange machines. The young men looked on with envy and the old men with considerable concern while Moy Ing lifted his bride to the ground at the door of his restaurant.

"See, I have chosen my bride," he called to the crowd in his own odd chatter.

And his countrymen understood that the wedding festival was about to begin. They swarmed from their basement homes like so many ants and, chattering, scurried up the restaurant stairs. Thereupon the wedding breakfast was served in the balconied, second-storied restaurant and the festival of three days was on.

A Chinese wedding is no matter of an hour; it requires days of eating and merriment. And Moy Ing, being a man of means, could have the best, his larder was filled with eastern delicacies and his cook the finest from the orient. The balcony of his fanciful yellow restaurant was hung each night with lanterns and a Chinese welcome was pasted on its door. No wonder the celestials put on their daintiest silk jackets and their newest caps; such a wedding is a rare treat in Chinatown. Moy Ing played a handsome host, and morning, noon, or night his table was wide enough for the guests.

Wednesday night the final banquet was given to the accompaniment of firecrackers and tam-tams. And everyone who had accepted Moy Ing's hospitality carried to the last feast a wedding present. Sam Moy, the chief adviser of Chinatown, gave a silver tea set, and Hip Lung, the oldest and most prosperous of the merchants, gave an embroidered satin kimono for the bride. Everyone gave according to his wealth and his standing among his people and there was a display of much eloquence in the presentation speeches. Hip Lung, in a heavy blue silk robe, sat at the head of the table; he was the oldest man present and was consequently looked upon as the sage. It was he, therefore, who was chosen to represent the bride, who was compelled by custom to sit behind a curtain, hungry and alone. The wedding feasts had little enjoyment for her, because she was a Chinese bride and could not appear among her guests. She was probably very glad when the last tam-tam had been put away and the guests had gone, leaving the lanterns to flicker dreamily in the smoky room. At any rate, her wedding was over and she need sit no longer with her back aching under her heavily embroidered robe and her wedding headgear.

The wedding festival was a memorable one to Chinatown and it is being chattered about now in the laundries and the tea shops. All the "washee" men took part in it and to their thinking it was just as a wedding should be. It may be that the bride, for all her ride in a real, live automobile, is still old fashioned enough to agree with them.

CANNING PEACHES.

BY TRA E. FOUTZ.

THE canneries are controlled in the same way the evaporating plants are. In the canning of peaches, however, all sizes are used more generally than in the evaporating of them. Mostly women and girls are employed to prepare them but men take them through the processes.

They are first sorted into the different grades of which there is four; the first, second, third and fourth. The first grade is called the pie; the third the extra and the fourth XX (double X). The first grade is canned with the pecling on but the other three grades are pecled; generally by hand. They are all cut into halves and the seeds taken out.

They are then packed by hand into tin cans which hold one quart and weigh about three pounds when full. The first step is the dipping. The cans are put into wooden trays which hold one dozen. There are strips on each side of the trays about one and one-fourth inches above the bottom so that the cans will not slide off. Eight of the trays are put into a square iron cage at once. It is three feet square and of four inch mesh. By means of a crane it is let down into a wooden tank which contains boiling water. The tank is the same shape and size except that it is four inches larger each way. The cans after being filled with the water are taken out and the top is cleaned off. They are then capped and soldered.

The next step is the processing. They are at once placed into an iron cage which is perfectly round. It is of a long mesh about two by eight inches. They are piled into it with care one upon the other. One hundred and seventy can be put in. The cage is let down into a round iron tank which contains water that has been heated above the boiling point. The tank is five feet high and four feet through. Water at that temperature soon makes them soft and they are only left in about three minutes.

The cans are then too warm to be handled and have to be cooled off. They are put into a round iron cage and let down into a wooden tank. They are left in the cold water until they can be handled. Water is running into one and out at the other end of this tank all the time. The others are filled and emptied twice a day.

It is very interesting to go through a cannery and see the different processes. About 10,000 cans are put up in one day at an ordinary cannery. Only one grade is taken through the processes at once and when peaches for that grade run out another grade is taken. There is generally a building at each cannery in which to pack the cans of peaches. They are not labeled until they are shipped or are put into the cases. About as soon as the canning season is over they begin to ship them out as the wholesalers lay in their winter stock.

Waynesboro, Pa.

THE FIG.

BY N. R. BAKER.

How many Inglenookers have ever seen a fig blossom? I shall not ask you to raise your hands, for I am sure no hands would go up. I have eight bearing fig trees but have never seen a bloom. Nor has anyone else. They do not bloom. There is a minute bud under the bark. This bud contains the elements of a flower but is exactly the same green color as the bark and no one but a botanist would think of calling it a flower at all.

This little bud, without changing external shape or color, simply bursts the bark by increasing in size and becomes the fig that ripens, in warm weather, six weeks later. When ripe, being too soft to ship, they are never seen in northern markets except in the "green" or raw state.

The fruit is shaped somewhat like a pear and is kept continuously running.

ranges in size from that of a hulled walnut to tage

The "fig tree" is properly a shrub, growing in this climate to a height of twenty-five feet and sometimes more than a foot in diameter.

It is too cold for figs to do well north of the southern boundary of Tennessee or about the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. In the great February blizzard of 1899 nearly all the fig trees in the United States were frozen to the ground. But they have sprung up again from the roots and many hundreds of bushels were raised during the past summer. Some varieties bear the first year and ripen fruit every week from June to November.

Except in California, 1 believe, figs are not dried for market in this country. On the shores of the Mediterranean the fig is indigenous—that is it is to be found wild and grows without cultivation. There the quality is of the finest and labor is cheap. Dried or "boxed" figs come from there. But for canning and preserving even here the fig is considered delicious.

The fig tree is not evergreen but sheds its leaves in winter—deciduous is the long word for it. The leaf is sometimes eight inches across.

The famous banyan, a tree that lets roots down from limbs that are several feet above the ground, is a variety of the fig.

Whister, Ala.

ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

PEOPLE who think that one election day is enough would be horrified at the idea of having two, as is the rule in France. On the first election day, always a Sunday, the electors including a male citizens of twenty-one years of age who have lived for six months in one place, cast their ballots for members of the house of deputies. Before the voting begins the presiding officer at each polling place unlocks the urn in which the ballots are to be placed and exhibits it to prove that it is empty. He then locks the urn and puts the key in his pocket. The men who help in receiving and counting the ballots are volunteers from among the electors. When the votes are counted it may happen, for instance, that Durand, socialist candidate, receives 1,000 votes; Dupont, the republican candidate, 2,800 votes; and Booneval, the royalist candidate, 3.000. In the United States Booneval would be elected. Not so, however, in France. Another election is held on the following Sunday, and before a candidate is declared elected he must have a clear majority of all the votes cast. In most cases the candidates receiving the smaller number of votes with draw, leaving the fight on the second Sunday be tween the two leaders. Any man twenty-five years old, who is not otherwise disqualified, may be a candidate for the house of deputies. There are no necessary expenses connected with running for office, and sometimes a deputy is elected without spending a cent. In other cases immense sums are spent and bribery is common. The deputies are paid S5 a day, and have also the right to ride free on the railroads. The members of the house deputies and the senate, sitting together, elect by majority vote the president of the republic, when serves seven years.

WOMEN WITH BEARDS.

THERE is a barber in New York who makes a speciality of shaving women. He has a number of regular customers. One of them is a wealthy Cuban woman, who spends a great deal of time it the Fifth Avenue hotel. In speaking of his customers, he said:

"They don't want depilatories They want to be regularly shaved, just like a man. They have naturally heavy growths of beard. They like the naturally heavy growths of beard. They like the naturally heavy growths of beard. They like the naturally heavy growths of beard they like the week for ten years. She won't let me touch be with any but the sharpest razor.

"To look at her no one would imagine that see could grow a beard that would put many a man it shame. Her complexion is smooth and clear at her skin fine and firm. She could have her whates her skin fine and firm. She could have her whates permanently removed by a preparation or by the needle, but she prefers to be shaved."

A watch will tick 160,144,000 times in a year it is kept continuously running.

Nature & Study

FLYING SQUIRREL'S WAYS.

If there is a four-footed animal in the New Eng-Awoods which is entitled to the name of " genthe best sense of the term, that animal the flying squirrel. He is quiet in manner and in bos has an unusually gentle disposition and at-205 to his own business without making a nuiesce of himself. He has none of the impudence ragnacity of his red cousin, and he is a character Youth greater refinement than his large and powstal relative, the gray squirrel.

Though the smallest member of his family here-Hous, as a woodsman he is without a superior. We course, when it comes to tree-climbing and travthrough the tops of closely-grown trees, the ray squirrel is simply magnificent. But in the no woods, where the trees stand farther apart, the hing squirrel has a decided advantage, for he can est sail through the air from one tree trunk to an-

Like most people of real worth, he is modest and rubtrusive, so much so, in fact, that he may often ing in a wood for years without anyone being mue of his presence. Even when it is known that heisthere he is seldom seen, for he usually sets out stdark and is rarely abroad in the daytime. His popearance is in keeping with his character. The oftvelvety fur of his upper parts is of an inconencuous shade of gray, and the under parts are thie. The black eyes are very large and promiant, the whiskers dark and long, and the general pression of the face good-natured but earnest. The claws are much curved, and as sharp as fish-

But the most peculiar parts of his anatomy are the membranes by which he is enabled to make his ong flights, or rather sails—for flying squirrels do totreally fly—through the air. These membranes, meon each side of the body, extend from the wrist the forefoot to the wrist of the hind foot, and are ormed by the extension of the skin of both the uper and lower parts. Consequently, though quite hia, they are of double thickness. They are covtted with short fur both above and below.

When not in use these membranes are inconspicious, for, being elastic, they contract, forming an irregular ridge along each side. When the squirrel tuhes to "fly, ' he springs into the air from the up-M part of a tree, and by spreading his legs as wide she can, stretches the membranes taut, like the tovering of an open umbrella. On this natural prachute he is able to sail for a considerable disance, but always from a high point to a lower one. his tail also is well adapted to this mode of travding, for instead of being bushy like those of other quirels, it is flat like a feather.

In traveling through a wood a flying squirrel has to the top of one tree and jumps in the direcnon of another one along the line of march. For bout three-fourths of the distance he descends at in angle, which varies according to the length of effight and the height of the starting point, and then with a curving upshoot he alights with a little mack upon the trunk of the farther tree. He then up to the top or near it, and sails away to the takitiee, and repeats the performance until he has impleted his journey.

As a rule the flight is not sharp and clean cut, but spewbat quivering or fluttering, at least in appearance. This fluttering is not, I think, the result of this fluttering is not, I think, the leaves the the should say, to the action of the air upon the attredges of the membrane. The same effect is upon a larger scale, when the wind flaps the Re of a mainsail.

Some flying squirrels build nests of leaves in the tetops, and most of them live in holes in the taks and most of them live in noises ...

The last year's nest of a flytond branches. The last years nest tond in a squirrel, and if the tree happens to stand in a ramp, it is not likely to remain long without a tant, into a decayed trunk or branch the woodinto a decayed trunk or branch and a half in dieder, and then hollows out a chamber about a The following autumn, after the young the following autumn, after the possession and are flown, the squirrel takes possession of the fine and carries into the hole a quantity of the fine bark of cedar trees or other soft material suit-

In November he retires to this snug retreat and never so much as pokes his nose out until the following March. In this respect, again, the "flyer" differs from all other New England squirrels. The red squirrel may be seen abroad in all weather, the gray squirrel wakes up on warm days and comes out for food and exercise, and even the little chipmunk, although he remains in his underground home, gets up occasionally to nibble at his store of grain or beechnuts. But, as far as known, the flying squirrel sleeps the winter through.

The young are usually born in the latter part of March. There are generally from four to six of them; wee, blind and naked, but with a hereditary tendency to cling to everything they touch. The first hair to appear is that of the whiskers, which are visible when the babies are but a few days old. A little later the cutting teeth appear in the lower jaw, and every day the semi-transparent bodies become more and more fully clothed with fine, soft

Before they are hidden by the hair the blue veins can be readily traced through the delicate skin, particularly in the flying membranes The eyes open when the youngsters are a month old; at least that has been my experience with those born in captivity. When about six weeks old the little fellows begin to crawl out of the nest, to play like kittens, but more gently, and to nibble the crumbs of partly eaten nuts cut into by the sharp teeth of the moth-

And what a lovely little mother she is! She takes the greatest care of them from the time they are born. She tucks them under her, pulls the eedar bark over them and blocks up the entrance on cold days to keep them warm. If you put your finger into the hole she will rake all the babies out of harm's way with her front paws, and then with her nose she will make a determined effort to push your finger out of the hole again. Failing in that, she will not bite you, as a red squirrel would have done at the beginning, but she will probably take your finger gently in her teeth, as though to ask you please to be a gentleman and refrain from causing her any further annoyance.

Even if you remove the young ones from the nest she will not bite you, but she will come out after them at once in evident distress. If they are near the mouth of the hole, so that she can reach them without leaving the nest entirely, she puts out her head, seizes the youngsters by the neck or back with her teeth, and pulls them in after her, one by

But if she has to leave the nest altogether, she picks the children up, turns around and pushes them into the hole before her. A flying squirrel once disturbed in this way, is not likely to allow the matter to pass unheeded. She is almost sure to remove her family to a new home at the first opportunity.

A short time ago a Stamford gentleman had an interesting experience with a flying squirrel, and he kindly gave me an account of it. There is a little river running through his grounds, and on the bank of the river grew a tree with a decayed branch upon it. Wishing to have the branch removed, he sent up a workman to saw it off, and stood by to watch the operation. Near the end of the branch there was a small hole, and when the saw began to move he noticed the whiskered head of a flying squirrel come sniffing out. In a moment it went in again, but presently the squirrel returned with a young one in her mouth.

The workman was ordered to stop sawing, but the little "flyer" ran out onto the end of the branch, and without hesitation sailed across the river. Alighting upon a tree on the opposite bank, she laid the baby safe in a wide crotch and at once sailed back for another one. Four times did the brave little mother make the trip, until her children were safely removed from the doomed branch. What became of them is not positively known, as further observation was prevented by nightfall. It is fairly safe to say, however, that unless a hungry owl interfered with her plans, the faithful mother had them all safe in a new home long before daylight.

THE velocity of light is 192,000 miles in a second of time. From the sun light comes to the earth in eight minutes. From some of the fixed stars of the twelfth magnitude it takes 4,000 years for the light to reach us.

VEGETABLE IYORY.

In the Young People's Paper, Mary F. Bigelow has a very interesting article on vegetable ivory. She

The ivory plant is a native of South America and is most interesting in its growth.

It is a member of the palm family, bearing its foliage in a beautiful crown, at the top of the slender trunk

So slender, indeed, is the trunk, and so heavy the crown of foliage, that the trunk is borne to the ground, and lies sprawling - sometimes to the length of twenty feet, resembling a huge root, and giving the plant the appearance of rising from the ground without a stem.

The feathery leaves of the plant are of a beautiful pale green color, each one being divided into twenty or thirty pairs of long, narrow leaflets, arranged in rows on either side of the midrib.

The natives find these leaves useful as thatching for the roofs of their houses.

The flowers are borne in large clusters, and are chiefly remarkable for their sweet and powerful odor, which constantly draws about the plant myri ads of small insects.

The ivory plant is sometimes found scattered about in forests of other trees, and sometimes growing by itself in dense groves; in which case it completely drives out all other forms of vegetation.

The fruit is incased in a thin, hard shell, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, covered on the outside with rough, conical protuberances.

This shell is divided into six or seven compartments, each of which contains from six to nine seeds or nuts; triangular in shape, and about two inches in diameter, and each one being incased in its own individual shell.

The changes that take place in these nuts, in the different stages of their growth, are extremely interesting. In the first place the shell is filled with a thin, clear liquid, which, although of an insipid taste, is drinkable; and sometimes proves very acceptable to the weary traveler, when water is not attainable.

Later on, this liquid becomes sweet and milky; when it is eaten with much relish by turkeys, hogs

Then, as the nut ripens, it turns gradually to the ivory-like substance, which is so much used in the place of real ivory.

The ripe nut is very hard, pure white in color, and of a perfect uniformity of texture throughout.

When the nut is planted, and after it begins its growth, it is again changed to a soft pulpy mass, and on this the young plant feeds until old enough to send forth rootlets and draw its sustenance from the earth.

Beside the various fancy articles which are made from the vegetable ivory, it is very largely used in the manufacture of buttons.

On account of the size of the nut, articles made from it are necessarily small, though sometimes large articles are made by a skillful joining together of the pieces.

THE ESKIMO'S HUSKIE.

THE wild dog, uninfluenced at all by association with man is typical of nothing but the wolf, and in the circumpolar ice he is found in numbers roving over the fields of snow and ice, frequently in company with the wolves. The Eskimos have taken these wild creatures and by a rude process of selection and training they have developed the "huskie," a colloquial abbreviation of the word Eskimo. These animals represent a type of dog but little removed from the wolf-hardy, vicious, swift of foot and keen of eye. They have been trained to haul sledge loads of goods across the snow and ice and this comes as natural to them now as for a pointer to point. They possess the blood of the wolf, however. in their veins - the taint of the jackal. At the first opportunity they will run away and join the wild dogs and deteriorate rapidly in their company.

Throughout the great northwest it is hard work to make up a full team of strictly pure huskies. The leader of the team is invariably a trustworthy huskie, but harnessed behind him will be one or more wild creatures that are kept in harness only through the moral influence of others .-- North Amer-

ican Review,

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE; Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

TO OUR WRITERS.

LET us have a little confidential chat with those who write for us, and get our situation fairly before the contributors, present and future. In the first place we have had an exceptionally good lot of contributions sent us, and several new writers have been discovered, who, if they keep their heads, will one day be famous. To them, and to all who may write for the paper in the future, we want to say something.

In the first place get a good quality of paper. Nothing is so cheap as cheap stationery. Good paper is so cheap that all who write at all should secure it. Then use a good black ink, and form the letters so that there is no mistaking your words. In the choice of a subject be sure not to select an abstract subject. Keep on the earth. Leave the skies to those who can fly. Not one boy or girl of twenty, or even twenty-five, can do justice to a subject like Liberty, or Freedom, or the like. It is a great 'deal better to tell how a flower pot is made, or give an account of how a cat mothered a puppy or a squirrel. People will read the latter while not one in a hundred will read a dissertation on the dignity of labor.

Make your story short. Half a column is better than a column, and unless your subject will not at all admit of it, keep within the bounds of a column. Use short, easy, telling language. Don't try any such thing as fine writing. The Editor doesn't appreciate it.

Fold or flat out your manuscript. Never roll it. And there is not the slightest use in writing a longwinded letter explaining how you came to do it. We don't care anything at all about this. What we want is the article, and your name and fame will have nothing whatever to do with the copy's fate. We will read it carefully, and decide accordingly. If you get your article back with an editorial letter pointing out defects, take it kindly. It is nothing to us, and if we go to that trouble be sure there is some reason for our action. If, after all, you think there are others who know a good thing when they see it, send your article off to them, to some paper bigger and better known than the 'Nook, and when it is printed and makes a hit send us a copy and proceed to make our life miserable by showing us how we missed it.

Do not expect your articles to appear the next issue after you send them on. There are communications on file that will not be printed for the next six months. There are reasons. It manifestly would not do to print a Christmas story with roast turkey and all that, in July, nor would an account of a day's outing under the trees make good reading in December. Then, while your article may be all right, there may have been in the last week's issue several along the same line. If you don't get the article back it will bob up some day in the 'Nook when you least look for it.

And now you man or woman, old or young, who think you can do it, give it a trial.

WHAT'S THAT NAME?

Ir you read the second page of the cover you will see a goodly list of books that will grace somebody's home next year. When the time comes in the holiday season we will assemble those books, fifty of them in one lot, and put them in a suitable box. All that is wanting then is the name that goes on the box, and off they go to some happy and lucky agent who has sent in his list of subscribers and outnumbered all the others. Now what is feet.

the name that goes on the box of books? When it is published in the INGLENOOK, together with the number of subscribers sent in, there will be any number of people who will be saying and thinking "If I had only known," etc. Now the fact is the present is the time to do the thinking and the canvassing. The winner will be someone who is a worker. There are numerous thickly-settled communities where our people's houses are like beads on a string along the roads, where the library could be won in a thorough canvass, but it is altogether likely that the box will not go to such a place. Where there is somebody who gets up early and works intelligently in all probability there will be a long shelf full of the best works in the English language, a year of good reading, and the books to be kept after they are read.

We have no idea of the name and address that will go on that box. We know no more about it than you do. All we know is that it will give us pleasure to mark some reader's name on the package, and call up the expressman and start the premium on its way. There will be no delay, no waiting, as the books will be sent as told on page two of the cover. Is it to be that your name goes on that box of books? It all depends on yourself. It is a free canvass, open to you as to all the rest. Go in and win.

OUR SHORT SERMON.

Text: Are They Read?

When a preacher makes an announcement that he is going to hold services at a given time and place he knows how well the community like his ministrations by the attendance. If he has a good and an attentive congregation he is justified in the continuation of his services. If there is no congregation he also knows what to do. But this sort of preacher has the visible result before him. He sees, and so he knows. But when the preacher of the Inglenook takes his place on the rostrum, or behind the table, which in this instance is a typewriter, he has no way of knowing how many there are who are open to impression. He can not see his congregation. They make no noise, and there is no swelling hymn, nod of approval or sign of dissent. He does not know whether there is a single hearer. It may be there are many, few, or none at all. How is he to

Now the preacher in this instance proposes to talk to his silent and unseen congregation and he does it in this form in order that he may know whether or not the Short Sermon idea is being well received. He has never yet taken up a collection, but he intends doing it now. And it will not be in money, but in ideas. It will take the form of a postal card, and if you like the sermons as they have appeared, and wish them continued, all you have to do is to say so on a card addressed to the INGLENOOK, and we will then know that we have readers, or hearers, which is the same thing in this instance. No responses will be taken to indicate an empty house and a discontinuance of the sermons, their place being taken by other matter. The question has been put in this place, because those who never read the sermons will not see it at all, while those who have been interested in our services in this way will have a chance to express themselves. What do you say? Are the sermons read or not?

CERTAINLY.

"Teach applied Christianity on the Sahbath," says The Chicago Journal, "and it may be applied during the other days of the week." Apply it during the other days of the week and it will not need to be taught on the Sabbath.-Council Bluffs (Iowa) Nonpareil.

Bur as long as people forget this lesson so long will the teaching have to be repeated, and the experionce of the ages is that once a week is the time for repetition,

If the earth's surface were level the water of the oceans would cover it to a depth of six hundred

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

What is the difference between a Consul, a Minister and Ambassador to a foreign country?

WHEREVER there is much trade with a foreign country, or much travel, a Consul is appointed. H duties are mainly with the individual, to help him out of trouble, and to represent the interests of his home government as far as the traveling public of trade is concerned. A Minister or an Ambassador is resident at the capital of a country, and is interested mainly in the relations between the countries in a political way. He deals with larger question of state that may come up. The place of business of a Consul is called a Consulate, that of a Minister a Legation. Generally they are simply rented houses, though they may be owned by their respective governments.

Is it right to make and use domestic wine?

The right or wrong of it, as far as the individual is concerned, depends on the intent and use of the wine and his ideas of total abstinence.

What is a cipher code?

A system of secret writing that is supposed to be understood only by the parties using it. There i no code that can not be translated by others if enough of it in writing is had, and time is given.

Have I the right to set up a fruit stand in front of a man's house if I do not interfere with him?

No. He can order you off, and have you arrested and punished if you do not go. The fruit stands are where they are by renting or sale.

* * *

What is the cost of a good automobile?

At present they are very expensive, running from \$500 to almost any figure. In a few years they will be cheaper, and be as common as bicycles.

What is meant by a book being out of print?

That it is not now printed and consequently not for sale as usual with books. If a thousand or ten thousand copies of a book are printed and the plates or type broken up or recast it would be out of print when the edition was sold.

There is an apple tree on my place that produces fruits perior to anything ever seen by any of the neighbors. How shall I go about making anything out of the tree?

Send samples of the apples to prominent fruit growers for an opinion, and if they agree on it superiority then make an arrangement with some reliable nurseryman to sell him grafts. It will all depend on the business handling of the project.

I think I have ability as an artist. How will I make sure of

There is an article on that very subject pigeonholed for the 'Nook. Wait for it.

Is there anything in planting seed or butchering "in the

Not a thing in the world, but thousands of per really think so, and as a rule nobody is harmed by the delusion.

I read in a story book of burning wreck wood in a cottage. What was meant?

In a cottage, or any other pleasure house, near the sca, where there is an open grate, the wood of soul old wreck that has laid long in the water is in great demand for firewood. It is cut into proper lengths and dried. The water has in solution salts, etc., that absorbed by the wood, give off colored flames

Can I make a good lawn late in the Antomore

As good a way as any is to thoroughly prepare the soil, and wait till the first "skift" of snot Then sow your seed on the snow on that you that see that it gets on evenly and let it alone. Spring you will see the result all right enough.

I read of eggs being canned. What is the process? See back numbers of the 'Nook for full descr? tion of the way it is done.

HOW PERFUMES ARE MADE.

Iseems a strange place for a perfume manufac-On one side the Chicago River stagnates, of the combined odors of a thousand and on the other switch engines clang back of forth, busily violating the city's smoke or-

And yet on a bright spring morning, when the rigy windows of the factory are agape, it is no unsal sight to see a group of men and boys stand-2000 the sidewalk with their hands in their pockand sniffing the odors which the breeze brings They can have apple-blossoms, ater of roses, eau de cologne -anything, just as if the were attending a charity ball. And the red hack building goes on in its own sweet way, makat little oasis of fragrance in a Sahara of vile

laside of the factory the scent is still more in-1858. It is a bouquet of hundreds of different perln the main room there stands a number of as distilling tanks about the size of small baras and stretched out at one side of them are coils adleaps of iron pipes. Below them stand closed is into the funnels of which drips the perfumery. Around the sides of the wall of this and adjoining oms stand almost endless rows of bottles of all sits and shapes, each filled with some oil or eseace out of which the scents are made. Most of hese are imported from foreign countries by the hicago factory, where they are mixed, distilled and bottled for the market. Practically no permery is made in its original form in Chicago.

One of the largest rooms in the corner of the bilding is devoted to the packing and bottling of the product of the distillery. Here rows of girls stat long tables with big canisters of the perfumevin front of them. Out of these the small, delitate-shaped bottles are filled. Then the glass stoppers are put in and colored cotton is wrapped wound them. Over the tops little hoods of lambthin are drawn and tied with colored ribbons. Then the labels are pasted on and the bottles are manged in neat boxes ready for shipment. It is Mather slow work, and the girls who do it have to be skilled as well as artistic. Much of the perfume manufactured is used in making toilet soaps in the adjoining factory, but a large quantity is sold for general use.

Attar of roses is an oil made from rose leaves and it comes largely from India and Constantinople. I late years the Balkan provinces in Bulgaria have also been a great source of the supply. Nearvall the blossoms used are taken from a bushy vaacty of the damask rose, and the rest come from the white musk rose. Beginning in the last of May trops of boys and girls with baskets on their arms dimb the long mountain slopes before sunrise in the morning to gather the roses. It is important that hey be picked while the dew is yet on them, so hat they will remain fresh until they reach the disblery. The still-houses are mostly placed in the anter of the great rose gardens, and as fast as the bads of blossoms are brought in they are placed in g, cool cellars. The stills are of tinned copper, tha miniature furnace underneath. About twenhe pounds of fragrant blossoms are put into ach of them, then water is added and the fires farted. When about one-fifth of the contents has to drawn over through a water-cooled worm the is emptied and recharged and the process is speated until all morning's harvest of roses has

The first product is simply rosewater like that told-time housewife used to make in much the This rosewater is now returned to the and about one-third its bulk of "second roseis drawn over. Throughout this liquid etic are scattered little globules of a precious oily the scattered little globules of a precion of the top bottles, and the oil gradually comes to the top ad is dipped out with a spoon. The attar costs sout & an ounce, but this will not seem unreasonhen it is known that 60,000 roses have been sed for every ounce.

Nearly all the ordinary perfumes are made by a known as enfleurage. This consists in dig freshly-gathered flowers in a glass case, the thich has been daubed with lard to the depth thelf an inch. In the course of a day the lard abthe essential oils in the flowers and they

are replaced by fresh ones Sometimes it takes as many as eighty charges to fully impregnate the lard, and sometimes, where the scent is very strong, it requires only half a dozen charges. When fully charged the lard is scraped off, melted and combined with alcohol, which brings the volatile oil to the surface. It is then skimmed off and filtered ready to be bottled and shipped. The waste leaves from the process are used as fertilizers for the flower gardens from which they originally came.

The oil of lavender is procured in a similar way. The growers of Surrey, England, carry their harvest to one of the many distilleries which dot the coun try. The oil is contained in glands situated chiefly in parts of the flower, but also extending down into the stalk. The first run takes two hours and the result is a fine, clear and almost colorless oil. The second run requires four hours, and the oil is of an amber color and poorer in quality.

A few perfumes, like oil of bergamot, are obtained by pressure. The rasped layers of the unripe fruit are placed in hydraulic presses and squeezed until the oil runs out.

Combined perfumes are known as bouquet odors, and upon his skill in making such mixtures hangs the perfumer's success.

Fashions in perfumes vary greatly. Fifty years ago lavender was much thought of; later, musk came into favor, and since that time fashion has run the whole gamut of rose perfumes, violet, apple blossoms, lily of the valley and half a hundred more. For a time sachet powders were very popular. They were made by grinding together vanilla, musk and tonquin beans in various proportions. Violet sachets are also much used.

DUST STORMS IN ARIZONA.

JOHN KIRSHAW, Jr., writing from Tucson, Ariz., to the Charleston News and Courier, says:

I saw a reference in a Charleston paper the other day of the horrors of a dust storm in the Transvaal. We inhabitants of the great American desert would like to compare notes with the people of the Transvaal along this line. Perhaps nowhere in the world, the Sahara desert not excluded, are the dust storms so violent and frequent as in this country.

The surface of the desert is nothing more than a thin shifting layer of dust, and the least gentle breeze starts the worst sort of a dust storm, whose hoarse roar can be heard for miles on the desert.

The desert is very sparsely covered with a rank growth of stunted bush, called "greasewood." This growth is so stunted and sparse that it has no effect in breaking the progress of the storm

The approach of a dust storm cannot with accuracy be predicted, even on the most violently windy days. There is no sceming law governing the movements of this nauseating dust. I have seen the time when within five minutes after a perfect calm a violent dust storm has formed, and in as many minutes later is going across the barren and sunbaked desert with a roar that can be heard for a dozen miles.

This roaring of the dust storm is well known and feared by both man and beast. The movements of cattle when a dust storm is approaching are interesting. The animals, if given time, seek shelter beneath bushes and trees, but if the storms are too near for that, they almost instantly kneel and put their heads low down and away from the direction of the wind. Not infrequently cattle are killed in scores by these storms. Water is scarce enough as it is, and when the wind storm comes along and fills in the shallow watering holes, dug in the dry river beds, the cattle are not able to go farther in their everlasting search for water, consequently they lie down and die right in the ditch.

Not infrequently cowboys and travelers are lost on the vast plains that are so monotonous in appearance after one of these dust storms. There is no man living who can stand to breathe unprotected during one of these storms when caught in an exposed place. The sand stings like a cut when blown against your face, and the fine dust penetrates every portion of one's clothing. Cowboys are often caught on the open desert, and either suffocated as the result of the dust or are lost, owing to the fact that the trails are entirely obliterated by the sand.

The usual method of warding off the danger of these storms while on the desert is when they are through success, but through misadventure.

seen approaching to throw your horse down, and, removing his saddle, utilize the blankets to cover one's head in the direction in which he wishes to travel.

The duration of a dust storm varies. I have seen one here that blew without a cessation for three days and nights. And on the other hand, they may be only of a few hours' duration.

There is absolutely no escaping the dust of one of these storms, for it penetrates through everything. It gets into everything, and the flavor when mixed with foodstuffs is anything but pleasing.

The storm has the appearance of a huge black, or, rather, red, cloud when coming over the desert. and its base is on the ground, while the top reaches into the heavens.

A strange but true fact in connection with one of these dust storms is that they seldom occur on a cloudy day, but bob up unexpectedly on the brightest sorts of days. In the space of two minutes after the storm has struck a location the sun is either totally screened, so much so as to make it appear as if night had arrived a little prematurely, or as to give everything the reddish glare of an eclipse. The atmosphere sometimes takes days to clear. Storms are especially bad and frequent now, as there has been not a drop of rain falling for over five weeks, and the sun sometimes goes up to 180 degrees on the desert in the middle of the hot weather.

WHERE IS THE WEST?

When the writer was a boy his parents were smitten with the western fever, and he remembers well the posing and the striving after effect with other schoolboys in the matter of being a western explorer, a pioneer, in fact. It was intended to settle somewhere on the eastern border of Ohio. We never went, but it was a good deal of glory while the fever was on. And the other day a man out on the Pacific Coast announced his determination of going back East to see his people who lived in Iowa. Now the Inglenook goes in all directions. It is read out on the Pacific Coast, on the Gulf of Mexico, in sight of the great lakes and on the Atlantic Coast. It is published west of Chicago, but if anybody suggested Elgin as being in "the West" he would provoke a smile. Going on out toward the Pacific each State would tell you that the West was further on. Now what are the actual facts in the case? As far as the terms East and West are used to indicate new settlements or older communities there is no such thing in the present day. East and West are geographical terms, useful in their way, but have lost the significance attaching to them in the days of the Indians and government lands out on the frontier of settlement. There is no such thing as the wild West. The cities anywhere toward the Pacific are as advanced as anything in the East, in fact, they are far and away ahead in most things, and after a man has lived in the so-called West till he has become accustomed to his surroundings, when he returns to his Eastern home he finds everything very tame and commonplace. East and West have become terms of direction and no longer signify either advancement or culture or the want of it.

WITHIN and close around the borders of the Chinese empire are the homes of one-half of the human family. Yet how little that half knows of our half, and how little we know of it. If we were of two different species we could not be stranger to each other than we are. For seven centuries our travelers have been piling tome upon tome in the mountain of our oriental books, yet what do we know of a Chinaman, except that he wears a flowing shirt and queue and prefers the chopsticks to a kuife and fork? Whatever other information we may have concerning him is equally superficial and useless. Of the processes of his mind, of the passions of his nature, of the inner life of himself and his family, of the ambitions of his nation we are as ignorant as we were when the Venetian Voyager returned from the court of Kublai Khan. Contented in our ignorance, we have set up a Chinaman of straw, to which we have attached the convenient label of "barbarian."

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned

Good Reading

EAST HANDLES CLEAN MONEY.

An important piece of news which escaped observation last week was the shipment of \$100,000 currency to New Orleans, for it seemed to indicate that the interior currency movement was beginning. This movement usually commences early in August and lasts until well into December, after which the money is returned to New York to draw interest until again wanted for moving the crops.

This ebb and flow of currency to and from New York helps to keep the money of the country clean and bright, for the banks here sort all the bills they receive and those which are soiled and tattered are returned to Washington for redemption through the subtreasury. In the subtreasury itself a watch is kept for all mutilated and light weight coins, which are withdrawn from circulation.

The same thing is done in other cities, but the further from Washington they are the larger the cost of expressing the currency to that center. Hence in the far west bills and coin are kept in circulation much longer than in the east. When the bankers' convention was held in Denver two years ago the New York bankers were much impressed with the amount of silver dollars in circulation and the worn condition of the coins. Many of them were almost illegible

Maurice L. Muhleman, one of the deputy assistant treasurers at the subtreasury here, was asked to-day for figures to show the average duration of bills and coins of different denominations. He replied:

"The life of a piece of money varies greatly. Coins are almost indestructible. Coins of the Roman empire are dug up to-day as good as ever, Almost the only loss in coins is from abrasion. In the case of gold coins this loss is important and is regulated by law. A gold coin is accepted at par if its loss from abrasion does not exceed one half of one per cent in twenty years. That would be at the rate of .025 of one per cent a year.

"Bills, however, wear out rapidly. You know from your own experience that when you get a bill of large denomination you put it away carefully in an inner compartment of your pocketbook and never touch it again until all your smaller bills are gone. That shows why the bills of small denomination wear out more rapidly than those of a large denomination. A dollar bill sees a great deal more of life than a ten-dollar bill.

"You pay it to your butcher Saturday morning, and he hands it to the doctor, who passes it on to a trained nurse, who sends it to her mother and she pays it to her grocer on the east side. He pays it out to his clerk, who leaves it in a saloon on his way home. The same night a criminal gets it in change for a counterfeit and he loses it over the gambling table. It is restored to respectable surroundings again Sunday morning by going as part of a retainer to a lawyer, whose wife puts it into the contribution plate in church the same evening, and on Monday it is deposited in a bank. It does not remain there, however. A neighboring department store wants all the small bills it can get and at once it is again in circulation. All this time the ten-dollar bill has been lying neatly folded in your pocketbook "

From figures furnished by Mr. Muhleman it is learned that the average life of a \$1 silver certificate is only a little over one and one-half years. A \$2 certificate lasts about two years and a \$5 certificate about three years. A \$10 bill lasts nearly five years. Five-dollar bills would last longer if there were more \$1 and \$2 bills, but when the supply of these is gone the fives are cagerly sought by the banks. More \$5 bills are shipped to the interior each year than bills of any other denomination. Bank notes being generally of larger denomination than silver certificates last longer.

Few minor coins of an earlier date than 1853 are in circulation, because as fast as they reach the treasury they are recoined, the seigniorage on them being about ten per cent from the recoinage.

The great demand for horses in South Africa has had a considerable effect on the omnibus service in London. No less than 1,627 horses have been taken from the London Road Car company, and consequently many busses have lately made only four instead of five journeys a day.

WHEN OCEAN WAVES RUN HIGHEST.

THE wind changes from south to possibly southeast. The officer in charge shakes his head as he looks at the barometer falling. It begins blowing harder and harder. Down, down goes the barometer and the whistle calls the messenger, who knocks at the captain's door with " M. --- wanted me to tell you, sir, as how he thinks we may have a nasty blow. The wind is coming up." Does this feaze the captain? Not much. He puts on his big boots, wraps his woolen comforter around his neck and goes on the bridge. Perhaps he never says a word during the whole trouble and the officer directs everything, as usual -but he is there, and when he gets there he takes the responsibility for everything, and Mr. - may feel a little easier. The wind picks up from a stiff breeze to a moderate gale, then to a gale-fifty miles an hour,-then to a hurricane—sixty-five to seventy-five miles an hour. It howls so a man must shout to be heard ten feet away. It blows strips of paint off the funnel and deckhouses. The crests of the seas are whirled into spray and the sides of the waves furrowed with little ones. A man cannot stand against it without clinging with both hands to some support, and a seaman ordered to make fast some ropes on the deck is blown against the rigging and held there for ten minutes.

Finally he manages to creep on hands and knees to the shelter of a deckhouse. The air is so full of spray that it seems as if a heavy rain were falling. The waves roll higher and higher. In an hour they are ten feet from trough to top and in three hours are nearly on a level with the first deck below the bridge. An hour, later they are rushing from the southeast forty feet—careful measurement—from trough to crest. The clouds are rushing over in such masses as to almost touch the ship. "Stop the engines and let her drift," comes from the captain.

"Clang!" goes the gong and the propeller, which has been half the time in the water and half the time beating the air as a wave lifted it, ceases its revolutions and gradually the great hull swings broadside to the sea. Then begins a battle royal between the handiwork of man and the elements. The best artisans constructed the former out of the best steel in Britain's most noted shipyard. Every bolt was screwed home and every rivet clinched tight. The ship begins to roll from side to side. The seas lift this 10,000 tons of weight so that a third of the bottom is entirely out of water, then let her down with a thud that makes her tremble, but never flinch. Up and down she goes, the deck-sides playing see-saw with each other. First one will be high above the water. Then it goes down. The waves seem to grow higher and higher, and as the bulwark is within a few inches of the foaming water you look up and up at a liquid mountain, greentopped with white. It seems hundreds of feet high, but you are looking obliquely and thus the distance is magnified.

It is a sight never to be forgotten, and few care to see it a second time, as they cling to whatever support offers itself to keep themselves from being washed into the water or thrown against the upper works. Miniature whirlwinds branching off from the hurricane twist the spray into little waterspouts, whirling them over the decks, up the masts and drenching the man in the crow's nest. Farther and farther rolls the vessel, until the foaming water runs along among the cattle, washing through the compartments and soaking them to the knees. But it is a healthy bath.

Is there any danger? None so far. The green hand might expect that every minute the hull turn completely over, but that is simply impossible. Now the reason for trimming the cargo properly is seen. It acts like a foundation in holding the ship. The cook's department cannot be trimmed and suddenly the kettles, pans and dishes start for the door in an avalanche, as the deck tips more than usual.

For six hours the roar of the wind continues with scarcely a second's intermission. Then it lulls a bit and the sky lightens a trifle. This is the beginning of the end, but for two hours longer it continues before the lulls become more frequent. Finally the engine starts again and the vessel is headed on her course, victorious at every point. She has not shipped a sea. Not a wave has rolled over her, and not a gallon of water has entered her hold.

Finally the captain comes down and changes his

clothes. "Yes, it was quite a blow," he says, lighting his pipe. What the captain does has been mystery until now. He seems to write a little smoke considerably, take a nap in the afternoon draw his pay merely for this? No, it is for being in the right place and doing the right thing at the right time.

SHOPPED WITH A \$1,000 BILL.

One day last week a well-dressed woman entered a State Street store, and stopping at the hosiery counter, made a purchase amounting to forty cents. In payment she tendered the clerk a hank note which, when unfolded by him, almost took away his breath. It was a \$1,000 bill!

The clerk never before had seen, even in dreams a \$1,000 bill. He gazed at it in a bewildered way. The clerks on either hand, although politely attentive to patrons, caught a glimpse of the bill and looked unutterably surprised. So much in so little was astounding.

"I'm sorry," said the shopper, "that I've no smaller bill with me this morning. I hope it will not bother the house to make the change,"

"Not at all, madam," said the clerk proudly and promptly, recalled to himself and sensitive for the financial fame of his firm. "There may be a lattle delay in counting out your change: that will be all. Just have a seat, please."

The bill was thrust into a little box along with the forty-cent purchase slip and started downward to the office of exchange. Arrived there it created such a commotion among pompadours and shirt waists that the head floorwalker was called into consultation. He caught up the surprising bill and carried it to the head cashier. Then, in secret conclave, it was decided that before the bill should be cashed, it must be known to be genuine. It was thereupon sent out to a bank, where it was tested and found to be "all right."

In the interim of waiting for her change \$99960—the shopper discovered that the pair of hose she had selected did not quite suit her, after all; and so the \$1,000 bill was finally returned to her.

"I shall have to have it changed presently," she remarked as she tucked it into her pocketbook, "for I must have some things upstairs."

Meanwhile, by a system of telegraphy peculiar to department stores, the fame of the hosiery transaction had spread over the main floor and upstars and down. "The woman with the \$1,000 bill," was the whisper as the shopper sauntered through some attractive aisles and stepped into an elevator. And so it came about that when, on an upper floor, she had invested to the amount of \$200, the clerk was quite prepared to be handed a \$1,000 bill. It was graciously received at the desk. It had now acquired a pleasantly familiar look. Eight hundred dollars were counted out and delivered to the shopper, who thereupon took a quiet departure.

Then followed a second general surprise like address left for the delivery of the purchase was in a questionable part of the city. Suspicion awake A \$1,000 bill was hurried a second time to a bank. This time it was found to be a genuine—counterfelt. The trick grew plain as the store reflected. For the good bill presented in the course of her shand purchase down stairs the woman had substituted its counterfeit semblance in making her upstairs payment.

The goods were not delivered, and so the surprised business house had that day to record a deficit of \$800.

WHY CARAMELS?

The groceryman on the corner relates that to cently a little girl entered his emporium and, time ly laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' work of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. I want in s'prochen when he comes home."

The groceryman proceeded to dig out some of a stock, when the little girl interposed

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramely just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for papa," the groceryman remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "hut when give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them; back to me. So you'd better give me caramels

ooo The o Circle ooo

B Storer, Bulsar, India, President: John R. Snyder, Belle-Osia, Acting Fresident: Otho Weiger, Sweetsers, Ind., Osia, Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and address all communications to Our Missionary Reading

THE WATER OF LIFE.

& English correspondent in South Africa says though he has thirsted in the thirstiest corners the globe, the thirst of the veldt is a fresh ex-He says: "It will be quite curious to live reports water bottle slung about one's shoulder. be can scarcely remember the day when water regarded with reverence and jealous envy, aken it could be made to run clear, continuous and walued by a turn of the finger. Here where one times by tired limbs the weight of what one drinks, thought of water flowing through pipes seems a cam of paradise. And such water! grough which one could see, which left no mud at ecottom of the mug, and did not stain what it gilled on. The water we drink here is often too bickeven to filter. At Ramdam there was a big and. The water was very shallow, but the mud rsblack and deep. If one bathed in it, one sat gently half in mud and half in brown syrup, and hanked God for water. One rose from it with green leeches hanging from one's body like bits of kaweed, and with a sprinkling of other less known geets. Horses looked askance at the pool but the men drank of it greedily, and drank of it where vione they could reach it, where the horses hoofs tidehurned it into a blackish-green liquor thick as

The water of life will quench the soul's thirst as withing else can. Leave the broken cisterns and think from the fountain of eternal life.

LINDA GILBERT.

Accord many years ago a little girl of twelve persof age was passing an old brick prison in Chiago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckening from behind a cell window and heard a kery voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

thing to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison they Sunday, carrying to the poor prisoner a book to read from her father's library. At last one day the was called to his deathbed.

"Little girl," said he, "You have saved my soul. Promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me." The little girl promised and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert is known to-day as the prisoner's friend. She has established good librates in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number she has helped six hundred are now, to her certain howledge, leading bonest lives.

Jissus teaches the true secret of a successful life. I we follow him we cannot fail. His life was periat. Full of suffering, it is true, but it was a sintestife, a gentle, loving life, and his very sufferings are for the good of humanity. Such a life, so lived, following success, even though it brings not wealth for worldly fame. One may be poor and have only alonly place in the world, but if he is unselfish and so filed with the light of God's love that men can athful, true," then will his life be a power for good congress and love rule the world."

LIP SERVICE.—The ordinary Mohammedan prays borning and evening but their prayers are not very barfelt as they stare around and take notice of everything while praying. We often read of the help pray of these people to their religious duties, but pray of the and offer praise to Allah, but the strong their religion seems to do is to make inaccessible to the Gospel.

ENLARGE the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtain of thine habitation, spare thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and the desolate cities to be inhabited."—Isaiah

L Sunday A School

GOD'S SPECIAL OIFTS.

Every art or work, however unimportant it may seem, is a gift of God; and all these gifts are bestowed by the Holy Ghost for the profit and welfare of man. Let us begin with the lowest. One can spin, another can make shoes, and some have great aptness for all sorts of outward arts. These are all gifts proceeding from the Spirit of God. If I were not a priest, but were living as a layman, I should take it as a great favor that I knew how to make shoes, and should try to make them better than anyone else, and should gladly earn my bread by the labor of my hands. There is no work so small, no art so mean, but it all comes from God and is a special gift of his. Thus let each do that which another cannot do so well, and for love, returning gift for gift.-John Tauler (born 1290, died

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

To know the love of Christ passeth knowledge. While we were yet sinners Christ died for us. We were reconciled to God by the death of his Son. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends, says Jesus; and yet he died for his enemies. Thus we love him, because he first loved us. And the love is so wonderful, that he makes us sons of his Father, who had been his enemies. Rebels are put into office in the kingdom; we are made kings and priests unto God. We should count all but loss, for the love of Christ, and should let it constrain us.

In all the best men you meet, perhaps the thing that is most peculiar about them is the child's heart they bear within the man's. However they have differed in other respects-in their tempers, gifts, attainments-in this they agreed. With those things they were so to speak, clothed upon,-this was their very core, their essential self. And this child's heart it is that is the organ of faith, trust, heavenly communion. It is a very simple thing so simple that worldly men are apt either not to perceive or to despise it. And young persons, when they grow up and enter the world, are tempted to make little of it. They think that now they are men they must put away childish things, must fearn the world and conform to its ways and estimates of things. But the childish things which St. Paul put away belong to a quite different side of child-nature from the little child which our Lord recommended for our example.

Perusing the history of society and religion from earliest time to the present, we note how the forms and devotees have passed away, but the unseen truths they hid away, or did not perceive, are abiding still, and always will abide. Generation has succeeded generation, and empires have given place to empires, but each has been more luminous than the last. Adam lived and died, but the race he fathered still multiplies upon the earth. The patriarchal fathers passed away, but the simple truths of God that they taught and lived still live in us. Moses meekly lived, and wrote, and died, but the example of his meekness is still felt, and the law he gave is still as true as when old Sinai echoed back in thunder tones the sanctions of Jebovah. Israel rose and fell, but the principles of the church, of which the nation was a type, still exist, and spread their sway over all the earth.

Derivation of the Word Sunday.—The word "Sabbath" is a Hebrew term for a period as well as quality of time, and means "rest." . In the Bible it is used only with this meaning. Periods of one year or of seven years were thus characterized. Every seventh day was observed by the Hebrews as a weekly "Sabbath." In addition to this day others were appointed in which obligation to cease from labor was as binding as the observance of the weekly "Sabbath."

"Sunday" is so named from the day which was dedicated to the worship of the sun. Christian nations observe it as their "Sabbath;" but "Sabbath" is not "Sunday."

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough. Thomas Carlyle.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

CICERO: Born 106 B. C. died 43 B. C. He was an orator, a statesman, and a man of letters. It is difficult to say in which department of knowledge he excelled. He occupies a large part of Roman history, but his fame is based on his literary work that has come down to us. This consists of orations he delivered in the political life of his time, and they are models, to this day, of statesmanship, and of moral and intellectual culture. His lasting impress on his people, and through them on those who have followed, constitute him one of the highest and best specimens of ancient culture and morality of the time when great men were not wanting. While he was a great orator, it is not as such that he is placed among the world's great, but rather the subject matter of his orations compels our respect and admira-

CÆSAR, JULIUS: Born 100 B. C., died 44 B. C. He was the greatest man of the Roman world. His fame rests not alone in his statesmanship, but he was also a man of letters. As an orator he was second only to Cicero. He is one of the strongest figures in the whole Roman people, great as a soldier, politician, orator and writer.

Virgin: Born 70 B. C., died 19 B. C. One of the greatest of Roman poets. The impress of Virgil on the mental equipment of the world is clear when it is remembered that his poetry is still studied in schools to this day and probably will be to the end of time. His fame is due to his pre-eminent ability as a poet, one of the greatest of antiquity.

Augustus Cæsar: Died 14 A. D., in his seventyfifth year. He had been adopted by Cæsar, the dictator, who had no son of his own and thus became a
leading figure in the history of the Roman empire.
His reign is called the Augustan age and was
marked by the Latin literature attaining great eminence, but the country was doomed to decline in
spite of the heroic efforts of Augustus to elevate his
people.

PLUTARCH: A Greek writer whose date of birth and death is not accurately known, but he lived, probably, about seventy-five years after Christ. His fame rests on his "Parallel Lives," or, as it is generally called, "Plutarch's Lives." He wrote much more, but it is little known by scholars, and it is mainly by his "Lives" that he is known. His idea, apparently, was to take two eminent men, a Greek and a Roman, and give a history of the life of each, tracing the points of resemblance and similarity, both morally and in achievement in each. Thus it comes that nearly all his "Lives" are in pairs. He was a man of vast learning, and his compilation of historical facts about the great men who had lived and figured largely in the history of the world make a valuable work of reference to this day.

MARCUS AURELIUS: Born in Rome, 121 A. D., died 180 A. D. One of the greatest of the Roman Emperors. He was hostile to the Christian religion, and adhered to Stoical philosophy. His high morality and calm philosophy in a rough age are what entitle him to his place among the great. His teaching was that of a splendid pagan, and included among other things, the idea of living close to nature, and cultivating wisdom, truth and virtue. What he taught and practiced was not new, in its parts, but was new in its combinations, and the leading feature of it was its tenderness and justice to all men. He was never in a hurry, but regarded every moment as to be occupied advantageously. When his position compelled his presence at the theater, or the public games, he carried with him reading and writing material and occupied his time with mental improvement. His greatness is due to his high morality, and his approach to the virtues of Christianity in a day and age when Christ was not universally received.

By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks and Saturday by the Jewish race.

LIGHTHOUSE LIBRARIES.

"THE lighthouse establishment" is the name of an institution which has, quite unknown to the general public, been circulating good literature among the light keepers and life savers of Lake Michigan, Thirteen years ago, when the lights came into the great lake waterways, the books came as a similar missionary to light the homes of many of the tiny lake shore towns. These little towns had known nothing of books or public events before the bookcase libraries came, any more than the lake captains had known the help of the government light service. However, the books came then, and they have been coming ever since, and libraries have been circulated back and forth between the Atlantic coast fighthouses and the lake stations with very few people outside the service knowing of it.

Even the librarians of these lake states are ignorant of the good which is being done in this quiet way. Chicago philanthropists and those of the eastern lake cities are periodically agitated with a desire to help the light keepers. 'People making an occasional visit to the light stations off shore are impressed with the loneliness of the keeper's life. At the same time they are imbued with a desure to share with the keeper and his family such winter evening friends as one may have. They come home to start a movement which will result in furnishing books and pictures to the light keepers. It is probably the case that they have visited the Gross point light or another of the near-shore stations which are within communication distance of the city, and are therefore not supplied by the government with reading matter. If their movement is not successful it is not because their momentary enthusiasm is lacking the fact remains that these movements have never terminated successfully. It is also true that a winter seldom passes during which some such movement is not started

So it goes with philanthropy. And yet in furness it must be said that there are people who, working upon a smaller philanthropic basis, collect their magazines and old books at the end of the year and give them to Inspector F. M. Symonds of this district for distribution. These offerings of current literature are eagerly received by the government officer, and everyone can guess how thankfully by the light keepers.

The lighthouse establishment does not send out many periodicals or, indeed, many of the newer books. Their libraries are made up of representative literature, special attention being given to the interests and needs of the prospective readers. In the Lake Michigan district there are now in circulation some fifty libraries, each containing thirty-three books.

When they were first sent west, thirteen years ago, each library contained a Bible and a hymnal. But as there were then enough Bibles and hymnals to go around, and no need of moving them from station to station, they were made the property of the light keepers. Of the other books sent out there is a good collection of interesting volumes for men and women and children Cooper was given a place of honor at the head of the authors' list, and his story of "The Pathfinder" was probably the most popular of the entire collection. At least, it was the first book to need replacing, and it has since been more frequently replaced than any other book in circulation. Another well-read volume was that entitled "The Man Who Became a Savage;" it is a book which was popular among the light keepers of the east and was sent out in many of the libraries which first came to Lake Michigan. In the collections now are such books as "Caleb West, Master Diver," "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," "Humorous Masterpieces" - all well thumbed.

One of the libraries contains among other books: "British India," Frazer; "The Headsman," Cooper; "A Drama in Dutch," "John Wycliff," Sergeant; "A Market Value," Grant Allen; "Jeanne d'Arc," Oliphant; "A Story of the Plains;" "Lorenzo De Medici," Armstrong: "Captain's Dreams and Other Stories," King; "Rachel's Share of the Road,"

It is not strange that the people who watch the government light in a lonely corner of the world should be most interested in tales of adventure and travels. It is at least so with the light keepers, and their libraries wear out accordingly on these lines.

these thirty-three books which the government sends them, but it is generally that length of time before the entire neighborhood, if there is any neighborhood at all, has had the good of them. And no light keeper would think of sending the books away until the neighbors had read them, for he is awake to a sense of his responsibilities and he has his own philanthropies. In this way the books become a blessing not to one family alone, but sometimes to four and five hundred people who are huddled together in winter quarters along the bare and cold north shores.

The advent of the books in this way comes to be an event of the greatest importance in a town, and the lightkeeper's home becomes a center of interest and education. The education value of this work has never been estimated; in fact, there have been no records of the work in this district; the inspectors have done what they could and as they could to promote the library interest. The lighthouse tender carries a reserve stock of libraries just as he does of groceries, and in making the round of inspection the books are exchanged upon the request of each keeper. Libraries that are collected at one station are carried on to another, and in this way they make a complete circuit of the stations before being sent east for the final exchange.

The central station or home library for this work is at Tompkinsville, N. Y., and from there all the isolated light and life-saving stations under the control of this government are supplied with reading matter. When this library movement first began it was under the control of the governmental department. All of the first libraries were supplied by the government and circulated through the regular government agents. Now, however, a philanthropic organization has taken up the work, which, although it receives considerable help from the government, is largely supported and controlled by private, philanthropic interests.

None of the stations which are in direct communication with the world, as within the radius of a large city or town, are supplied with the libraries It is to the isolated lightkeepers and station men that the little help is given to keep them in touch with outside interests and the world's doings. The contributions which come from outsiders to the office of the inspector are entirely unsolicited. People who have visited the lake resorts during the summer and have become interested in the lights and the lightkeepers have offered their contributions to the relief of these isolated people. Books, magazines and newspapers have been sent and always willingly received and immediately distributed among the lonely stations.

CAN I GET AN EDUCATION?

BY ALBERT C. WIEARD.

"Yes, if you are worth educating." So said one of our college presidents. Shall I tell you of some of the pluck and planning, and struggle and selfsacrifice that he had in mind when he said that?

Whether you can educate yourself or not does not depend on how much money you have, or on how great your opportunities are, for we always find time and money for what we think most important; but it does depend on how bad you want it and on how much ingenuity and self-denial and perseverance you are capable of.

There are boys who would rather have a new buggy and a fine span of horses, and spend their time in roaming over the country, than to have the trouble and patience it takes to get more brains. But there are young men who have sense and pluck enough to do better than that.

I knew two young men who came to school with hardly enough money for one-third their expenses. They rented a little room in one end of an empty store building very cheap, secured a store box for a table and another for a cupboard; and for seats they extemporized a bench by laying a board across two small boxes, if I remember correctly. Here they boarded themselves very cheaply.

I knew another young man who in boarding himself had his trunk for cupboard, and for dishes had one rice cooker, one big spoon, one small spoon, one knife and fork, and one tin plate,-and, really, what more did he need? - using for other dishes old tin cans out of which he had cut the top.

At one of our schools, by actual, accurate account, It does not take a family an entire year to read a brother and sister boarded themselves one whole

winter at an average cost of forty-two and one ba cents each per week. Their staple article of ion besides entire wheat bread, was a breakfast for which they themselves prepared, from a bushe! wheat that was given to them, in the following ma ner: They washed the wheat, then dried it in oven until crisp, then ground it in a coffee mill, a afterwards boiled it thoroughly.

For meat they bought soup bones, and cooke with them broken rice, etc.; but you couldn't ba kept a rat over winter on what they wasted, B so far as I know they were as well and respectable and happy and apt as any who "fared sumptuous every day."

One of the best students I ever knew lived for w weeks, I'm told, on three dollars. He did sweepin and chores for tuition. On Mondays he helped neighbor wash; and yet 1 do believe he did mo work than any other man in school. His clothweren't always made at the dearest tailor's, and the butcher didn't get rich off him; but everybody like him, and the angels laughed at the good he did.

There was, it is said, in the east, a young man who had poor health and an empty purse, but a burning thirst for knowledge. So he went to New Yor City, got himself a bushel of fine wheat and apple and this was his food for the winter. He ate it ray so that he would be obliged to masticate it thou oughly. It is said that he regained his health while succeeding in his school work.

A friend of mine who had to remain home until of age, and afterwards gave considerable of h hard earned money to relieve his father's financia embarrassment, but still forged his way to the front graduating from one of our colleges, and afterward from a state university, and is to-day a professori a college. This friend told me of a young man a the state university who had his father and sister to support besides educating himself. This is how h did it, keeping himself in school all the while. C evenings he worked up a paper route and delivered the daily each evening, so getting paid for his exer cise; on the weekly holiday he worked down town in an office, turning his holidays to account; and a night he slept in an undertaker's office as night porter, even earning money while asleep.

Yes, certainly, if you want it, really want it, you can get an education, whether you have a centora million, but do you want it, indeed?

HOW INDIANS CATCH SKUNKS.

BY AN INGLENOORER.

In the autumn, when the leaves begin to in brown and crackle under foot, the most of the lo dians leave their reservations and go out alor the creeks and rivers of Middle lows to spend little while in camping, fishing and hunting, or, i other words, get as near back to their old ways a possible.

To catch the skunks, several bucks start out with their axes and spades and a large leather bagin which to put the animals after they are caught

When they come to a fresh skunk hole, they t a stick and find which way the hole runs found out, they go at intervals of about ten feet chop away the ground until they come to the This leaves part of the hole covered and part u covered, and the skunks seek shelter in the place which are undisturbed.

One of the party then gets a long millow sap pling and cuts the wood out of the small end lear ing a bark lash. With this instrument he gen down on his hands and knees at the end of the h towards which the skunk's tail points, while another er gets at the other end to keep him from running out. The lash is then wound around his tail and his is soon in the Red Man's hands, who dispatchesh by a blow behind the ears with a club, and he? then deposited in the bag ment or co-

I have seen nine big fat skun a got out of the different sections of one hole in this way

For dinner the Indians gather around a large kel tle and as the fingers keep going coun for me ful after mouthful one has to believe that the relish it as well as we do our chic and pat-pie

Elgin, Ill.

THE natural life of an elephant is said to be the years. It is, however, greatly sportened by cars.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

Bi MGLENOOK is par excellence. It has The Incleshook is Companion in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler. Each number seems better than the sing one. I have a Sunday-school class havs and girls, from thirteen to eighteen En and all get the Inglenook as a Sunday. paper, and they are delighted with it.-

0 0

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

fus with much satisfaction that I express rappowal of the INGLENOOK. Its appearand general make up are such that it at commends it to the reader. It has found earlinto many of our lormes, and the peotere truly glad for its continued success. 52 John Zuck. 0 0

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOR easily takes rank among sebest young people's papers in the country. selecter than most of them because of the secte of the silly love stories and light readless a most valuable addition to the Inthen's publications. No family should be rtout a.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

0 0

Lanark, Ill., Has An Oplnion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK genstarted. We like it very well. I would acto see it go to all the homes of the land. Treshon sermous are good for both old and ong.-Eld. I. R. Trout.

00

From the College.

take the INGLENOUR. I am much pleased rhits steady and almost marvelous growth, The fact that it is sought after by our people, abold and young, is evidence that it proves belito be in fact what it purports to be. J. G.

Hear Virginia Talk.

nor seen and read I think there is none that ard. Ill wield as great or as desirable influence nut its readers as the INGLENOOK .-- IV. K.

0 0

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

Ibave been a constant reader of the INGLEox from its beginning to the present time, while it is not as socially intended for the jet find some to g that interests me in issue. I am my rested in the Nook bed my expectations I especially recomed it to the year readers. - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

Myself and family greatly enjoy reading our church paper. We trust its future may ralong and useful one. - J. K. Miller.

0 0

Another From lowa. .

can truthfully say that it is the most ineculiarly adapted to both old and young. 1 e placed it in our Mission Sunday school. the general verdict is that it can not be talled by any other Sunday-school paper. I.W. Emmert.

0 0

Over in Indiana.

My family and I say that the Inglenook is titellent paper. There are many things in Atterpone likes, and which they ought to Peuple who do not take the INGLE-Abare occasion to regret it. The Editor rathe needs of the readers.-L. W. Teeter.

0 0

And Down In Missouri.

is a cumber of years I have wondered why Cothave a paper for our young people. the character, with a tendency toward We have that in the INGLENOOK. be in every home in the church. E. Ellenberger.

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And This,

has be keeps .- Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

The Inglenook supplies the "missing link"

From Batavla, III.

We think the INGLENOOK an interesting and instructive paper.-Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

0 0

Across in Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the INGLENOOK. Its pages are always well filled with fresh and interesting reading matter. - IV, G. Schrock.

0 0

South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The INGLENOOK is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it.-Eld. S. F. Sunger.

Ohio Has Its Say.

We are highly pleased with the INGLENOOK and think it worthy of a place in every family of the Brethren. It interests old and young. Its literary qualities are of the first rank.—Ino. Calvin Bright.

Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing,

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. 1 think it a grand acquisition to our church hterature. God bless the Inglenook.—John 22 & 24 S. State Street,

0 0

And Also Hagerstown, Ad.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family auxiously awaiting its com-Wall the young people's papers that I have ing. God bless the Inglenook.-W. S Reich-

0 0

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every bome in our Brotherhood.—Jasper Barnthouse.

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never beard of before. The Question Column is another feature of great interest.-Daniel

0 0

A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any the known the INGLENOOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to older ones while it instructs the young. It is traite youth's paper I have ever read. It where there are young people. - S. Z. Sharp.

0 0

As Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission, -J, A, Chambers. 0 0

Down In Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction,-J. W. Wayland.

Lancaster Heard From.

The INGLENOOR'S weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements The INGLENOUS is clean, newsy, interesting abundance of printed matter now in circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulaabundance of printed matter now in circulawhich is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter.

The hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the bod rough valuable information at a minition. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks are the hooks and papers one tion. It certainly is the paper from which can the hooks are the hooks and papers one tion. muni cost.-T. F. Imler.

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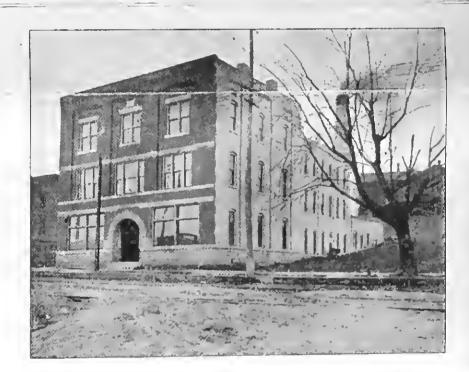
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Look at Page Two of Cover...

Do you see that list of books on the second page of the cover that will be given the agent sending in the largest list of subscribers for the Inglenook? That library may be yours if you take the matter up and work it for all there is in it. It is not so apt to go to one of the big churches as it is to the individual who lays hold of the canvass and who sticks to it.

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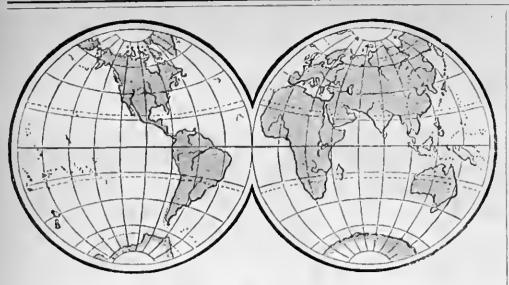
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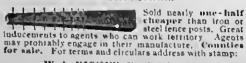
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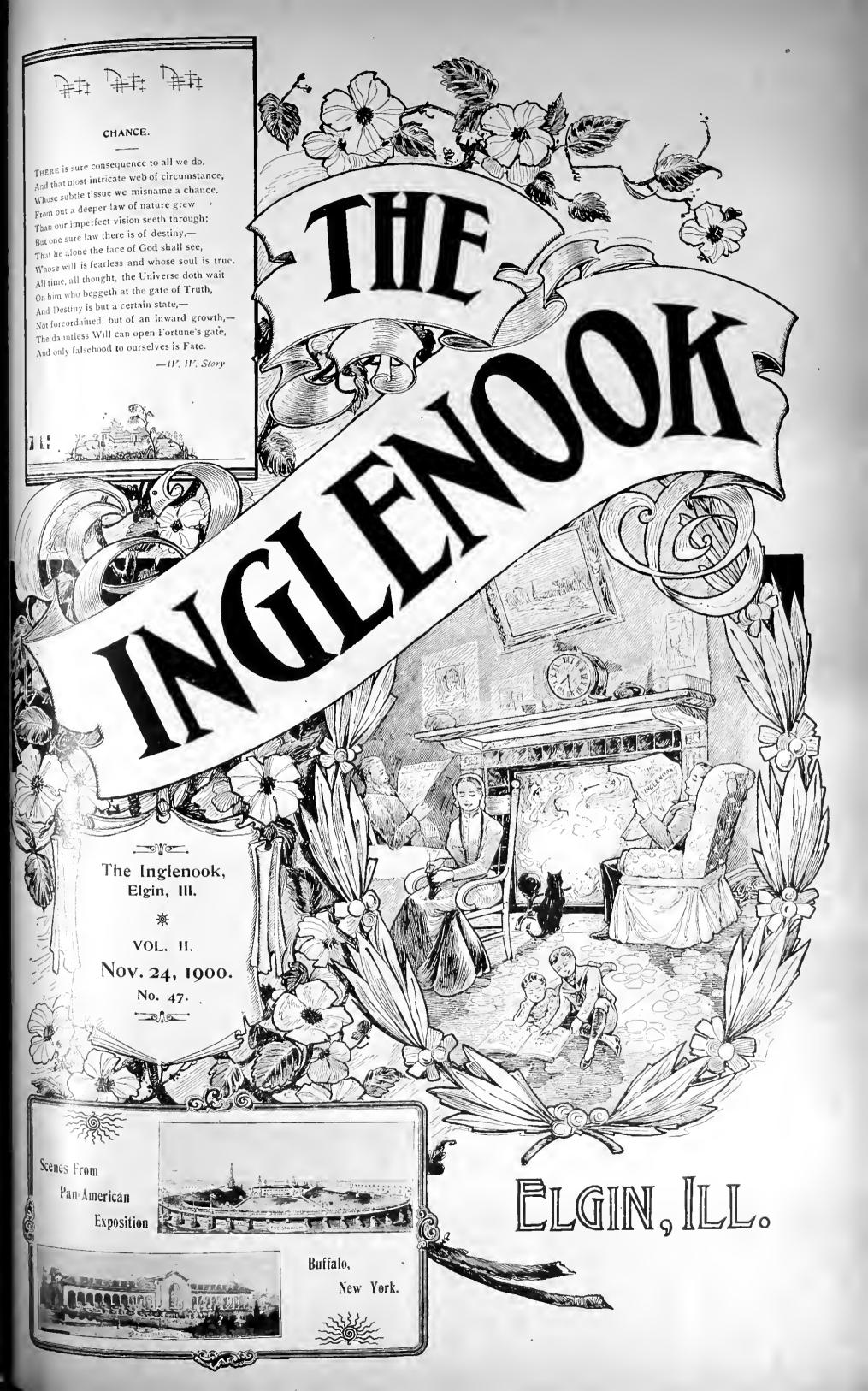
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If he gets twenty subscribers he can have two books; for thirty subscribers three books, and so on. And they could be had in an hour's work in many a place. Whoever shows himself an efficient agent will be put in line for the Fall work connected with the Inglenook. There is a library of Fifty bound books waiting for somebody.

The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems. Child's History of England,

Confessions of an Opium Eater, Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life, Drummond's Addresses, Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust, Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles, House of Seven Gahles, Imitation of Christ.

Intellectual Life. Lays of Ancient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and I. Rab and His Friends, Reveries of a Bachelor,

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Window in Thrums, Education, In His Steps, Minister's Wooing, Professor at Breakfast Table, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Lallah Rookh, On Liberty, Tanglewood Tales, Sign of the Four,

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. The third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of these There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent if he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the Inglenook is not going to be the last If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions received at the office. Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

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The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper mea who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing old and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without The INGLENOOR being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it was Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK next year. never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life.

T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. 1. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast,

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance. MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder So-

cial Preferment? NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last

Twenty-five Years? S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading

Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul.

WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades?

P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality.

JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions,

I. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians.

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THE INGLENOOK.

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 24, 1900.

No. 47.

BUSCH AND SCHTEDTEL.

YOL. II.

Dheel Buschleit hen keen Luscht deheem, Sie hænkere' nooch der Schtadt; Vor mei' Dheel, ich hab immer noch Kee' Noschen so gehatt.

Smag gut genug im Schtedtel sei-Geh mir das grieue Land; Do is net alles Haus un Dach, Net alles Schtroos un Wand.

Was hot m'r in der Schtadt vor Freed? 'S is nix as Larm un Jacht, M'r hot kee' Ruh de' ganse Dag, Kee' Schlof die ganse Nacht.

Die Buwe guke matt un bleech; Die Mæd sin weiss un dinn; Sie hen wol scheene Kleeder a', 'S is awer mx rechts drin.

Die Schtadtleit sin zu zimberlich; Sie rege schier nix a'; Sie brauche' net ihr weisse Hend, Aus Forcht, 's kummt eppes dra'!

Mir is zu weing Grienes do. Kee' Blumme und kee' Beem; Wann ich 'n Schtund im Schtedtel bin, Dann will ich widder heem.

–Harbaugh.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

One who will talk with any prominent optician morerning artificial eyes will be prepared to believe then he says that few persons have any conception the number of artificial eyes that are worn. The est way to ascertain how many are worn is to learn low many are bought. This is not so difficult as night be supposed, as not all opticians deal in artiicial eyes, and those who do deal in them are not at Ill secretive as to the facts of the trade, with one exteption-they are sure not to reveal the names of heir customers. There are ten opticians in Chicago who have customers for artificial eyes, and they kllabout 2,500 a year. Probably more than half the number are sold by three dealers, who carry severally large stocks and give special attention to the fitting of eyes.

By far the greater number are sold to city customers, though some go out on orders to persons in the country. Individuals in all classes wear them. To be without an eye may be the misfortune of the nch and poor alike, and the rich cannot be supplied with a better artificial eye than can the poor out of the largest stocks carried by opticians. The price is not high, ranging as it does from \$5 to \$10.

Sometimes a wealthy man or woman will ask to be shown a more costly article, making objection to the common substitutes that anybody can buy for a kw dollars. But the best material that has been ound usable in artificial eyes is used in the manufacture of all of them, and it is not expensive. The Only way to increase the cost is to have an eye spetally matched, in the comparatively few cases there a tolerable match is not obtainable from stock, and this is done on a particular order sent to the

In most of these cases the buyer would better are trusted to the dealer at home to supply his nant suitably. No one can exactly describe either bis own eye or the eye of another. What is the of your eye? You cannot tell definitely. What is the color of my eye? I cannot tell you definitely. No more can the maker of artificial eyes this, and when he attempts to match a natural Te that he looks into by one of special make he is lot sure of doing it more exactly than it could be one out of a tray containing 100 artificial eyes. And yet some individuals are so sensitive to their Sufortune and so particular in selecting a match they will travel thousands of miles to give their ader to a maker. This is no exaggeration, for sime such individuals will cross the Atlantic and the European continent as far as Germany to give their order.

The best artificial eyes are made by dwellers in Black Forest, Germany. There are no extensive

under the same roof with the houses of the makers. They are not made in quantities in anticipation of large orders, but only after they are ordered by the

What shall be the description of artificial eyes that is to say, what colors and shades of colors the eyes shall have in large quantities-will depend upon what country or section the particular order comes from. In one country or section blue eyes of all shades predominate, in another gray and in still another brown-there are no black eyes. The dealer will engage some maker in the Black Forest to make him up a quantity of eyes of the prevailing color of natural eyes in his section among his customers. The maker knows far better than he can be told how to differentiate the shades of color.

A prominent optician has just returned from the Black Forest, where he received a quantity of artificial eyes previously ordered and lodged an order that will he filled next year. He says that he met dealers there from every country and from many parts of this country. The making of the curious article is a principal industry of that part of Germany. "The woods"-that is to say, the Black Forest-is full of this kind of artisan. They seldom leave their native country and never in large numbers. A few have from time to time emigrated to the United States, and such of them as here prosecute their trade are settled in New York. But they do not make artificial eyes in quantities—they prefer to fit eyes to individual customers. If any German of this trade has ever settled in Chicago the fact is not known, for certainly no artificial eyes are made in this city. Probably none will very soon be made, as single-made eyes cost half as much again as those made up for stock.

Recognizing the fact that no two persons have eyes exactly alike, it will readily be understood how difficult it is to match a natural with an artificial eye, and also how extensive the stock carried must be in order to fit the majority of patients. The average stock carried by the leading opticians in Chicago numbers about 5,000. Out of this great number most persons can be fitted, but some from either a peculiarity of the natural eye cannot, or of disposition will not be fitted. Hence orders are constantly being placed for special fits either in New York or Germany. They are defects in the natural eye that may be specially matched, but this cannot as surely be said of shades of color. Thus conditions vary considerably, but either out of stock or by individual orders sent forward to the makers it is frequently possible to fit a patient with eyes that none but an expert can detect.

It is interesting to examine a tray full of artificial eyes. The natural eye is globe-shaped, but the artificial eye is not so. Owing to the fact that upon removing the natural eye there is left what is known in the profession as a stump, which occupies a part of the cavity, a globe-shaped eye cannot be put in. The eye is made in this way: First, a globe is blown of a material of a glassy nature, resembling very fine porcelain. Then the globe is cut in two and the part that is not to be used is thrown away. It is heated again and the cornea or colored portion is set in. The cornea is made of white glass, always leaving a black center representing the pupil, and around the pupil the other shades of color are infixed. Afterward the veins or blood vessels are added The whole is then given a coating of enamel. A quantity of eyes, such as is usually ordered by the larger dealers, will number 5,000, and it is possible that no two of them all are exactly alike.

The life of an artificial eye is usually about one year. The acids in the secretions of the socket are destructive to the enamel, and when this becomes rough the eye should be thrown away to avoid irritation and inflammation. Some natural eyes have the appearance of artificial ones, owing to peculiar defects, such as some artificial eyes are seen to have when compared with the natural organ of sight.

Schonies for their manufacture, but only little shops the expense have a change of eye every three or six Many customers of the opticians who can afford

months. Every prominent dealer has a room in his building where customers are received and fitted. Some female customers are so sensitive on the subject that they come heavily veiled and no one sees them hut the operator who attends to them. But the large majority of the customers are not of the rich or particularly well-to-do classes, but are found among the artisans, who are apt to meet with accidents, and the poor, who are subject to eye diseases. But, owing to the cheapness of artificial eyes, the unfortunates often manage to find their way to the optician, who sends them away comparatively happy.

Now and then, however, there is one of these persons who expects to be able to see with an artificial eye, and when this happens the patient is for the time being very unhappy. Young children are sometimes among the customers. One of the State street opticians lately fitted a child only two years old with an artificial eye and made the little fellow's parents joyful. Of course, the eye was small, and a larger and still larger one will have to be used as the child grows. So the socket will grow and expand and show no deformity. Without this treatment the socket would contract and shrivel.

As said above, there is no black eye, but eyes that are taken for black are only dark brown. Negroes' eyes are the darkest of all, or appear so because of the darkness of the skin. For the same reason the whites of a negro's eyes appear whiter than they really are. Blue and blue hazel and gray are the dominant colors. The white or sides of the eye is technically called the schlerotic, the colored portion the iris and the black center the pupil. The eye of no white person is ever so dark that the pupil cannot be seen, but this often is the case with negroes' eyes.

COUNTRY AND CITY FEET.

"IT is a fact not generally known that the feet of city women average all the way from one to three sizes larger than the feet of country women of equal station in life," said a shoe dealer and manufacturer.

"Let a country born and bred woman who wears a No. 3 B shoe come to the city to live, and inside of six months she will be wearing a No. 31/2 C, and that before the end of two years, or say three years, she will be glad to be able to get into a No. 5 B.

"Asphalt and cut stone pavements are responsible for this peculiarity, just as they are responsible for the increased sensitiveness and enlarged growth of a horse's feet. The feet of the thoroughbred that has never cantered over anything save the yielding sod of a stock farm or the soil of the race course show a marked difference after the same horse has been driven several years over the hard city streets.

"In the feet of a woman who has always lived in the country the muscles are soft and supple, while the same muscles in the feet of the city woman are firm and hard. The reason of this is that when the city woman walks those muscles are brought into what you might call gymnastic exercises with the hard pavement as each step is taken. With the hardening of the muscles there also is a gradual enlargement of the entire foot."

OYERHEAD RIGHTS.

Although any one may extend an overhead wire across or along a street, it does not seem generally known that no wire may pass over a house without the permission of the proprietor, even though the wire be in no way connected with the house. The owner may, if he pleases, take them all down, for his freehold extends from the centre of the earth up to the sky. The landlord of a large boarding-house on Beacon Hill made the electric light company provide bulbs for the lighting of his dining-room in return for the privilege of stringing wires upon his roof.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

MOSS-MAD FOLKS IN MAINE.

THE latest vagary which the summer visitors have brought to the front in Maine is the erection of wooden cottages having the outside densely coated with a heavy growth of green and gray moss. The abandoned farmhouses were searched for lichened corner and straddle boards, and extravagant prices were paid for bits of ancient wood that held living specimens of mossy growth. Some anxious souls went so far as to peel the moss-grown bark from the north sides of beeches and maples and use it for veneer to disguise the newness of the wood inside.

Early in September, when most of the summer visitors had gone moss mad, an old skipper came to the wharf with a load of new boards from the Bangor sawmills. He could not sell a stick, though his customers told him they would pay any price for boards that displayed a good crop of moss, the more moss the better.

"How many of these boards do you want?" asked the captain.

"All you can get for us a whole cargo if it is possible."

"Don't buy any from other men who offer you mossed boards, and wait here two weeks, and if I don't give you all the moss you want. I'll let you have this cargo for nothing."

He hurried his load upon the wharf and was out of sight before the sun had set. Ten days later his schooner came back loaded to the water line with aged boards so deeply clad in moss that no one but a barber could tell the kind of lumber that supported the crop. The boards were piled upon cross timbers so that the delicate lichens could not be rubbed away, and every piece from the top of the swelling deck load to the keelson, ten feet below water, was matted in rank masses of the plants, which everybody was trying to secure. He sold out his load for three times the price asked for clear pine, and made enough by the trade to buy a new schooner.

After the money had been paid over and the skipper was ready to go away he told his customers where he had found so many ancient boards. Near where he lived was an old and poverty-stricken line of railroad, which had been lately leased to a new and wealthy corporation. Among the first improvements undertaken was to pull down a long stretch of fence that had been put up to keep the snow from drifting across the rails, and to replace the rotting barrier with something new and more substantial. The corporation offered to give the old fence to anybody who would pull it down and take it away. Believing that the boards were worthless, the captain had laughed at the offer until he came to Cape Rozier and learned of the local passion for moss-clad homes. After this he lost no time in closing the trade with the new company, making more than \$2,000 out of the cargo of boards that were good for nothing except firewood and not worth the taking down for that purpose.

HOW THEY SHOP IN CHINA.

When a man or woman goes into a shop in China, a clerk with much ceremony brings fragrant tea, which is served in fine style.

The compliments of the season are exchanged, the topics of the times are discussed, there are talks about the weather-in fact, every kind of evasion is employed to keep away from the real reason of the visit, which is to buy something.

The proprietor solemnly watches these proceedings from afar. The style of compliment is of this order:

"In what celestial country did your exalted excellence purchase the superfine garments upon which I feast my eyes? Surely in no miserable and unworthy land like our own?"

When tea and talk are exhausted, the little pipebearer, who always attends his master or mistress out of doors, lights a pipe for his employer. There are only a few whiffs in each pipeful, so the process has to be frequently repeated.

Then business begins. The shopper asks the price of the required article; and makes an offer for it that is much lower. This is promptly refused in language that is courteous and polite beyond de-

scription. Then the possible purchaser departs with great dignity and clegance.

When the bargain is completed, the purchaser never pays for it himself. The chief steward is called, notified that the article has been accepted, and when the bill comes in, the "boy" settles it, giving an account quarterly to his master of money disbursed for the household.

Money, as we have it, is unknown in China. There are no silver dollars, no fractions of dollars, as quarters and ten-cent pieces; no paper banknotes. There is a coin called "cash," with a hole punched in the middle, that is used for small transactions. "Cash" can be strung like beads on a string. It takes one hundred pieces to equal the value of one standard cent. Gold is only used for ornaments in China, never for current coin.

THE POLICE OF JAPAN.

WHEN the Japanese consul takes his walks abroad in Chicago he is shocked and surprised to see every policeman swinging or tossing a mighty oak stick and evidently on the alert to swat somebody with it. In fair Nippon, whence the Hon. Mr. Fujita comes, the policeman are called "peacemakers" and their mission is of a far more pacific nature than that of the police officers here. They are not looking for trouble. They try to prevent it. They do not seek to arrest as many prisoners as possible. On the contrary, they strive to quiet the angry passions of the little men who occasionally engage in brawls and quarrels and send them to their homes.

But it must not be thought that the Japanese police officers are without means of defense or in such a position that they would have to retreat before a belligerent prisoner. They make arrests when necessary, but they do so in a different way-as the Japanese do so many things differently from the Americans. There is an art –a trick of wrestling known to the police force of the little empire which enables them to subdue refractory prisoners without breaking their skulls with an oaken club. That method would be called "rough work" by the Hon. Toshio Fujita were he given to American slang, which he is not. It is an art very difficult to explain, but just as easily used on Americans as on Japanese if only the police were instructed in the method.

When a disorderly man in Tokio or Yokohama objects to accompanying a police officer, instead of beating him into submission as though he were a refractory horse or a dog, the Japanese policeman seizes him with a peculiar wrestling grip in which the thumb and forefinger of the right hand come into play and the prisoner speedily finds himself on his back. He is not hurt; it is not necessary to send him to a hospital. He is merely overpowered by superior cleverness, and in a few minutes he finds himself in the patrol wagon started for the stationfor they have patrol wagons in all the principal Japanese cities.

This art of handling prisoners is taught the policemen in the gymnastic course which they must undergo before they are eligible for the force. As is the case in London, the policemen are not passed physically merely because of the possession of a certain amount of brute strength, because they lift a certain weight or push an indicator to a required figure on a dial. They must be agile, athletic and adept in manly exercises and the principal of these is the method of handling prisoners so they may be subdued without unnecessary violence.

The Japanese policeman is armed with a short sword, but he never uses it except for self-defense. Even then he is not permitted to use it unless he is attacked by more than one man or by a prisoner with a weapon, which occurs very seldom. A Tokio policeman would not last an hour on the force if he drew his sword and assaulted a single prisoner. Of course, that is the theory on which the Chicago police are supplied with clubs and revolvers-that they may defend themselves, but in nine cases out of ten they are used for offense instead of defense. If a man under arrest shows the slightest resistance, even though he be one-third the size of the policeman, out comes the club immediately and he is beaten on the head as though the policeman's huge frame were in imminent peril. If a prisoner, arrested on the most trivial charge, breaks away and runs, out comes the revolver and his life is placed in jeopardy, though he may be charged only with vagrancy

or some such offense and would be discharged;

The Japanese police, says Mr. Fujita, carry firearms—indeed, revolvers and similar weapons scarce there outside of the army, and the consu. clares the result is that there are almost no footpg and holdups in the cities. He admits that there very many pickpockets, but the hold-up man w his gun is almost unknown.

In Tokio there are 3,457 police officers traveling beats—one for each 556 inhabitants. In additi there is a mounted force of 251 "inspectors," or responding to the Chicago "patrol sergeant" at the New York "roundsman," whose duty it is keep an eye on the patrolmen and see they are po forming their duties. There are twenty-five pring pal police "offices" or stations and ten branch s tions, the former commanded by captains and if branches by lieutenants. Scattered through t city at various prominent points are 403 little house like patrol boxes, only enough larger to accomm date four policemen. In each of these two police men are always on duty, while two others on the same beat are patrolling the district. Every two hours they change off, so there are always two por licemen there on call in addition to the men on post

These boxes are connected with the stations by signal boxes and telephones exactly as our patro boxes are, and the officers are required to report their movements at regular intervals. Here a policeman on his beat cannot be found unless the seeker chances to be in the very block with him He may be only around the corner, but if he is ou of sight the citizen who wants an officer in a hurry might as well be a mile away. In Tokio the man who wants a policeman has but to look up and down the street for a police patrol-house and he is sure to get two policemen. They do some things better over there.

FOOD FOR THE FAMISHED.

"Did you ever hear of the ocean storehouse in Torres Strait? " asked an old seaman. " It's called Deliverance Island, though it is sometimes marked on the charts as Berby Island. It is like a mound rising out of the ocean, the highest point being about fifty feet. It is well-nigh barren, having only a few bushes and shrubs. On one side is a sandy beach, on the other a fissure torming a sort of cave, in which stores are left by men-of-war and merchant vessels passing through for the relief of distressed and shipwrecked sailors. I went in there last year from the Enterprise, an American bark.

"During a calm we lowered a boat and pulled. In this cave we found tins of preserved meat, his cuits, tobacco and a wooden box marked 'postoffice.' Our skipper, Captain Samuels, wrote a letter to a friend of his in Boston. It reached him, 100. Deliverance Island that day belonged to the French, but we took down their flag and hoisted the stars and stripes. That is the custom-the last ship through the straits hoists its flag on this ocean storehouse and post office."

HADN'T THE FACE TO DO IT.

HEXRY, fresh from Pecatonica, came to the city and accepted a position as office boy for a firm the Board of Trade Building.

Henry succeeded in performing his office duties to the satisfaction of everybody, but he could not learn to use the telephone. An unaccountable nonousness took possession of him whenever he found himself alone with the instrument and called upor to converse with it.

This nervousness was understood by the other boys, who generally relieved him of the terroro responding when a call came.

But one day he was alone in the office.

There came a ring at the telephone

"Henry," called out the manager, from an inner room, "answer that telephone call.

"My tace "1-I can't, sir!" gasped Hemy dirty!"

Is you are true to your Master he will succor you when tempted; the victory that overcometh is jointly man faith, not in yourselves, but in the omnipotent so of God, whose you are and whom you serve Triumphs over temptation will strengthen year

DIPLODOCUS LONGUS DINOSAUR.

BV S. S. BLOUGH.

anothe alarmed by the name. The subject of wheth is in a position where he will harm no time we would not have cared though at one time we would not have cared though at one and the is very old. So old that enture too near. He is very old. So old that enture too near, the is very old.

and his little.

The decas lived many ages ago, with numbers of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the brothers and sisters in the region lying east of the body was buried, and remained the brothers when it was found by the expedition but from the Carnegic Museum and brought to sisburg. Pa. If any of the readers of this sketch would see him now, they must come here.

To be better understood, Diplodocus is one of that To be better understood, Diplodocus is one of that this of prehistoric animals known as Dinosauria. He was a lizard-like animal that lived during the Mesozoic period of the earth's existence. In form to evidently was slender and graceful, in size organic. The length of the skeleton follows: Head Medican neck 21 feet 4 inches, back 12 feet 4 inches, sarrum 2 feet 6 inches, tail 31 feet, making a total of 69 feet 2 inches. This immense length is composed of 74 vertebrae, the largest of which weighs shout 250 pounds. The longest rib in the body is 5 let 812 inches long. The cervicals of which there are 15, have an average length of over 17 inches. Iteskeleton when mounted will stand 16 feet high, and its entire weight will be about 15 tons.

His body was supported by four limbs, while his eck curved upward somewhat after the manner of

When Diplodocus died his body was covered by the elements. By reason of fire, air, and water, in the earth and on its surface, upheavals and changes occurred which completely hid from sight and knowledge his huge skeleton.

If this monster could give us the history of his life, as he moved around among the marshes and near the waters of that prehistoric period, doubtless satisfying his hunger on the succulent aquatic plants then growing, surely we would listen with monder and awe. But only time will tell what the geologist and paleontologist will compel the rocks and clay to reveal.

The Carnegic Museum has the honor of having the only complete specimen of this reptile yet found. *Diplotocus* was discovered by Dr. J. L. Wortman in the Jurassic of the Lower Sheep Creek Rasin, Albany County, Wyoming.

Through the financial encouragement of Andrew Carnegie, and the persistent efforts and untiring real of Dr. W. J. Holland and his corps of assistants, the Carnegie Museum is moving rapidly loward the front in the number, value and character of its exhibits.

No one of the "INGLENOOR" readers should think of passing through Pittsburg without stopage to visit the Carnegie Museum and Library. A large addition to the building will be creeted, when from will be prepared where Diplodocus can be properly mounted as deserves the King of the Saur" family.

Pittsburg, P.2

Note.—lamindebted to the kindness of Dr. Holland, directof the Museum, for the data in this article.

THE MADSTONE.

BY W. H. VON PLEES.

The most of us have heard or read of what is though as a "Madstone," but few of us know what is or what it looks like, and still fewer have ever

To be its possessor is to have it under lock and bey, hidden away in some secluded corner and only letsuasion, and some possessors have even been large.

Large sums of money have been paid for its posdown from generation to generation by will. Later is a stone in Boonville, Mo., that is said to possession of the Boone family since 1837.

In general, owners of the stone cast a halo of mysticism around it, as though it were possessed of some occult power.

In appearance the stone is an irregular, porous brown stone. It varies in size, but in general is about the size of a pigeon's egg. Tradition has it that they are found in, or come from the stomach of a certain species of deer, but I propose to tell how the stone can be made artificially, as made by the snake charmers of Ceylon and also by some of the monks of Manilla, who have found this a very lucrative business in supplying the merchants of India, where it is known as the great East Indian "Pramboo-kaloo" remedy for snake bites.

This East Indian madstone is made by taking a piece of horn, hart's horn is considered the best; which is roasted very slowly until it is thoroughly charred throughout. It is then ready for operations.

A natural madstone can be found in what is known as red shale, or red shell; and also in a nearly black variety of a similar rock. If among either of these rock deposits, a piece of stone or pubble can be found that will adhere very strongly to the tongue, it is suitable for use and only needs grinding down to a convenient shape.

In use, either natural or artificial, the stone is moistened with water or saliva, or better still, if obtainable, a little spirits of hartshorn. The stone is then pressed into the wound and allowed to adhere until it drops off. After use it is to be put in some sweet milk to remove the virus, washed and dried.

The Mexicans have a stone, the "Piedra ponsona" which is substantially the same as the East Indian stone, which they use for snake bites.

A CAT HOME.

A NEW home for the friendless was opened in Chicago last week without the formalities that usually accompany the opening of such an institution. Out on Grand boulevard the Chicago Cat Refuge, one of the oddest institutions in the country and without doubt the most complete home for the housing of homeless felines in the west, opened its doors.

The Chicago Cat Refuge is the innovation of Mrs. Leland Norton, president of the Chicago Cat club, owner of the famous Drexel kennels and an enthusiast on the question of blooded feline stock. new home is a modest one-story brick structure, built for the accommodation of stray cats that roam through the alleys and disturb the slumbers of peaceful citizens with their midnight serenades. The refuge is provided with everything essential to the keeping of cats. The building is divided into wards, each containing a number of spacious wire net cages. When a cat is admitted to the refuge it is immediately examined, registered and assigned to a cage. Here it is fed, washed and, in fact, given every care. Each cat is allowed plenty of exercise in a large yard and once a day they are taken out for an airing.

The very best of foods are used to feed the cats and the culinary department of the refuge is as well kept as in the average house. All the food used is specially prepared by an attendant familiar with the wants of the immates. Twice a day the cats are fed. The bill of fare consists of a variety of meats, potatoes and breadstuffs.

Sick and maimed cats are accepted for treatment and are placed in the sick ward, the most interesting section of the refuge. Here everything for the treatment of sick and injured cats is at hand. When a cat is found to be so ill that recovery is impossible or so badly injured that it cannot possibly recover it is taken into another room and chloroformed. In most cases the same fate is meted out to the females. When a cat has been cared for and is able to make a fairly good appearance the refuge finds a home for it, and in this manner Mrs. Norton hopes to rid the streets of many a cat. Since the opening of the refuge twenty-eight cats have been taken in and disposed of. Those that were healthy were washed and given away, the sick ones were treated and in most every case the refuge succeeded in restoring the cat to its normal condition.

For the last month Mrs. Norton's mail has been filled with requests from people who are desirous of ridding themselves of a cat that is an old house pet and has become a nuisance. So numerous were the applicants that Mrs. Norton has decided to refuse to admit any cat that is being cared for at

present. In her opinion, if a cat has been cared for and well treated for years until it becomes too old to be useful it should be chloroformed. By adopting this rule Mrs. Norton hopes to exclude cats that are not in need of shelter, and to use the entire space for the accommodation of eats that are in distress. The refuge has attracted so much attention and so many people persisted in being shown through the refuge that Mrs. Norton has decided to refuse admittance to the refuge every day with the exception of Wednesdays. In this manner she hopes to free the cats from the gaze of the visitors.

HABITS OF "DA MONK."

ALL monkeys sold for the amusement of children on the streets must be very young at the time of sale. A monkey of the ring-tailed kind is good from the time he is ten months old to his second birthday. After that he does not care to learn how to take off his hat, or do a cake walk for a cent.

The fact that he will eat potatoes in preference to all other foods teaches him that no matter how he acts he can get enough to eat.

When a year old his price is from \$15 to \$20. Being ring-tailed he knows that people like him because he is not vicious, and being an American, is considered to have more brain than the foreign monkey. Though subject to sickness on account of cold he will live long if given proper care. A man with a monkey earning good money knows how hard it is to train a green subject, therefore he takes good care of him, even going so far as to have a pocket made large enough to hold the monkey when the east wind blows.

Regarding their training, Mr. Yannetta said that monkeys are hard to handle until they are taught to wear clothes. Up to this they will refuse to do anything but bite. After coaxing fails to put them in a mood to wear clothes, a little whip is brought into play, and as none are in the room but the trainer and his pupil, the latter soon learns that to live means that he must be the means of giving others a living.

Once he gets to like nice clothes he is given every attention; and as soon as he masters one trick he is rewarded with such little things as peanuts and candy. It is certain that a monkey knows the man who has trained him and is very reluctant to do anything for anybody but his first master.

This is one reason why there is practically no market for monkeys except in dime museums. A trained monkey will bring in price from \$100 to \$200 in cold cash.

Being a trainer the owner of a monkey knows just when he has outlived his usefulness. For a small sum and a green monkey he will part with the trained one, and the man who last becomes master is the one who has to stand the funeral expenses.

This means that a man must know which is which to keep on the right track of monkey stock. Sick monkeys, unlike sick horses, can never be sold. When sick a monkey will act like a baby, only that he dispenses with the music of which babies have such a large stock when teeth are sprouting.

A good monkey will not seek fight. He is afraid of dogs, but when it comes to fight, fight he will, and as he always lands on the top of the dog, the dog is soon a blind or a dead dog. He will sleep well, but the fact that his master is always on the lookout for money teaches him to awake lively at the jingle of pennics.

THE ROCKING SONG.

My bed is like a little boat

Nurse helps me in when I embark.

She girds me in my sailor coat.

And starts me in the dark

At night I go on hoard and say
Good night to all my triends on shore.
I shut my eyes and sail away.
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take, As prudent sailors have to do Perhaps a slice of wedding cake, Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:

But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast,

INGLENOOK. THE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INCLEMOOR, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

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THOMAS D. ENGLISH'S ADVICE TO WRITERS.

NEVER write poetry until you are at least thirty, unless you fall in love, when it will come to you like the measles. You would hetter begin with stories; that is, if you have a leading idea and can invent situations. Do not attempt the novel until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character and powers, to create dialogue, and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances when young men have written clever poem's and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur. Avoid attempts at humor. That mine has already been worked for more than it is worth and the best of it seems to be labored. What the funny men do produce is not equal to the unintentional humor which is to be found in Congressional speeches on the tariff, and in the old-fashioned epitaphs in the country churchyards. - Success.

The above is from a successful literary man, told in a successful journal. Our experience with that very thing, as editor of the 'Nook, moves us to bear testimony to its truth. We have had no end of alleged poetry and stories sent to us, and we have been at our wit's end to justly dispose of them, and yet not unnecessarily hurt the feelings of our contributors. We do not want to discourage our contributors who would like to get into print. The 'Nook idea, in its incipiency, was to give the young writers of the church a chance. It was entirely impossible that success should follow. It would have been cruelty to print much that has come in. The editor has killed off enough essays and their kind to be hung for it a hundred times over. The writers may have thought that they were enlightening the world, but we knew to a certainty that it was commonplace and badly told at that. What we want are the novel and instructive things that come under your notice. We would rather have a good dog story than a mile of poetry. The remarks a Thomas cat made to a visitor's dog who thrust his nose in the basket occupied by the feline, and what happened the window sash in the midst of the argument, if aptly told, is much more interesting than the poem on Winter. Oh yes, we know we are without æsthetic taste, but we do know what ninety-nine out of a hundred 'Nookers would rather have.

A KIND OF MAN.

up a world, out of the whole lot that is said to en- reflected all around." The man and the rest of ter into its composition, is the man who is known to pretty nearly every church. He is the man who is not in any church, never has been, and is not likely to be. But he likes to be talked to, and he is always ready to be addressed on the desirability of his joining the church. He has a lot of weak objections, some stock passages of Scripture he wants to talk about, and after you are through with him he is just where he was when you began. He has come to think that he is of so much account that everybody is hidding for him, and he rather prides himself on his importance, and sometimes he makes a boast of the attention he attracts. He is nearly always a middle-aged man, and he has a "leaning" toward the Brethren, but it ends in a leaning. If he moved away, in the midst of any other people, he would have the same leaning. He is the kind of man you are told, when you hold meetings in his neighborhood, that "You ought to go and see him before you go away." Yet no matter how often anybody sees him he always remains as he is.

Now there is a way with this sort of man that would be well to follow, and that is to let him alone. A man who has lived fifty years in sound and sight of a church, and who, for forty years, more or less, has had his duty told him without effect is altogether in a position for a little wholesome neglect. When he begins to find out that he is not the lost coin that he thinks he is perhaps he may try to take a little interest in his own soul's salvation, and try doing something for himself instead of being all the time carried as though he were a child. Give him a rest.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE writer remembers an occasion when he was in a far Southern State, in August, in a specially hot season, when along came a drummer with a lot of trunks full of samples of Christmas goods. People in the South make more of Christmas than Northern folks do, and it was a peculiarity of that section and perhaps of others, that the selection of gifts was made away ahead of time, and when the day arrived there was no hurry in the matter of appropriate souvenirs.

It may seem a little ahead of time for the INGLE-NOOK to think of Christmas, so far off, but not really so after all. It is doubtless the intention of many a reader to remember friends and relatives when the time comes, and the 'Nook wants to make a suggestion. Sometimes people are at their wit's end to know what to give. They want to do something, but they hardly know what is best. Often a book is thought of, and this is a good idea. Books are cheap, they are always in order, and generally well received. But the usual fate of a Christmas book is to be read a little, laid on the table, and promptly forgotten when out of sight. Now we think we know of an acceptable present for old and young that will be better appreciated because it repeats itself weekly, and that is a subscription to the Inglenook, either for one of the family or an absent friend. It will only cost a dollar, and for fifty-two times in the year it will come regularly, and be of interest and advantage to the reader, a perpetual reminder of your kindliness. Long after you have passed over, the recipients will remember the time you sent them the Inglenook, and it will be the cheapest and most advantageous gift you can make. If you tell us to do so we will advise the friend of the gift, mentioning names, or not, as you prefer. By taking the matter in time the party will get the first copy of the new year, and every number thereafter to the end of the year. Of course each present reader will be sure to remit in time for himself that there may be no break in the weekly 'Nook visit.

A MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

"TELL the 'Nook man that we like the INGLE-NOOK exceedingly. It spoils my complexion, my wife says, for I often stop talking or eating and fall One of the kinds of people that it takes to make to reading the 'Nook, and the color of the cover is them in India, will find the color of the cover less verdant in the future. We are groping about, looking for the best, and we are getting there.

HERE'S A GOOD IDEA.

"I am an old woman of sixty-three, but I have young people who come to see me, and I like to have some good paper for them to read, so I send for the Inglenook." The above is from Montana, and the 'Nook doesn't believe the writer to be old at all. People are never any older than their hearts get to be.

Skill in English orthography is purely an arbitrary accomplishment. It's a feat in mnemonics and doesn't necessarily presuppose the possession of any special intellectual gifts. The only way that the average man retains his ability to spell with reasonable correctness is by keeping constantly in practice and seeing the written words before his eyes. Let him suspend that mental exercise for a short time and the first thing you know he'll be spelling elephant with two I's.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Please explain in detail how to grow an apple tree tree to

THE rule for almost all seeds is to plant the said one and one-half its diameter deep in the ground All fruit seeds must be frozen to germinate well An apple seed is no exception. When the apple seedling is a year old graft its terminal shoot on a bearing tree and it will fruit in from three to four years from the seed.

Where do you find the material that goes to make the la GLENOOK so interesting in the way of little known inform

From all over the world, wherever we can get hold of it. People on the other side of the world are preparing articles for it.

I have heard that one of the presidents of the United States could neither read nor write. Is this true?

Probable reference is had to Andrew Johnson who was taught to read and write by his wife,

What is the cost of a good typewriter, and would it be diffecult to learn to operate it?

Anywhere from ten dollars to a hundred, depend ing on the make and condition. It is not hard to learn how to use onc, but bad English shows up plainer on the printed page than in writing.

I would like to become a proofreader. How shall I pro-

Master the English language thoroughly, and then go into a printing office and learn it practically. It can hardly be learned outside of the office.

I have heard it said that Canada is as large as the United States. 1s this correct?

It is larger in area.

Is the United States going to hold on to the Philippines?

Yes. It is easier to hold on than to let go, the way matters are shaped now.

What do the letters seen at the left of an advertisement

It is likely that you refer to the office abbreviations showing how long the ad, is to run, etc. They are for the quick help of the printer.

Are women workmen more reliable and expert than men?

Up to a certain point they usually are, and after that men best them in skill and endurance.

. . . Can 1 make perfume by the enfleurage system described of the 'Nook?

Yes, but unless your flowers were plenty it would not pay to try it.

"I have a poem t dashed off, etc."

Can I learn taxidermy out of a book?

Yes, if you are clever, but working for a time in a practical taxidermist's place would be a wonderful lielp.

Is it any discredit to be an old maid, so termed?

Not a bit. A good many old maids have stories that would be very much to their credit if known.

BIGGEST TOV FACTORY.

The largest toy factory in the world is in New York, where playthings in tin are manufactured literally by the million. It stands five stories high and turns out 1,607 distinct varieties in tin toys No. 1 is a tin horse, No. 1,607 a tin menagerie output of circular tin whistles is 2,000,000 per at num. To make a tin horse twelve inches long des have to be cast costing £15. The children of different countries. ent countries have different tastes, but tin sweets are wanted all over the world, the analytary instant being universal in the nurseries as in the courts and cabinets of the world.

Good Reading

WILL YOU HAVE AN APPLE?

Field see a boy or girl munching a big red apple? the you been that same boy or girl, as the case interpolation of the case a good There is something There is something about a red that appeals to all humanity, though an apneed not be either big or red to be good. In the best apples are not always the biggest. got big or little they are good, even the worst of There are thousands of anchees, but out of the whole lot the very best in exeral cultivation are not a numerous list. Each of them is good in its way, and at its proper gason. The best apples will not do well either far North or far South. It is essentially a temperate smale fruit. If you can't find an apple to suit you New York or in Pennsylvania you might as well

Few people know how many apples are grown in ecountry. We will not think of individual apples or even bushels, but let us consider barrels. He have produced in one season two hundred and un millions of barrels of apples Think of that! freny winter there is about ten millions of barrels arried over from the past season in cold storage bouses. These fruit storage houses are differently constructed from others and the temperature is held at thirty-eight degrees Summer and Winter, and an apple will keep in that kind of "weather' indefinitely, as far as business purposes are con-

There are apple orchards in New York that have hundred thousand bearing trees in them. What splace this must be in blossom time! And by the may, in the near proximity of the larger cities many an honest penny is turned by selling blossoms. But let us not think of apple blossoms now. It is the apple itself we are considering. And by the way Missouri is an apple State. There is an orthard at Westport of two thousand three hundred acres, and another at Olden, Mo., contains three hundred thousand trees.

Not very long ago the possession of a large apple orchard, in a year of plenty, was a veritable mine of disaster. The writer has seen in his own orthard apples go begging for takers Luscious rambos, great oblong bellfleurs, juicy pippins were lying snound without either market or takers of any kind. The reason was that everybody had apples and nobody wanted them. The next year the price was adollar a bushel. All that is changed now in the great apple centers. The cold storage plant carries over the crop from a time of plenty to a season of scarcity. Every season millions of barrels are stored in this way. One wonders where the apples all go, who eats them, and what becomes of them, when he reads the figures of production. Take Canada, for instance. It is not generally regarded as an apple producing country, but in the season of 1899-1900 the shipments from Halifax to all foreign ports was over two million barrels, while at the same time nine million barrels were shipped to Chicago and New York.

It should be further remembered that when these arge shipments are spoken of, amounts that stag ger comprehension, no account is taken of the milions of barrels that are consumed at home, in the schools, on the streets, in the workshops and offices. The dinner of the school child is incomplete without an apple or two-you know how it was yourself and if there is none in the bucket or basket it was breause there was none at home to get. And the demand is still increasing, and will continue to in-Grease with the population. The time when there ill be no further use for the apple tree is very far off indeed.

000 GETS DENTAL BRIDGE.

MODERN dentistry was brought into service yeslerday to relieve the sufferings of a thoroughbred alldog and at the same time make it possible for am to enjoy the pastime of gnawing at the juicy marbones cast from his master's table. For the stime in the annals of natural history a canine made the possessor of an up-to-date dental indge, the structure consisting of six teeth of gold two of porcelain. The operation was entirely sccessful and Dr. C. F. Piatt O'Connor, who per-

formed it, expressed the wish that the average human patient might be as well behaved under a similar ordeal.

The dog is an English bull and is the possessor of a brindle coat as perfectly marked as one of the oil creations of Tavernier. Nature has adorned him with a face that would cause the flight of an army of seasoned burglars, but his disposition among friends is as amiable as that of a committeeman in search of a subscription. Had it not been for Dr. O'Connor's intimate acquaintance with his black-muzzled patient it is probable that the operation might never have been performed.

The odontologist constructed the bridge with a view to service in the matter of eating rather than as a weapon of offense and defense in dealing with dogs of less aristocratic breeding. The dog was supplied with gold teeth some time ago, but these gave way under the strain of contact with bones, and the idea of the bridge was suggested.

For four weeks past the dental surgeon has been at work making plaster impressions of the animal's lower jaw and preparing the bridge. Two of the teeth are of porcelain and placed in the center of the bridge, while the balance are of gold. Handsome had become so accustomed to the dental chair that he required no urging to take his place before the dreaded presence of mallet and cement mixer. The dog's mouth was stuffed with absorbent cotton to such an extent that only the lower jaw was visible, and Mr. Piatt undertook the task of placating the patient during the operation.

The bridge was fastened to the two remaining prongs in the lower jar, a liberal supply of coment being applied to hold the structure in position. Handsome glared at the dentist throughout the entire operation, but inasmuch as it was accompanied with but little pain he made no hostile demonstration aside from growling vigorously when the mallet was brought into use for the purpose of settling the bridge into its foundations.

Fifteen minutes were allowed to bring about the hardening of the cement, after which the animal was released. The sensation of being the possessor of a mouthful of shining gold and porcelain teeth did not appear to please the dog greatly at first, but after trying in vain to remove the bridge with his tongue and paws he settled down to enjoy the luxury in stolid fashion.

The fitting of the bridge was done only after several impressions of the lower jaw had been made, and once having been adjusted, fitted perfectly to the gums.

"There is one consolation in connection with this operation," said Dr. O'Connor, as he released his canine patient; "my subject will not be able to ask me how long a time must elapse before he gets used to his teeth, and furthermore he will not be able to dig pins between them. Handsome proved a model patient."

GODS LIVE IN INK.

INDIAN ink is not made in India, nor do any of the materials used in its manufacture come from that country. It was first made in China 3,000 years ago by a Chinese alchemist, Tien-Tschen by name, who, while experimenting upon some nostrum for the eternal preservation of life, accidentally produced a black substance in the form of a last Inglenook, but even then she ought to be out liquid paint or varnish. This was the first Indian

Until recently the process of manufacture has been a secret; but it has at last been discovered, and the ink can now be made by imyone.

The black pigment which forms the base of the ink is the soot obtained by burning lac and pine charcoal. This soot is powdered finely and mixed with fish-glue, isinglass, or horn-glue, and sometimes, in making the finer qualities of ink, pearls are boiled in glue.

Sometimes dried ox tongues are added to give the ink a purple tint, and the bark of the pepper tree has been used to produce a tinge of blue, The ink is carefully molded, dried and packed in wormwood leaves, with lime or ashes, until well seasoned.

Sepia, the coloring liquid of the cuttlefish, was not added to the ink originally; but as the best Indian ink in use at present has a brownish tint, it is evident that sepia is used. Sepia alone is used frequently in China in preference to the black ink.

In China all "good" Indian ink is supposed to be inhabited by gods, to whom prayers are sometimes addressed. There are so many gods that it is difficult to find lodgings for them all; they are billeted, therefore, upon any convenient article, such as a stick of Indian ink!

NO ONE KNOWS THEM ALL.

THE growth of the English language is so enormous that it would be practically impossible for the most learned man to be acquainted with every word. Intelligent persons, even those engaged in the learned professions, do not make use of more than from 6,000 to 8,000 words all told, although there are properly belonging to our language over 200,000. The famous writer or authority of to-day, whether he uses words to express nice shades of meaning or as technical tools of thought in his own department, must have at his command a vocabulary of from 30,000 to 40,000 words, the latter being the maximum acquired by any man now living. There is a large number of words which until recently have escaped the attention of lexicographers. In the text of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" there are 10,000 words which have never been formally entered and defined in any dictionary. In the Century Dictionary there are 70,000 words found in no other, and it has been said that there is not to-day any man living who is sufficiently learned to write one average page of 7,000 pages of this dictionary. To give some idea of the tremendous growth of the language the words and phrases under the letter A have increased in fifty years from 7,000 to nearly 60,000.

THE MAN WITH THE BROOM.

BEATRICE HARRADEN thinks that women should bring up their sons "to do things in the home," and that men should not be permitted to stand with reluctant feet upon the kitchen threshold, but should learn to master the problems of that domain just as women have learned the secrets of the countinghouse. As a rule men have never manifested any great longings to learn the mysteries of dough and dishwashing, and they neither care to be tied to apron strings nor to have these tied about them. But once get a man into leading strings and he is both happy and useful in a kitchen, and he will apply the same systematic thoroughness to breadmaking as he does to breadwinning, Of course, it is not to be expected that a man will do his own work and a woman's, too, but there are times when he can readily spare a few moments to domestic tasks. And in that trying hour of need when the maid-of-all work goes her way, if a man will show a disposition to help fill the gap, or better yet, to fill the coal scuttle, or sweep the carpet, he will prove a helpmeet indeed. And, as Miss Harraden says, if he is a gentleman, he will do these

The above is a Chicago editor's view of a man's helping about the house. It is correct enough, and there are thousands of men and good men, too, who help in the kitchen. But it is a sad sight to see the woman go into the front room and leave dear James to wrestle alone with a pile of dirty dishes. The only justification is that she has just received the in the kitchen reading it aloud to him while he is wiping the plates.

FEE FOR BANK DIRECTING.

A STRANGER got off the ear, and, accosting a newsboy, asked him to direct him to the nearest

"This way," said the "newsie," and, turning the corner, pointed to a skyscraper just across the

"Thank you, and what do I owe you?" said the gentleman, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

" A quarter, please."

" A quarter! Isn't that pretty high for directing a man to the bank?"

"You'll find, sir, said the youngster, "that bank directors are paid high in Chicago."

According to statistics lightning strikes more women than men each year-probably because they are more attractive.

THANKSQIYING DAY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. O. B. WELD.

I AM an old woman nearing the end of life, and I want to tell the INGLENOOK family something about how they kept. Thanksgiving Day a hundred years ago in Connecticut. I have the account from my grandmother, who died more than fifty years ago. I have never forgotten the story.

It was at Fairhaven that they lived, and the day was a great one in the whole country at that time, Preparations were made a long time ahead, and for the few days preceding there was always much haste and confusion. Connected with each house in that day was a large Dutch oven, one of the kind rarely seen now, and in this the dinner was cooked. It was usually a huge affair in which all the baking was done for the numerous members of the families of that time. There were no stoves, and what was not cooked in the oven was prepared over an open fire in the kitchen. In that time they had slaves, the system not being abolished yet.

The Thanksgiving meal was cooked in the oven, beginning the night before. Naturally part of the dinner would cook before other parts, and it was the duty of Uncle Rastus and Aunt Chloc to stay up the night before and keep things going right in the oven.

The dinner, my grandmother said, consisted of roast turkey stuffed with oysters, of which there was a plenty in the immediate neighborhood, together with all the pies one can think of, the varieties being limited only by the material out of which it was possible to make pies. One thing was never omitted, and that was a dish of baked pears, and a huge pan of baked beans was always an accompaniment, together with side dishes of chicken pies and the trimmings. One may well wonder what they did with all this lavish profusion of food, but it was at a time when dyspepsia was almost an unknown factor, and appetites were uncommonly large.

On the morning of the day itself the whole family went to church, an account of which may not be without interest. The denomination was Congregational, and the pastor was Dr. Trumbull, one of the old kind of digmtaries, with a three-cornered hat and knee buckles. The building was a wooden structure with box pews for the families, and there was never any heat in the church, no matter how intense the cold. It was regarded as worldly to have heat in the church. A mother with small children might be conceded a foot stove, as it was called. It is related that when the ungodly and worldly finally prevailed, and heat was introduced as the years went by, two old maid sisters swooned away the first service, overcome by the "overheated" air.

But some provision against the cold was a necessity in those days, and it took the form of small structures, surrounding the main church buildings, belonging to the several families, and these were called "Sabba-day" houses. In these fire could be had for warming after the long rides some of them had to take to get to the service.

When the church bell began to ring the minister started for the house, and when he entered the door it stopped. He walked up the aisle in stately fashion, bowing to the right and the left, and the men rising and bowing in return and the women curtesying as he passed. The service on that one day always was on the goodness of God, and the element of hell fire, so commonly enforced, was not known, probably to be made up for on later days. The sermon lasted an hour and a half, which was rather shorter than usual. After the service the family returned home with whatever visitors happened to be with them, and all the members of the family, wheresoever dispersed, made it a point to be at the old homestead on Thanksgiving Day if at all possible. The dinner was served at three o'clock in the afternoon, the servants having prepared the table while the others were at church. Everything was in lavish profusion, and as a reminder of the scarcity of food among their Puritan ancestors a few grains of corn were always laid beside each plate. Prohibition was unheard of in those days, and there was an ample sidebnard, well supplied with strong

After dinner, and when the wreck had been cleared away, then came the dance. Old Uncle Rastus, in one corner, gave them Virginia reels, and similar tunes, and all took a part, except the minister who

stood in the door and looked on. It was hinted that all that kept him off the floor was the fact that he was too old and too fat to participate.

At eleven o'clock all was over, and after the feasting and the revelry all gathered in the large front room, where the minister read a chapter, had worship, and then they went to their several homes, some of which would be quite a distance away.

It was a time of comparative innocence, and while there has been much improvement along the lines of Thanksgiving observances, yet there is much that can be imitated to advantage from the old times.

SPORTING PARADISE IN ALASKA.

REINDEER have made themselves thoroughly at home in Alaska—that marvelous country whose richness in animal life and agricultural possibilities is not yet half suspected by the majority of Americans.

The pilgrim fathers of the family were imported from Lapland in the early stages of the Klondike craze, to be worked and eaten by the starving miners. They luckily escaped being eaten, and were later reinforced by 700 reindeer doe imported by the government from Siberia.

From the mixed herd of 1,000 head, or a little more, they have multiplied to 3000, and under Uncle Sam's protection they promise to play an important part in the future of Alaska and add greatly to its wealth.

The twenty-five Laplanders who came over with the first consignment are on their way home with about \$700 each, saved out of their earnings as reindeer drivers and mail carriers.

But Alaska needed no importations to add to its fascinations. Gold? Of course—everybody knows about that, but everybody doesn't know that gold is one of the least interesting things about the country.

Take strawberries. Alaska has near Big Stone a strawberry bed seven miles long and two miles wide. Fourteen square miles of strawberries! And they are beauties. Nothing finer is grown in this country outside a hothouse.

Raspberries and blackberries, too, reach a high pitch of cultivation in Alaska, which is popularly supposed to grow nothing more nourishing than glaciers.

Oats spilled by mules as they feed grow wild higher than a man's head, and would yield, it is estimated, 200 bushels to the acre. Alaskan tomatoes are described as big as a man's hat. All manner of fruit and vegetables belonging to temperate climes thrive amazingly.

All this, of course, is south of Bering sea, in a region where, thanks to a warm ocean current, the temperature seldom reaches zero, even in the long winter nights.

As for game, big and little, it is of unmatched richness, but bids fair to be extinguished by commercial greed and recklessness. Deer exist no longer, and the moose and the sea ofter are hovering on the verge of annihilation.

Nevertheless, an Alaskan traveler, C. F. Periolat, has just returned home with a collection of the largest moose heads in the world.

But the sportsman is less of a menace to the fauna of Alaska than the trader. The skin of a single sea ofter will now sell in London for as much as \$1,200.

THE SHADOW OF THE PAST.

SHE laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

"My poor child, what is it?" the older lady asked. "Has Reginald been cruel to you?"

"No, mamma," the bride replied, "it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. 1——"

"Ah!" the fond mother exclaimed, "then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can man be so base! How——"

"He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl," the stricken one interrupted, "that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!"

Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

THE man who flops to t'other side Provokes my ire intense; But he who flops my way displays His natural common sense.

THE FADING LEAF. - Isa. 64: 6.

BY J. S. MOHLER.

When the Winter had passed and the season grew with the trees of all kinds little leaflets were born. And grew larger and larger,—the trees spreading der With a garment of green, which, for the season they were

"And the blight from the frosts of the Autumn has co

"And the leaves are now fading, and soon they will fa From the trees that are low, and the trees that are tal

On the ground they will lie, and all equally low.

Neath the mold, and the frost, and the ice and the some
And sciently rest on the bosom of the earth,
And mingle with the dust that gave them their birth.

Thus speaking to mortals - the low, and the high. That soon, like the leaf they will fade, and must die And together will lie in the dust of the grave - The Ruler, his subjects, and the Master, and slave

Lord, teach us to number in wisdom our days!
And learn of our frailty, and walk in thy ways,
And though like the leaf we fade, and we die,
That our spirits may dwell with our Maker on high
Pleasant Grove, Kans.

ACCIDENTS FROM SMALL CAUSES.

Only a week or two back the ancient Swan hotel at lpswich, England, was destroyed by a fire, which originated through rats gnawing matches.

The sudden appearance of a hilarious mouse among the occupants of the gallery of the Victoria theater, Westminster, on boxing night, 1858, started a panic, which resulted in the death of fifteen people.

A mongrel cur strayed on to the St. Leger course some years ago, just as the field swept by. Seven horses came down in a heap, and of the jockeys who were riding them five were hurt—three seriously.

To win a bet of twopence, a little pit lad, employed at the Ferndale colliery, in the Rhondda valley, picked the lock of his safety lamp with an ordinary hairpin. He himself, together with nearly 200 of his mates, perished in the explosion which followed.

At Sheoburyness, some fifteen years ago, Col. Francis Lyon invented a new kind of sensitive fuse for big-caliber shells, and invited a number of gunnery experts to be present at the trials. On the night prior to the day on which the experiments were to be made he locked up a number of the fuses in a shed in which were some fowls. The chickens started scratching and the dust flew up and settled on the threads of the screws of the fuses.

When, next morning, an unfortunate gunner started to fix one to a live shell, the missile went off, killing the operator, the inventor and five other persons.

Burrowing rabbits so weakened the foundations of a tall chimney at Cleekheaton, Yorkshire, that it fell, crushing to death fifteen people.

The gambols of a big retriever—some say the playful antics of two children - sufficed to week the West Coast Scotch express last year. A managed trolley was started, ran down the sloping platform, and toppled over on the line in front of the train.

The "Esperanza" was cast away on the coast of Chili, through a toddler of five meddling with the compasses. She had on board ninety-seven souland all but cleven perished. Among the savel was the inhocent cause of the terrible catastrophe

A fire, which was directly responsible for the los of more lives than any other single conflagration originated through the vagaries of a tarantula. The scene was Santiago, and a grand religious for tival was taking place in the principal cathedr. The building was a sea of drapery, flooded with every variety of illumination.

Twenty thousand silver lamps were in full blate and the acolytes were busy lighting the 2,000 tager on the grand altar when the errant spider skippe into the central aisle and alarmed a lady, mointo the central aisle and alarmed a lady, mointo the central aisle and alarmed a lady, mointo the acolytes, or some of them, looke screamed. The acolytes, or some of them, looke around to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and around to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and one of the naked lights they carried came in central tage.

A few minutes later the vast cathedral was a rating furnace, in which were being consumed more than 2,000 bodies.

ooo The o Circle ooo

W B Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-ton, Action President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Jan. Ligne D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Address, Ohio.

"COME LET US REASON TOGETHER."

BY ALICE LONG.

2005 cruse of comfort failing? Rise and share it with another, all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy hother redinae will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew; redinae will often make a royal feast for two.

the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain; and which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the

plain.

Site burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?

Site burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?

Site burden, God will bear both it and thee."

1 asH I could tell the readers of the Inglenook seconfort the above lines have been to me. The roset we follow them, the nearer we come to God, and the more intimate we are with his people and miraceds. Maybe many of you are familiar with heal, I hope so. Then I know your hands have resounded to the soul's desire to more fully consegale what we are and have to the Master's use. It sevident that the heart of the author was inspired hymplicit faith in the "Giver of every good and griect gilt " The lines are full of "giving" and "receiving" from God. This world is a great exchange, giving and getting is the routine. If we go tostore, market, or depot, we give that we may get. Everybody does this, must do it, some time, in ne way. Then why not make it profitable? "We 6, says one, yes many say so. True, it means profit-and loss to thousands; profit in this world, loss in the next, may I say? I wish I could, but it means worse than loss alone. If the profit has been regardless of the honor and glory of God, it is loss of heaven, but there are also regrets and remorse in lost opportunities; then as we labor let us take into consideration the hereafter. How? And whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him. Col. 3: 17. "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the Lord Christ."

OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE.

New Names and Their Numbers.

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Nster Myra Forney is our secretary at Lanark. Il, and a very good worker we find her. We trust that the Circle there may be instrumental in doing much for the Lord and his people.

A MOTHER HOUSE.

THERE are some carnest missionaries trying to Nork among the Italians of New York City. They make their work among the children a special feature. Child-life among the Italians in the slums is the more than an ugly dream. They want to establish a "Mother House" in the very heart of the halian quarter. Two little girls of three and seven Years of age respectively, who are well-known to be habitual drunkards, will be the first to enter when the house is opened. Others more or less versed in the wickedness of the streets are awaiting with great Patience the day when they can enter; for the Nother House will simply mean a widening and enlarging of the city missionary's present plan of rethe children in her own little flat. They count this a great privilege, but her room is small, only a few can come; it is hoped that many will when the house is in operation. The distinc-Splie the house is in operation. The same and the plies, the family life, the mother love, and the Cristian home. Some day we trust that such work Some day we trust that Circle.

📥 Sunday 🖫 School 📥

THE Christ of the New Testament is not the Christ of any modern party, nor is his Spirit the life of any sect. His character and deeds are made known by the inspired writers, and the statements of these in reference to what he is and what he has done must be accepted as final. It is too late now for men to doubt or question the credentials of the apostles of Jesus. When they went forth among the nations their Master went with them and confirmed their word by repeated miracles, so that their hearers were left without excuse if they refused to believe and obey the Gospel. To these inspired ambassadors we must now go, if we would learn who Christ really is and what are the workings of his Spirit. To them we must go to hear the Gospel and know how men are saved by it. The experiences of the great and good, however interesting they may be, are not the rule by which to distinguish truth from falsehood. John gives the divine criterion when speaking of himself and his fellow apostles, he says, "We are of God: he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." This was the test in the first century; it is still the test in the nineteenth.

WE lately heard a man defending the diversity of religious sects on the ground that among them each person could find one suited to his taste and habits, "For," argued the man, "God is an infinite God and has an infinite number of ways of salvation." We called his attention to the law and to the testimony, and asked him to consider the statements of Scripture on this point. No matter what good the theologians find in divisions and sects, the Holy Spirit declares them carnal and sinful, and affirms that there is only one "name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Jesus himself says, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Can the opinions of men to the contrary falsify the words of him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life? or bring into this kingdom those who reject the counsel of God and pervert the Gospel of his

A POOR widow who was very sick told us to take her two children and care for them. She said she would have to die, and would not come with us. We took the children and prayed for the mother, and in a few days, as we were giving out food and the Word, behold, here came this poor woman. She must have crawled part of the way, for she was so thin and weak and could scarcely stand. She was crying and asked for her children, just as you mothers in the home land would do. I could not keep the tears back." One of the native workers whom she could understand better than me, told her where the children were. In the mean time, a little boy of the Orphans' Home showed her his clothes and said, "See what nice clothes I have, and I have plenty to eat." This gladdened her heart and she too stayed with us.

Too often Bible characters are used merely as lay figures on which to hang a moral. It would be better occasionally to let the moral take care of itself, and put all one's force into an effort to make the man real and lifelike. To this end there should be a more definite purpose in Bible reading, and instead of the old-fashioned way of reading the chapters just as they come, a topical method should be adopted.

To govern one's self is a high attainment and needs constant vigilance. Every Christian should be able to control his appetites and passions, and should lead not only a rational but a spiritual life; that is, a life in full sympathy with Christ and in harmony with the apostle's doctrine. Yet many professors seem to think that religion is only for Sunday.

THE devotional nature grows by steady exercise and gives increased pleasure to its possessor. The foolish and the wicked do not like to keep God in their thoughts, for the remembrance of him awakens conscience and condemns their daily conduct.

Gon is to us what we are to God .- Joseph Parker.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

Constantine: Born 274 A. D., died 337 A. D. Called Constantine the Great. He was great as a soldier and a statesman. He was an emperor said to have been converted by seeing a flaming cross in the sky. It was by his work as a politician that he is entitled to fame. He made Christianity an instrument of worldly power such as it had never been before. It is doubtful whether he was more than half Christian himself, being given to pagan practices. But as an emperor of the country that lasted a thousand years he is entitled to his place in the

Augustine: Born 354 A. D., died 430 A. D. He was one of the four great fathers of the Latin church, and the greatest of the four. His fame rests on the fact that he has done more to influence Christian thought than any other man who ever lived. His greatest work is The City of God, a vindication of Christianity, being a description of the church rising on the crumbling ruins of the Roman Empire. He had a profound insight into the Scriptures, and was an unceasing searcher after the truth. His writings are characterized, at times, by strong selfassertion, but in the main they are the work of an honest, conscientious, great soul. The personal excellence of his character, combined with the man's eminent ability as a thinker and writer, together with the depth of the literary additions to the world's storehouse of thought, make him one of the greatest characters since the time of Christ.

JUSTINIAN: Born, 483; died, 565. Surnamed the Great. He was the most famous of the emperors of the Eastern Roman empire. His greatness is mainly due to his codifying the Roman laws, which were in much confusion when he took hold of them. He had three great foreign wars on his hands during his reign of thirty-eight years. He was a Christian, but only in the sense of believing in Christ, and cared little for ecclesiastical matters. He comes down to us as a great legislator more than anything

MOHAMMED; Born about 570 A. D. He was the founder of Mohammedanism, author of the Koran, claiming direct revelation from God, and influenced, first and last, hundreds of millions of people. The founder of one of the great religious systems of the

CHARLEMAGNE: Born 742, died 814. He was emperor of the Romans, and was great because of his effort to engraft on the Teutonic races Christian Roman culture. He failed, as the enterprise was too great and life too short for its accomplishment. His greatness was in the nobility of his aims in the strengthening of the Christian religion among pagan nations, which, though a direct failure, survived him in many ways.

ALFRED THE GREAT: Born 849, A. D., died 901. All historians agree in characterizing Alfred the wisest and greatest king that ever reigned in England. His devotion to learning, and his efforts in the line of popular education, would entitle him to a place among the great of the world. He was the real founder of England's naval power, and both as a great man and a good one does he merit the place he is assigned in history. He rebuilt the monasteries that had been destroyed in wars, and invited the learned everywhere to come and settle in them. These places were, in his day, the seats of learning, and no man ever lived who did more for the educational advancement of the English people than Alfred the Great. He was beloved by his people, a thing not always characteristic of kings, and he merited all the credit he received. He was a wise administrator of public affairs, the wisest England ever had, and comes down to us as great in fact as in name and repute.

MOCK MONEY OFFERED THE DEAD.

A curious industry in some of the provinces in China is the manufacture of mock money for offering to the dead. The pieces are only half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered to the thinness of paper and stamped out to the size required.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

Among the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is one of the dim old forest, That seemeth the best of all; Not for its gnarled oaks olden, Dark with the mistletoe; Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below; Not for the milk-white lilies That lean from the fragrant ledge, Coquetting all day with the sunbeams, And stealing their golden edge; Not for the vines on the upland, Where the bright red berries rest, Nor the pinks nor the pale, sweet cowslip, It seemeth to me the best,

I once had a little brother, With eyes that were dark and deep; In the lap of that dim old forest He lieth in peace asleep; Light as the down of the thistle, Free as the winds that blow, We roved there the beautiful summers, The summers of long ago; But his feet on the bills grew weary, And one of the autumn eves, I made for my little brother A hed of the vellow leaves. Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrate, As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face; And when the arrows of sunset Lodged in the tree-tops bright, He fell in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the gates of light.

—Alice Carey.

HOW RUBBER IS HANDLED.

Therefore of all the pictures

The one of the dim old forest

Seemeth the best of all.

That hang on Memory's wall,

THE best India rubber comes from Brazil, and the best of that from the upper Amazon River, and this is the "fine Para" of commerce. It is sent to the factories in the United States in the shape of irregular lumps known as "bisquits," and the bisquits are made by the "seringueiros," the rubber gatherers of Brazil.

The scringueiro starts out with his little tomahawk about eight o'clock in the morning, for if he plunged at an earlier hour into the rank undergrowth of the forest in which the rubber tree grows the heavy dew would soak him through in a few minutes. With his tomahawk in hand he goes from one rubber tree to another, cutting little gashes in the bark and fastening under the cuts small tin or clay cups, not much larger than teacups. He blazes the trees until noon, when he retraces his steps and finds that the cups are filled with the milkwhite sap which has dripped from the wounds he made in the bark. The sap is poured into a basinlike vessel and taken to the but where the gum is to be cured. This is done by smoking the gum over a queer furnace shaped like an inverted vase, under which is burned the nuts of the urucary, a species of palm. The nuts make a dense smoke, which pours out of the neck of the furnace. The workman, squatting beside his fire, dips into the rubber sap a wooden paddle, to which clings a thin layer of the sticky juice. Then the gum-smeared paddle is held and turned in the smoke until the water in the sap evaporates, when the paddle is dipped into the sap again. This operation is repeated until the gum forms a large lump on the paddle about the size of a man's head. This is cut from the wood, and after the "bisquit," as the ball of gum is called. has been exposed to the sun for a time, to complete the drying, it is piled up with the other bisquits and shipped away.

The India-rubber manufacturer first cleans the rubber, for bits of leaves, pieces of bark, earth, stones and other foreign substances are mixed with it in the bisquit, so the bisquit is put in the "washing machine." This is composed of a pair of toothed rollers, over which a perforated water pipe hangs. The crude rubber is cut, squeezed and mashed between the rollers, and a spray of water carries off the impurities. The rubber comes from the washing machine in irregular strips, rough as bark, and resembling somewhat the old slabs of lumber which are piled up outside a sawmill. The "mixing" machine, to which the rubber is taken next, is not unlike the washing machine, for it has a pair of steel from special designs, with the name of the com-

the compound which the rubber-maker mixes with the pure rubber. It is at this stage of the manufacture that the old overshoes, arctics, garden hose and other worn-out rubber goods begin life again.

In the compound also is the sulphur, in one form or another, which "vulcanizes" the rubber and which gives to manufactured rubber those preservative qualities, the absence of which prevented rubber from entering into the industrial arts until it was discovered that sulphur was the substance the chemists had long been looking for. The washed rubber mechanically combines with the composition in the mixing machine, and it is then either taken to the rolls where the rubber is coated on duck, or else to a machine which kneads the rubber preparatory to pressing it into molds. At no stage of the process is the rubber ever melted. It is warmed up at times, but molded solid-rubber goods are pressed into molds, not poured in.

A large portion of rubber goods ought to be called rubber-clad goods, for they are made from duck or canvas of different weights, coated with rubber, and this is done in the frictioning machine, which consists of iron or steel rolls placed one over the other, in which the duck and rubber are pressed together. As the duck passes between the rollers the sheet of rubber laid on top is pressed into the duck, and the pressure is so great that the duck and rubber become almost one material. This rubberclad duck is the basic fabric from which garden, fire-engine, steam and other hose, belting, packing, gaskets and other rubber goods of like character are made. Hose is made in fifty-foot lengths, from two to ten ply, and it is all made on iron mandrels, or rods, which are of the same size as the inside diameter of the hose.

A strip of pure rubber fifty feet long and just wide enough to double around the mandrel is first wrapped around the iron rod, and, as the fresh-cut edges are touched with naptha, the rubber unites and forms a pure rubber pipe, which is afterward the inside of the hose. The rubber-coated duck is next wrapped around the pure rubber pipe, which is still on the mandrel; if the duck is wrapped around twice the hose is two-ply, if four times the hose is four-ply. The duck is wrapped around the mandrel by machinery, and small rollers press the edge of the duck, so that every inch is subjected to pressure. Then another strip of pure rubber is put around the duck for the outside, and the hose, still on the mandrel, is put in the "heater." This is nothing more nor less than a gigantic boiler, fiftyfive feet long or longer. Steam under pressure is admitted to the heater and the sulphur in the compound becomes chemically united with the rubber and the rubber is "vulcanized." The hose is kept in the heater from one-half to three-quarters of an hour and then it is taken from the mandrel. Its ragged ends are neatly cut and it is ready to receive the brass fittings. In stripping the hose from the mandrel compressed air is used. The air is admitted between the hose, and the mandrel, and the hose, expanded by the air, slips off easily.

Rubber belting for machine-shops and factories is made from the rubber-coated duck, and it, too, is made up into two-ply, three-ply and up to ten-ply, depending on the number of times the long strip of duck is folded upon itself. When it is folded up, however, it is not cured in the heater, but in a long hydraulic press which squeezes the folds of the rubber-coated duck until the several layers of canvas and rubber are practically one solid piece. At the same time steam is introduced to complete the vulcanizing process and make the adhesion better and the union stronger. The belting is pressed in sections, as the press is not long enough to take in an entire length of belting, and each section is under pressure from twenty minutes to half an hour,

Rubber bands sold by stationers and used by the millions in offices and stores are cut from a pure rubber hose which is placed on a mandrel in a lathe. As it revolves a knife cuts off sections of the hose, and these narrow sections are the rubber bands.

The large perforated rubber mats which cover the floors of halls and rotundas in business blocks are cut out by hand. The thick rubber sheet is laid on a block and with different-shaped dies the pattern is punched out. In this way it is easy for the manufacturer to make rubber mats to order and rollers, and over them is a box or hopper filled with pany or firm in the center of the mats.

ARE YOU AN HEIR?

The story of the fortune of Anneke Jans w written many years ago, but in the last few years in has been allowed to die out, but now the Bank of Holland has demanded an accounting, and a commission has been sent to Holland to determine the claims of the heirs to the estate residing in this

The story reads like a romance. Away back in the seventeenth century Anneke Jans was born in Holland She was the daughter of the King by morganatic wife. Early in life she had a romance of her own and married a man named Jans. With him she sailed for America to join the Dutch colony in New Amsterdam, but Jans was lost in a ship wreck, and the wife of royal blood came to America alone. When she reached her home in the new world the King deeded to her a large part of the land which is occupied by the city of New York After the transfer of the Dutch colony to the Eng. lish the King died and left \$80,000,000 in trust inthe Bank of Holland for the benefit of his daughter Anneke Jans. But she never returned to her native land to claim the dower left by her royal father and a short time later she was married to Aureshaudes Bogardus, the first preacher to come to New Amsterdam, and from this marriage the hein to the great fortune resulted. Anneke died shortly after the birth of her third son, and from that time to this no settlement of the property has been made.

After a short time the property in New York was leased to Trinity church, in New York, to be used for church purposes, and the annual rental was paid until a few years ago. Now the church has refused to pay the rental and a commission has been appointed to go to Holland to make good the claim, There are something like 300 heirs to the estate living, and should their claim ever be made good they would receive princely fortunes.

THE HORROR OF WAR,

THE world can never be called civilized as long as war is encouraged. Its horrors are terrible and the sights and scenes on a battle field are awful to look on. Will the time ever come when Christian ethics will prevail? A Chinese correspondent has this:

Wherever a lyddite shell bursts you may look for dead within a range of twenty yards. It killed the Chinese soldiers and rolled them over by concussion down the ruts worn by the water of rainfalls to the street, where they lay in a pile even as the debris from a runaway on a mountainside. If the shell carried over the wall into the town-now we know why Admiral Seymour hesitated so long to throw shells in Tien-Tsin, though we were suffering shell fire in the concession, while the viceroy was blandly conducting business in his yamen in the native city as usual—and burst in a mud house, you found the members of the family piled one on top of the other, slaughtered in a flash. Though the dead be Chinese, and there was a rifle and pleaty of cartridges near at hand, the white man shudders at such a sight, especially if, as I found in one house, he sees one member of the family with his jaws and nose shot off, but still breathing in bloody bubbles from his gullet.

ANTS WHICH SEW UP HUMAN WOUNDS.

THE native Brazilian, far removed, as he usually is, from doctors and surgeons, depends upon a little ant to sew up his wounds when he is slashed or scratched.

This odd creature is called the surgical ant, from the use to which it is put.

The ant has two strong nippers on its head. They

are its weapons for battle or forage. When a Brazilian has cut himself, for example, he picks up an ant, presses the nippers against the wound, one on each side, and then gives the insect?

The indignant ant snaps its nippers together jercing the and squeeze. piercing the flesh, and bringing the lacerated parts close together. The Brazilian at that moment give the ant's body a jerk and away it flies, leaving the nippers imbedded in the flesh.

Of course, this kills the ant, but it has served as

The operation is repeated with other ants until most useful purpose in life. the wound is sewed up neatly and thoroughly

What They Say!



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The INGLENOUR is par excellence. It has The lander of the Youth's Companion in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler. Each number seems better than the gring one. I have a Sunday-school class the boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen es, and all get the Inglenook as a Sunday. apaper, and they are delighted with it.-R. Hiller.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

his with much satisfaction that I express rapproval of the Inglenook. Its appearare and general make-up are such that it at recommends it to the reader. It has found gray into many of our homes, and the peoeast truly glad for its cuntinued success. El John Zuck.

0 0

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOUR easily takes rank among he best young people's papers in the country. is better than most of them because of the seace of the silly love stories and light read-R. It is a most valuable addition to the which's publications. No family should be mout it .- Eld. D. L. Miller.

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0 0

From the College.

Itake the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased with its steady and almost marvelous growth. The fact that it is sought after by our people, bihold and young, is evidence that it proves self to be in fact what it purports to be. - J. G.

0 0

Hear Virginia Talk.

Of all the young people's papers that I have wer seen and read I think there is none that | ard. till wield as great or as desirable influence over its readers are the INGLENOOK.—W. K.

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

Thave been a constant reader of the INGLEook from its begunning to the present time, and while it is not specially intended for the old, yet I find something that interests me in tach issue. I am interested in the 'Nook befold my expect. ons. I especially recommend it to the arring readers. - Eld. A. B.

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At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

Mysell and term a greatly enjoy reading our ew church paper. We trust its future may bealong and overer one .- J. K. Miller.

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eculiarly adapted to both old and young. I have placed it in our Mission Sunday school, and the general verdict is that it can not be ritelled by any other Sunday-school paper.

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My family and I say that the Inglenook is to excellent paper. There are many things in that everyone likes, and which they ought to took. People who do not take the INGLE-1.00k have occasion to regret it. The Editor thous the needs of the readers.-L.W. Teeter.

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And He Says:

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South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The INGLENOOK is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it.-Eld, S. F. Sanger.

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An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it, It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church literature. God bless the Inglenook .- John C. Zug.

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And Also Hagerstown, Md.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its coming. God bless the INGLENOOK .- W. S. Reich-

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every home in our Brotherhood .- Jasper Barnthouse.

0 0

From the Sunflower State.

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0 0

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The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Laneaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulation. It certainly is the paper from which can reads tell who and what he is as well as the he had much valuable information at a minimum cost.-T. F. Imler.



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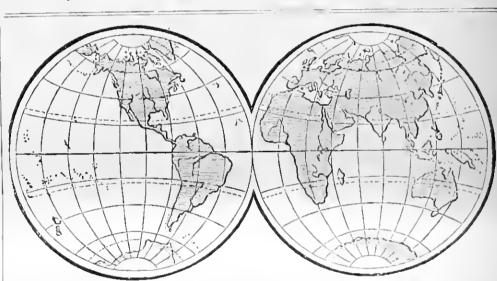
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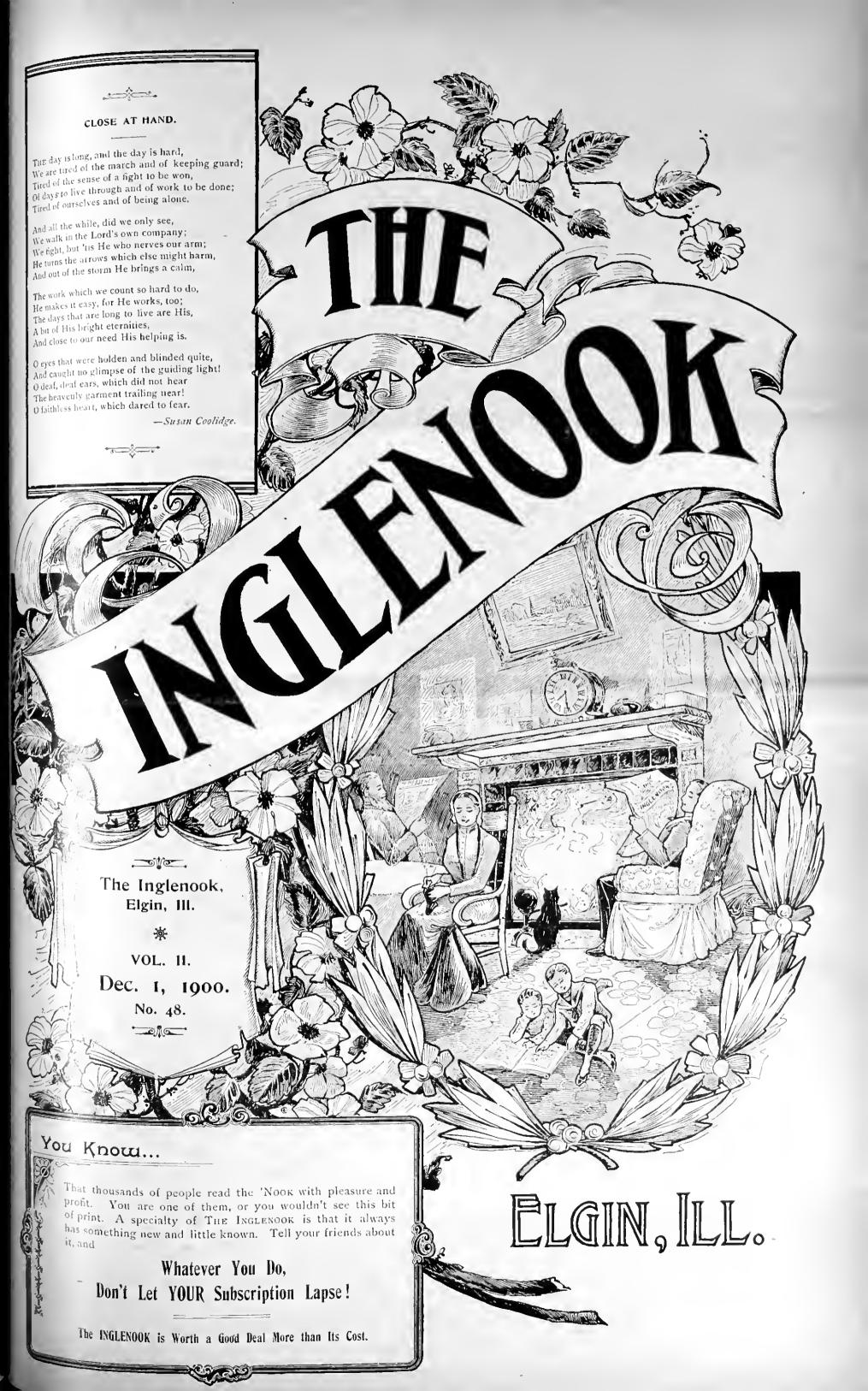
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Intellectual Life, Lays of Ancient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and I, Rab and His Friends, - Reveries of a Bachelor,

Samantha at Saratoga, Sesame and Lilies, Sketch Book. Sticket Minister, Stories from the History of Greece, Stories from the History of Rome, Story of an African Farm, Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. Thirty Years' War, Twice-Told Tales,

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LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life. T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

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Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., DEC. 1, 1900.

No. 48.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

To my beloved ones my steps are moving;
Not hard the road that ends in love and home;
Have done my eyes, have done my feet, with roving;
Tis 10 the well-known gate 1 look and come.

Your watch is now on the eternal mountains;
Our eyes are gazing upward from afar;
Your rest is now by the clear-welling fountains;
Ours is the journey still, the toil and war.

Years have gone by since the last words were spoken, O, loved and saved, how gladly shall we meet, In the home city where no ties are broken, Where love is perfect, fellowship complete.

-Horatius Bonar.

SABOTS-WOODEN SHOES.

There is a market for wooden shoes in Chicago, but that fact does not mean an increase in Dutch comedy turns on the vaudeville stage. To the nerage mind a vision of the big, clumsy wooden those of the fatherland is inseparably connected with footlights, a long pipe, a baggy German cap and the other inevitable parts of the "make up" of the familiar comedian who rolls his "r's" horribly and talks about "Looie." All the wooden those do not grace the stage, however. In fact, so small a proportion of the entire product is required by the actors who make a specialty of dumping around the stage in sabots that it is not over appreciable. But the demand for the big wooden shoes continues Where do they go?

People who deal in them—and there are more ims carrying them as a side line than one would imagine—have different answers to the question. Of course, no firm deals exclusively in wooden shoes. The demand does not reach such proportions as all that. But nearly every house dealing in wooden ware—tubs and pails and chopping bowls and all that sort of thing—have wooden shoes depicted in their catalogues and carry them in stock. The wooden is not that no firm is kept three by the wooden shoes industry, but that there is any demand at all for the big, heavy things in competition with the perfect products of American shoe factories. But there is.

In the first place, strange as it may seem, there is steady call for the wooden shoes from the class people who were used to wearing them in the fa-Merland and are not happy without them—immirants from the Netherlands, where the shoes are immensely popular in the wet and swampy parts of becountry owing to their imperviousness to water. These people are employed in large numbers on he farms in the country surrounding Chicago-not within walking distance, of course, but in the trade mits of Chicago firms. Both men and women ad employment on the vast acres of the adjoining lates, tilling the soil, planting, weeding and doing all the other little stunts which fill the markets potatoes and cabbages and things. They have been used to wearing wooden shoes in the old counhy. They cannot get accustomed to the leather They don't want to get accustomed to them, tact. They would rather slip on the sabots, in hich they can splash through mud and water if 20cd be without danger of wet feet.

Passengers on the suburban trains which run brough the market garden country west and north Chicago, if they peer closely at the figures bend-3 and toiling over the rows of lettuce or beets, often see the preposterously big wooden shoes, of peeping, but staring out from beneath the blue on of some Hollander maiden, quite as they did lew years ago in her native land. She likes them, when she goes to the general store of the vilthe she asks the dealer to get her a pair. They te very cheap, compared to leather shoes—fifty rets will buy a pair, and they will outwear half a pairs of shoes—in fact, they are almost inderecible under ordinary circumstances, and that them to the thrifty foreigner who count the nickels. Not all of them are to be

found in the fields, however. Men in a few odd vocations have discovered that the old wooden shoes are better for some purposes than their more pretentious cousins of calf or cowhide.

In work which keeps a man in a very hot place, such as stoking in a big furnace-room or in the heart of a lake steamer, the wooden shoes are said to be better than leather foot coverings. Not only are they easier on the feet, but they do not dry up and crack and wither away in the heat as the \$3 shoes from the American factories do. Wood is a slow conductor of heat, compared with leather, and the excessive thickness of the wooden soles allows the stokers who wear them to stand and walk for hours on a floor so hot the hand could scarce be borne upon it, and yet their feet do not feel the excessive heat. It does not penetrate the wood.

In the rear rooms of some of the larger butcher shops downtown which cater to the restaurant trade a great number of chickens are killed and dressed every day. These are not pleasant places to work in. They reek of blood and the steam from the kettles in which the fowls are plunged to loosen their feathers. The floors are slimy and slippery with the blood of hundreds of slaughtered chickens and the men tramp about in wooden shoes. They say they are the only things to wear in such work. Leather shoes rot very rapidly and in a day or so the blood and moisture seeps through their seams and makes things unpleasant and unhealthy. The wooden shoes are so heavy and thick it would take a year for the stuff to wet them through, and so the wise butchers wear them. They say they do not mind their weight after they become accustomed to them. The thick soles add two or three inches to everyone's height and altogether the queer things which most people see only on German comedians seem to fill a place in the commercial world made for them alone.

CONCERNING YOUR HAIR.

Does cutting promote the growth of the hair? This question is answered by the Frankfurter Wochenblatt in this wise: "It is believed by laymen and professional hairdressers that cutting largely increases the growth of the hair. This belief begins with the involuntary comparison of the hair with a plant. As grass that is often cut short grows again and becomes thicker, so, it is believed, the hair should do when it is cut. This comparison, however, is a false one. A developed hair is a perfectly formed mass of horn which has nothing further to do with the case in which the hair rests than to receive from it from below further growth and to be held firmly by it. . . . In this mass of horn, as in the nails of the fingers and the toes, there is no longer any sap in circulation; this mass, so to speak, is a product which cannot be quickened and strengthened by new nourishment, because the latter cannot enter it. On the other hand, what happens in a blade of grass is totally different.

"The blade of grass is a network of fine ducts, in which is constantly circulating the nourishment which the blade draws from the root; it presents, in contrast with the dead body of the hair, a living, vegetating substance which has a most intimate connection with the condition of its root and which dries up infallibly when it is separated from its root, while the hair will remain unaffected for thousands of years after its papilla has withered away. We need cite only one irresistible proof of this-the hair on the head of mummies. The root of the hair as long as it exists can produce a new hair when the old hair has fallen out, while the root of many a plant gives existence to one sprout only and then together with it declines and dies. The more a hair is disturbed in its natural growth by continually cutting off its ends the less rest its papilla, the real producer of the hair, finds; the papilla, being constantly incited to excessive production, wavers finally in its activity, decays and dies. For this reason a woman with a bald head is never or seldom seen, rude.-Joubert.

as the natural and very slow process of the growth of a woman's hair is not disturbed. The individual hair reaches a definite length; after years it falls out of itself and a new hair begins to appear as soon as the papilla has had time to rest itself thoroughly and to prepare itself for the process of a new growth. These are the reasons which lead to the obviously valid conclusion that cutting the hair is rather injurious than useful."

NAMES OF PRESIDENTS' WIVES.

Of course there's nothing in a name, yet all women are anxious to have appropriate if not picturesque names for themselves and to bestow on their daughters. Yet some of the most noted women of the United States have not been especially favored in this respect. Among the wives of our presidents Mary occurs but once—Mary Todd Lincoln—and there have been two Abigails—Abigail Powers Fillmore and Abigail Smith Adams.

Washington and Jefferson both had wives named Martha—Martha Dandridge Custis and Martha Wayles Skelton, both handsome and attractive widows. With the exception of the wives of Monroe and Johnson—whose wives were both named Eliza—there appear no more duplicate names in the presidential wife list. Monroe married Eliza Kortwright and Johnson married Eliza McCardle, who taught her husband to write and cipher, he already knowing how to read.

Madison married a Dolly—Dolly Todd—and the name itself savors of brightness and home love. She also was a widow and one of the most remarkable women who ever presided over the white house. Two very stately names dignified the presidential mansion in the days of Tyler and of Garfield—Letitia Christian Tyler and Lucretia Rudolph Garfield.

Grant's wife was named Julia—Julia Dent. Mrs. Hays bore the rather plebeian name of Lucy—Lucy Webb. Zachary Taylor's wife was Margaret. Mrs. John Quincy Adams bore the stately names of Louisa Catherine.

Not many Bible names appear in the list—the New Testament supplying those of Mary and Martha, afore mentioned, and the Old Testament adding Hannah, Rachel and Sarah—Hannah Hoes Van Buren, Rachel Donelson Robards Jackson and Sarah Childress Polk.

Pierce's wife bore the good, old-fashioned name of Jane—Jane Appleton Pierce. William Henry Harrison married an Anne—Anne Symmes, and the later Harrison a Caroline—Caroline Scott. The wife of Arthur had the unusual and not pretty name of Malvina—Malvina Stone. Mrs. Cleveland was Frances Folsom and Mrs. McKinley was Ida Saxton.

FROZEN MEAT LOSES FLAVOR.

MEATS frozen and kept in cold storage for long periods do not undergo organic changes in the ordinary sense—that is, they do not putrefy, soften or smell bad, but they certainly do deteriorate in some intangible way. After a certain time frozen meat loses some life principle essential to its nourishing quality. Such meat lacks flavor; it is not well digested or assimilated.

FEATHERS BLOWN OFF CHICKENS.

A DEVICE for plucking feathers from chickens has been patented in Great Britain. Cross currents of air set in motion by revolving electrical fans completely strip a bird of every feather and particle of down.

POLITENESS is a kind of anæsthetic which envelops the asperities of our character, so that other people be not wounded by them. We should never be without it, even when we contend with the rude.—Joubert.

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

THE SOD HOUSE.

BY JESSE Y. HECKLER.

WHEN the first emigrants to the new world landed on the Atlantic coast they found plenty of timber with which to build them houses, and as they moved west into the seemingly boundless forest of America the log cabin was everywhere the pioneer's home.

But finally the great timber belt was passed, and the boundless and treeless prairie stood out before the emigrant as he ventured westward. For sometime they seemed reluctant to leave the timber country, but when the great fertility of the prairie soil became fully known, men ventured into it. Necessity became the mother of invention and the tough prairie sod that was broken up suggested itself to the hardy pioneer as material wherewith to build him a house.

The first sod houses that were constructed to shelter the emigrant family were small and rude, frequently not more than twelve by sixteen feet on the inside, some even smaller, and so low that a man had to stoop to enter the door. Many had no floor but the earth, and not more than two or three windows of four 8 x to lights each. For the roof a few pieces of timber must be found to stretch across the top of the wall. Then some brush was secured and packed on top of the timber, that covered with sod, constituted the roof. But heavy rains would often penetrate the sod roof, and the earth for a floor made things very uncomfortable for the occupants.

But the art of building sod houses has been improved on until the sod house of the present day is a thing not to be despised.

A sod wall three feet thick, nine or ten feet high, large enough for two or three rooms, a good roof and floor, plenty of windows, its walls plastered, makes a very comfortable house.

A double window on the south side makes the hay window. In such I have seen the house plants, thriving with brighter foliage and finer flowers than I ever saw them anywhere else. And the atmosphere that gives such thrift to plant life I also notice gives good health and rosy cheeks to the children, out on the frontier, who are so fortunate as to be raised in the "Soddy,"

This article is written seated in a pleasant sod house where I have been comfortably and pleasantly entertained for the past week.

Brocksburg, Nebr.

COMMENT.

We have been urging our writers to tell us of the novel and instructive things they see and know about. This is one of them. Whoever can and will repeat this sort of thing for the 'Nook will make the Editor chuckle with glee. Anybody can write about Liberty, or Territorial Expansion, and just the same nobody but himself and his family will read it, but it takes live persons, with eyes in their heads, to see a "soddy" and know enough to describe it for the 'Nook We once were in a sod house where there was a grand piano, too big to have come through the door, and on inquiry this story was told us. The family had failed in the East, and lost everything, but there was so much sentiment attaching to their piano that they took it along West, put it on the bare prairie, and built a sod house around it.

THE MOUND BUILDERS.

BY A. W. DUPLER.

A NATION of workers have built numerous mounds, of various sizes and shapes, in the valley of the great Miche Sepe. They have left behind them a record that proves that they were industrious. Where did they come from? - is naturally asked by the inquisitive student. America was surely peopled since the flood. H inhabited previous to that time, they were evidently all destroyed. Many minds have spent their best thought to find out how it might have been peopled since the flood. Many theories have been advanced, each to get the mark of doubtfulness. Some think that the

driven castward across the Pacific by storms. Others that they were Phoenicians driven westward by storms on some of their great navigating expeditions. Others that they crossed the Bering Sea when frozen over, while some conjecture that America was at one time connected with some other continent, and that the inhabitants migrated there on dry land.

No man knows to a certainty, where the original inhabitants came from, nor is it likely that they ever will. We know they were here and built large mounds, and now comes the question as to where they went. Accepting the theory that they were a distinct race from the Indians, their last end is as doubtful as the first. Some think they left the North and went to Mexico and Peru, but the civilization of the Aztecs was greater than that displayed by the Mound Builders in the Mississippi Valley.

Others argue that they were exterminated by the Indians, a theory, though plausible, is not, in the writer's opinion, as good as the one supposing that they were the ancestors of the Indians themselves. It is very probable that the mounds in western New York and adjacent parts of Ohio and Pennsylvania were built by the Iroquois. Some may argue against this theory that the Indians have no traditions that their forefathers erected mounds. That may all be, but how many people in this enlight ened country can even tell their own great-grandmother's maiden name? How, then, can it be expected that a barbarian should know how his forefathers did several hundred years ago-yes, a thousand or two?

Some may claim that the Indian had not the skill and ingenuity to build the works the Mound Builders left. The Mound Builders could have had such men as Logan, Pontiac, and Tecumseh in their time. The brain of such men, that could plan gigantic military campaigns of the kind that they planned and carried into execution, could also devise and erect a mound of all the beauty of the Serpent Mound in Southern Ohio. The same amount of grief and endurance that prompted the Indians to make great sacrifices on the death of a chief since the white man has known him, might in an earlier day have moved him to erect huge piles of earth over a dead warrior. Indeed, De Soto's chroniclers state that the Indians they found in their journeys lived in groups; the chief's house built on a large mound, while those of his subordinates were built on smaller ones around the larger one. Also, when a chief died, his successor, instead of using the old mound, had a new one built. Another argument is that, if these warriors could plan such military enterprises, they also could erect fortifications suitable for their protection in times of danger. Also, some Indian traditions say that mounds were built over the graves of their chiefs, some being added at different times. Some mounds seem to prove this by indicating having been started at one time and finished at another. Again, the flintheads found in the mounds are of no higher degree of workmanship than those known to be made by the Indian. Then, why can the Indian not have the honor of having the Mound Builder for an ancestor, instead of assigning to the latter some doubtful end?

Thornville, Ohio.

POWWOWING.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

PROBABLY some of our readers have never heard of the powwow science, and to enlighten such it will be necessary to explain what a powwower is.

This gifted being is a person who, disdaining the use of drugs and medicine undertakes to "cure" various diseases by simply performing some mystic rites over the patient, at the same time silently repeating certain magical words of exorcism. Under the incantations of the powwower any ordinary disease is supposed to flee in hot haste.

In the good old times of our forefathers the powwower was a very important personage in a neighborhood. In those days physicians were few and far apart, and the patent medicine man didn't take such a solicitous interest in the health of the public as he now does. Consequently our ancestors had to depend a great deal upon the virtues of various homemade teas to tone up their systems and eradiinhabitants were originally Chinese or Japanese cate that "tired feeling" so graphically and touch-

ingly described in the newspaper of to-day, Rewhen the disease was of such a character that the delicious compounds of hoarhound, boneset, sasse, fras and the like, were unable to effect a cure, then the services of the powwower were called into ac-

In these days of mesmerism, magnetic healing, sciences and "ologies" of all descriptions the old fashioned powwowers are nearly lost sight of Nevertheless they are not extinct. For while they are not called upon so frequently as of yore, to exercise their power in dispelling diseases, this art is still practiced in different localities.

To insure success along this line, however, it is necessary that the patient has full belief in the efficacy of the powwow. His bump of imagination should also be fully developed. While the operation is being performed strict silence must be observed by all present, for one audible word will break the charm and the powwow would be a fail.

Anyone aspiring to be a powwower must learn the "words"—wherein the secret lies-from one of the opposite sex. Otherwise they will be of no value, neither to the teacher nor the one taught. Now as this "word" part of the formula is most jealously guarded by the practitioners of this science, conscientious scruples will prevent me from informing the public what the "words" are, It would be most unbecoming to thus divulge to the world the secrets of this worthy profession, But to illustrate a little the method of procedure, we will suppose the patient is afflicted with erysipe-

The powwower takes a red silk thread and carefully measures the length and circumference of the patient, also takes the dimensions of his head, in the meantime silently repeating the magic "words." This is done three separate times and then the thread is placed where it will soon shrivel or waste away, as up the chimney or under the drip of a

Another formula much recommended is for the patient to stand erect, while the powwower takes a shovelful of burning coals and beginning down at the feet of the patient slowly brings it up and over his head and down to his feet again. This is done three times, the coals being dumped into a convenient receptacle each time and a fresh supply secured The "words," of course, accompany the coals. Some complaints, such as swellings, tumors, and the like, are usually powwowed for during the decrease of the moon. Taking fire out of burns, stopping blood, relieving pain and various other ailments too numerous to mention are all under the power of the full-fledged powwower, who has only to use the formula with variations according to the nature of the disease.

While no doubt many marvelous cures have resulted thereby, we assure any one desiring to experiment along this line that it is a perfectly sale and harmless remedy to try.

Newburg, Pa.

WHEN VISITING FOREIGN LANDS.

"IT is perfectly natural," said one whose our business takes him about more or less, "that a man should be interested, wherever he may be, in thing pertaining to his own business. I know lam mine. When I strike a strange place I like to go through the quarter where they carry on the business that I am engaged in and see how they run things in it there. But I have lately met with two illustrations of this sort of thing that seemed to me to be rather curious as well as interesting.

"Talking with a New York paint mannfactured about paint of a certain kind, the paint man said. incidentally, that he had seen paint of that color of walls in Pompeii. Oddly enough the other curion illustration arose out of the same ancient city. New Yorker engaged in the manufacture of lead pipe said incidentally to something that he was telling me about lead pipe, that he had found a Pompeii lead pipe in fair condition. This pipe while covered with an incrustation that had gath ered upon it in the long time it had been buried yet cutting with as bright and perfect a cleavage of though it had been made yesterday, instead many centuries ago.

"These two things interested somewhat the paint man and the lead man respectively and the

certainly interested me."

Nature & Study -

THE CHINOOK SALMON.

BY JUSTUS H. CLINE,

THAT part of southwestern Washington which lies the angle formed by the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean can boast of two great leading induslumbering and fishing. Her forests are men the most magnificent in the world. The shundance of rain and the long growing season tive conspired to produce marvels in vegetable The many bays, that indent the coast line, and the numerous rivers that empty into the ocean afford fishing grounds that are well nigh ideal. In fact better fishing facilities are not offered in the

Many varieties of fish are caught, but the one that attracts special attention is the chinook salmea. Canned salmon is a most familiar article of merchandise and may be seen on the shelves of almost any village grocery or country store, but there are many interesting things connected with the nature and propagation of it that are not well

The salmon is a beautiful fish, having a symmetrical shape and a good size. The weight varies from thirty to seventy pounds. A few specimens have been caught weighing more than eighty pounds. These are exceptions, however. We might place the weight of an average salmon at forty pounds.

The salmon is a salt water fish, and makes its home at sea. It seeks fresh water only during the spawning season. The numerous rivers of Oregon and Washington, which empty into the sea, offer excellent spawning grounds and during certain seasons they literally teem with fish.

It was the fortune of the writer to spend a number of weeks of the past summer on the Columbia River near its mouth. While there I became acquainted with a gentleman who had served the government a number of years in the capacity of Fish Commissioner. Through his kind information lam able to give the following concerning the nature and propagation of the salmon:

The life of the salmon is four years. These years are spent at sea. Near the expiration of this time the fish seeks fresh water in which to spawn. Salmon spawns hut once. After this it never returns losea but dies. Spawning is accomplished in this way. The fish go in pairs. The female goes before depositing her spawn; while the male follows close behind depositing his upon that of the female Thus fertilization is brought about. The quantity ol spawn from a single fish is enormous.

Owing to a marked decrease in the number of salmon because of the inefficiency of the natural process to hatch a large percentage of the spawn and preserve the young fish when hatched, the United States government has established a number of hatcheries in the creeks and rivers that empty into the Columbia, and thus artificial means are used to assist in the propagation of the fish. Nice ipcimens of the salmon are caught, taken and allowed to spawn in the hatchery. Here the spawn is carefully guarded as well as the young fish after the hatching has taken place. When the young bave attained sufficient strength and size to escape the dangers of the open sea they are set at liberty. In this way the percentage of the spawn wasted is very small and the increase in the number of salmon is clearly evident.

Strange to say, after the end of four years the young salmon that has been set at liberty will reofficial possible to the same spot in which it was batched, to do its own spawning and die. But few accomplish this, however, for the net of the fisher man is always in readiness for the fish that enters the mouth of the river. Lordsburg, Cal.

PORK AS SEEN IN HISTORY.

THE hog of to-day constitutes no less than 370 different articles of commerce, and next to cotton and wheat, furnishes the largest values in exports the United States. Its name has become an tpithet. Its application to man means greed and tager, like the puddle duck. It takes mud baths.

So do men. There is much virtue in mud. The hog bathes in pools of it to coat his skin against the attacks of insects; man dips his festered hide in it to improve his circulation and draw out his gout and rheumatism. The hog is pachydermatous; so is man-notwithstanding Cuvier's classification. I have seen men, know men to-day, with skins thicker than the hide of the rhinoceros, says a writer in the New York Press. The hog is omnivorous—so is man. The hog is carnivorous by choice—so is man. The hog is herbivorous, granivorous, gramnivorous and phytivorous by education—so is man.

These reflections are induced by the indignities offered a useful animal. The hog was the cleanest of beasts until man built a sty and imprisoned him in filth, fattened him on filth, killed him in filth and ate him in filth. No animal, wild or domestic, is so clean about its bed as the hog. It wants pure, sweet, fresh straw every time. The hog has brains. It has been known to excel the pointer in scenting quail. An authentic instance is mentioned by Bingley in "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds" of a keenscented sow that would stand at birds which the dogs had missed. Who ever heard of an educated ox or sheep? Yet we have had on our stage educated hogs that could spell and play cards, count and tell the time. Hogs make docile pets. Many a poor family has its pig sleeping on the pallet beside the children, privileged to the best in the house.

The hog caused the biggest mutiny ever known in the history of the world and was responsible for men being blown from the muzzles of cannon. When Great Britain shipped cartridges to India for the native troops she reckoned without her host, for the ammunition was greased with lard, which so offended the religious scruples of the sepoys that they arose as one man in rebellion. The American hog nearly caused war between Germany and the United States and only the diplomacy of Whitelaw Reid obtained for the animal admission into France.

Moses and Mohammed were opposed to the hog, because, while it divides the hoof and is clovenfooted, yet it chows not the cud. The camel is not eaten for opposite reasons—it chews the cud, but is not cloven-footed. The hare is also unclean, because, while it chews the cud, it divides not the hoof. All civilized nations have passed and repassed laws governing what a man shall eat and how much it shall cost him, but the only sumptuary measure that ever stood the test of time is the law of Moses concerning the hog. It has been on the statute book for 3,390 years.

HERMIT CRABS.

BY DECIMA G. WAREHAM.

Few people have ever had an opportunity to observe these quaint little Hermits of the Pacific coast. Unlike the monks of old they do not live isolated lives, but build little colonies in the sand.

The male crab has two more claws than the female. These are used for fighting. He has a very warlike disposition, and woe to the intruder who pays any attention to his wife, for he is very jealous and only a duel will retrieve his honor. Like the antlered monarch, whose horns are frequently found interlaced, so the tourist finds many skeletons of these crabs with their claws so woven in battle they could not pull them asunder.

Unlike most sea-people, Mr. Crab, wife and family, always build a home of their own, and though Mrs. Crab is very plain in appearance, the household larder is always supplied by her.

The shell of the Hermit is very pretty, with an orange lining. Tourists desiring these shells will chase the creatures across the sand, until fatigue renders the shells too heavy for them to carry, and they drop them on the strand, and then scamper on uncumbered, looking very much like hairy brown spiders. The shells do not originally belong to the Hermit, but to the Ring Snail. The crab is no respecter of persons, so when he wishes a new home he drags the snail from its lodgings and establishes himself within, probably easing his conscience with the assurance that "possession is nine-tenths of the law."

Davenport, Iowa.

"ALLOW me to express my appreciation of the Nook. It is one of the best papers I know of."-Alice Garber, of Iowa.

STARCH MADE FROM POTATOES.

NEARLY sixteen thousand tons of potato starch are turned out annually in this country.

The potatoes used for starch are the small and injured ones of the crop. Sixty bushels of them yield a barrel of starch. They are washed and reduced to pulp by machine, and the pulp is carried by water into tanks, at the bottom of which the starch settles. The starch is then transferred by shovels to another receptacle, where it is stirred and beaten to a cream. After settling again, to remove all impurities, it needs only to be dried in order to be fit for commercial use. The drying is done in kilns, by steam coils, and, when the starch comes out, it is so white and beautiful as to resemble driven snow.

The commercial starches in use to-day are made from maize, potatoes, rice, wheat, sago, flour and tapioca flour. Rice starch commands the highest prize, and maize starch is the cheapest. Wheat starch comes next in value to rice starch, and potato starch third in the list.

WEIGHT OF A LION.

"What does a lion weigh?" Ask that question of any acquaintance and see what he will say. Those who know the look of the king of beasts best, and how small his lithe body really is, will probably come furthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate. But this is below the mark. A full-grown lion will tip the scale at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory.

The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger, killed two years ago by an English officer, scaled 520 pounds. A tiger of this size has, however, considerably greater muscular strength, than the biggest lion.

Few people know that a grizzly bear can give points to any other carnivorous animal in point of strength. A grizzly bear weighing just four hundredweight has been watched carrying a heifer of more than two-thirds its own weight for two miles up the most steep and rugged mountain side, and this without pausing one instant for rest. The grizzly bear is the largest and most powerful of all the bear tribe, but his cousin, the cinnamon bear, runs him very close; and the big white polar bear, though not really so dangerous a customer, is capable of performing the most extraordinary feats of strength. A polar bear has been seen to move with his paws a bowlder six men had with difficulty put in position to guard a cache of provisions.

SMALL BUT YERY STRONG.

THE humming bird flies as the Irishman played the fiddle-by main strength the frigate bird relies on his skill in taking advantage of every varying current of air, and the skeleton of the one indicates great muscular power, while that of the other shows its absence. No other bird has such proportionally great muscles as the humming bird; the keel of the sternum or breastbone from which these muscles arise runs from one end of the body to the other, while at the same time it projects downward like the keel of a modern racing yacht. These muscles drive at the rate of several hundred strokes a minute a pair of small, rigid wings, the outermost bones of which are very long, while the innermost are very short, a feature calculated to give the greatest amount of motion at the tip of the wing with the least movement of the bones of the upper arm, to which the driving muscles are attached. Another peculiar feature is that the outermost feathers, the flight feathers or primaries, are long and strong, while the innermost, those attached to the forearm, are few and weak; so far as flight is concerned, the bird could dispense with these secondaries and not feel their loss. Finally the heart, which we may look upon as the boiler that supplies steam for this machinery, is large and powerful, as is necessary for such a high-pressure engine as the little humming bird.

BEES are known to be excellent weather prophets. There is a common country saying that "a bee was never caught in a shower." When rain is coming bees do not go far, but buzz about close to

their hives.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 27 and 24 South State Street, Eigin, illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenook, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois,

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

BANNED.

In the next issue of the Inglenook will be started a story of the days in the church when banning was enforced. There are a good many of our young members who do not know what the ban is, or rather what it was, for it has been done away with, and happily, too. It is a relic of an old time misconstruction of Matt. 18. All members of the Brethren understand what is meant by the law of trespass, and all understand the routine and all know the result when one of the parties will not hear the church. In olden times in the church, our own, and some allied forms of worship, such as the Amish, the construction of what was meant by leaving the disfellowshipped one to stand in the relation of the heathen and the publican was taken with a terrible literalness, and in carrying it out the results were sometimes most lamentable. The story in the 'Nook, next week, might have been true, in fact it is true, though the assembling of the names and places is necessarily faulty. The story hinges on a man and woman's love, and their disobedience and the fearful results that followed. It will be a revelation to most readers concerning a time when hearts were not less loving, but when duty was iron handed.

Next following the banning story, and running into January of the new year, will be a story showing how a young brother and sister made the mistake of their lives in a clandestine marriage that set a whole community by the ears, and wrong was barely averted. The moral of the story is an excellent one, and every person may well remember its lesson, to keep clear of secret alliances

THE HOME GIRL.

THERE is one person who has never received the credit that is her due. Reference is had to the home girl, the one who is always expected to do everything and keeps things together while her brothers and sisters take life, as it comes, outside the home. Is there some extra work to be done? Mary does it. If somebody has to stay at home, Mary stays. If there is a pile of stockings to darn or clothes to mend Mary attends to it, while the rest of the family go out nights, enjoy themselves, or think they do, and then, when they return, Mary has things in readiness for them.

Her name may not be Mary, but the situation does exist, and too often at that. Now what is there to do about it? Nothing that the 'Nook can see. If some man, seeing her worth, comes with evident designs on the family's kin slave what a row there is, by common consent, to keep her out of her birthright and continue her on the wheel! The man is belittled, she is nagged and ridiculed, and too often the taskmasters prevail. An honest man turns his back on the soulless lot and seeks worth elsewhere while the woman goes back to her slops and patching. It is not a very beautiful picture but it is not hard to find in reality. As matters stand there is nothing to be done. Often the girl gets sick mentally and comes to the whining and snuffling stage, regarding it as the hand of providence and intent of God that she should be a carrier of water and a slopper of pigs all her days.

But there is another side to it all. Instead of her slaving along till her parents die, the home sold and divided, and she an unwelcome burden on her brothers and sisters, let it be understood by all who read that there are two things that can be done. One is for the unthinking parents to make Floribel and Gertrude do their share of the work, and see to it that Mary gets equal privileges. The other is to remember that under the common law Mary is her own mistress if she is over twenty-one and that any fine morning she can serve notice on the taskmasters that she intends going out to service and working where her tasks will be at least paid for and

herself appreciated. There are thousands of places waiting for Mary, and hundreds of men waiting for someone who knows how to make a home for two. Honoring parents is certainly well and good, but no obligation is ever imposed without a corresponding duty on the part of those who receive.

A NEW 'NOOK FEATURE.

Some time ago we dropped our Short Sermons, asking for the voice of the 'Nook congregation as to whether they should be continued. The result is most favorable. Many replied that they should be kept up. But on consideration we have decided on a change. We hold that it is a good thing for a preacher to stop before people get to going out of the house to get away from him. Preaching is like letter writing—the secret of success is in making people wish that there was more of it. So we will call the service over, and in its place take up something entirely new.

Now there are in the Bible a great many things that are new and strange to the average reader, things that do not appear on the surface, and we are going to take these up, and tell about them. Thus, for instance, under the caption of "The Trade of the Master," we will tell something of a carpenter's calling as practiced by Christ. It was not in building houses, as we have them, for the houses were then built of stone. And then there is the official relation of Matthew to the Roman Government. What was he doing at the customhouse? Why did they have him there at all? What was baptism for the dead? Who knows? Now it will be evident that in this line there is an endless chance for knowledge. And then, in the case of preaching, you have to sit quiet and take all the preacher says. True, you can waylay him on the road home and have a discussion with him, but you can't get up in meeting and ask questions. In our new departure you can ask all you have a mind to along the lines of exploration. We don't know it all, but we have better facilities for finding out than falls to the lot of the average reader. The idea will be developed in an issue or two. A number of the articles must be prepared, hedging against sickness and accident. Read what comes and possibly you may get a new idea now and then.

FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND.

"THE INGLENOOR is surely a surprising and enterprising little volume. There is something enticing about it that makes us want to read it."

Another correspondent has touched us on the raw, and does it in song.

THE INGLENOOK COVER.

Where there sits a sister sleeping, With her knitting in her lap, While her eldest son sits near her, Stiff and stuck up like his pap, With Napoleon on the mantel—On the wall an M. E. steeple—What the world is this new paper, INGLENOOK to teach the people?

And then, as if to condone for harrowing us, he sends in a long list of subscribers, natives of eminent station, and those standing highest in the estimation of their people. As for the cover, we have troubles of our own, don't mention the cover to us. Still there is something fairly good in it. The cat is not so bad. On behalf of our thousands and thousands of readers on this side of the world, the INGLENOOK salutes and welcomes our new Indian fellow readers.

OUR INGLENOOK.

SEVERAL letters that came to us to-day have referred to the paper as "our INGLENOOK." We like that form of expression. If you are a member of the Brethren church the paper is as much yours as anybody's, and if you are a subscriber, as every household in the church ought to be, you have a right to suggest improvements, and constructive criticism is invited. The Editor is a sort of hired nurse to watch the infant and see that nothing "comes over it," and while his say is final as to what goes in or out, anything for the good of the child is welcomed. We want to see it on the table of every family in the Brotherhood, and we want it to be a credit all around.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

How does rosewood get its name?

Not because it is rose colored, but because the fresh wood smells like roses.

I read about flowers costing thousands. Why so?

Because they are rare. Orchids are in this class, and they are hard to get, and hard to care for.

By what organization was the discovery in Egypt made in the year 1881?

We think by one backed by the University of

Is the New Testament Greek classic?

In the school sense, no. That it was done as it is shows that the writers were not scholars turning out a fictitious story.

What is a vegetarian?

A person who lives on vegetables. The list is longer than one would suppose it to be, and with nuts, constitutes a very good bill of fare.

Is it right to make much ado in the way of feasting, etc., at

* * *

If one has the turkey it is all right, but if not it is a case of sour grapes. Then it is not good to make "much ado"

Can I grow mushrooms without much instruction?

There will have to be a good deal of instruction and careful following it if you expect to succeed. It can be done, but it is a difficult and troublesome business.

I believe I have found gold in considerable amount. How shall I go about proving it?

Free gold is not likely to be lying around loose in your part of the country. The chances are that you have found iron pyrites, worth a few dollars a ton to make sulphuric acid from.

What is meant by the phrases, "The stone age," and "The iron age?"

When primitive man used stone for weapon fashioning, and in the culinary art, that time was called the stone age. When he had progressed in knowledge to the point of using iron, that marked theiron age, and so on. There is no well-defined limit.

In the discovery of the tablets at Nippur five or six thousand years before Christ is mentioned. Does this not ante-date Adam?

No. The date you have of Adam's time is not as exact as the Nippur record. That somebody guessed Adam's age and put it in a book does not mean much.

How does the 'Nook get its accounts of unusual and link known industries?

In every way, from going and writing them upon the spot to getting them in any and every method. The thing is to get them, and we are doing it, and expect to continue it. There is no end to such stories.

How is the postage on newspapers and publications at ranged for?

Usually the sacks are filled at the office of publication, then weighed, either at the post office, or at the printing office, and the postage paid and the bags taken to the train. The Inglenook is sacked on the second floor, weighed by a representative of the post office, and trundled out of the back door to the train. The payment is on the pound basis.

Will you please tell us who the Editor of the INGLENOISES and why his name does not appear in the paper? Please at swer this in the columns of the Messenger.

The Messenger Editor has turned the above query over to us for answer. Two Irishmen, one noted for his remarkable personal ugliness, were discussing the arrival of a new baby at the ugly manking the arrival of a new baby at the ugly manking the arrival of a new baby at the ugly manking the arrival of a new baby at the ugly manking the arrival of a new baby at the ugly manking the said that the home. The father in a burst of pride, said that the newcomer "looked just like him." The other took newcomer "loo

WHERE THEY BAKE IN EARNEST.

Fig the purposes of this article it were best to one of the National Biscuit Company's facwas for partial description—it would be imposbe to describe it fully without the assistance of a practical machinists and bakers. There ethree of that company's factories in Chicago Kennedy, the Aldrich and the Bremner. The Respedy is much the largest and finest. It occuis a building of enormous size and of the newest The first two stories, together with rebasement, are given up to the machinery and ne workmen. In the third story are the offices, riere a small army of entering clerks and accountpls is busily at work. In a room by himself on his floor is the manager of the working force in the edding. He has to do, too, with the traveling elesmen, and on the wall before him is an immense sp of the territory over which the company operto from this point. It is much the largest terripry operated from any point by firms or companies this business. All from the Rocky mountains to be eastern boundary of Ohio and from the northern foundary of the United States to the Gulf of Mexto is supplied with crackers and sweet goods by bis company from its three factories in Chicago. Forty traveling men are constantly employed and lare pegged on the map daily. That is, each of beforty is represented on the map by a peg of a certain shape or color stuck into the map, which kg is moved every morning from over the town there the traveling man was the last night to where he should be the next morning. Instructions, when occessary, are telegraphed and seldom is a message lost because of unpunctuality on the part of the slesman to arrive at the place he is pegged for. On the section of the map where the lines of Illitois are indicated there are many fewer pegs than on each of the other sections, and the explanation of this is that stocks of the company's goods are boused at Bloomington and at Springfield, and that the local managers at these two towns each has a tomplement of traveling salesmen, whom he sends out and keeps track of himself.

Some of the processes of manufacture are jealously watched by the company's faithful servants, for there are other bakers and competition is sharp. There are valuable secrets in this business, as in most other businesses that are conducted on a large scale. But some of the processes the visitor, who 1830 fortunate as to gain an entrance to the factory, is permitted to witness; and if he is extremely forlunate he will have them explained to him. Dough, brinstance; what is dough like in a great bakery? tis like that our grandmother mixed and kneaded then you were a boy, or perchance like that she mixes and kneads nowadays. Or call it a sponge. aportion of flour stirred up in water, with yeast added, composes a sponge. When it is a domestic omposition it is placed in a tin pan and allowed to at over night to rise. In the big factory it is put into a wooden trough, two feet deep and twenty feet long. (The advocates of phonetic spelling should know that in the bakeries t-r-o-u-g-h is protounced trow). In a few hours it will rise suffi-Gently, and then it is "taken"—this is a technical krm, meaning that it is inspected—and then it is dimped into a machine mixer and there receives Note flour and other ingredients.

The mixer is spiral in form and something like an St beater, but it works horizontally and not perAndicularly, as does an egg beater. When properMoved the dough is put back in the trough and lowed to stand until it has gained the right ersame as decomposition—it does not sound quite to say rottenness.

Now the sponge is ready to go into the rollers. The whole batch does not go in at once, but is cut led through another set of rollers to make it of the statement of the cutter. It is crackers that are making now. It is crackers that are making now. It is crackers that are making now. It is crackers that are making now is carried on a moving apron to where the "peeler" is them up and places them on the oven shelf.

the latest improved baker's oven has a revolving largine the cars of the Ferris wheel to be oven the sand you have a modern reel oven. The

ovens in the Kennedy bakery are from twelve to fifteen feet wide and about thirty-five feet deep. There are fourteen of them in this establishment. They are walled up and over with bricks. The machinery consists of a steel shaft, at each end of which is a large wheel. Between the outer edge of these two wheels swing the shelves. The fire is on the floor below. The crackers go round on the swings a certain number of times-the expert knows exactly how many times they should go round in a certain degree of heat to be properly baked—and then the revolutions cease and the crackers are taken out by men with peels in their hands and placed on large carriers. These carriers are made of steel and sheet iron and are of a size to admit one panful from each shelf.

The carriers are worked by machinery, which takes them to the packing floor. Here the goods are taken to tables, where they are broken and separated by girls and packed into "cottons," cans or boxes. The cottons are in sheets of the thickness of heavy wrapping paper; the cotton for them is specially prepared in a manner that is a trade secret. It makes a pretty secure package and with a lining of waxed paper added and a seal at each end a package is obtained which is moisture and air proof.

The variety of crackers known as Uneeda biscuits is turned out by the Kennedy bakery and from its fourteen ovens it turns out daily the filling of 2,300 packages, or 500,000 individual crackers.

Classified sweet goods also are manufactured in this factory. There are 100 different kinds of such goods now and more are being concocted every few days. The machinery with which they are made is similar for the most part to that with which crackers are produced, but a few of the machines used in this department are intricate and costly.

In a single oven forty-nine barrels of flour are used each day. During last year the National Biscuit Company used 2,124,303 barrels of flour. The sales of the company's goods during the year amounted to \$35,651,898.84.

PEANUT OIL.

The American peanut industry flourishes mostly on account of the craving of the small boy. Wholesale commission merchants and grocers ship the raw nuts from the south in great, rough sacks, and they are sold out in small quantities to the street-corner fruit venders. But the charms of the pudgy paper bag with its two little ears hold their own with little difficulty against the wedge of sticky candy with its conglomeration of nuts. Besides the sale in these forms confectioners within the last few years have been making a good many salted peanuts, and some persons prefer them to almonds.

But outside of the consumption of peanuts in one of these forms—and the voracity of the small boy makes the quantity enormous—the peanut has no other known use in this country. The "known" is used advisedly, for many a person with epicurean tastes who orders a salad at a downtown restaurant and pours over it what he believes to be a rich oil of the olive is only using a product of the humble peanut. Indeed, so fine is the peanut oil made in foreign countries that it is difficult for even the most expert dealers to tell it from the genuine olive oil. Being a great deal cheaper, it is therefore much used as a substitute.

The manufacture of peanut oil in Marseilles, France, and in Germany has grown to be, within the last ten years, a great industry, and it has no competitors in this country to hamper its growth. The peanuts used come from the east and west coasts of Africa, Mozambique, India, the United States and a very few from the Argentine Republic. The best grades for the production of oil come from the valley of the Senegal in Africa, yielding about fifty-one per cent of oil in weight. The American peanut is smaller in size, but much finer in grain and of a far better flavor. The oil, however, is not of as good a quality and the nuts yield only about forty-two per cent of oil.

The process of expressing the oil is similar in a good many respects to that used in the cotton-oil mills of the south. Most of the nuts are imported shelled, owing to the greater ease with which they are shipped. As soon as they reach the factory they are placed in a machine which resembles the American fanning mill for wheat, and the dust and pieces of shell are blown out. They are then eject-

ed into a cylinder, through which they are propelled by an Archimedean screw to a pair of heavy iron rollers, through which they pass and are crushed. These rollers are so constructed with springs that if a hard body, like a pebble or a piece of iron, gets between them they will spread apart enough to let it through.

Passing the first crushing machine the partly broken nuts are carried forward to the second, where the pressure is greater, and they are again crushed. From here they are bolted through a sieve, the finer peanut "flour," as it is called, shaking through and the coarser remaining to be ground over again. The flour is conveyed along by means of another Archimedean screw to a pair of mill-stones similar to those used in an old-style flour mill. As it sifts out of the spout it is carried to a large vat, where it is slightly heated and then pressed into "scourtins" or woven bags of horse hair. The scourtins are conveyed to the hydraulic machine, where they are subjected to the tremendous pressure of 2,850 pounds to the square inch and left for an hour. At the end of that time all the oil that can be obtained in the first yield, about forty per cent, has been extracted. This is the most valuable product of the nuts. It readily brings from \$7 to \$8 per 100 pounds and is a fine, clear oil of about the color of olive oil.

After the first pressure the meal is removed from the scourtins and raised to a temperature of about 158 degrees, after which it is again pressed and this time yields about thirteen per cent of oil. This second pressing is worth only about half as much as the first.

Besides the use of the oil for salads it is extensively devoted to the manufacture of fine white soaps, for which France is noted. The greater proportion of it is consumed in this way. The finer parts of the first pressing are also used extensively in the manufacture of oleomargarine and other compounds placed on the market as substitutes for butter.

The shells and husks of the peanuts are sometimes ground up and fed to cattle, but for the most part they are regarded as valueless.

But the refuse left in the scourtins after all the oil has been extracted is becoming yearly more valuable. Indeed, it is now regarded in Germany as the main product of the oil factories. As a food for cattle and sheep it has a value of \$30 to \$40 a ton. It is also fed to horses in cold weather, but in summer it has been found to be too heating. Within the last few years its usefulness has been much extended by the preparations in Germany of peanut flour for the use of the army and for general consumption. It is exceedingly rich in nitrogenous substances and is therefore an excellent substitute for meat for the industrial and peasant classes.

It is made in several forms: First, peanutgrits, the coarse meal dried, purified, bolted and packed in papier-mache boxes containing one German pound and sold at retail for twelve cents each. In this form it is used for soups and cakes. Peanut flour, the second product, is much finer than the grits and is a most palatable dish. When cooked it tastes a good deal like oatmeal. Peanut biscuits or crackers are the third manufactured product and they are said to be not only toothsome but nourishing. A biscuit is also made with the addition of a little chocolate for the use of persons suffering from diabetes or from excessive stoutness. Its richness in protein and its low proportion of carbohydrates, like starch and sugar, gives it its medicinal value.

Extensive experiments have been made in Germany in feeding the inmates of the hospitals, and, although many of them were afflicted with dyspepsia and other alimentary diseases, it was found that the peanut-flour food was not only enjoyed by the patients but well assimilated. The German government has also tried it as rations for soldiers, and it will probably be more extensively used in the near future. Peanut-oilcake food may, before many years, be as common on the restaurant bills of fare in Chicago as buckwheat cakes.

As the industry grows it is also likely that factories will be set up in America, although so far the small boy and his sister have been able to consume most of the product.

THE poet and statesman Lowell said: "In the scale of destinies, brain weighs more than brawn."

Good Reading

THE difference between man and animals is a great one, considered from the physical and mental standpoint, but still there may be a bond of union and sympathy that gives rise to sincere sorrow when it is broken.

Such was the case between the writer and Squeak, And who or what was Squeak? It was nothing but a common, everyday mouse. This was the way of it.

The writer was alone in his spacious library. He was alone in the big house. Books, the silent mentors of the heart, were ranked and tumbled around the room. The table was piled with magazines and stacked with papers. The roomy rocker was comfortable and on the table was a shiny typewriter. Before it, rocking idly, was a man touched with the frost of years and sad at heart. The woman of the home, and there is a woman in every real home, had been called recently, and had gone never to come again. The daughter had left for the new life in a distant city, and the place was silent and lonelythe loneliness of bereavement and sorrow. So the man was alone, gathering up his burdens in thought and wondering how long it would be till the unseen angel behind saw the last sand fall from the upper end of the life glass.

In one corner from behind a bookcase a little mouse crept timidly. It ventured part of the way across the floor and scampered back to its retreat. Then it came again, darting hither and thither over the carpet. The next day it came again and was less fearful. So some food was provided for it and it came regularly, as the days went by. One day it clambered up, paw over paw, on the drapery of the table cover that touched the floor, and explored the upper world of the table top. There it found food and apparently knew no fear, even when the writing machine was thrashing out copy for the printer. Then we began to study the little bluegray thing and constituted ourselves caterer to it. And what do you think it liked best-cheese, cake, crackers? No, but how it did take to apple seeds? I have seen some grand sights in my time in this and other lands, but none come to me with more vividness than this little animal sitting up, squirrel fashion, an apple seed in its tiny paws, peeling the outer hull and then eating the white, tender meat, as daintily as you please. After eating came the face washing, the putting the shining coat in order and caring for the tail to the very tip. No dainty maid or perfumed beau was ever more careful of clothes or fingers after an orange than was mousie after half a dozen apple seeds. And then sometimes the little animal would curl up like a cat and sleep, never more than a minute or two, right on the table beside the writing machine. The secret of the whole business was in the fact that it had never been either scared or hurt. I know there are people who hunt down God's creatures to their death whenever and wherever they see them, but we will not go into the ethics of that, simply saying that the strength of a giant does not mean that it confers the right of torture or killing the weaker. Then there began the strange friendship between us. It was an unworded compact. The man on his part, agreed to furnish apple seeds, pie crust, some cake, and to be sure to neither scare nor hurt the mouse. The mouse agreed to come every day at or about two o'clock in the afternoon if the above was faithfully carried out,

The mouse came regularly enough, and showed its good faith by even allowing its back to be stroked with the finger tip while it ate pear seeds, which, clearly, were regarded as better than apple seeds. Occasionally it showed signs of an intention or desire to have a romp with the fast flying keys of the machine. Apparently the mouse reasoned, if this lumbering giant will neither hurt nor scare me, the machine will not. So it became familiar with the typewriter. But it had not reckoned with the combination of the two, and so one day when the man was writing fast the machine suddenly stuck. There was a nervous push of the keys, and then a pitiful, reproachful little "squcak," and we stopped to investigate. Down in the bowels of the machine was the mouse, crushed, dead, and limp, killed by the operator,-murdered all unknowing by its best and only human acquaintance.

though Death had chosen the house for his home. Then we took it gently in the palm of the hand and noted the glossy fur, for it had lived well, the glazed eye, and we wondered, as millions have done before us, why Death divides those who love one another. We took it out, and to be sure that the terror of all mousedom, the house tiger, should not mutilate the remains, we turned up the brown earth where the lilies grew and buried it with only a yellow-belted, droning bumblebee as mourner, and the blue sky over all.

HOW ROCK CANDY IS MADE.

ROCK CANDY is the purest confection made. It is simply large crystals of sugar beaded on strings, and when it is not colored it has nothing in it but sugar, and the best sugar in the market at that.

Time was when every school boy in the country knew the taste of rock candy, and carried it around in his pockets, but the caramels, gum-drops, Turkish pastes, nugats, chocolate creams and other forms of the mushy candy which the dentists say is ruining the teeth of the rising generation have shoved the old-fashioned rock candy to one side, and the crunch of strong white teeth on the hard crystals is seldom heard. Large quantities of it are still made, however, and, in fact, the output increases from year to year, for liquor dealers, druggists and patent medicine manufacturers consume tons of the strung sweet. A well-known dentist is authority for the statement that if molasses candy, rock candy and hard bread were eaten by boys and girls instead of paste candies and soft bread the next generation of dentists would have little to do.

It requires strong teeth to break up rock candy in the mouth, for the crystals are glazed, hard and smooth-surfaced.

The manufacturer of rock candy begins with refined granulated sugar of the best quality. Brown or soft white sugar will not do; he must start with crystals. He first empties between four and five barrels of the sugar into a copper boiler which is five feet in diameter and between three and four feet deep. After the sugar has been dumped in, from sixteen to twenty gallons of water are mixed with it and then the steam is turned into the coil of pipes on the bottom and around the sides of the pan. After half an hour's boiling the sugar has changed into a clear, thick sirup, and it is drawn off through a pipe in the bottom of the pan through fine sieves into copper pots beneath. In these copper pots, each of which is about two feet in diameter at the top and a foot in diameter at the bottom. the sirup crystallizes into rock candy. The copper pots have little holes in the sides, and through these holes cotton cords are run, so that the pot from the bottom up is strung with the strings, which are placed in the pots before the sirup is poured in. They are fastened in the holes with plaster of Paris, which not only holds the cords in place, but closes up the holes so that the hot sirup cannot leak out. Each pot holds about five gallons of sirup and weighs about forty pounds, and after they are filled to the top with the boiling sirup they are carried to the hot house and left there for a time.

The hot house is usually made entirely of brick, with strong shelves on all sides. Under the shelves the steam pipe which heats the house is coiled and in this hot house the pots, with their sweet contents. are left for two or three days in a temperature of about 160 degrees. The heat causes the sirup to crystallize and the crystals arrange themselves on the cotton strings and the side of the pot, forming a cover of crystals for the copper pot. When the three days are up the pots are taken down from the shelves and the thin crust of crystals is smashed in. Then the clear sirup, which is used in saloons and at soda-water fountains is drained off. Clear water is dashed into the pot to wash the sirup from the rock candy. Then the pots are turned upside down over a trough and left there for a day in a temperature of 70 degrees, while the remainder of the sirup drains off and the rock candy becomes glossy and hard. The plaster of Paris is scraped from the sides of the copper crystallizing pots, thus releasing the strings, so that when the pots are thumped down upon a table and rapped with a mallet the rock candy falls upon the board and is broken up and weighed out into five-pound and forty-pound boxes.

Yellow rock candy is often colored with burnt

shallow copper pans, which are placed directly or the blaze of a hot fire. About 100 pounds of su and four gallons of water are mixed together in the pans. In a short time the sirup begins to burn an a thick, irritating smudge rises from the sugar as compels the workmen to cover their mouths at noses with cloth or wear respirators, for they a obliged to stand over the pans to stir the content In a short time the sugar is burned to a crisp an then it is washed with water, pounded and ru through a sieve. The red rock candy is colon with carmine and is the only rock candy which ha anything in it but sugar.

LIES WE TELL.

CAYENNE pepper is prepared not from a peppe plant, but from a capsicum.

Neither is burgundy pitch pitch, nor does it com from Burgundy.

Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusa lem. The plant is not a native of the holy lar The Jerusalem artichoke is a sunflower, and gain its name from the French word, "girasole," mean ing "plant which turns toward the sun."

Turkeys do not come from Turkey. The birdi a native of America.

Camel's-hair brushes are made from the soft bushy tail of the common squirrel.

German silver is not silver at all, but an alloy of various of the baser metals, which was invented; China, and used there for centuries.

Cork legs are not constructed of cork, neither die they come from the city of that name. The usua material for a cork leg is weeping willow, covered with raw hide.

People sometimes pride themselves they are wear ing porpoise-hide boots. So-called porpoise-hide i in reality the skin of the white whale,

Prussian blue does not come to us from Prussia, Irish stew is not an Irish, but an English dish; an Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, but in

Cleopatra's Needle has nothing to do with Cleopatra, but was set up about 1,000 years before that lady was born by Thothmes III.

OSTRICH PLUMES SCARCE.

THE London papers note that the supply of os trich plumes in that city, the center of the trade, ha been greatly curtailed by the south African war. I is said that there will be a deficiency of nearly \$270 000 worth of feathers at the next sale in Minding lane. To these sales, which take place six times year buyers come from every part of the continent and even from America. Over \$4,000,000 worth of feathers are sold every year, making an average of S675,000 at each sale. Since the capture of Khar toum there has been a steady supply of ostrid feathers from Barbary and, though the south African feathers still command the higher price, their supremacy is threatened by the Barbary feathers At Mincing lane the cost of the feathers ranged from \$7.50 to \$75 or \$80 per pound weight. The best wing feathers give about 110 to 120 in the pound, and at the highest price this works out at less than seventy-five cents each. As man the white feathers scarcely need cleaning, and a dyeing and curling are very inexpensive, either the middleman or the milliner must reap handsome profits from the fashionable weakness for these beautiful feathers. The smaller feathers from the tail and body of the bird are used for boas.

A JEWEL CLEANER.

A New York woman has a unique manner a making a living. She goes from house to house to the fashionables of New York, and directly and the eye of her customers cleans the family jets She carries all her implements for cleaning in a tle hand satchel and thus almost unincumbered good her rounds.

BEES IN PALESTINE.

UNDER rational treatment the average yield of a beehive in Palestine is 100 pounds.

Life is often but a dream to a young manus Lying on the table, only a mouse, it seemed as the making of rock candy. The sugar is burned in experience treads on his corns and wakes him up

ooo The o Circle ooo

W B Storer, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Rection President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Action President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Action President, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Statistics, Itzzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading

CLOTHING IN CHINA.

It is safe to say that four-fifths of the clothing by the Chinese is cotton. Rich and poor, what had low, dress in cotton clothes.

The importance of this fact in its bearing upon lectica's great cotton-growing industries can tectica's great cotton-growing industries can make the overestimated. Here are over 300,000,-over 100,000, our next door neighbors, furnishing an expeople, our next door neighbors, furnishing an expeople market for one of our most overworked to so for outcome. Connect the cotton-producing the with the far east by an isthmian canal and the outcome with its vast populations under an elightened government, and it will be scarcely estable ever again to glut the cotton market of

Jocold weather coats and trousers, double and lined with cotton wadding take the place of the lewy woolens worn by western nations. This is try much cheaper than wool. It is clumsy, of cruss, but that does not inconvenience the wearer, is his clothes hang so loose upon him that there is

As to the future, it is in every degree probable that in time much less homespun will be worn, and pathine spun and woven cloth will take its place. Incliterary classes wear foreign cloth for outside aments almost entirely now.

Awoman can spin from three to five ounces of botton in a day and earn about one cent.

"DO MISSIONS PAY?"

THERE is a widespread skepticism as to the value of mission work. People are asking for fuller and more accurate information concerning the need for them and what they are doing to satisfy that need. A course of reading like that offered by the Circle, asswers these questions and gives all the information needed on the subject.

It costs the United States \$120 to take care of an anchistian Indian in Dakota, and but \$7 to take care of a Christian Indian. Again, it is a fact that missions have not taken out of the world's pocket-book five percent of the money they have put into that pocketbook.

CIRCLE MEETING LESSON.

So we built the wall .- Neh. 4: 6.

ARTANERNES LONGIMANUS is on the throne of Perna. Nehemiah filled the important office of cuplearer to the king. He learned of the ruined desole condition of Jerusalem, and in fifty-two days had the wall rebuilt, the gates hung, the city forthed. Good leadership inspires the people.

They built the wall in the face of discouraging mheism. Read Neh. 4: 1-3. Was there ever a took for God undertaken that these "hinderers" the not busy? They find fault with the prayer meeting, the Sunday school, our mission work, and that Reading Circle But we can build, we can work apatiently and cheerfully and not grow discourged, when they criticize.

They all worked together. Nehemiah says "we." The Pharisee said "I." Co-operation will accompash wonders. When parents and children, and sachers all labor together with the superintendent, and the minister, then the church is "building," is the mission, by doing many good works.

back one did whatever he could. Sometimes they be burdens, sometimes they grasped weapons, we stood as sentinels, others bowed down 'neath put and choose. The willing worker says, "I'll do ti if it is only an obscure bit of work that is given the is faithful over a little.

be outlook was dark and gloomy they prayed to Then they set a watch against their enemies.

Then they set a watch against their enemies.

The topic and praying and working were all together. Tennyson said, "More things are prayer than this world dreams of."

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Counsel Upon the Reading of Books," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. A book of 306 pages. It is made up of six papers based on lectures arranged for by the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, delivered in Philadelphia last winter. As good a thing as there is in the book is the preface by Henry Van Dyke, on reading and books generally.

This will be a helpful volume to those who read much, as well as for those who expect to read systematically. It will pay you to buy the book and read it carefully. Usually when a teacher goes about outlining a course of reading for others he simply sets the table with the things he likes himself, but in this volume it is managed better. There are six of them, and they each tell a different story, and they don't clash because of that difference. One talks about history, another discourses on fiction, while a third discusses essays and their kind. By the time one gets around the six of them, he is helped in as many different ways. Then the way their stories are told makes the book easy reading. It is all bright enough, and up to date, but is never heavy or wearisome. In order that you may have a taste of the method of the first contributor to the book we extract from page 21:

"Read the preface first. It was probably written last. But the author put it at the beginning because he wanted to say something particular to you before you entered the book. Go in through the front door.

"Read plenty of books about people and things, but not too many books about books. Literature is not to be taken in emulsion. The only way to know a great author is to read his works for yourself. That will give you knowledge at first-hand.

"Read one book at a time, but never one book alone. Well-born books always have relatives. Follow them up. Learn something about the family if you want to understand the individual. If you have been reading the "Idylls of the King" go back to Sir Thomas Malory: if you have been keeping company with Stevenson, travel for a while with Scott, Dumas, and DeFoe.

"Read the old books,—those that have stood the test of time. Read them slowly, carefully thoroughly. They will help you to discriminate among the new ones."

The object of the book is to enable those who read, especially those not yet well versed in analytical methods, to get the best out of the authors followed. Doubtless your nearest bookseller could get it for you, or you can order directly from the publishers. It is worth while.

"Women of the Bible," Harper & Brothers, New York, pages 188. This is a new book on some old subjects. It is a beautiful volume, handsomely illustrated, and about as far away from the coarse subscription book taint as can well be imagined. The name is suggestive of the oldtime coarse woodcut, and the stock talk about the women of the Bible, but it is anything but that. It is the kind of a book that would make a good Christmas present for either man or woman, and we are pleased to call the attention of our readers to it here.

It is a composite affair, dealing with Eve, Sarah, Rebekah, Miriam, Deborah, Ruth the Gleaner, Hannah, Jezebel, Esther, Mary Magdalene, Mary and Martha, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Each of these is taken up by prominent ministers of literary ability, such as Lyman Abbott and Cardinal Gibbons, and the characters dealt with philosophically, from the individual's point of view. The authors being as varied as their subjects there is naturally no continuity of style about the book, and this is a good point in its favor. One does not get wearied with the platitudes of one man, in fact there is no platitude about any of them. The treatment of the several subjects is bright and happy, and what is more to the point, it is new and interesting. There is nothing of the superannuated preacher's Sunday-school book cant to it, and no reader of the Bible can fail to be interested in the volume. Cardinal Gibbons in treating the Blessed Virgin Mary gives the Catholic version of their adoration of the mother of our Lord, and it is done in an unobtrusive way that will interest every Protestant reader and offend none.

It is unfortunately true that the treatment of whole world could not pay.

biblical subjects in most of the literature of the day is commonplace and singsong in character. This book has not a flavor of all that. It is all decidedly out of the ordinary, and each writer approaches his subject with a reverence that would satis., ? medieval saint. There is nothing of the destructiveness of the modern viciousness of the so-called higher criticism, while at the same time there is much in the book that will be novel and new to the reader-things well known to scholars, but not in interesting shape for the lay reader, as ordinarily accessible. A good many of these things are brought out in this book in a way that cannot fail to interest the man or woman of average intelligence, and we cordially recommend the purchase of this book, either for personal use, or as a beautiful gift for a friend. The illustrations are, of course, all ideal, but they are well done, in the highest style of the art, and as the frontispiece there is the composite picture of the Madonna. Ask your nearest bookseller for it, -"Women of the Bible," Harper Brothers.

🏯 Sunday 🖻 School 🟯

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MINISTRY.

A Russian soldier, one cold winter night, was on duty in a sentry-box. A poor working man passing by, moved with pity, took off his thick sheepskin coat and gave it to the soldier to keep him warm, adding that he would soon reach home, while the soldier would have to be at his post all night. Notwithstanding this act of kindness, the sentry succumbed to the terrible frost, and was found dead in the morning. Some time afterwards the benefactor was on his deathbed, and had a dream in which Jesus appeared to him. "You have got my coat on," said the man with great surprise. "Yes," Jesus replied, "it is the coat you loaned me that cold night when I was on duty and you passed by."

"REPETITION is the mother of memory," so do not weary of repeating old truths. But be sure that they are truths, for many sayings pass under this name that have no right to it. Be not eager for novelties or ambitious of a wide range of subjects. "A little of everything and not much of anything" is a foolish motto for preacher or teacher. For the instructor in spiritual things familiarity with the Bible is the one indispensable intellectual qualification. He may know many books and be versed in numerous sciences, yet be a fool and slow of heart with respect to the Gospel. In many cases the ignorance of the pastor is concealed by the still grosser ignorance of his hearers. To spare themselves the trouble of scriptural investigation, they take for granted that he knows all about the matter, and are ready to accept any absurdity that happens to be in fashion. But if these hearers would be benefited they must study and think for themselves, and regard themselves, each one, as responsible for the use they make of their opportunities.

To govern one's self necessitates a control of one's thoughts. Here is Paul's rule for this:—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. 4:8). The same apostle urged his brethren at Colosse to let the word of Christ dwell in them richly in all wisdom.

To spread truth and expose error is a noble mission and one to which every man is called. If he is slow of speech or timid in spirit he can circulate tracts and papers, and thus influence many minds. The devil is busy all the time in scattering poisonous literature over the land, and the friends of Christ should be equally busy in furnishing the antidote. Be prodigal in sowing the seed of the kingdom, and then you can pray in hope for a bountiful harvest.

Christ was sold for the price of a slave, but he bought our freedom from sin at a price which the whole world could not pay.

UNITED STATES PRISONERS.

THE department of justice, by reason of the fact that it has control of all the prisoners of the United States, has on its rolls a number of prison inspectors. These officers make regular visits to all prisons where prisoners of the federal government are confined. They investigate the treatment of the federal prisoners, the food they receive, their clothing, etc. An informal understanding the department has is that its prisoners shall not be subjected to corporal punishment. This fact led to a discussion recently of the management of the Elmira reformatory of New York, so long under the management of Superintendent Brockway. Mr. Brockway had been using the lash in trying to induce better behavior, and the department had a long correspondence with him.

"Brockway was one of the greatest prison managers in the United States," said one of the prison inspectors, "and I make the prediction that the Elmira reformatory will never be the same thing again it was under him. He knew more about convicts than any man in the world and could manage them better, despite the attacks made on him. Brockway used to have three classes of prisoners in his institution. The classes were made for the reward or punishment of prisoners. The first class consisted of well-behaved prisoners. They did not reach that class until their records warranted it. When they did so they were entitled to wear blue suits, much resembling the uniform of a naval officer. The uniforms were really pretty. The men were also entitled to many privileges. They ate at a table of their own, had nice plates and table ware, with white linen, and many things to make their surroundings attractive. The second class consisted of prisoners who might be termed probationers. They were a gray uniform of not as good material as the first-class men, and had a portion of the privileges and pleasures of the first class. The second class was made up of the main body of the prison. The third class was made up of bad fellowsthose of bad behavior, I mean. They had to dress in a scarlet uniform, the cloth being red enough to be seen a long distance. They are out of plates that had been cracked and misused by the firstclass men, and on cheap tables, to themselves. There was no linen on their tables, and they were known to other prisoners as "the lobsters," on account of their bright uniforms. They were generally called lobsters by all the others, and the punishment was severe. It was a frequent occurrence for federal prisoners to come to me and ask to be taken out of this class. Brockway had many other methods that showed him to be a great prison man-

"I have found that the best managed prisons in the United States are those where the prisoners are well fed. It is the old story of a man's stomach. Satisfy that and the man is satisfied. This is especially the case with convicts. Their mental development is not such as to give them mental worry and so the physical are the greatest troubles they have. The West Virginia penitentiary at Moundsville is the best in the country in this respect, When I go there and call upon the United States prisoners they have no complaints to make. Almost without exception there is no fault to find, The food is carefully prepared and is abundant, they say. But many other prisons are not that way. The food is such as to cause dissatisfaction and the men are always complaining of ill-treatment and lack of proper food. Some prisons really give the men scarcely enough to live on and then punish them severely when they complain.

"The warden of the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary, formerly the warden of Joliet, never uses a whip on convicts. He is an advocate of solitary confinement as a last resort in punishment. A bad man will be put in a room removed from other rooms, where there is nothing or nobody to be seen or talked with. His food will be bread and water. He generally gets the worst of the bargain in a few days and is then conquered."

Sign your name and address every time you write us, and do it so plainly that there is no mistaking it. Nearly fifty thousand letters come to the Publishing House annually, and it is a marvel that we remember so many addresses. Take no chances. Each time you write us sign your name and address.

MADE GOOD DETECTIVES.

In New York City and the surrounding towns almost 100 women are engaged in detective work; in Chicago the number similarly employed is quite large. A large percentage of these women are employed in the big stores, where shoplifting is so commonly practiced, that the head of one large establishment said: "We could no more do without a detective in this store than we could do without a model to show off our gowns." The dodges of shoplifters are innumerable. Some wear long capes and slip lengths of silk or passementerie, feathers and handkerchiels under their arms; others wear outer skirts with long slits concealed by the gathers, so that they can slip their thefts into pockets in an underdress known as a "kickskirt." Handkerchiefs and gloves are tucked into muffs and bodices, and, worse than all, children are pressed into the service. One successful woman thief tucks lace and embroidery and any knick-knacks she can lay hands on down the backs of her two little children, who are exquisitely dressed; others instruct their small daughters to take anything that is put in their way. Children of eight and nine make clever shoplifters. Sometimes two women work together and then it is very difficult for the detective to trap them. Women detectives are valued and well paid when they are skillful.

CANNOT KILL THE CACTUS.

One of the commonest of cacti in gardens is the echinopsis multiplex, a small sub-globular species, with five or six sharp ribs, and sparsely sprinkled with a few clusters of long black spines on the sharp edges of the ribs. It sends up, occasionally, a large white tubular flower, which, like so many of the family, opens at night and soon withers away. In Germany a druggist, Ludwig Rust, placed a specimen under a scaled glass case seven years ago, and it is said to be yet in a "thriving condition," to the surprise of the scientific men of Berlin, who are puzzled to know where it obtains its carbonic acid. Meehan's Monthly says that many suggestions are advanced as to the source of this element. So far as the published account goes, however, there is no indication that the specimen was weighed before it was encased, or weighed after its seven years of entombment—no evidence, it may be said, that any carbonic acid was absorbed. It is just as likely to be a case of dormancy. It is now well understood that in the absence of exciting causes dormancy in vegetation may be retained indefinite-

CHARLIE'S SKIN.

STUDENTS in dermatology are much interested in the skin of the monster elephant Charlie, once the great attraction of the Crystal Palace. The skin weighs no less than a ton, or exactly one-fourth of the total weight of the animal during lifetime.

As soon as the natural moisture has dried up the skin will be mounted by a taxidermist to represent Charlie crashing through a forest jungle, just as he did through the Palace on the day when, after killing his attendant, he was shot with a sporting express rifle. Charlie's height was ten feet three inches, and as he had been before the public for nearly forty years, his value was estimated at \$10,000.

HIS NOM DE PLUME.

"Wille traveling on the continent last summer," said a gentleman who has just returned from a European trip, "I engaged the services of a courier, and one evening, on arriving at an inn in Austria I sent him to enter my name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. The man replied that he had already anticipated my wishes and registered me as an American gentleman of means.

"But how did you write my name?' I asked.

"'I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it carefully from your portmanteau, sir.'

"'But it is not there,' I said. 'Bring me the book.'

"The register was brought, and on looking at it, what was my amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry: 'Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather.'"

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS TEN.

HILDEBRAND, also known as Gregory VIII, born in Tuscany, about 1015, and died 1085. H was one of the greatest of the Roman Cathol Popes. His claim to greatness in the direction of influencing men lies in the fact of his corrections abuses in the church and the establishment of it central power. At the time of his incumbency h found the church more or less at the power of the state, and he also found the church at the mercy of the people composing it. He changed all this, make ing the state subordinate to the church, and he cen tralized the power of the church within herself, tw things that, in greater or less degree stand to the day. In short, he pitted himself as Pope against civil government, and against subordinate interfer ence within the church itself, and he won in both His was a gigantic character, and what he accom plished survives in greater or less degree to the day, and as there are millions in the Catholic church it is easy to perceive his rank among those wh have influenced mankind.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR: Born 1027 or 1028, died 1087, king of England having conquered Harold king of the English, in 1066. He was a great warrior as well as a statesman. His conquest of England marks the beginning of an era in that country, the effects of which are felt to this day.

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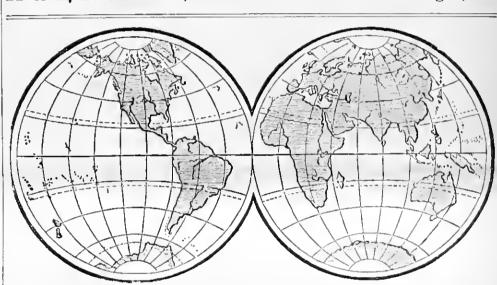
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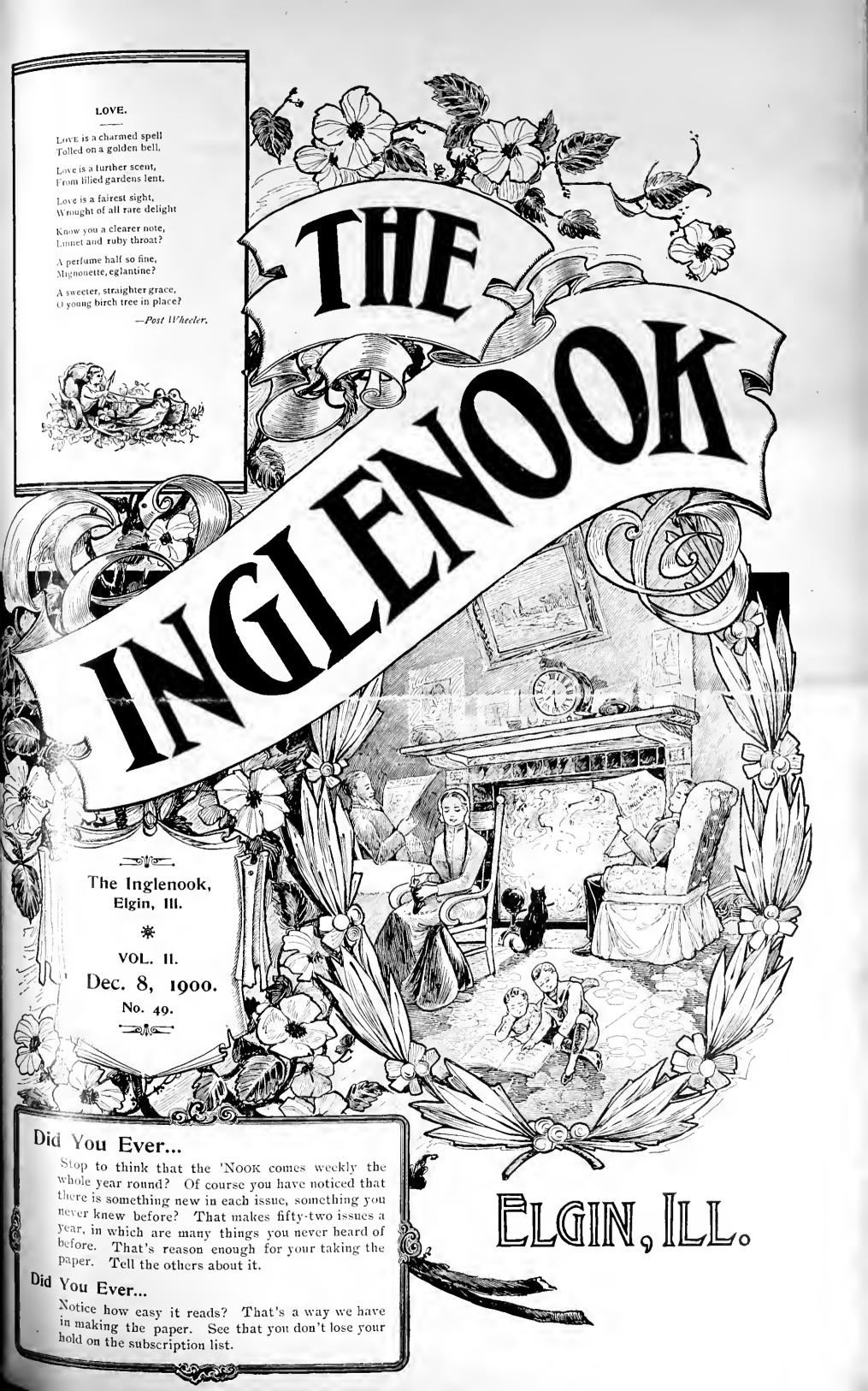
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And there are Others. You Can't Afford to Miss all The

There will be serial stories especially adapted to the church. They are already written and on file. You'll want the next number sure, and if you delay subscribing you may by members, for members. There will be a story illustrating the old time banning or avoidance, which was more than passing interest. to most readers.

Strange occupations will be described, and foreign lands visited, and now hear the conclusion of the YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS HAVING THE INGLENOOK, and you will do well to write us, en scription to-day.

Brethren Publishing House, PUBLISHERS,

Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

vot. II.

ELGIN, ILL., DEC. 8, 1900.

No. 49.

NATURE AND ART.

How shall I paint a picture?
And how shall I sing a song?
When the winds of God in the heavens
Are chanting the whole day long,
And the ear that's attune to music
Can list to the mighty verse
That the winds and the waves are singing,
In the halls of the universe.

And how shall I mix my colors?

And shall I not be afraid?

When the Lord has painted a picture

With the pigments himself has made,

And the eye that's attune to beauty

Can look with a long delight

At the fresco that he has painted

On the walls of the day and night.

—Bertrand Shadwell.

THE BANNING OF ELLEN WOODS.

In Three Chapters .- Chapter One.

THE blue Juniata winds its way around and through the mountains, and either babbles over shallows or creeps through the deeper pools on its may to the Susquelianna. It passes through fertile valleys, reflecting the mountains on one side, and the scattered trees on the other bank, till it takes a wm, and the scenery is reversed. At one of these places it flowed near a grove in which was a Dunker church. Those who pass on the Pennsylvania tains might see it to this day, if they are sharpeyed. A closer view of the church on the particularday in question would have shown half a hundied carriages, wagons and vehicles, of all descriptions, in the grove about the house. In instances the horses were unhitched, and in others they were ted to the maples which were just shedding their hame-colored leaves.

laside was a Dunker council in operation. A buildred people were present, and the service had been opened with singing and prayer. Grave, quiet men, and meek-eyed women sat in silence. The Elder in charge called for the report of the visiting Deacons, and one after the other they rose and gave the result of their tour among the brethren preparatory to the coming love feast. Interest tentered in the report of Bro. Jas. Holsopple. He tose and said that he, in company with the other brother, had visited Sister Ellen Woods at her father's home. They had not seen her, she having tefused an interview. But they were given to understand that she had discarded the bonnet, and had openly worn a hat, contrary to her parents' sishes and the order of the church. He had heard hat she said she did not care what the church did in the premises, and that was all there was to re-

Then a silence fell on the assembly. It was case that had been carried over and now decisive action would be taken. Nobody spoke for a few minutes, when the Elder arose and asked the will of the church. There was no reply, and after a moment's quiet he requested the immediate relations of the girl to withdraw till a vote had been taken. forty people silently arose and walked out. When the door had closed on the last one the Elder rose and said that the voice of the church would now be then, and he asked what action should be pursued. here was a minute's silence, when one of the Deacons stood up and said that there was but one ting to do, and that was to expel her. The conregation nodded approval, and then the Elder ded on any others for remarks. In the rear of the ouse a young sister rose and said that her course been a had one for the young of the church, ad that there was only one thing to do, and that to make an example of her. Uncle Isaac Price in his place and called the attention of the embership to Ellen's youth, and plead in a mild to Etten's youth, and piede ...

His remarks did seem to elicit much approval. Then a sister, longer young, never good looking, and unmarand likely to remain so, rose and said that

there was no use in having decisions and laws unless they were obeyed. She moved that Ellen Woods be not only cut off but banned. She said further, that though it was not a church offense, she had heard on good authority, that Ellen intended marrying Henry Zook, an Amish man of the neighborhood. If Ellen Woods had made her choice as she did, let her take the consequences and be put in avoidance. When she sat down the silence of death overspread the congregation. It was more than they bargained for, and yet they would be called upon in a short time to decide that very question.

The Elder said a few words, and remarked that it would be better if a personal vote were taken, and he designated three members to circulate among the people and mark their votes. This was done and the papers laid on the table. The Elder took them up, added the results, and with a pained look in his eyes announced that Ellen Woods had been voted out of the church and put in avoidance. He told someone to open the door and call in the relations. They came trooping in, seating themselves where they had been before. Then the Elder, paper in hand, rose and said that the finding of the church had been that Ellen Woods had been expelled and banned, or put in avoidance. It was customary for some member to be told off to acquaint the unfortunate person with the result. In this instance it was not deemed necessary, for well up to the front sat the father and mother of the girl, and it was held that they could tell her that from henceforth she was a stranger to all that she had once held dearest. The father never moved a muscle, but the mother put her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbed aloud. Some of the older ones shed silent tears.

Banned, put in avoidance, ah, reader, you don't know what it meant, you cannot. It was a doom to a living death. Think of Ellen Woods, by far the handsomest young woman in the whole Valley, a woman with the figure of a Hebe, the eyes of a fawn, and a peach-blow complexion! Her twenty-two years had been spent in the Valley, and at an early age she had united with the church. She was an only child, and, as said before, the handsomest woman in all the country round about. But in an evil hour, after a visit to Harrisburg, she had tired of the garb, and had taken to worldly ways. She and Henry Zook, a neighbor youth, were engaged to be married, and life was all rosy to her. What cared she for the decision of the church? Happily the ban has been put aside these later days, but it was a terror when it was enforced. Ellen Woods was as good as dead to all the members of the church. At her own home her father and mother could not talk with her. She had to eat alone, and when communication was necessary she did the talking and they answered in monosyllables. When she went abroad and met her once brothers and sisters on the highway they stared straight ahead, never looking at her. On the streets of the village they passed her by as though she had no existence. No unkind words were spoken. She was simply nonexistent to them. A hundred homes had been open to her a week before. Now, had she knocked at the door of any one of them, no word of welcome would be spoken to her. Nor would she be invited in the house. If they met her toiling along the road with a laden basket not one would ask her to ride with them. She was dead and buried under the ban. It was a living death in

Over the hills, on the very same day, the Amish brethren, met at a great red barn, discussed the case of Bro. Henry Zook, charged with intent to marry an outsider, one not a member of their church,—of marrying out of the Lord. He was told that if he did it he would ban himself. He was present when the verdict was rendered, but gave no sign. That night as Ellen's mother passed the door of her daughter's room she noticed that it had no occupant. She searched the buildings for

her, but could not find her. It was thought that she had taken her clothes and gone over to Zook's. So the father, to make sure of it, saddled a horse and rode over late at night to ascertain the facts. She was not there, and neither was Henry. All they could tell him was that he had gone away saying that he would not return.

(To be Continued).

SUCTION OF A FAST TRAIN.

"THE theory that a moving train carries along an enveloping air is very interesting," said an engineer, " and I believe there is a good deal of truth in it. I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in perfect safety. One afternoon a small fox terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by and the dog in his fright jumped on top of it. That possibly brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air; at any rate he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air.

"Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a wellknown fact that there is a 'vortex space,' or 'zone of suction,' directly behind any rapidly-moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some time ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California-bound express was going through western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of the mania rushed out on the rear platform, climbed on the rail and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by and yelled for help. When some of the others ran to his assistance they found the lunatic stretched straight out in the air behind the platform, howling like a Comanche, but safely anchored by his duster, which had turned inside out and caught him at the shoulders. The muscular gentleman was hanging on for dear life, but had it not been for the fact that the would-be suicide was virtually sustained and carried along by the suction of the vortex space something would certainly have given away. They reeled the man in like a kite and he promised to be good. We have very little exact knowledge at present of the atmospheric conditions that surround a moving train. A fuller knowledge of them may lead to the solution of some baffling problems in traction."

DON'T WORRY.

HENRY WARD BEECHER said: "Do not worry, count your blessings and you will find nothing to worry about." Friends may desert you, sickness may claim you, yesterday's prosperity may mean to-day's poverty, and fame may soar beyond your grasp, but what are all these in comparison with God's blessings? Do your petty sorrows blind you to Nature's pictures, the golden tints of autumn, the white purity of winter, the hope and joy of the awakening spring, and summer's balmy perfection? The little sunbeam that steals in at your window and throws a bright veneering over your room, is a blessing that more than compensates for all your sorrow.

THERE are various ways of killing popularity, but after you have delivered a long speech to a tired audience you need not bother about the others.

W Correspondence W

FREAK FARMING IN INDIANA.

DE KALB County farmers are becoming freakish in their farming. It is much the same all over the State. Instead of depending on corn, wheat, rye and the old standbys, some farmers are filling their purses by raising such products as skunks, weasels, rabbits, frogs, ginseng, leeches, tom cats, noxious weeds and other things which the old-school farmer has made it a point to get rid of.

Indiana has six skunk farms, among which is the farm of E. D. Raub, one mile north of Indianapolis. A trust has recently been formed and the skin of a black skunk is worth \$2 and those of the striped ones will bring from \$1.50 up. They are now being raised by the thousands. The skunk is a sensible animal. It appreciates good treatment and is a respecter of persons. Those who have located farms too near cities have been experiencing some trouble, as the scent is something terrible. The kittens are pretty little pets, are easily handled, do not demand much care, are cheaply maintained and easily placed on a profitable market.

In Posey County they are raising Angora cats on farm basis proportions. There are several farmers and a genuine tom cat jobber, named Herman Euler. He alone has handled over 3,000 during the past three years. Almost all of the l'osey County cats find their way into the store of John Wanamaker. The Philadelphia women are great fanciers of Angoras, and this breed is sold at from \$25 to \$50 each without much trouble. Cats at \$20 apiece make money faster for the farmer than corn, oats or rye.

There are many rabbit farms in the State. One of the largest is in Wabash County and contains nearly sixty acres. Robert Coe, of Indianapolis, has a big variety of the Belgian hares and is shipping them to all parts of the country. He is constantly purchasing new breeds and expects to raise 1,000,-000 hares a year when in full running order. They are fed on hay and during the first seven months of their lives they will eat fifty-six pounds of hay or 280 pounds of green grass. Their pelts are in demand and the meat of the animals is edible. From their hair the finest crush hats are made. The skins are worth from ten to twenty-five cents at the factory. Hares are easily handled, are a somewhat more desirable crop than skunks and there is little danger of an off year.

Other farmers are looking to the Chinese markets for financial return, and are engaging in the culture of ginseng. This formerly grew in the forests, but has been dug out by the herb ductors and farmers as an obnoxious weed. It has suddenly flashed upon the money-getting sense of the farmer that the roots of this same we'd sell at a good price. It is the panacea for all ills of the Chinese, and during the present war there has been great demand for large quantities. When they are in love they use it, when they have hay fever it is what they gnaw on, and when fate hangs over them, as it now does, they use it as a talisman to drive away bad luck. In fact, a Celestial home without a stick of "seng" in it would be incomplete. For many years peppermint weed was thought obnoxious and grubbed out. Now there are farms all over the northern part of the State. The largest is owned by Mark Beeger, at Mishawaka. Its uses are numerous, but the greatest demand comes from the manufacturers of print fabrics, who use it to make the color solid. The successful peppermint farmer can make from \$75 to \$450 per acre from his land.

Until this year onions have never been raised in De Kalb County, and now the farmers are sowing them by the acre; and, this year being exceptionally wet, they have harvested enough to bring them in \$300 per acre.

Goldfish farming is another which belongs to the freakish class, and the biggest farm in the world is located in Shelby County. It is known as Spring Lake fishery, and over 2,000,000 fish were shipped last year. This farmer has become wealthy.

There are a number of bullfrog farms in the State. and the farmers get from fifty to eighty cents a dozen for the frogs, which are of the American jumbo breed. Hickory nut orchards are not uncommon now. The shellbarks, which formerly brought seventy-five cents a bushel, now sell at seventy-five

tention to the gathering of the fur from the swamp cattails and field thistles. This is baled and shipped for stuffing mattresses. Near the Kankakee marshes the gathering of cattails has become quite an industry, and tons of the stuff are shipped regularly. With the digging of the marl from the bottom of the lakes it would seem that almost the last method of making money had been reached, though we may expect stranger things than this to happen.

LIKE A WALLED CAMP.

PEKIN, which is properly pronounced Peeching, according to Mr. Williams, has a population at the present time of somewhat less than 3,000,000. Its name means Northern Capital. The high walls surrounding it are composed mainly of earth dug from the environing moat, and are faced with brick and stone. At intervals of sixty yards square towers project, and similar towers stand on either side of the sixteen gates, connected in front in every case by a semi-circular fort. Each gateway is surmounted by a wooden building several stories in height, with painted portholes for imaginary cannon. Save for the high lookout towers over the gates the city would rather resemble a walled encampment than a metropolis. There are no spires, pillars, minarets, or monuments, only the varied colors of the tiled roofs, red, green, and yellow, relieving the monotony of the scene within the walls. Here and there are large clumps of trees, and before every official residence is a pair of flagstaffs.

Pekin has no manufactures and no trade in any proper sense. It is fed mainly by supplies from the southern provinces and by flocks raised in the northern part of Chili. The thoroughfares leading across it from gate to gate are broad, unpaved avenues more than 100 feet wide. The side streets are narrow lanes. The streets are bustling and gay with signs, but at times almost wholly impassable on account of mud. The avenues are lined with shops, whose fronts are made of movable panels in such a way that they can be removed entirely in the daytime, exposing the interiors and the goods for sale. Many of the houses are painted green and blue. At the intersections of the avenues are honorary portals erected to the memory of distinguished persons. At night the thoroughfares are lighted by lanterns before the doors of the houses, but by no other means, so that the illumination is imperfect. The Manchu women ride astride, and representatives of various Asiatic tribes promenading the streets lend picturesqueness to the throng.

KEEP TAB ON HONEY BEES.

"TALK about your queer trades," said a man from Texas, "what do you think of bee tracking as a means of making a living? I know several professional bee trackers who have never done anything else in their lives, and their skill is something almost incredible. What is the work like, do you ask? Well, I'll explain. Down in Bee county, in my State, where some of the greatest apiaries in the world are located, all honey is graded and marked according to the bloom from which it was obtained. For example, you may have your choice of cotton blossom, wild clover, horse mint and several other brands, each distinct in flavor, but it was discovered long ago that the colony from each hive or cluster of hives always draws its sweets from some one particular flower and religiously shuns the others.

At the beginning of the honey-making season the proprietor of a bee farm wants to know, of course, how much of each flavor he is going to have, as a basis for calculations; so he sets the tracker to work. The tracker, who is always a native Mexican, mounts his tough little broncho, rides over to a row of hives, waits until a big, healthy-looking bee emerges, and, when it flies away on its daily quest, he gallops along in its wake. Often the feeding ground is miles distant. and the bee takes anything but a bee line. On the contrary, it takes long detours, frisks and frolics through gardens, loafs in shady groves and has a good time generally, but it is the rarest thing in the world for it to shake off its 'shadow.' How the Mexican manages to keep it in sight and distinguish it from other bees it meets en route I have never been able to understand. The business seems accents a peck. Many farmers are devoting their at- tually to develop a special faculty. When the bee

finally reaches its destination the tracker takes a mental note of the variety of flower and then returns home. Next day he verifies his observation by following another honey gatherer, and then labels the hive and proceeds to the next one When his task is done the apiary man knows exact. ly what he can depend on in the several flavors. The trackers are well paid—enough to let them loaf between seasons."

CHILDREN AND CHICKENS IN MEXICO.

BY OLAF,

I must tell you that the boys and girls in Mexico love chickens just as the boys and girls in this country do, and make great pets of them. But the chickens there do not have so good a time as the chickens here, for there is no nice yard in which to run,-I am writing about the chickens in Mexican cities.

What would you think of chicken coops on top of the houses? Well, that is where ever so many of the chickens are raised. As the tops of the houses are flat, this can easily be done. And the poor things get so little to eat, they look lean and starved, and their feathers stand all sorts of ways, and are not smooth and glossy as are the feathers of our chickens. But the children love them dearly. They will let them come into the rooms and play all about. Sometimes they even sleep with them tightly hugged against their breasts. One little boy loved his chicken so well he couldn't bear to be parted from it. So he took it to school hid. den under his blanket. In the midst of the recitation the chicken scrambled out, flew to the top of the teacher's desk, and, flapping its wings, crowed lustily. All the children laughed, of course, but the teacher looked very grave. She told Manuel that school was not the place for chickens, so he never ventured to carry his chicken any more.

One of the saddest things about chickens in Mexico is that they are used to gamble with.

MIRRORS THAT DECEIVE.

It is a consoling thought to know that even the very best of mirrors does not flatter you. We are now assured that the reflection we see there does not accurately portray our likeness. The hair is wrong in tone, the eyes are not quite correct in color and the skin always has a more gray or pallid shade in the glass than it has in reality. You may be certain that, however plain your face seems, it is by no means plain as it appears in the telltale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in the looking-glass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass and that expression is one of attentive examination, says the Philadelphia Times. All the other express sions by which your friends know you, favorable of unfavorable, you have never seen.

Of course, it is quite possible to simulate different expressions, such as surprise, pleasure, aston ishment, delight, inquiry, and so on, when standing before the glass, but you cannot really judge their effect upon your features in this way, for the expressions are all studied; it is when your ges tures are unconscious, when you are "off yo guard," that the real light and shade of facial evpression comes in and some girls who, when look ing in the glass, imagine themselves to be hopeless ly plain, have moments when to onlookers, they are if not positively beautiful, at least attractive and charming.

ACTIVITY is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in conformity to that the the happier you will be. An active life, like purling rivulet, is an unfailing source of gladne health and contentment, while an indolent life. the stagnant pool, breeds discontent, disease a death. No man enjoys with a keener relish night's repose and the Sunday and holiday tes than the son of toil.

It costs Uncle Sam nearly two millions of dollars day to per day to run his Government, but, honestly, it

Nature & Study -

HERE IS A CURIOUS PLANT THAT COUGHS.

It is now well known that the sharp and broad distinction formerly made between animals and plants does not conform to the facts. The cells of plants, like those of animals, are differentiated in plants, respiration, excretion—even for the perception of light. The sensitive plant (Mimosa) has well-developed sense of touch.

A certain tissue in the leaves of plants performs the functions of a liver.

The respiration of plants is especially interesting.

On the under side of leaves and on green stems are millions of microscopic mouths, each of which is opened and closed by two movable lips. These openings are the terminations of passages which are filled with water, vapor, air and other gases, produced by the chemical changes which accompany

The vine called the coughing bean (Eutada tussians) is a native of moist, tropical regions.

By accidental transportation of its seeds it has gradually spread to much less congenial spots, especially railroad embankments, where it endures drought very well, though its growth is stunted. But there is one thing which it cannot stand, and that is dust. When the breathing pores become choked by dust the gases accumulate within the leaf for a time and then are forcibly expelled in an audible paroxysm of coughing and sneezing which makes the leaf tremble violently. At the same time the whole plant becomes red in the face, so to speak, through the sinking in of the green chlorophyll grains and the appearance of particles of red coloring matter on the surface.

The Eutada is sometimes cultivated as a house plant. Sweeping the room is very apt to set the poorplant a-coughing, to the intense astonishment of persons who are unfamiliar with its peculiarities.

BAKED ALIVE.

ln Everybody's Magazine there is an article descriptive of a new cure that seems almost incredible in its workings. The writer tells how it feels:

The sensations experienced under the baking process are said to be unique. The patient is prapped in an ordinary sheet before being placed on the sheet of fibrous magnesia in the oven. The ends of the oven are covered by canvas, which renders the central compartment air-tight. The patient's feet are completely enclosed, but the head is left out. The application of heat up to about 120 degrees F. is hardly noticeable. Jets of hot air then begin to make themselves felt, and when 200 degrees F. has been reached, the patient feels as if ted-hot air were raining upon him.

Water boils at 212 degrees F. and yet in these buman hot-air bakeries patients are able to stand 300 degrees F. without serious inconvenience—168 degrees F. above the boiling point of water! Of course, this high degree of heat may not be sustained for any length of time; but it has been maintained with good results for upwards of fifteen mindes. Even 400 degrees has been borne for a subject ordinary cases to such high temperatures.

From 200 degrees to 300 degrees F. patients perspite freely, the perspiration being carried off in the form of steam through the funnels at the top of the baking machines. It feels at first as if one actually melting away. The extremities tinkend then seem to become numb for the first fiften or twenty minutes after 200 degrees F. has pleasant, and one becomes somewhat drowsy. An intense thirst is experienced. Liquids are not forsent may sip ice water whenever very thirsty. In all of the particular to keep the head cool, bags of ice are applied from time to time.

A number of very remarkable cures have been relown physician of Brooklyn recently published in
schotair, and it furnishes most remarkable reading.
The not the cases well authenticated, they would be testimonials for "cure-alls." Persons
the for years from chronic rheumatism, in its

worst form, have been practically cured, and many diseases that have stubbornly resisted all forms of medical treatment have capitulated to the hot-air machine. Even cases of pneumonia have yielded to hot air after other remedial agents have failed.

When it is remembered that, under this treatment, human blood is subjected to heat a hundred or more degrees above the boiling point of water, its successful application is truly marvelous. After a while people may "throw physic to the dogs" and pin their faith to the hot-air machine. Who knows?

LIVING LAMPS.

Charles F. Holder, in talking about animal phosphorescence, says: "It is possible to read by the light of the humble earthworm. One of the most brilliant displays of animal phosphorescence I have observed came from such a source. Its discovery was accidental. In passing through an orange grove one rainy night, in southern California, I kicked aside a large clump of earth, when, to all intents and purposes, a mass of white molten metal went flying in every direction, affording an unusual display.

"The cause of the light was a single, possibly two, earthworms, not over two inches in length. The luminous matter was exuding from them and had permeated the surrounding soil, rendering it phosphorescent. The light-emitting mucous came off on my hands, and the light lasted several seconds, gradually fading away.

"Possibly the most remarkable light ever used for purposes of reading is the beautiful pyrosoma, a columnar, jelly-like creature, one of the free swimming tunicates. They are usually from one to two feet in length and three or four inches across, open at one end. The column is an aggregation of animals, each of which takes in water and expels it by an orifice in the interior; and this volume of water, rushing from the open ends, propels the animal along. Its luminosity is wonderful, its name, fire body, well chosen.

"To illustrate its intensity a Portuguese sea captain secured six of the animals, which he placed in glass jars suspended from the ceiling of his cabin. By their own light he wrote a description of their beauties.

"Bennett, the English naturalist, placed a deepsea shark, of the genus isistius, in a jar in his cabin, and could easily read by its light, describing the appearance of the fish as truly ghastly."—Scientific American.

SHEEP IN SPAIN.

In Spain there are some 10,000,000 migratory sheep, which every year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the "delectable mountains," where the shepherds feed them till the snows descend. These sheep are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places, and behavior are regulated by ancient and special laws and tribunals dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one is allowed to travel on the same route as the sheep, which have a right to graze on all open and common land on the way, and for which a road ninety yards wide must be left on all inclosed and private property. The shepherds lead the flocks, the sheep follow, and the flocks are accompanied by mules carrying provisions, and large dogs which act as guards against the wolves. The Merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and the total time spent on the migration there and back is fourteen weeks.

WHY WE WINK.

No satisfactory determination has been made of the reason we wink. Some suppose that the descent and return of the lid over the eye serves to sweep or wash it off; others that covering of the eye gives it a rest from the labor of vision, if only for an inappreciable instant. This view borrows some force from the fact that the record of winking is considerably used by experimental physiologists to help measure the fatigue which the eye suffers.

In another line of investigation Herr S. Garten has attempted to measure the length of time occupied by the different phases of a wink. He used a specially arranged photographic apparatus, and affixed a piece of white paper to the edge of the eye-

lid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom of its movement, after which it rises, but more slowly than it fell.

The mean duration of the downward movement was from seventy-five to ninety-one thousandths of a second; the rest with the eye shut lasted variously, the shortest duration being fifteen hundredths of a second with one subject and seventeen hundredths with another, and the third phase of the wink, the rising of the lid, took seventeen hundredths of a second more, making the entire duration of the wink about forty hundredths, or four-tenths of a second. The interruption is not long enough to interfere with distinct vision.

M. V. Henry says, in L'Annee Psychologique, that different persons wink differently—some often, others rarely; some in groups of ten or so at a time, when they rest awhile; and others regularly, once only at a time. The movement is modified by the de gree of attention. Periods of close interest, when we wink hardly at all, may be followed by a speedy making up for lost time by rapid winking when the tension is relieved.

OREGON HAS RED HUCKLEBERRIES.

A woman who has just returned from an outing in the Caseades wants to know why the "high-bush" red huckleberries are not found in the market here. She gathered a lot of them in the mountains, and says they are, in her opinion, much superior to the "low-bush" blue huckleberries, being more acid, and having something of the flavor of the cranberry. A man who has often eaten these berries in the mountains agrees with her as to the flavor of the red huckleberries, and suggests that one reason why they are never seen in the market is that they are not plentiful on the bushes, and it would be a great deal of work to gather a quantity of them. The woman replies to this that they are plentiful this year, at all events.

HARDY VEGETARIANS.

Peasants of Russia live mainly upon thin vegetable soup, sauerkraut, rye bread and oil. The Scotch highlander, whose courage and hardihood are proverbial, seldom touches meat, living mainly upon oatmeal, vegetables and buttermilk. Among the most active and vital people of the world are the Irish peasants, whose diet consists almost entirely of potatoes and buttermilk. The farmers of Corsica live all winter upon dried fruit, mainly dates, and polenta (chestnut) meal. During the middle ages the Moors used to provision their fortified cities with chestnuts and olive oil.

SHOOTING INTO A HAILSTORM.

To break up a hailstorm it is necessary to destroy the revolving or whirling current of air. This can only be done by an opposing current of air, hence the philosophy of shooting cannon balls at the hail clouds is plain. The cannon balls passing through the air create a temporary vacuum, which is quickly filled by the air rushing in behind the ball and toward the clouds. When this current of air becomes stronger than the whirling current or strong enough to interfere with it the whirling current is overcome and the hailstorm is destroyed.

The wild goose is susceptible to a certain amount of domestication. It readily consorts with the tame flocks, learns that no harm is intended and will come to feed as readily as its companions. It never loses its inborn desire for wandering, however, and in autumn and spring will honk constantly to bands of former companions passing over in migration.

In each beehive are a number of nursing bees who do not go out to gather honey, but look after the eggs and young, and a certain number are always told off to ventilate a hive. These stand close to the entrance and fan strongly with their wings.

A DEALER in artificial limbs estimates that 300,-000 Britons have lost one or both legs.

On an average a cow yields 350 gallons of milk a year.

INGLENOOK. THE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. It you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address:

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE WINTER EVENINGS.

Now that the Winter is on us the best method of spending the hours in which one is necessarily housed is to be a subject for consideration in every household. Many a boy has been driven from home by the lack of adequate and suitable entertainment. His mother is knitting in silence, the father reading and the old clock going tick-tock, tick-tock, in the corner or on the mantel. There is nothing for him to do and when he complains he is advised to read - the Bible. Here is where parents make an egregious blunder. The advice is good but unsuited. It is like locking the father in a cell and telling him to amuse and interest himself in a Latin grammar.

Naturally the boy drifts away from such a home and soon learns to spend his nights in more congenial company. Mention books and the undiscerning parent says that he has books and the boy never reads them. There are the Bible and "The Doctrine of the Brethren Defended," and, yes, an ancient government report, not to speak of a Fourth Reader!

There are only two things that will save a boy under such conditions. One is that he may be of exceptionally strong turn of mind and get books and papers of his own. The chances are that, left to his unguided choice, he will accumulate a stock of penny dreadfuls, and go to sleep dreaming of Indians and hold-ups,

The thing to do is to give him what he wants, and what he really needs, of palatable reading that will at once hold his interest and instruct him. The INGLENOOR is a publication of that character. and there are books without end. A boy who has grown up without "Robinson Crusoe" has missed much of life. White's Natural History of Selbourne, in the hands of a boy, inaccurate as it is, has made more naturalists than any other known volume. A man with no thought in his head but corn and black hogs may regard money as wasted if put into books and papers, but when he is lying awake nights, waiting for that grown boy to get home, he may finally realize that it would have been better to have made home attractive. It is still better to take time by the forelock and so arrange home that the boy will find more there than elsewhere, and so stay where he belongs.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS MAKE STEPPING-STONES.

STRIVE vigorously to form, early in life, a habit of using everything that comes to you, whether pleasant or unpleasant, fortunate or unfortunate, to your advantage. Do not allow an unpleasant letter, a disagrecable criticism, an uncharitable remark, loss of property, or other trial of any kind to cloud your whole day and cast shadows over your life. Resolve vigorously to make every seeming stumbling-block a stepping-stone to higher and nobler endeavor. If you can make no other use of misfortune, you can use it as a point of departure for new and more determined effort, an occasion for turning over a new leaf. Make up your mind resolutely that nothing shall stand in the way of your genuine success. You cannot allow your life to be darkened by the clouds cast over your path by others who seem to wish to injure you. Treat trouble and misfortune as the oyster does the grain of sand which irritates it. Cover them with pearls and make them things of beauty. Misfortunes and difficulties make stronger those who have the courage to surmount them and use them as steppingstones instead of stumbling-blocks. If you will determine resolutely and vigorously that every apparent misfortune that comes to you shall be turned into a blessing you will soon lose all fear of evil and will become strong to battle with seeming opposition. For, after all, what we call the misfortunes of life and the things that make us unhappy are not such, in reality. - Success.

A SPECIALTY OF OUR PAPER.

WE call the attention of our readers to something they can hardly fail to have noticed. It is that there is always one or more descriptions of things that are common enough, but the how of their manufacture is not common property by any means. The 'Nook tells how it is done. We are going to make a specialty of these unusual things in the future. Read them carefully, for a good many of them cannot be had in print in any other paper. While we are not a newspaper in the sense of furnishing the news, yet we are still a newspaper in the way of furnishing our readers something that is new in the way of information, and it will be done from week to week.

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOVS' THANKSGIVING FEAST.

THE eighteenth year Thanksgiving Feast of the newsboys and poor children of Chicago came off on schedule time, and 14,000 of them were fed,full. Here is the menu in its totality:

520 Turkeys,

10 Barrels mashed Potatoes,

35 Barrels Apples,

4 Barrels Cranberry Sauce,

1500 Gallons Milk,

960 Loaves Bread,

50 Boxes Grapes,

250 Bunches Bananas,

25 Boxes Oranges,

975 Dozen Cakes,

1800 Pies, Assorted.

It strikes us that the greediest 'Nook boy alive could have had his fill for once had he been there.

It is most encouraging to note that the daily press is giving more attention to the subject of training the young to respect the rights and feelings of animals. The following, from an editorial in the Leader, of Richmond, breathes the right spirit, and shows where humane teachings should be-

"Every child should be taught to be kind to animals, and savage instincts should be curbed. Instead, children are often positively encouraged in the home circle to be cruel. This is from thoughtlessness or from a disposition to humor the child in all its whims. Many a poor kitten suffers daily torture at the hands of its little master or mistress, and nobody seems to think that it makes any difference. We pity the goat that has a boy for its master, for the days of such a goat are full of trou-

"The baby that is permitted to torture a kitten and the boy that is permitted to torture a goat are being badly trained, and the result of such training will be manifest in later years. Every child should be taught the great lesson of consideration-should be taught to be considerate of the feelings of human beings and of brutes. Otherwise the child is almost sure to be cruel and selfish as it grows up."

It is said that what is in the mouth of everybody must be true, and if this is correct, the INGLENOOK grows on acquaintance. Very frequently we hear the expression, "He didn't care anything about it at first, and didn't read it. But one day he looked at it, and then he read it through, and now he wants it the first thing when it comes." This is the history of the 'Nook, wherever it goes. It grows on one. There is a fascination about its ever new subjects that attract and hold attention. There is something novel in it, and it is interesting because it is educational and out of the ordinary.

Don't allow your subscription to lapse. Don't wait till the last minute to renew. Don't miss a number and then say that you would like to have such and such an issue. If it is a back number the chances are that we do not have it to send. Send on your subscription at once and give yourself a treat that will repeat itself fifty-two times a year, ever new and entertaining. Make yourself a Christmas gift.

He who is lord of himself and exists upon his own resources is a noble but a rare being.

No man ever became great or good except through many and great mistakes.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

How is white beeswax made?

WAIT. Watch the 'Nook. Description coming

Who writes the book reviews in the Inglenook?

The Editor.

Why does not the 'Nook pay for its articles?

Because it has ten times more than it can use, which is gladly given by its friends,

What is to be done with a lad who will carry a pistol?

Take it from him, and if he does it over you do something in the woodshed good and hard,

Has the Salvation Army a paper?

Yes, the War Cry, peddled everywhere by the sisters composing the army,

Is it a certainty that Christ was born December 25?

It is a certainty that nobody knows anything at all about it. It was observed on different days in different ages of the world.

Could I get a position as clerk in a city store?

You might, but by no means go to any city without knowing just what is ahead of you, and with money to get back home in case of failure.

is there anything in palmistry?

Very little to our notion. It is nearly always associated with astrology or some such ancient powwowing.

Is there any harm in a glass of wine?

It is playing with a redhot coal of fire, and thousands of years ago it was said that those who were deceived by the mocker were not wise.

Some people believe in the existence of mermaids. What is your idea of the matter?

We have no ideas about something that has no existence, and never had.

Do cigarettes do the harm they are represented as accom-

Yes, and there is no more harmful and no nastic way to use tobacco. A boy is a great fool to voluntarily take to them.

I would like to have a good watch in a very plain case. How shall I go about it?

Buy as good a watch works as you care to, and have them put in as plain a case as you may fancy If you are buying a watch to wear this is the best way. You can get works that will outwear you an be good for your after-comers.

Is it right to read fiction?

It all depends. To make a business of it wrong. A good story is like an ideal picture. picture is in colors in one instance, and in words the other. The "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Ho of David," and many other good books are purtion. Life would be a very hard lot without dreams and castle building.

Do trains often run sixty miles an hour, and is it not esta

Trains very often run faster than that, and if the is an accident it matters little whether it is sixty forty miles an hour, everything goes to smash either case. There is no record, however, of a train running off the track because of its speed, fact if everything holds together it is more likely stay on the rails when going very fast than ab going slow.

Is a guessing contest the same as a lottery?

All chances deliberately gone into for the end gain are more or less of the character of a lot It is the principle of getting something for no that gives it the flavor of a lottery. Money mains, at is always at the bottom of all such chancing. is as well to keep out of it. Lotteries and change ever off were common enough in earlier days, even churches, but the practice will not hold out und close ethical scrutiny. It is a sort of gambling.

A HOROLOGICAL SCHOOL.

THIS is a pretty big word for a school where they gach watch making and repairing, but it is the only The full of it is The Elgin Colof Horology, Engraving and Optics. It is wated here in Elgin, and you might pass it a hunbed times and not recognize it, but it is here all is nere all that is claimed for it. It rgar in 1888, and is one of the very few instituposs of its kind in the United States. Indeed we be informed that there is none in Chicago, and ghat is not found there is a rarity, sure. There are 101 very many anywhere, for that matter. Though Elgin is where there is one of the largest and best saich factories in the country, they do not teach the business where they make watches. It is done in the factory by machines that do all but talk. In the Horological school it is all done by hand, and the result of individual thought. In fine it is a place where they teach watch repairing, and engraving, and as much of optics, spectacles and the like, is the average jeweler requires. And they do it rell. The thing about it that impressed the 'Nook man most was the fact that they taught the real thing, not books, but the whole of watch tinkering in its every department.

They do not teach watch making, and the lady in charge said that only among the Swiss were watches made by one person "from the ground up." In the United States it is done by machinery. At this school men come from all over the country to learn the business. They will not take an applicant under seventeen, and the actual age of the learners seemed to run from about twenty to twice that. There are no women learning, and the head of the workshop did not seem very favorably impressed with the capacity of a woman to learn the business. What they do teach is the repairing of any and every part of a watch. Here is the how of it.

A man wishing to learn the business comes to Elgin, goes into the school, which by the way is a practical workshop, and he works under personal instruction till he has mastered the business to that extent that he can take a place in any watch shop in the land, or start in business himself, and hold his own in any and every part of the work. To do this requires his presence at the School for from a year to a year and a half, according to what he knew before he came, and his capacity for catching on to what is required. In any event he is not given a diploma till he knows it all. If he only Nants to take a part of the course he can do so, and geta certificate that he has been at the School and has been under instruction. But he must know the us and out of a watch through and through before begets a diploma. He has to be a credit to the inslitution, if it can be called that.

The students, or learners, or whatever they may be called, have six instructors, who give personal attention to them, and they pay \$40 a quarter tuition, and look out for themselves in the way of loard, etc. They are also required to purchase a st of tools which costs from \$30 to \$40, but these belong to him when he is through. The benches, lathes, and all the natural and necessary belongings of a practical shop are fixtures in the School, and will be started at the foot of the ladder, receiving the is able to take new work.

Now how does the school get its material to work lt is sent in from all over the country for fine lepairing. It is something like this. You have a the watch that gets out of kelter. You take it to the "watchmaker" at your home town, and ask him thether he can fix it all right enough. He takes a Polessional look at it, and says he can, but that will have to leave it with him for a week or two. night. You let him have it. Now he knows Sedet that while he can fix the hands all right, defect in the balance wheel is entirely too much bim. But he isn't telling his customer that. hat he does is to take his trade journal and conthe advertisements of places made and provided This such emergencies He sends the watch on the Elgin school, with orders to straighten out Parts on the other side of his skill, and leave rest to him. The matter is taken up in the thool by the learners who see it done, do it themtakes, or what not, and back it goes to your "watchwho turns it over to you in time, all right,

and he may even point out to you the difficulty which he had to remedy. It is the same thing as sending the patient beyond the skill of the country practitioner to the city hospital, with the difference that in the case of the individual everybody knows what is happening, while with the country artisan he is apt "to never let on." But all the same the learners have had the necessary experience and when they are in business for themselves they are ready for every sort of watch accident that may come to their hospital. It will be readily seen that experience is had in the School that would not be available in the ordinary practice of the profession.

The learners are engaged in actual work, just the same as though they were employed in a shop, observing the same hours, and at night they study the art of engraving. The shop, itself, has no appearance of a school, resembling nothing so much as a large back room in a watch repair shop where they have an enormous volume of repair work to do. Nevertheless it is where from twenty-five to fifty people are learning the watch repairer's art from a practical and business point of view.

It seems to pay the learners, for the management of the School have applications for competent workmen all the time, and when a learner has passed through the mill of instruction and knows it all in detail, he is pretty sure of a job. There are also applications to buy a diploma. It is not necessary to say that these are all rigorously turned down.

The way the watch and clock business is now shaped a young man can hardly get hold of it in any one of the jewelry stores over the country where watches are repaired. He will not there get the chances for fine repair work, at least not in sufficient quantity to do him any good, and he will never be able to take full charge in any large establishment. At the Horological School it is different. There he does get the whole of it, and they will not let him go as a graduate, to work under their diploma, till he really and truly does know it in such a way that he will be sure of himself and a credit to his instructors.

HOUSEKEEPING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The housekeeping side of the White House changes with each administration, and reflects, to a certain extent, the characteristics of the successive president's families. Most of the ladies of the White House have been economical housekeepers, and willful waste has never been tolerated. It has been an unwritten rule that economical, but not stingy, housekeeping should prevail at the White House.

The government allows certain essentials in the way of servants and dishes for the family of the president, and if he wishes more than these he must provide them at his own expense. The cost of running the White House has steadily increased year by year, and the parsimonious amount allowed by the government is hardly in keeping with the dignity of the president's position.

Mrs. Cleveland was an excellent white house manager. She was her own housekeeper, and took a personal supervision of the expenses of the household. Her own account books are interesting reading.

Mrs. McKinley is an expert housekeeper, and one who is well fitted to preside over the domestic side of the official home, but her health has been such that she has not been able to give the attention to household matters that she would like. But she does, in spite of failing health, exercise certain supervision that keeps her in touch with the affairs of the household.

She has a general housekeeper, whom she holds directly responsible for all matters pertaining to the linen and cleanliness. The present housekeeper, Marie Barbery, is a middle-aged New York woman, who shows her executive ability in numerous ways.

With the exception of the housekeeper, who is Mrs McKinley's special friend and helper, the servants are nearly all colored. The steward is the most important functionary. William T. Sinclair, the present incumbent, is the first colored man to hold that office. He receives a salary of \$1,800, fixed so by law and paid by the government, and he is under \$20,000 bond. This is considered necessary, because he has in his charge some very valuable property belonging to the government. All the silver, china, and historical articles in the president's private apartments are under his per-

sonal supervision, and he is held responsible for their safe keeping.

The steward attends to all the buying. The government provides the steward with a horse and wagon and in this he drives to market.

The daily expense of the president's table averages \$25, exclusive of state dinners and public receptions. This sum covers the cost of food for guests and the whole retinue of servants.

The supplies are not paid for when purchased, but a bill for them is rendered each month. This bill must be itemized, and the steward must check it before it goes to the paymaster. Usually the housekeeper or the mistress of the White House also audits the bills.

The paymaster is bonded and stands close to the president, and is supposed to look after his interests. All of the bills for the expenses of the White House go to this functionary, who draws them up into a clear, itemized account, which he submits to the president. When they have passed through all of these various hands, they are apt to be accurate, and the president usually pays them by check.

The White House cook is a South Carolina negress, Mrs. Benjamin. She is an up-to-date southern cook and understands the art of making fancy dishes, which seem to please the president and his wife.

Attempts have been made time and again to get the presidents to employ French cooks, but here, too, democratic and patriotic motives have prevailed. None but American white or colored cooks have been employed at the White House, although when large state dinners are given French or Italian cooks and caterers are brought in for temporary service.

The linen, silverware, glass and china are furnished by the government, and the proper care of these is a duty that the president has to trust to those under him.

The White House is really a large hotel, and the same methods obtain here as in a first-class hotel. Mrs. McKinley is daily besieged by begging letters, and these she attends to as best she can. One method is to see that all the food that would be wasted is properly distributed among the deserving poor.

STRETCHING STEEL.

In an article on Bridge Building we see the little known fact that steel can be stretched.

Before a hammer is struck, every single detail of a 54,000,000 pound bridge must be worked out on paper. Every beam, wire, rod, and even every screw, nut and rivet must first have its distinct design. And by "design" is meant not merely a drawing showing its future shape, but the setting forth of every detail. The design must show the length, width, thickness, and the exact number of feet or inches that the piece will be able to stretch, when completed, without breaking. For instance, a design for a certain bar of solid steel that will be forty-six feet long, four inches wide, and two inches thick, must give not only these three dimensions, but must, in addition, tell how many feet that finished bar will stretch, without breaking, when it has been placed in permanent position on the completed bridge. Most of us look upon solid steel as a thing that cannot be stretched, but the error of such a suppo sition was impressed upon the writer when he saw bars of cold, solid steel stretched out as far as six feet without injury to the extent of a crack.

LETTING IT OUT.

- "Did the postmaster leave any letters, Mary?" the mistress asked, on returning from a visit one afternoon.
 - " Nothing but a postcard, ma'am."
 - "Who is it from, Mary?"
- "And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" asked the girl, with an injured air.
- "Perhaps not. But anyone who sends me a message on a postcard is either stupid or impertment."
- "You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily, "but it's a nice way to be talking about your own mother!"

He is a very great and a very distinguished man who can afford in this period of the world's civilization to wear bad clothes.

Good Reading

IN A MACARONI FACTORY.

Each year finds the American fonder of macaroni. He is pressing the Italian hard as a lover of the flour-paste, tubular dainty, and no restaurant can claim to be an eating place unless prepared to serve up macaroni and spaghetti in a dozen different ways.

Italians brought hither with their appetite for macaroni the tools for making it. All they needed besides the tools were flour and water, and little macaroni factories sprang up in New York and Chicago. In them the macaroni was made as it has been made in Italy for one hundred years or longer. The kneading, mixing and other parts of the simple process were all done by hand until the American happened to think that the macaroni business was bound to grow, and then machinery began turning out the edible tubes. In Chicago, not far apart, are two macaroni factories. In one Italians with bared arms work over the flour and carry it along to the end by hand. In the other the paste is kneaded under iron knuckles, rolled beneath granite bowlders and squeezed into long tubes by steam power. The machine can turn out more macaroni in a day than the Italian can, but the Italian's factory is the more interesting to the man who wants to know how macaroni is made.

Only the hardest and flintiest wheat is used to make macaroni. Hard Minnesota or Dakota wheat is the best. The west side Italian takes this wheat, washes it and then carefully dries it. In Italy, he explained, they dried the wheat in the sun, but here, he said, waving his hands wildly over his head, there is no sun that can break through the smoke. After it is dry the wheat is ground or pounded into coarse cracked wheat and is then put into a revolving screen which is turned by a crank. This screen makes the first separation, dividing the starch, bran and hard parts of the wheat. Then the broken wheat is sifted through a number of hand sieves, beginning with a coarse mesh and ending with a fine mesh. The knack of swinging the sieve, tossing the grain from one side to the other, and bringing all the bran to the middle or on top is acquired only after long practice, but when the broken wheat has gone from one sieve to the other it is clean, bright, free from bran and almost polished. The macaroni-maker called it "semolina" and then proceeded to make it into dough. The coarse flour was mixed with warm water and kneaded by means of a lever which had on it a three-faced block of wood, with the sharp edge of the prism down. Two men worked this lever and block of wood into the dough, sometimes with a chopping motion and then sidewise. A spring lifted the lever up so that the kneaders had nothing to do but bear their weight on the lever and jump up and down.

After kneading and working it for an hour or so the dough was pronounced just right and ready to be made into tubes. This is done by pressure. The dough was placed in a cylinder which stood upright, with the top open, but the bottom was closed with a perforated plate, the holes being the exact size of the macaroni sticks. A quantity of dough was put into the cylinder and then a plunger was put on top of the dough, half a dozen men took hold of the lever and brought it down, and fifty soft, pliable macaroni tubes shot through the perforated plate.

The sticks were made hollow by means of little round plugs or centers, which were held in the holes by pins. The plugs were smaller than the holes through which the dough was forced, so that the dough really was squeezed through a ringshaped hole. The macaroni-maker smiled when he was asked why the pins did not slit the macaroni into two half-tubes as it was pressed out. Waving his hand condescendingly and lighting a fresh cigarette, he explained that the dough was sticky, and as the pin was at the top of the plug, or, as a machinist would call it, "mandrel," the macaroni tube was made solid again after passing the pin. While the macaroni sticks were coming through the plate a young man fanned them briskly to keep them from sticking together, and another one cut the sticks off about every ten feet and hung them over wooden frames, where they were kept until the macaroni was dry, hard and brittle.

Italians are the workmen in the American factory, too. They first put about 100 pounds of the semolina into a mixing machine. This is of iron, about three feet deep and two feet in diameter. Down the center is an upright shaft which has round bars of steel sticking from it like quills on a porcupine. The broken wheat mixed with hot water was worked into a dough by the steel hars moving around in the mixture, and when the dough was stiff enough it was taken out and put into a rolling machine. The rolling-pin of this machine is a granite wheel which looks like an enormous grindstone and weighs about three tons. This granite roller moves around in a circle over the dough, which was placed in a circular strip on the wooden bed around the edge. For three-quarters of an hour that granite rolling-pin squeezed, squashed and mashed the macaroni dough until it had a satiny feeling and was as fine as silk.

Next came the kneading machine. In this machine the circular bed turned around, and the kneaders-conical-shaped, iron-cogged wheelsdug their hard knuckles into the dough and thoroughly worked out any hard spots that the granite roller had missed. After half an hour in the kneading machine the dough was ready for the press. The cylinder of the press was somewhat like the hand press of the Italian, only it was larger and stronger, for a pressure of 1,000 pounds is brought to bear on the dough, squeezing out about 100 pounds of macaroni in three-quarters of an hour. The macaroni tubes are cut off every ten feet and then are taken to a table where they are cut into the proper length for packing. Then the macaroni is taken to the drying-room and kept there on racks for eight days, when it is packed in boxes for shipment.

ART TREASURES.

ONLY the other day a famous picture by Rubens, the great Flemish painter, was found in a dustbin at Wapping. It had been bought previously for half a crown; but the last owner did not even think it worth that, and the dustman removed it. It turns out to be worth \$55,000.

If you come across a piece of old canvas with a woman's foot painted on it, examine it, for it may be worth \$25,000. One of the finest pictures in the world-Titian's " Madonna of Lucca"-is worth at present \$80,000, and is in a famous private collection. But the picture was mutilated eighty years ago, a piece being cut out by an enemy of the owner and hidden. The picture represents the Virgin Mary, and the left foot, life-sized, is missing. This foot is said to be somewhere in England, and is worth \$25,000, or at the rate of \$5,000 per toe. With the foot the picture will be worth \$105,000, and the odd \$25,000 would be easily procured in exchange for the lost piece.

The "Venus of Milo's" right arm is missing. This Venus is the most famous statue in the world. and stands in the Louvre, in Paris; but her right arm is somewhere in this country.

There is no price one could set on the statue itself, for \$500,000 would not buy it, but the arm would fetch \$50,000, if not more—in fact, that sum was once offered for it. The Venus has lost both arms, but the right one was discovered some years ago by a wealthy English antiquarian, who communicated with the authorities who guard the Venus. It was proved satisfactorily that the arm was the missing one, and the finder was offered his own price for it. But he wanted to purchase the Venus, and add the arm to it. Then he would lend the statue to the Louvre for an indefinite period. The authorities did not approve of this, and the owner came to England in dudgeon, and buried the arm no one knows where. The owner died two years ago, and the \$50,000 worth of marble-no bigger than a man could carry—lies awaiting a finder.

A picture by Van Dyke, worth \$40,000, was stolen from a country seat in Cheshire four years ago. It has not passed out of the country. The thieves, finding it an awkward thing to dispose of, hid it. It was cut from its frame and taken away, with \$7,500 worth of other valuables, in 1896, and every now and then a report appears that it is found; but the famous Van Dyke is still at large.

There is a bronze figure of a "faun" somewhere in Britain, with two murders hanging over its head, and a price of \$15,000 set upon it. It is about three reading it, it does its own talking.

feet high, and one of its owners was murdered for refusing to sell it to a fanatical collector. The owner's heir, who inherited the statue, was killed by house breakers, who rifled his country seat, and carried off the faun, among other things. They were unable to sell it, and it was twice nearly recov ered; but eventually the thieves buried it. If you find it you will realize \$15,000.

If you come across an old sword of the kind that looks as if no human being could ever have wielded it, inspect the hilt to see if there are not five empty jewel-settings on each side, in the form of a cross If so, it is probably the state sword of Edward I who died a goodish time ago, and you will easily get \$3,500 or \$4,000 for it. It is known to be Great Britain, either in some remote dealer's shop or hanging on some smoking room wall. The empty settings used to contain ten of the finest rubjet of the time. The rubies are also at large, but as they are not recognizable from other fine rubies i is little use looking for them. They were worth

In one of the ducal castles of Scotland is a set of splendidly carved old hog-oak chairs. There are four of them, one an armchair, but there should be eight altogether-three chairs and an armchair are missing. Those missing chairs are somewhere it the country, but so far they have not been found. They would fetch \$750 each and \$1,000 for the armchair, if discovered.

One China bowl of Dresden ware is the only thing missing from one of the most valuable sets in the world, and the rest are now carefully guarded in a private museum. This bowl is thought to be somewhere in the Midlands, and may be lurking in some old dealer's shop, or doing daily work in a cottage, The rest of the set, incomplete, is worth \$1,500, but \$750 would be the price of this howl alone.

"Grandfather's clocks" are good things to keep one's eye on, for there is one somewhere whose door panel was carved by King James Il in his spare time. It would fetch \$4,000, however, and may sell for more than that when found. It disappeared-not by theft, but by mismanagementeighty years ago.

A ROUGH SKETCH.

A BIG, comfortable, roomy kitchen. Hot store, with something good getting ready for dinner Ma, a rotund, busy woman hustling around the room, busy with her cooking and kitchen work generally. When not busy she takes up her knitting Knitting socks for William Henry Harrison, a si teen-year old, who is simply "schrecklich" on his socks. W. H. H. is a big, gangling boy, sturdy build, younger than one would take him to be, hands and feet, heedless, growing, falling over life self, but will round out into a perfect man after has passed the pinfeather stage. He is reading t 'NOOK, has in his hand a segment of apple l mouth full, pie paused in air, mouth half open, tent on something near the bottom of the pa Turns the page, takes an awful bite again, and be gins the next article.

" Willie."

No answer, reading and pie go on together. " William!"

"Huh." Another bite of pie and a slight shift position while he reads more intently, and a little faster.

"William Hennery!"

That settles it. William Henry knows by the tone that business is meant, and he gulps the la mouthful, regretfully closes the 'Nook and stand up for orders. He is told to feed the stock and g ready for dinner. After that meal, when Ma the work all done, and the house to herself, s takes her knitting, lays the 'Nook on the table, at with one knitting needle idly scratching back of h ear she takes it all in, slowly, but surely.

And off here by the Fox river, is the Editor mi with a big, broad, good-natured, feeble-minded st on his face, for he sees it all in his mind's eye.

HARVEY BARKDOLL SAYS 50.

"We all prize the Inglenook very highly. The is no better paper, and it ought to be in every he in our land." And others think the same, think of the numbers of people that never heard it! Toll the it! Tell them about it. Once they get start

ooo The o Circle ooo

W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belleobio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., 120 Mrs. Lirie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading and Corington, Ohio.

WHAT IS OUR MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE?

BY J. R. SNYDER.

TRIS question has come to us many times in the sat few years. It might be answered in a few rods, and again we could spend much time in exclaiming it. We shall take the former course and see words as possible.

It had its genesis about eight years ago in Haynesboro, Pan, then the home transiently of Bro. W.B. Stover. It was organized for the purpose of elightenment and information along the line of elightenment and while this was perhaps the primary obtain, yet the deepening of the Christian life had no exall part of the original purpose. This is only a neural result, for no one can become deeply interested in missions and not have his spiritual life the the exame time. It is the spirit-filled life that means much for earnest missionary endeavor.

While the scope of the work has been enlarged site its inception, the fundamental principle of tatinception is the same as at its first organization, m, for the dissemination of missionary literature, the deepening of the Christian life and the extension of the borders of Zion. This aim we ever hope to keep to the front and thus fill a long-felt need in the church, especially among our younger mem-

This is an age of activity. All lines of human enlawor present a scene of animation. This is equaltwe of Christian work. New avenues and fields have opened for development which need workers nto are, in a sense at least, familiar with the generldetail of the work. Personal experiences, in all ases, being out of the question, the next best methd must be brought into use—studying the experimees of those who have come into personal cona with the field and the people. It is wonderful heamount of inspiration and information that can egained in this way. No one can read the lives of Judson, Carey, Moffat, Duff and others, or the ments recorded in the "New Acts of the Apostles," the eye-opening facts of the "New Era," or the olly themes of "Divine Enterprise of Missions," or answerable arguments of "Do Not Say," without wing more and feeling more deeply interested in begreat work of the church-world-wide evangeli-

This is the mission of the Circle, to plan so that his information can be easily and readily placed before a wider circle of readers. It has wielded an underect that is already being felt throughout the durch. No one can measure the influence of readily good books. It is as the pebble cast into the sty are lost in the vastness of the ocean. We ask the every reader of the Inglenook investigate the sinfluence.

Bellefontaine, Ohio.

The Abandoned Trail.—Geromimo, the famous of Apache chief, has a wardrobe of buckskin interest, fine heads and elk teeth. He still retains street one thousand dollars for them. Though the did chief cannot read or write himself, he is very side man. "Apache trail no good any more," is terse way in which he puts it. Wise old chief! Anslian. There should be no hankering after the ball altogether.—Current Events.

"BEGIN in the morning to be and to do,

Nor wait till the noontide hour,

When the spirit is weak and the heart is faint,

And the purpose is wasted power."

*CHRIST would still seek the lost, but he must do

*tdo it now with our hands."

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE ROSTRUM," by Adaline Hohf Beery, the Huntingdon sister. Published by Fillmore Brothers, Cincinnati, Ohio. 40 pp. Paper cover. Price, 25 cents.

This is a collection of original recitations, songs, dialogues, etc., for day-school and Christmas entertainments. Sometimes those interested in such things are at their wit's end to know where to find something new to select from. This is what they are looking for, and it is especially valuable for schools where the teacher knows how to sing. Then as this is by a sister, it would only be due church patriotism to buy the book, but its merit makes it worthy aside from all personal considerations.

- Sunday A School

GOLD DUST.

Swift, speedy time, feathered with flying hours.

—Daniel.

·We want not time, but diligence, for great performances.—Samuel Johnson.

Never think any portion of time too short to be employed.—Lord Chesterfield.

There's two ways of taking a thing easy. You can take and leave it alone or you can take and do it!—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.—R. W. Emerson.

Every man's task is his life preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God, and cannot be spared, defends him.—*Emerson*.

Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.—Mark Twain.

The winter's sunshine has a tenderness unknown to that which blazes down from the zenith at midsummer; and in the pink suffusions of sunset our spotless earth glows like a large, white lily that leans so near heaven as to catch the tint of its invisible roses.—Lucy Larcom.

We are God's plants, God's flowers. Be sure that he will help us to unfold into something serenely fair, nobly perfect, if not in this life, then in another. If he teaches us not to be satisfied till we have finished our work, he will not be satisfied till he has finished his. – James Freeman Clark.

What we call life is but the opening chapter of an endless serial. It is the vestibule of an infinite temple. We climb the weary steps and reach the gates with panting breath, and knock; and an angel with shining face opens to us, saying: "I am he whom you have maligned as 'the King of Terrors.' Come in, and begin to live!"—D. J. Burrell, D. D.

IF YOU ARE IN EARNEST.

ARE you looking for some opportunity for doing good? If you are, take to heart these words of William Burleigh: "There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again."

These are true words. You can prove them if you will. It is often true that those who talk most about wanting to do good "if they could" have no perception of the opportunities given them every day of their lives. The real worker in Christ's earthly kingdom does not wait for opportunities; he creates them. If you are in earnest, you will never be idle for lack of opportunity.—The Standard.

AN EXCELLENT RULE.

JOHN WESLEY'S mother once wrote to him when he was in college: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing, to you, is sin."

THE laughter cure is the latest for indigestion. Here is a hint for cynics and pessimists.

SEARCH FOR FAITH.

Han the embassy of Emperor Wing-te, A. D. 65, of the Ming dynasty gone 1,500 miles farther in its journey in search of the incarnated God, China would have been one of the greatest Christian nations in the world and all the present trouble would have been avoided. The story of the search for the incarnated God and its strange ending forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of a remarkable people.

In order to properly understand the conditions leading to a search for the incarnated God, it will be necessary to go a little into the history of China of that day. The Ming dynasty, which ruled then, had brought China out of a slough of despond, into which it had sunk because of the terrible corruption into which the precepts of Confucius and Lao-tze had fallen. These two great teachers were to China what Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was to the Romans. All three taught the value of good, the necessity of doing good, and other precepts based upon the same proposition. After the death of the Chinese philosophers, their teachings became corrupted until Confucianism became another name for ceremonial usage, and Lao-tzeism under the name of Taoism, a worship of spirits.

It was then, when China was the most highly civilized nation, when it counted gunpowder among its inventions, that the Ming rulers sought to find the true religion—something more noble than a worship of spirits or ceremonials. While still discussing the matter, rumors spread far and near that a new prophet—the incarnation of the real God—had appeared in the far West. Strange stories were whispered beneath the breath of the marvelous power of the new God—how he had raised the dead and had performed other miracles. This eventually reached the ears of the Emperor. Calling the literary and scientific men before him he demanded to know their opinions.

After a long consultation it was decided to send an embassy to the incarnated God with rich offerings, and to ask him to come to China to preach the true word. So a great caravan of richly-decorated camels was gathered, and magnificent offerings were loaded upon their backs. There were superb silks, glittering precious stones, the choicest incense, magnificent ivory carvings, and the finest products of all China. Attended by a huge retinue of coolies and servants and soldiers, the embassy, consisting of China's most learned men, started south, along the coast line, for, in those days, it was not safe to travel too far inland. Days and weeks the caravan traveled. Each day prayers were offered to the incarnate God. On went the cavalcade, passing beyond the boundaries of China, into the unknown land beyond. Everywhere the mission went the word of the search was passed, and soon a huge army entered India.

Once there the stories of the incarnate God became more circumstantial, and with renewed courage the embassadors pressed on. At last Southern India was reached and a positive clew discovered—at least so the embassy thought. Yes, the natives had heard of a great prophet. He had performed miracles and had disappeared in a miraculous manner, none knew whither. He had lived and was born on an island south of India, across the water which the Chinese dreaded.

But, strong as was the fear of water, the desire to accomplish their purpose was stronger, and so, in rude boats, they set sail for Ceylon. The weather favored them, and they soon set foot on the island home of the unknown prophet. There, where the knowledge of his existence was still fresh in the minds of the people, where the Botree, or tree of knowledge, where he had gained inspiration, was still standing, where his personality was not yet forgotten, the ambassadors gained their knowledge of Buddha, Gautama Sidartha, the all-wise.

They had set out to find the incarnate God, Christ the Savior, and had found Buddha. To their minds the precepts of Buddha offered attractions far superior to those of Confucius or Lao-tze, and so the return journey was begun, after leaving the presents and offerings at Buddha's shrine at Kushinara. Then they returned home and spread the new creed far and wide. To-day there are more than 30,000,000 Buddhists in China.

Lors of people grow poor buying bargains.

ODD WAYS OF LIYING.

THERE can be no better illustration of the truth of the moss-grown expression that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives " than is found in the discoveries made by a number of census agents. Occupations that were never known to exist have been unearthed by these questioners, and have given the students of odd jobs and unique livelihoods food for much thought.

One of the census takers dropped into East Forty-fifth street and found on a door that confronted him at the third landing the name "Prof. Abunson." The professor had long whiskers and considerable volubility, and said in reply to the query as to his occupation that he was a professional spanker. He showed a business card and an advertisement in a German paper, which said: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residences."

"I always see the culprit before I decide upon the amount of punishment," said the professor. "Sometimes they see me first and then I lose a job. As a rule I inflict the punishment in a room in which there is a clock. I always insist that the parents tell me how long I am to spank the refractory boy. Girls? O, no; I never spank girls."

One of the census takers discovered close to Fort Greene park, in Brooklyn, a man named Brenner, with a sign reading; "Waterbug Killer to United States Navy."

Another queer occupation discovered is conducted by a man who "calls people." His chief customers are those who have to get up at unusually early hours, such as battenders, policemen, motormen and the like. "It's not very profitable, though," he said, "and sometimes it's dangerous. I've been arrested several times for going into hallways before daylight, and once I got a black eye from a man, who threw an alarm clock at me when I called him."

The woman whose business it is to collect corks, and who is said to make \$10 a day is another queer one on the long list of oddities. She gathers all the whisky, champagne and mineral water corks through a number of employes and sells them to the firms that originally cut them,

Close to Bellevue hospital is a woman who sells bottles. Big-hearted "Tom" Brennan gave her the idea, and also a stand close to the dispensary, and she has been in the business outside the gloomy walls for twenty-five years. She has four barrels of bottles in the shed-like structure, which is about half the size of an ordinary newspaper booth. The poor who go to the dispensary for medicines usually fail to take bottles along. The dispensary does not furnish bottles, nor are they sold inside its gates. The "bottle woman," as she is called, sells for one or two cents each glass bottles of all sizes. ranging from the half-ounce vial to the one big enough for horse liniment.

METHODS OF WOOING SLUMBER.

"SLEEP, oh, gentle sleep, how have I frightened thee?" asks the distracted king in Shakespeare's play of "Henry IV.," and it is a question which thousands of weary mortals both before and after framing, though no answer has been forthcoming. That several ingenious persons have, however, solved the problem of inducing sleep the following peculiar methods of counteracting insomnia will clearly demonstrate:

His imperial majesty, the shah of Persia, was a martyr to insomnia for a long time until, in a happy moment of inspiration, one of the court physicians hit upon the extraordinary notion of patting the autocrat on the arms and back until sleep weighed down his eyelids. So admirable was this specific found to be that it was immediately adopted by the shah, and it is stated that the suite which accompanied him to Europe contained, among other functionaries, two "patters," whose sole occupation took the form of helping to send their master into the realms of the drowsy Morpheus.

At the Paris exposition there is shown the model of a cave once occupied by a famous Greek brigand, who was in the habit of being sent to sleep by the dropping of pieces of gold from the roof of the cave on a carpet beneath. The gold thus dropped represented some of the booty that he had acquired from passing travelers, and so dear had

the sound of coin become to him that nothing but its chink upon the ground would soothe his eyelids to sleep. Of all queer methods of inducing drowsiness the foregoing would certainly seem to be the

A gentleman who resided for many years in the town of Worcester was unable to drop off to sleep unless half a dozen peaches were placed under his pillow, as he averred that the perfume of the fruit brought with it a certain degree of drowsiness.

Somewhat similar to the device of this worthy was the plan of a Parisian merchant whose only remedy for sleeplessness was the insertion beneath his pillow of a sachet of lavender, the smell of which, he declared, would send him to sleep in five

Very peculiar was the following: A middle-aged engineer who had lived for many years close to the beach of a seaside town had grown so accustomed to the lullaby of the waves that when business took him to Manchester, where he was thenceforward compelled to live, he found that the absence of the sea murmurs robbed him of sleep. He therefore fitted up in his bedchamber an apparatus which was so constructed that the sound of the waves as they broke upon the shore was most cleverly imitated. Aided by this fictitious appliance, the engineer was enabled to sleep perfectly, and the apparatus continued in constant use until the day of his death, some years later.

In some oriental climes the natives who find themselves unable to sleep by natural means prevail upon their friends to administer to them very sound floggings with hamboo canes. The pain thus sustained is supposed by the natives in question to induce a sensation of drowsiness, followed by sleep. All the same, there are few insomnia patients in this country who would resort to so drastic a measure for curing their complaint.

GOOD JUDGE OF DOLLS.

SHE is a very little girl, only five years old, but in the short period of her few years she has enjoyed a large experience of life with dolls of all kinds and descriptions, who, in the course of their existence under her loving, but not always kind, administrations, have undergone many vicissitudes. So, the little five-year-old, when there came a real live baby into the house, felt herself to be something of a connoisseur in children. When it was put into her arms, this real live baby, she regarded it with a critical air.

"Isn't that a nice baby?" cried the nurse, with the joyous pride with which a nurse always regards a new baby, in which she feels that she has a proprietary interest.

"Yes," replied the little girl, hesitatingly, "it's nice, but its head is loose."

HE MAY BE NOTED SOME DAY.

A GENTLEMAN, who was showing the sights of Salem to some lady friends the other day, visited the birthplace of Hawthorne. This house, every man, woman and child in Salem is proud of and they are also proud of the historical knowledge of the urchins who like to act as guides to visitors, that sovereign's time have been in the habit of and they often ply them with questions to show them off.

This particular gentleman noticed one of the kids kicking his heels against the curbstone, and said, as he looked knowingly at his visitors, "My boy, what noted person was born in this house, do you know?"

"Yeth, thir," lisped the boy, "I was." Since then the Salem youth has not been so attracted to the gentlemen of historic tales.

WAR is the greatest demoralizer in the world. It liberates the savage passions long held in restraint in times of peace. Pillage, murder, rape and all the lesser crimes are its inseparable accompaniments, but the length to which brutal passion has been permitted to go on in China will long be a blot upon Christian nations.

EMMET BOYLES, who lives near Rosendale, Mo., has found in a ravine a mine of curiosities. Among the things found are a petrified cat, a petrified white oak log, mussel shells, snails, etc.; also some fine Indian arrow heads and fine specimens of different kinds of ore.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DEN.

LUTHER: Born 1483, died 1546. A German, Catholic priest who cut loose from Rome in what is called the Reformation, giving rise to what is known as Protestantism, all Protestant churches taking their origin, in some way, from Luther's great work in starting the Reformation.

LOYOLA: Born 1491, in Spain, died 1556. A Cath. olic priest who founded the order of Jesuits and was its head. The order has been condemned on all sides, even by the head of the church, the Pope, for its unjustifiable meddlesomeness in secular affairs in secular methods. Loyola is listed among the great because his society has influenced the world of religion in many ways.

Calvin: Born 1509, died 1564. He first studied for the priesthood, but thinking that he had mistaken his vocation he took up the study of law, He returned, however, to theological fields. He was an austere, uncompromising theologian, and his fame rests on the fact that he founded a school of theological philosophy which has influenced nillions. He wrote much, and the Institutio, one of his books, contains the substance of his teachings, He was a logician, a reasoner of the highest type, and though we may differ from him on theological presentations, yet he is beyond question one of the world's ablest thinkers. His belief was, in brief, that some were predestined to eternal salvation. and others to eternal damnation, altogether independent of anything they, themselves, might do This belief, held to by millions, has made him one of the world's greatest men in influencing thought and action.

CERVANTES: Born in Spain 1547, died 1616. writer who has kept the world laughing for over two hundred years. His principal work and the one by which he is remembered, is Don Quixote, humorous account of the adventures of a squire and his servant.

HENRY OF NAVARRE: Born in France 1553, die 1610. King of France. Great because he was the acknowledged head of the Huguenots. His religion, and his relation toward Catholicism, give him a first place in history.

BACON: Born in London 1561, died 1656. philosopher who has influenced mankind by rea son of the greatness of his mind and his systemo philosophy, which, for comprehensiveness and ac curacy of detail, has surpassed all aftercomers whe explored the same fields of thought.

SHAKESPEARE: Born in England 1564, died 1616 The greatest dramatist that ever wrote the Englis language. Nothing ever produced before or alt Shakespeare has equaled him. He seemed to kao all conditions of men and all methods of thought His English is perfect. He has influenced million of readers in all modern languages.

GALILEO: Born in Pisa, 1564, died 1642. Hews one of the earliest and greatest of experimental losophers. Thoroughly skilled as a mathematic he excelled in astronomy, and it was mainly through him that the crude and untrue theories of preco ing scientific men were exploded. He was hall before the religious authorities of the time, and b had much trouble with the ignorant and the fanali al. He came very near the discovery of the law gravitation, and he had few followers, or even in ligent surroundings, at the time of his discover While not the most brilliant, yet of a very substantial characteristics. tial character, his discoveries in mechanical scient entitle him to regard. His bent was intensely protical, and while not complete or fully establish his discoveries as an experimental philosopher the domain of natural science entitle him 10 d place in the history of men who changed thousand invoca and impressed themselves on all aftercomers.

KEPLER: Born 1571, died 1030. Great because he was one of the founders of modern astronous His theory of celestial objects was erroneous many things now better understood, but he fitly be classed with the immortals because of astronomical knowledge.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

Te INGLENOOR is par excellence. It bas The Included the Youth's Companion in our in our church publications,—John E. Mohler. Each number seems better than the preeding one. I have a Sunday-school class green boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen rar, and all get the Inglenook as a Sundayedulpaper, and they are delighted with it.—

Clarence, lowa. Speaks Out.

his with much satisfaction that I express grappinval of the Inglenook. Its appeargreand general make-up are such that it at sectommends it to the reader. It has found say into many of our homes, and the peoplease truly glad for its continued success.—

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENDOR easily takes rank among best young people's papers in the country. his better than most of them because of the beace of the silly love stories and light readit it is a most valuable addition to the Indien's publications. No family should be sibout it.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

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Lanark, Ill., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK emit started. We like it very well. I would he to see it go to all the homes of the land. heshort sermons are good for both old and rang.-Eld. I. B. Trout.

From the College.

lake the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased hits steady and Almost marvelous growth. The fact that it is sought after by our people, behold and young, is evidence that it proves self to be in fact what it purports to be .-- J. G.

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Hear Virginia Talk.

Ol all the young ill wield as gre. ner its readers

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And Hagers II, Md., Has This:

and reader of the INGLEing to the present time, pecially intended for the ang that interests me in nested in the 'Nook be-.s. I especially recomreaders. - Eld. A. B.

lowa, They Say: Myself and fam church pape

reatly enjoy reading our Ve trust its future may .it.-J. K. Miller.

Anot From Iowa.

there known th dican truthfo ctive youth's I have ever read. It seculiarly adapto re placed it in the general verticet is that it can not be welled by any other Sunday-school paper. I.W. Emmert.

Over in Indians.

My family and I say that the INGLENOOK is excellent paper. There are many things in est creryone likes, and which they ought to People who do not take the Ingletake occasion to regret it. The Editor the needs of the readers.-L. W. Teeter.

And Down in Missouri.

Para number of years I have wondered why to any have a paper for our young people. bang in character, with a tendency toward durch. We have that in the Inglenook. be in every home in the church.— E Ellenberger.

0 0

And This.

The INGLENOOK is clean, newsy, interesting the hooks and papers one he keeps .- Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

The Inglenook supplies the "missing link"

0 0

From Batavia, III.

We think the Inglenook an interesting and instructive paper .- Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

Across In Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the INGLENOOK, Its pages are always well filled with fresh and interesting reading matter.- W. G. Schrock.

0 0

South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The Inglenook is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it.-Eld. S. F. Sanger.

Ohlo Has Ita Say.

We are highly pleased with the Inglenook, and think it worthy of a place in every family of the Brethren. It interests old and young. Its literary qualities are of the first raok .- Ino. Calvin Bright.

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Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing.

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church literature. God bless the Inglenook.-John C. Zug.

And Also Hagerstown, Ild.

The INGLENOOK I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its coming. God bless the Inglenook.—W. S. Reich-

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper, It is always laden with good things, and should be in every home in our Brotherhood.-Jasper Barnthouse.

0 0

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of hefore. The Question Column is another feature of great interest.—Daniel Vaniman.

0 0

A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any GLENOOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to y that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is educator that should be in every home to both old and young. I where there are young people. -S. Z. Sharp.

Aa Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. - J. A. Chambers.

0 0

Down In Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction .- J. W. Wayland.

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Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulation. It certainly is the paper from the head much valuable information at a minihe keeps. tion. It certainly is the paper from which can mum cost.—T. F. Imler.



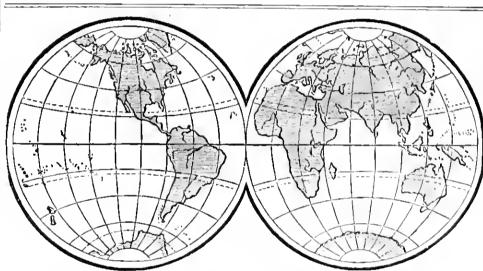
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GIRDLING THE GLOBE

By ELDER D. L. MILLER,

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The author tells of things seen in his travels around the world; and writes in such an interesting and impressive manner that the reading of the book will give one a better idea of things than would be received by many hundreds who would make the trip themselves. Note what one writer says:

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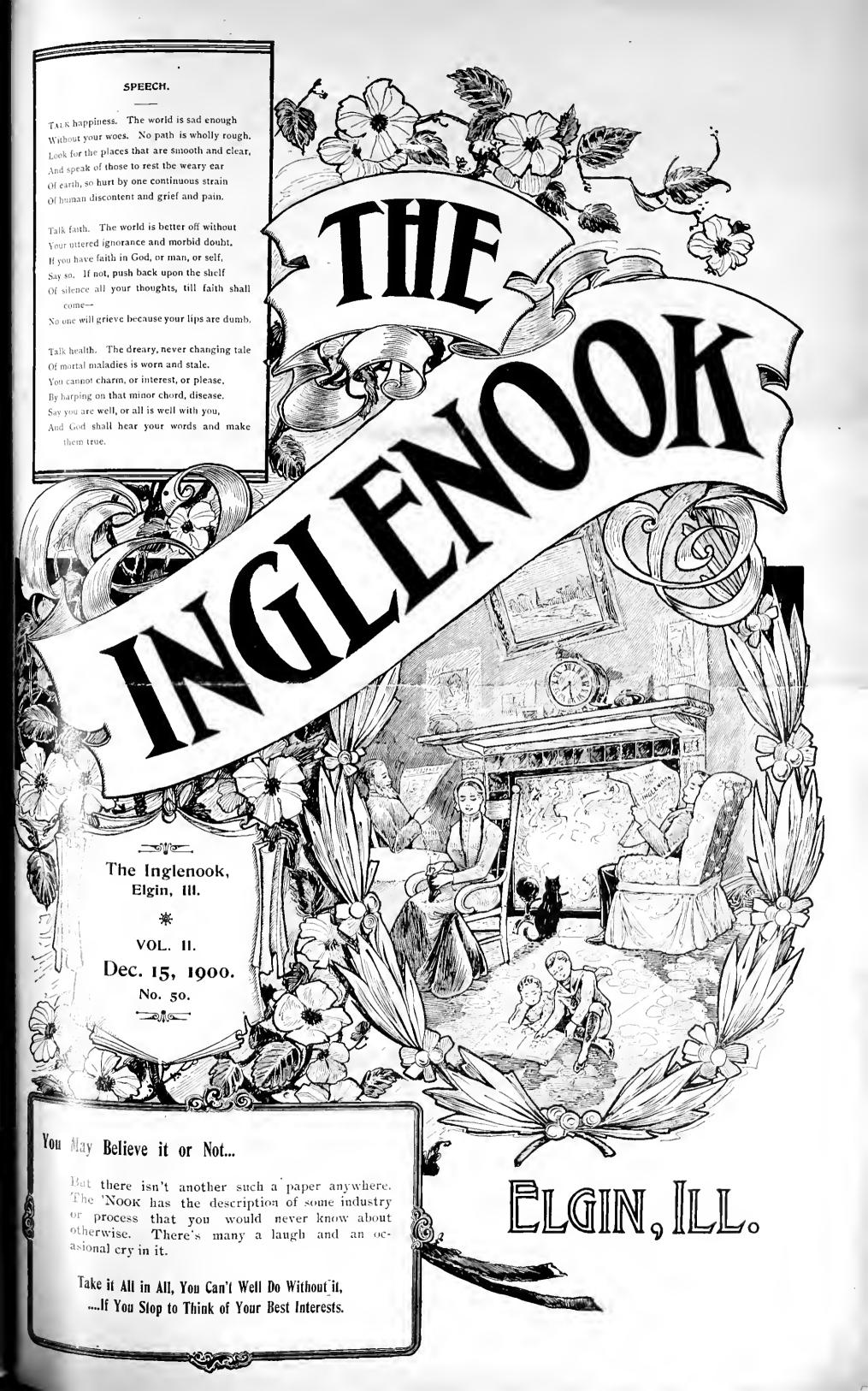
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If he gets twenty subscribers he can have two books; for thirty subscribers three books, and so on. And they could he had in an hour's work in many a place. Whoever shows himself an efficient agent will be put in line for the Fall work connected with the INGLENOOK. There is a library of Fifty bound books waiting for somebody.

The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems, Child's History of England,

Confessions of an Opium Eater. Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life, Drummond's Addresses, Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust. Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles, House of Seven Gables, Imitation of Christ,

Intellectual Life, Lays of Ancient Rome, Longfellow's Poems, Lorna Doone, Mosses from an Old Manse, Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds, Poe's Poetical Works, Prue and I, Rah and His Friends, Reveries of a Bachelor,

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The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

A Live Paper for Live People.

The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing of It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always ha and commonplace about it. and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without The INGLENOO The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. being interested and instructed. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it wa Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the Inglenook next year. never undertaken in the church before: Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list know what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life. T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made, JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast. C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance. MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder So-

cial Preferment? NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last

Twenty-five Years? S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

College. ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul. WM, BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. I. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians. QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion, E. S. YOUNG: Best Means of Bib

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Am-D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to a cope. CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Sol. L. W. TEETER: How a Commenta-D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Bet sions? NANCY UNDERHILL: What to 1 M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Sa GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in J. H. MOORE: The Pleasant Side

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There will be serial stories especially adapted to the church. They are already written and on file. You'll want the next number sure, and if you delay subscribing you may by members, for members. There will be a story illustrating the old time banning or avoidance, which w more than passing interest. to most readers.

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Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., DEC. 15, 1900.

No. 50.

THE BIRD WITH THE BROKEN PINION.

I WALKED thro' the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found in a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found its young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a nobler purpose
And struggled not in vain,
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion Kept another from the snare, And the life which sin had stricken Kept another from despair. Each ill has its compensation; There is healing for every pain, But the bird with the broken pinion Never soared as high again.

-Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE BANNING OF ELLEN WOODS.

In Three Chapters.-Chapter Two.

The next day it was learned that Henry and Ellenhad been married, and had taken their departure. The Amish mourned their late brother as one who had passed into the world and who had brought compulsory forgetfulness on himself by marrying out of the Lord. All that Ellen, his wife, had to expect was his in the way of the averted lace and the unspoken word from those who had best known him. Their interests were in common now. For Love, the mystic power that moves the world, they had given up all that was near to them that they might be one in life and death. People have died for love's sake. These two lived in death for each other.

He had secured the position of tenant on a large fam in the neighborhood, and settled down in the house built for hired help. It was in the late Autumn and there was much work to be done on the place. When the bobwhite whistled his clear notes Henry first heard them in the early morning as he dove to the field. Ellen watched the awakening olbird and beast as she cleared the simple breaklast things away and tidied the humble home. As forthe ban, it still held.

One day Henry was ploughing in the field, when, making the round next the road, he saw coming in the distance a familiar wagon and team. It was his hiher and mother who had intentionally driven out of their way to see what could be observed from the outside as to how their son was getting on. Resently the wagon and the plough came abreast Thin easy speaking distance. Henry looked up whem. His father and his mother looked straight and passed on. Not a word or a sign that the once near and dear first-born child was toiling the field before them. Ellen's experience was auch the same, but it had a crueler barb in the One day she was walking to the village total carrying on her arm a heavy basket of butter eggs. Coming behind her was a team and Ron. A look showed the people to be some of nearest kin, and the ones who sat in the next at the church where she had been banned. passed her as though she had no existence. must also be said that after they had passed no and bad been spoken in comment of any kind. spoken in comment of any another people. She was as the heathen to And so the winter passed. The first snow whitened the fields and the hills. Then the lengthening nights and the lowering days the there could not much be done on the farm. spent their spare time with each other, and y bad over again, had talked of the time when bad earned enough that they could move west

and on a homestead of their own be far from the ban and its dreadful workings. In a hundred homes where every inmate had known them, both as children and grown people, their names were never mentioned. Why speak of the heathen and the publicans? Buried in the hearts of almost all was a feeling for which there are no words. They were not heartless. They were not needlessly cruel. They would have died for their welfare "in the Lord," and they were crucifying themselves in the name of Christ and the church.

About six months after their marriage when the late Spring work was on, Henry came in one day at noon and said that he did not feel well. Dinner was eaten and he went again to the fields. He returned early and sat around quietly. He made no complaint but said that he felt dull. The next day it was worse than before. Then he lay down and another did his work on the farm. Very unwillingly Ellen called in the country doctor. When he went out of the kitchen door he told her that she should arrange for a siege of sickness, for typhoid fever had Henry in its clutches. It was mainly a matter of nursing, he said.

Then began the ceaseless vigil. Those who have kept watch and ward when death is knocking at the door know something about it. Ellen did all that human effort could render in the way of care. The people who owned the farm came regularly to see her, and some of the few outsiders who lived in the neighborhood stopped at the gate and asked how he was doing. But of all the complicated relationship on both sides not one crossed the threshold. She met death alone, and she made no outcry. If it was mistaken religious fervor on the outside, love and loyalty took up their abode in the humble tenant house. She asked nothing from them, she expected nothing. As she sat by the bedside listening despairingly to the babble of delirium no thought ever entered her head in the way of asking a truce in the ban. Henry might die, she might die, she hoped that she would, but there would be no weak appeal from the merciless finding of the chosen of the Lord. Into His hands she would trust herself. not theirs.

One early morning when the sun streamed into the room its rays fell on the head of Ellen seated on the floor, her head resting on the edge of the bed, dead in sleep. Tired Nature will stand so much and no more. It is the last feather that does the work. She had not intended sleeping. She would take a rest for just a moment beside the sick bed,—the nights were so long, so long. When she awoke she arose and looked at Henry. It was enough. The open eyes, the drooping jaw, the cramped pose, told the story. He had passed while she slept.

News of this kind travels fast in the country, and the same day the whole countryside had been made l acquainted with the fact and the date of the funeral. Now there is an unwritten law that when death comes to the banned it is lifted long enough to attend the funeral, see the dead buried, but there must be no word spoken. So when the time came at the Zook homestead hundreds of people had met. Dunkers and Amish were there waiting the arrival of the cortege that presently came over the hills. One hearse, one carriage with Ellen, and the owners of the farm on which Henry had worked, one alien neighbor, and that was all. Out on the hillside, within an enclosure, there was the family burying ground. The heap of yellow clay, the rude implements of sepulture were in evidence as the hearse drove up, and helping hands took the cheap black coffin out of the death wagon. Over three hundred people were present, and standing by the open grave was Ellen, alone, and as the German hymn was wailed out by the living, and the long. droning prayer was made, she was furtively watched. They thought that if she had left the church for the world what had she to expect from them. She thought if they had deserted her in the hour of mortal need they might go their ways,

she would walk her path alone. It was an iron misinterpretation of Matt. 18 on one hand and heroism on the other. There was a rambling discourse that had no bearing on the immediate matter of the gathering. The Amish preacher said he would speak to the living, and he touched almost all things but what had brought them together.

Then the crowd separated, and went home. Ellen went back alone to her desolated home. Not a word had been spoken to her. Not a sign had been made. The ban held like steel.

Ellen Woods went home and sat down to think. Widow as she was there were questions to consider. Her future was to be thought over, and in the darkened room she worked it out. She would wait a month or two and then she would go out into the world and work. If it was a man child she would work for him till he was grown and then he would keep her in her declining years. If it should he a girl they would live together always. Meantime the ban held.

(To be Concluded.)

A LIVE DUMMY.

THERE are dummies and dummies. The Editor makes a dummy every week, and it goes to show the printers where he wants the articles in the paper. Then you have seen the lay figures that Isaac Isaacson has in front of his store on which to display an overcoat costing \$3.99. And sometimes the dummy is in the window. But no matter of what made it never resembles humanity in a way to deceive anybody. The Editor has seen people who looked like dummies, but he never saw dummies that looked like people—that is only once did he see one and that is what we want to tell about.

The other day while prowling around for something new to write up for the 'Nook we saw a crowd in front of a clothing store. Passing over to the other side of the street we saw the attraction. It was a dummy in the window, life size, rigged out in an entirely new suit of clothes, overcoat and all, and it had all the high coloring characteristic of the wax figure. There was the same staring look they all have, and it seemed that the thing about it was a very good imitation of a dude who had looked too often on the wine that is red, and sometimes of other colors, and was just a little staggery on his feet. Of course the figure did not move out of its place, but it circled around in a slow, jerky sort of way. The crowd of about fifty people joked and guyed it most unmercifully. Pretty soon I saw that there was no system about the motions such as would be induced by mechanical means. Then I asked a man what it was. He told mc.

Now the truth of the business was that it was a real, live man, a young man, smooth faced, of perhaps twenty-five, painted up in perfect imitation of a wax figure. He had the vacant look, and outside of his turning around as though on a pivot, he was absolutely motionless and expressionless.

It seemed to me to be a very difficult thing to do. Consider! Paint yourself up till you look like a fool, dress up till you are a dude, stand in a show window before fifty people, and never for a moment make a motion but to turn around slowly, preserving the staring wax face and eyes straight ahead, and see how long you can keep it up. The man by me said that he could do it, that is the man in the window could, for from an hour to an hour and a half, till he broke down before the crowd and had to laugh. It was a struggle, for the crowd was trying to break him up, while he was staring at nothing and never turning a hair in the motionless stolidity of the proceeding. He didn't even wink, unless he did it when his back was turned. It was a grand piece of self-control. Ten dollars a day he got for doing nothing before a crowd. If you think it is easy try it for five minutes.

In 300 German towns, with an aggregate population of 15,000,000 inhabitants, medical statistics are now regularly received and compiled.

W Correspondence W

GOLD FROM THE MOTHER EARTH TO THE GOLD COIN.

BY OCIA C. LANHAM.

In 1848 Mr. James Marshall was digging a sawmill race on the bank of the American River in California, when he discovered some yellow metal which proved to be gold. For a long time this precious metal could be washed from the sand and dirt along the river banks and at the foothills, then they went to sinking deep shafts farther up in the mountains.

Gold is usually found among stones of great size and ofttimes the large stones are laden with small particles of gold, all through it. After a vein of gold has been located the miner sinks his shaft just to the edge of it. After putting in the proper machinery, they go down into the shaft and tunnel or drift out to the side and take out the precious ore. Some gold is found, that is pure enough to go directly to the smelter, but much of it must be gotten out of these large rocks. This is done by a lengthy process at the cyanide mill. It is put into a large mill which works very much like a coffee mill, and it is ground or crushed to the size of a walnut, then it passes into another mill which grinds it to about the size of a pea, now it is ready for the drier. It must be perfectly dry and to do this it is passed through large tubes or pipes of steel about as large as a barrel and through which flames of gas are continually blowing; this dries the valuable rock. Now by the use of an elevator much like that of a flour mill it is clevated up and emptied into another mill-like machine which grinds it to flour. Would you not like to have a loaf of bread made of this flour? Why not? It would be worth several coaves made out of wheat flour, although you cannot yet see that there is any gold in it. Now to get the gold out of this dust it is necessary to wash it with a solution called cyanide of potassium and water. This cyanide of potassium when dissolved in water has such an attraction for gold that if there is any gold in anything which it tooches the gold will melt and become a part of the solution.

The dust, with its gold in it, is put into a large circular tank made of steel. Now the solution is turned on. It being very poisonous it must be handled with great care. As the dust becomes moistened by this deadly liquid it is made into mud. Isn't this a curious mixture? So rich! Yet how deadly poison! The gold leaves the mud and goes with the cyanide which is drawn off through the bottom of the tank. Now the gold is gotten from the water or eyanide solution by means of the attraction which gold has for zinc. Gold likes the cyanide but it likes zinc better and as it passes into boxes filled with fine shavings of zinc, it leaves the solution of cyanide and sticks to the zinc. Now to get the gold off of the zinc, it must be washed. Then the zinc and gold is so melted in a furnace that when the door is opened a stream of almost pure gold runs forth. After running into molds and hardening, it becomes a gold brick, too rich to put into the walls of a house.

After gold has been mulded into bricks, it is shipped to the United States mint, of which there are several in the United States, but the oldest mint is in Philadelphia, Pa. It was founded during George-Washington's administration. In these mints there are certain rooms or vaults in which the precious gold bricks are piled up in regular order. These bricks are much smaller than our common brick. They are only about the size of a bar of kitchen soap, but weighing about forty pounds cach. We know that pure gold is so soft that you can mar it with your finger nail, so, in order to make good, lasting money, it is necessary to melt it in large pots and mix in copper and other substance to make it hard. Now the whole mixture is run out into long gold wedges about as wide as a twenty dollar gold piece and about a foot long, and two inches thick. These wedges are called ingots. It is from these ingots that our gold coins are made. They are not melted and run into mold as is done with the iron or many other metals, but are stamped out of cold metals. These ingots pass through between large cylinders of steel so graduated that the ingots get thinner and thinner,

as they are pulled through, until at last they are just about the desired width and thickness, but they are much longer than when they first went through the rollers. Now these long strips of gold are run under a vertical steel punch which has such great pressure that it cuts out round gold pieces just the size of the coin to be made. Why won't this round piece of gold pass between citizens without any more work? Because Uncle Sam has not put his stamp on yet.

It is very important that each coin should have the proper amount of gold in it, so it is weighed, and if it is found to be lacking in weight, they often cut into the side and slip in a small bit of gold, but if it lacks very much it is thrown back to be melted again. If it is too heavy, a little bit is filed off before it is stamped. After this weighing it is taken down into the basement and with thousands of other blanks, it is shoveled into a vat of acid which soon eats all the dirt off of it. It is then dried and taken upstairs to receive the important part.

The coining is done by a coining machine. The gold blanks are fed through a long tube into a machine which drops them between two dies. The upper die bears the picture of the goddess of liberty, and the lower one bears the American eagle and the lettering which you find on a gold dollar. As the coin lies there perfectly speechless, these two dies come together with such great pressure that they leave the beautiful impression which we find on the gold coin. All money is carefully counted and at certain times a certain amount of it is put into the treasury and thence into the different banks and by various transactions it goes from the banks to the citizens.

Bowbells, North Dakota.

THE JAPAN PERSIMMON.

BY N. R. BAKER.

"Green persimmon" is a synonym for bitterness

Stories of how certain uninitiated have been deceived into tasting green persimmons are as numerous, and perhaps not half so fabulous, as the old joke of "holding the sack for snipe." But the thoroughly ripe fruit, even of the wild tree, is quite edible. And yet the difference between the common wild fruit and the cultivated and improved Japan persimmon is almost as great as between the wild crab apple and the best highly-developed Baldwin.

Within the memory of men now living bananas were not seen upon fruit stands. We predict that young people of to-day will live to see the persimmon almost as numerous and popular.

The Japan persimmon commonly weighs nearly a half pound—hence will average fully as large as the larger varieties of apple. It is practically seedless. There is a story told here of a man earnestly seeking for some seed of this new seedless variety of persimmon, as he remarked that the fact of its having no seeds would be a very remarkable feature. Whether true or not we do not really know, as like a great many occurrences it always happens just over in another neighborhood, and when followed there, like the "milk sickness," it is a little further on, or else we have passed it.

The Japan tree is not so hardy as the common tree of our native forests, and even that does not mature fruit north of the isthmas—or average temperature—of Columbus, Ohio,

The fruit is generally of a deep yellow color, when ripe, and is shaped not unlike the leaden ball of a common cartridge.

Its taste is similar to that of another persimmon on the same tree or those on another tree of exactly the same kind. In other words it is so unlike other fruit in taste that I can think of none with which to make a suitable comparison,—not even other persimmons. It is simply luscious. That is the general verdict after a few trials. Some do not like it at first—possibly because its taste is peculiar to itself and hence unexpected. People who had to "learn to cat" bananas, and celery, etc., may have to cultivate to some extent a taste for the Japanese persimmon.

The book name for persimmon is date plum. Like nearly all fine Japan fruit the tree is a dwarf, though it is thought it may reach several inches in diameter. There is no way of knowing, I believe, as there are no large or old trees yet on account of their recent introduction.

The "puckering" propensity is almost entirely wanting. "When frost falls," as we say in the South, then is the time for persimmons and opossoms. The acme of good things to many a South ern appetite, especially to those of the colored race, is an opossum, fattened on persimmons, baked in a pan lined with yellow yams. If that has been the case in the past what must the future have in store when the new kind of persimmons shall be raised ten times as large and ten times as luscious? What 'possums there will be then! Surely "there is a good time coming."

Whistler, Ala.

GIRLS OF THE WILD WEST.

BY LOIS G. NEEDLES.

Are any of the Inglenookers wild west girls? If they are, they are girls to be envied. The writer happens to be one, so of course she knows. pony and gun, the best that can he had, are all Western girl needs to make her happy. She must have a good saddle, and plenty of ammunition, and a half day off to give her pony and gun exercise, On a cold day when her pony feels good, no one need think of passing her, for she would be unlady like enough to run him a race of half a mile and i sure to come out ahead. If a rabbit or bird crosses her path it is liable to get a bullet in its neck. The Eastern lady would be shocked at such actions, Nevertheless a Western girl can sit in the parlor and converse with the preacher as well as the Eastern girl.

When she attends college, she may forget sometimes and act as she would at home, and then she is shunned by the Eastern girls, and called "horribly unwomanly" by the professors, and frequently is told to "Please step in the professor's study." While there she gets her orders, and if she doesn't follow them just right she gets another raking, and that is the way it goes the rest of the time. But one good thing, the professors, nor anyone else, can keep her from thinking of the jolly times she will have when she returns home.

You must not get the idea that the Western girl does nothing but hont rabbits and quails, and run races, for she can bake bread, cakes and pies, wash dishes, and scrub as well, and osually better, than her sisters in the East. And on Sundays she doesn't go to church just to show her fine clothes, but to worship, as all good people do. In the week time when she gets her work done she brings in the horses and hitches them to the buggy without help, and she and her mother spend the rest of the day in riding around. If she wants chicken for dinner she takes her rifle or revolver and shoots one, and then chops the wood to cook it with. I have described the country girl, but I think I can truthfully say for the town girl that the West sends out the finest stenographers in the country. If this doesn't appear in the Inglenook, I will try again, for I am only sixteen and have time to learn,

Wayside, Kans.

An enterprising Australian millionaire named Leonard took a trip to Peru recently. He sa great flocks of the alpaca wandering on the Andes. Being a woolgrower himself, he was struck wi their splendid fleece. He resolved to buy some 3 take them home. He found that the Peruvian gov ernment absolutely prohibited their export. tried, by chartering a special ship, to smuggle some off, but was unsuccessful. Then the idea occurred to him of taking them out of the country eastward. He bought a large flock, engaged trusty men at had the creatures driven over the passes, 18,000 led above sea level, and then clean across the continent to Buenos Ayres. This little expedition cost him \$13,500. But the long march had so weakened the alpacas that they all died on the voyage.

The sensation which you experience from a release blow on the head resembles very much the sight of stars. The fact is, there is a phosphore cent power in the eye, which shows itself when it the head is strock violently, and is often perceived the head is strock violently, and is often perceived even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system the even in the act of sneezing. The jar to the system the start of the start of the start of the sneezing either the darkness or a faint blue light which floats before the eye and in which the imagination discovers the system of the sneezing either the start of the system is a specific to the system of the system of the start of the start of the start of the specific the start of the specific the start of the start

Nature & Study



THE biggest animal on earth afraid of the small-

Is an elephant afraid of a mouse?

Get an elephant and a mouse together, climb a mee and watch for yourself.

An artist and a writer athirst for scientific truth. metried the experiment. There need no longer ic any doubt that a mouse can scare an elephant alo fits in about three seconds. It was thoroughly demonstrated to the satisfaction of two embryo natgralists and any number of curious onlookers at the orcus grounds on Folsom street last Wednesday

Armed with a box of mice and a camera, this expedition in search of zoological information proreeded to the tented arena and inquired for the head keeper of the elephants. A gentleman named Souder-Mr. Pearl Souder, altogether-answered

We have come to discover if it is really true that abig thing like an elephant can be frightened by a file thing like a mouse," said one of the visitors. We have brought a few of the latter variety along sith us to spring on your elephants for the purpose of seeing what there is in the theory we hear menhoned now and then about these African monsters maning away from our American pantry cheese ollerers. We thought that only women were afraid of mice, and we want to see if elephants are as timid a women in this particular."

"So you want to try them on my elephants?" said he head keeper, glancing apprehensively around teplace. "Are your lives insured? Perhaps you don't understand what a stampede one little mouse can cause in a drove of twenty-five elephants. Do you want the beasts to pull this lot up by the roots and run away with it?"

"Is it as had as that?"

"It might be a good deal worse. If there is one thing in the world that an elephant is mortally alraid of, that one thing is a mouse. When we are n our winter quarters in Wisconsin, our greatest are in connection with the elephants is to keep nice out of their stables. One mouse has been known to create an elephant panic and cause more min in ten seconds than a tiger could cause in ten bours. I don't know how it comes that a beast who lears no animal anywhere near his size can be brown into a chill of terror and be made to plunge about like mad, tearing to pieces everything he buches, simply by the sight of a mouse creeping buildy into his stall. But if you are looking for oformation I suppose I can risk a trial with the nice if you can. Bring on the mice."

The mice were brought on.

The artist got his camera ready and fixed the soulter to catch movement in the thousandth part of a second. Anybody who knows much about elephants doesn't allow himself to be misled by the notion of slowness which their unwieldy appearance would naturally suggest—he knows that an elephant he he move in real earnest is not the slowest action a creation by several long lengths. The artist's smera had quick work ahead of it to keep track of hings after those innocent little mice should be liberated.

Two of the most courageous elephants in the unch, Prince and Duke, were led out first. If bese royal martyrs should stand their ground when be mice ran at them, their less intrepid brothers ad sisters would be given a turn.

The camera illustrates better than any words could describe what Prince and Duke did the moand Duke die ... Only they caught sight of the tiny intruders. be sternest commands of the keeper and his assistthis prevented the huge beasts from taking to the Arcets. They swung along at a ground-rocking Ace for a mad moment, then were called to a halt Revenue by the sound of their masters' voices. hey stood looking anxiously about them to see if the mice had followed. Not a mouse was in The fright of the bigger animals had not a circumstance to the terror of the smaller the they felt the jar of the earth which the leton mountains of life had caused by their tramp-A mouse ordinarily will shy at nothing but a A mouse ordinarily will shy at nothing being or a cat, but the thunder raised by the

elephant stampede was too much even for their nerves.

Prince and Duke were led back to the pit and were re-enforced by three more of the elephant band. Then a second relay of mice was let loose and more trouble began. One of the new victims stood on his hind legs and pawed the air, another turned and broke for the tents in the opposite direction to that taken by the main bunch. But all were equally afraid and in a hurry to get out of the way.

Again the keepers succeeded in calling them back, after the beasts were satisfied that their tiny enemies had disappeared. They still had uneasy expressions in their cyes and they walked with caution, peering carefully at the ground. One might imagine that an elephant would need opera glasses to see a mouse, but it seems that the little eyes of the monsters are keen enough even to spot as small a danger as that when the danger happens along.

"They haven't seen any mice for some months," said Mr. Souder, after the elephants had been quieted for the second time—"not since we left our quarters in Wisconsin last spring. They had grown somewhat used to the little rodents by that time, and while they remained cowardly in the face of them they had got enough confidence in the generosity of the mice not to hurt them to bear the little visitors' intrusion without serious agitation. But their long vacation on the road has caused the old fear to creep back in them, and, as you have just seen, they cannot witness the return of their old enemies into their lives without having their nerves going to pieces."

WORTH A DOLLAR A SMELL.

THE costliest of all flowers produced of late years is the Rothesay rose, a strange-looking, fleshcolored bloom. It is of an extraordinary colorvelvety, and just like the cheek of a healthy baby in tint. Every petal is wrinkled like the "goffering" of a girl's dress, and the entire bloom is very closely set, and weighs as much as six ordinary roses of the same kind. A single flower is worth

The prize of \$1,000 offered in Holland for a black tulip has never been claimed, but five jet black hyacinths have been known to grow in the last twenty years. The cheapest fetched \$100 and the dearest \$450-almost a record price for a bulb. Only one of the five reached a second generation, and now there has not been a black hyacinth for three years.

Orchids fetch the highest of all prices among flowers, though one may buy a tolerable orchid buttonhole for a quarter.

The sunset orchid, a lovely flower of deep yellow and carmine and flaming crimson, which cost many a life before it was first brought home from the virgin forests of the Amazon, could not be bought for less than \$1,500 a plant when it arrived in England. Only three out of forty-five sunsets were alive on arrival.

The record price paid for an orchid lately is \$2,100 for a plant of a new species called the canopus, from the interior of Brazil. It has a most lovely bloom, each flower eight inches across, streaked white and purple.

A blue peony seems to be as likely a thing to encounter as a blue horse. However, a light and washed-out-looking but distinctly blue specimen grew in the hothouse of a Manchester flower culturer. It was bought by a very wealthy amateur for \$1,000.

You can pay as much as \$40 a blossom for some varieties of the chrysanthemum, and a peagreen flower of this species, which is occasionally to be had, will fetch double that amount.

WHERE GRAPES ARE PLENTY.

"CONTRARY to the belief of many people, the largest grape-growing region in the world is not the champagne districts of France, nor in the sunny valley of southern California, for western New York owns the title by virtue of 50,000 acres now given over to grape culture," observed one of the largest fruit merchants in New York to the writer the other day. "In the Keuka lake region of western central New York there are 30,000 acres in vineyards, and the other 20,000 acres are in the Chautauqua belt. The two districts are made one by a sort of grape

corner of the state. The harvest in these great vineyards will amount to nearly 7,500 car loads this year. That means more than 22,500,000 ninepound baskets of grapes, or nearly three pounds of the fruit for every man, woman and child in the country.

"To harvest this gigantic fruit product will require the services of between 6,000 and 6,500 pickers, most of whom are women. The women are preferred, because they pick the fruit more rapidly and pack it more neatly than the men, who are only employed to do the heavier work of hanling, lifting and driving. Many of the girls come from the inland districts of Pennsylvania, northern Ohio, southern New York and even farther away. A good picker usually gets from eighty to ninety cents a day when she boards herself, or \$3 a week and board for working ten hours a day."

LAST OF THE SEA ELEPHANTS.

FIFTY years ago the fine natural harbor on the southwest coast of the island of Santa Catalina, gave shelter to what was perhaps one of the largest herds of the California sea elephant-macrorhinus angus tirostris-then known, the largest of its tribe, many attaining a length of twenty-two feet.

It was a striking and conspicuous object, and naturally attracted the attention of the whites, who immediately began a war of extermination, the animal being very valuable for its oil, the large bulls affording 200 or more gallons.

The animals were very plentiful at this time from latitude twenty-five degrees to thirty-five degrees; but the war of extermination began about 1852, and the present decade has, in all probability, seen the last of the animals.

The government, recognizing the inevitable, sent an expedition to Lower California a few years ago, and secured all the sea elephants they could find; and the oil hunters have since then completed the work, and it is believed that this fine animal is extinct.

In 1884 the crew of the sloop Liberty killed ninety-three. These men had sentiment enough to leave a few females and young; but it was a mistake, as some weeks later another boatload of exterminators came along and slaughtered what was left of the herd.

The government then sent Charles H. Townsend to secure what animals might have remained. He visited all the localities in Lower California, which had formerly given shelter to these animals, but found none until he came to San Cristobel Bay, where there was a herd of fifteen, these being killed in the interest of science. These were probably the last of the race.

CARPETED RIVERS IN THE SOUDAN.

THE search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Soudan may reach the outer world has called attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the headwaters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papyrus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by small boats is, of course, entirely interrupted by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and clinging plants which arch the streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reformed.

FISHES SLEEP WHILE IN MOTION.

THE sleeping of fishes, if they may properly be said to have such a habit, is as yet a puzzle. It is altogether probable that they do sleep, though they never close their eyes, simply for the reason that they have no eyelids. Probably many fishes slumber while swimming in the water, reducing the exercise of their fins to an automatic minimum. But it would be a mistake to suppose that a fish does its sleeping at night necessarily. On the contrary, many species are nocturnal in habit, feeding in the night time.

In Turkey the disappearance of the sun at night is accounted for by the periodical retirement of that isthmus, which runs down toward the southwest pious luminary for prayers and religious reflection.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1.00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for THE INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinols.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, III., as Second-class Matter.

HAVEN'T GOT TIME.

THERE are some people who seem to be always busy, and never have time to do things they should do. They rattle around in the world, on the jump half the time, and they are always so busy that they haven't time to attend to their business. They are usually people of abounding vitality coupled with deficient mentality. They undertake more than they are capable of, and divide themselves up in a way that leaves them but little more than a rickety rattle of humanity out of which nobody can get any clear-cut, concise statement or definite action in anything. They are like peas on a griddle, nobody knowing where they will be next.

Another man, of a different turn, would manage a railroad employing fifty thousand men with less noise and confusion than the "Haven't time" could drive a one-horse wagon to town and back. Now there's a reason for this and it is not hard to find. Of course there is a deep down difference making one man a quiet manager of men, and the other a rattle-trap, but the unspoiled reader may help himself wonderfully if he will remember that the difference is one that admits of a clear explanation. The born leader and manager is always a quiet man, one who does one thing at a time, and allows nothing to break in on him. He always has time for anything and everything pertaining to the business between matters. The man with the rickets tries to do half a dozen things at once, and when in the middle of one he allows somebody to thrust a paper in his face or to ask a question foreign to the matter of the first part. Of course he never has time, more than that his time is usually of not much account to anybody. He tries to be in town, across the hill and up the creek at the same time. Of course he is

One thing at a time, that done well, then when finished the next, and never any interruptions allowed, and the amount of work accurately done will astonish you.

YOUR RENEWAL.

FEW of our subscribers will allow their subscriptions to lapse. The 'Nook, with its weekly visits, has won for itself a hold on the minds and hearts of its readers. They look for it eagerly, scan it carefully, and wait for the next issue with interest, But here and there are those who will put off their renewal till they begin to miss the 'Nook's coming when they will ask for back numbers. They can not be had. The papers are all disposed of as we go along. Take time by the forelock and renew today. Save delay and disappointment.

If, however, you are now a subscriber and intend continuing as such, but do not find it immediately convenient to send on your dollar, then postal eard us that you wish to be continued and we will not take you out of the mailing list and you can remit later. But the better plan is to subscribe at once, one way or the other.

A BOY RELIGION.

THE late Henry Drummond said to a company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother ean, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities if they take upon themselves the duties

pects, no one wants them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, to Sunday school and to prayer meeting.

LONG PRAYERS.

No one likes to hear a long prayer, and when a man is making one, very likely the people are praying that he will stop. Long prayers may have been all right in other times, but they are not now. Men think quicker than they used to and act quicker. A man used to take ten foolscap pages to send an order for goods to New York; to-day he sends it by telegraph and puts it into ten words. See how short are the prayers recorded in the Bible. "Lord, help me!" is one "Lord, save, or I perish!" is another. Why, a man said that if Peter had had as long a preamble as men put into prayers nowadays, he would have been forty feet under water before he would have got as far as the petition for rescue. Prayer isn't praise; it is asking God for something. You can ask God for something in a few words. If a man will pray fifteen minutes in a prayer meeting, he will pray all the spirituality out of it. I'd rather have a man pray three times and only five minutes at a time, than to have him take fifteen minutes at once.—Moody.

YOU SHOULD NOT FORGET THAT-

To judge by personal appearance alone is an evidence of ignorance and stupidity.

Kindly deeds show kindly thoughts and prove the sincerity of kindly words.

Kind words are never lost; love and appreciation are the coinage in which they are paid back.

Daily politeness at home shows more true refinement than any amount of company manners.

Kindly thoughts ennoble the thinker, though others may know naught of them.

Little acts of kindness performed daily are greater and grander than one immense act of goodness done now and again.

ONE OF THE IRONIES OF WAR.

CAPTAIN LANS of the Germany navy, who took such a prominent part in the capture of the Taku forts, writes home that the Germans captured at that place seventeen guns of various caliber and much ammunition. "These," declares Captain Lans, "are the guns which have killed and wounded so many of my brave fellows, and which, alas! like almost all the enemy's guns and ammunition, come from our native country. The guns are all modern quickfirers from Krupp's."

STAY ON THE FARM.

A RECENT writer urges boys to go on the farm. He prophesies that the farm will soon return to favor as it will to greater profit. He suggests that the life of the farmer is far more peaceful and independent than the lot of the average city man. Conditions are annually growing more uncertain and difficult in the cities. Then, too, a dollar earned at home is worth two earned abroad. The writer refers to Lancaster County, Pa., showing the money made and saved by the farming community. There are in that county seven thousand men, and there are twenty-two million dollars out at interest in the county, hundreds of millions in homes, beside nearly one horse to every adult male, and household comforts galore.

A FLUENT speaker utters between 7,000 and 7,500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usual rapid utterance will reach 8,000 and even 9,000, but 125 words a minute, or 7,500 an hour, is a fair average.

D. L. Mohler, one of Missouri's brightest ministers, writing to a friend, who showed us the passage about the 'Nook, says, "Undoubtedly the In-GLENOOK is one of the spiciest, newsiest, neatest, of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one ex- cleanest, and most readable papers I ever saw."

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Do you club with other papers?

No.

Could I sell wild birds to dealers in Chicago? Yes, but better let the birds go free.

Who wrote the poetry about the INGLENOOK COVER! It was written in India.

Was a Bible year shorter than our year?

No, not appreciably so, that we know of.

How was the war with China settled?

It is not settled. The powers are haggling about the terms now.

Why will some European nations not show marked honor to Paul Kruger?

Because they don't want to get mixed up in any fuss with England.

Is there much difference between colleges, or is one like an-

There is a world of difference. All are good but some infinitely better than others.

What is a mugwump?

One who leaves his political party for its opposite. It is an Indian word, applied to one who married out of the tribe.

Is Sunday visiting right?

After service we know no better thing to do than to visit friends. A Sabbath afternoon, with brethren and sisters for company, is well spent.

How is cornstarch, the kind used for food, made?

It is simply a finer grade of the starch used to other purposes. We have a good description of the interesting process in the pickling vat. Wait.

Is there any given length for a sermon? That is, what is the time that should be occupied?

Here in Elgin an hour is used up from first to last, that is, beginning at 11 o'clock, all is over by 12, and that is long enough to say a great deal.

Is Elgin a large city?

It has about 23,000 population, but being only an hour from great Babylon by the lake it is dwarfed in the shadow. It is more like a large country town. But it is a good place all right enough.

Is there any preservative used to keep milk in the Elgin dairy country, and what is it?

None that we know of. It is a crime to adulter ate food, and there is no chemical that can be use for the purpose without injury to the health of the consumer.

Are angels male or female?

There is no mention of female angels in the Bible They are usually represented as winged women, b that is an idea of the artist, not sanctioned in l The word means "messenger."

What is the derivation of the words "Chicago "and "Elgen?

Chicago is an Indian word, the meaning of which is disputed. Elgin is the name of a place in Sco land, the name of a Scotch family, and also t name of a tune. One of the oldest settlers here says that it was named after the tune.

When you receive an article for publication do you return with a letter it with a letter pointing out defects, or do you throw it not waste baske1?

We do not regard ourselves under obligations to criticise contributions, though if the article has med it, yet falls short, we sometimes do it in the case of a friend. Mostly it is love's labor lost. crow thinks her own children white, and no are ment will change the opinion. As to the waste be ket, articles are never thrown in it, at least not he Whoever goes to the trouble to prepare an article that is unsuited for our uses has his copy either turned on all turned or filed away carefully. The INGLES, I waste basket is for scraps of paper, apple cores. If the like.

MAKING MINCE MEAT.

MINCE PIE is Uncle Sam's national dessert. A elebrated Englishman who once visited this coun-With as "the incarnation and quintand quintcoence of American independence." The British are their tart and the French their paté—both by the both works of genius in their way but it remained for the Yankee to rise above the tradigos of the past and conceive the idea of rolling the favorite desserts of both nations into one, addog a sprinkling of spice and a dash of cider and inthe expressive name "mince pie" for his treation. Unfortunately history does not record the name of the grandmother who first mixed mincemeat-she is one of the unlaureled and unsung benefactors of the human race. Yet, as she sneezed over the nutmegs for the first pie, she may have seen, dimly, through the long vista of the future the scrambling crowds of men and women around the "hot-mince" table at the "help yourself" restauant. If she did, she had her reward.

But mince-meat making, for a long time the segret craft of the grandmother, has been reduced to 3 science, and mince-meat is now being made throughout the country in quantities to supply every man, woman and child in the United States with a pie a week all the year round. Besides, a considerable number of pies are being shipped over to England and France, where the former devotees of those inferior creations, the tart and the paté, are wondering vainly and enviously how the pies were made. When first exported a French chef who has since become famous invented a new kind of fruit cake or plum pudding, which was the delight of every epicurean palate and the despair and torment of all the rival cooks of Paris, who could not imitate the marvelous creation. But it was only mince-meat, just like mother used to make.

In the early stages of its evolution mince-meat was no higher in the scale of culinary progress than ordinary hash. It was doubtless the outgrowth of the Yankee housewife's "nearness." She had some straps of meat left and some extra apples, and so she chopped them up together and made them into apie. Out of such humble beginnings mince-meat lorced itself upward by sheer merit, until it stands shoulder to shoulder with apple pie.

At first mince-meat was made soft and juicy and it had to be kept in a cool place in the cellar where it would not spoil. But there was a far-sighted man named Allen who saw that it had a glorious future, and so he went to work studying its characteristics. After awhile he found that it could be condensed in dry form so that it would outlast a piece of wedding cake. With the invention as a lass a number of large manufacturing concerns have sprung up, several of which are located in Chicago.

The beef used in making mince-meat comes from the shoulder of the animal and is cut in lean strips. It is taken at once in big trucks to the mince-meat lattory, where it is thrown into a vat, in the bottom of which there is a coil of steam pipes covered with Natur. Here it boils away, stirred from time to ime by a brawny workman, until the blood is all tooked out of the fibers. The room in which the work is done always has a rich, almost-dinner-time When the master workman thinks the cookhas gone far enough the meat is forked out taken to the chopping machine. This has a g basin which can be made to revolve slowly. At center of it a shaft, to which is attached a numof knives, jumps up and down and cuts the eat very much as a woman would cut it with a opping-knife. When it is fine enough the atch" of 500 pounds, or about one-fourth of a no pound "batch" of mince-meat, is laid aside.

bried apples are used, the finest grade that can contained in Michigan or New York. About 500 mince-meat, are chopped in a machine similar to be workmen trundle them off to the mixing-room. A small apartment, opening off from the chopped of bags and barrels are standing at one side of the room and on the other side two machines, when the spices mills, are droning pleasible. When the spices come in they are first when the mills to a fine powder and then chedsed separately in the barrels. There is allspice,

cinnamon, mace, citron, nutmeg, cloves, ginger and a very little pepper. The workman mixes them in just the right proportions, about fifty pounds of them being necessary to properly season a 2,000-pound "batch" of mince-meat.

The currants and raisins come in boxes and before they can be used they have to be thoroughly picked over and cleaned. This is accomplished by pouring them on a fine meshed sieve through which all the particles of dust and the little pieces of stem will sift.

Now the ingredients are ready for mixing. The meat is poured into the bottom of a long, narrow trough standing on the floor, the apples go in on top of it, then the raisins and currants and the spices and the sugar. A few gallons of New York state cider is poured over the mass and then half a dozen big, bare-armed men with shovels begin to turn over and mix the fragrant mass. It is work which almost any small boy would do without any compensation whatever, but the men have grown so accustomed to it that it has lost all its poetry.

When the mixing is complete the mince-meat is shoveled out into a truck, where it is allowed to stand several hours. It is almost dry and is rich and tempting.

The packing-room is full of animation. Around a long table stand a score or more of girls in natty white caps and aprons. Before each of them there is a pair of iron rods, crooked at the end and standing upright in the table: By a motion of the foot the girl can force the rods down until the crooked ends slide into two little boxes, just as a pump dasher slides down into a pump. The mince-meat is placed on a traveling belt which runs along the table and the girls take it in handfuls and pack it into the little boxes before them. Then the rods come whirring down and compress it into a solid block hardly larger than a cake of stove blacking. This block weighs twelve ounces and will make three pies. It is passed along to a girl who wraps it up in oiled paper and slides it into a little pasteboard box, after which it is ready for shipment.

About 15,000,000 pounds of mince-meat are made annually in the United States and it is consumed largely in the big cities, the country housewife still preferring to follow in the footsteps of her grand-mother and make her own mince-meat.

CUTLERY MANUFACTURE.

SELECTED BY D. Z. ANGLE.

THERE are three kinds of steel employed in the manufacture of different articles of cutlery, common steel, shear steal, and cast steel. All edge tools, which require to be tenacious without being very hard, are made of shear steel. The best scissors, razors, penknives, etc., are made from cast steel, which is able to take a very fine polish; common steel is only used in making cheap articles of cutlery.

In making good table knives, shear steel and cast are generally preferred. In the ordinary method of making knives, the blades are cut out of a sheet of steel, and the backs, shoulders and tangs of wrought iron are attached to the steel blades by welding at the forge. The knife is then ground to the proper shape, and the blade polished and hardened.

The fork manufacture is a distinct branch of industry, and the manufacturers of table knives generally buy their forks from the fork makers ready to be put into their handles.

In making table knives, two men are generally employed; one is called the foreman, or maker, and the other the striker. Pen knives are usually forged by a single hand, with hammer and anvil simply; they are hardened by heating the blades red hot, and dipping them into water up to the shoulder. Razors are also hardened in the same manner. The grinding and polishing of cutlery are generally performed by machinery. The business of the grinders is divided into grinding, glazing, and polishing.

Grinding is performed upon stones of various dimensions, those articles which require temper being ground on wet stones.

Glazing is a process by which lustre is given to cutlery; it is performed with a glazier, consisting of a circular piece of wood, sometimes covered with leather, or an alloy of lead and tin; it is fixed on an axis like a grindstone.

The polishing process is the last, and is performed on a similar piece of wood covered with buff leather. Only articles of cast steel which have been hardened and tempered, are subjected to this operation.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

REALISTIC SONGS.

Henry Russell, the well-known English vocalist, relates in his autobiography that on one occasion he gave, at Hanley, England, an entertainment for the benefit of the Staffordshire potters, who were in great distress After he had sung his song, "There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer," a man in the crowd arose, greatly excited, and shouted: "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserved seats stood up and said: "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell'll write to ye!"

At Newcastle-upon-Tyne Mr. Russell sang "The Gambler's Wife," in which the wife is represented as awaiting the gambler's return to his home. The clock strikes one—it strikes two—it strikes three. As it strikes four the young wife, clasping her child to her bosom, dies in hopeless despair. At this point a woman stood up and shrieked in shrill tones: "Oh, Mr. Russell, if it had been me, wouldn't I have fetched him home!"

In earlier days, as the same vocalist was singing, "Woodman, Spare That Tree!" an old gentleman cried: "Mr. Russell, was the tree spared?"

" It was, sir."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the old gentleman with a sigh of relief.

When "The Newfoundland Dog" had been sung — a piece which describes the dog saving a child's life—a North countryman exclaimed: "Was the child saved, mon?"

"It was, sir."

Then, with the anxious look of one asking a great favor, the man pleaded: "Could ye tell me where to get a dog like that?"

OVERPOWERING ODORS.

"You don't know how much you can detest the smell of coffee until you have been on board a cargo steamer laden with the green berry," said an old sea captain the other day.

"For a week or ten days it isn't bad—in fact, it is rather a pleasant smell that of the green berry; but after that it begins to worry you. In damp weather, if it's a long voyage, it's something terrible. I've seen a whole ship's crew nearly crazy and unable to touch any food, simply because of the coffee, which seems to impregnate everything on board.

"Some other cargoes are just as bad. Sugar, for instance. Didn't suppose there was any smell in sugar, eh? Well, you take it in a bowl and there isn't. But take a cargo of it, and let it steam in a temperature of from ninety to one hundred ten, and it's worse than coffee. I've felt sometimes as if I could drink a gallon of vinegar flavored with lemon juice, just to take the sweet taste out of my mouth.

"But pine lumber is the worst. I remember one voyage when we had a cargo of pine, and before we had been out of port many days the resin from the wood seemed to have got into everything. We could taste it in the water, and it was almost impossible to drink it at all, and we were all parched with thirst. Three of the men died of fever, and when we got into port again we were the worst looking set of men you ever set eyes upon. It was months before I could get rid of the effects myself."

CHILDREN BURIED UNDER BRIDGES.

Indian Engineering, published in Calcutta, says that the kidnaping of children to bury under the foundations of railway bridges, which has often caused trouble in India, has spread to China, and a bridge is now rarely built in that country without the disappearance of several children from the neighborhood.

PEOPLE frequently write us signing only with initials unknown to us. All such communications are laid aside, not to be acted on. Give your correct name and address each time you write us. We may want to write you. We must know who is doing the talking.

Good Reading

HOW THE INGLENOOK IS MADE.

THERE is always more or less interest attaching to newspaper work, how the paper is made, and what course it goes through before it gets to the reader in its present form. So let us talk a little about how your paper is made. It is a little out of the ordinary, and may interest you. In the first place there are two great features that are always uppermost in the mind of the Editor. One is that all that is printed in the 'Nook must be clean, morally, and the other is that it must be new, entertaining and instructive. As easy as these two seem they are a source of continual watchfulness. A very good article, a selection or a clipping, may seem all right, and then when it comes out in plain type there is something that might be misconstrued by folks who seem to be so constituted that they are on the watch for such things. At least six people read every line in the 'Nook before it goes out, and yet now and then something will escape the whole lot of us. There is nothing to do but to let

Then the novel and unusual industries that form such a readable part of the 'Nook are not always easy to get. If we see something in a paper, a magazine, or a book, that we think will interest our people, it is promptly laid hold of, worked over, or fixed up to suit us. Then we may think of something that will make a good column of what is technically called "stuff," and the only place to get it, that is, the nearest place, is in Chicago. Enough said. We swing into our overcoat, put on our hat, and without a word take the first train to the city. Just in proportion to the intelligence of the proprictor, in that relation it is easy sailing. We show him a copy of the 'Nook, tell him what we want, and he details a man, or goes himself, and in a very brief time we have the whole business jotted on the back of an envelope. Then we return, hammer out the article on the typewriter, and it goes into the printer's hands. That's the last we see or hear of that story, till Olaf, the office "devil," begging your pardon, lays a proof of it on the table, and silently marches out. But some of the most interesting stories are hard to get. We go down into a cellar where they are making plaster images, and some of them are really artistic. The dusty, blackhaired Italian, working on a diving girl, is suspicious and tells us to "see Garry," Garibaldi is called in from the back room and he develops a most surprising lack of English. He doesn't understand what is wanted and is not taking any chances. This requires that we go to the corner grocery, explain to the Italian keeping it, and he goes along back to the cellar, and in a minute the whole family are telling all they know at once. In some places where there is a trade secret, or a number of them, it is sometimes difficult to get the facts. But we get them. Nothing is too good for an Inglenooker to have, and we get them, sure.

Then there's our correspondents. At first we had a great deal of trouble with them. They would write essays and such nice and good pieces. Now we have them on another tack, and they are lining up with the interesting and instructive. We have some as good regular writers as there may be found anywhere. We always try to get on to the personality of a writer for the 'Nook. We want to know who's doing the talking. It helps us in the letters we write them. Naturally it makes some difference whether a new writer is sixteen or sixty.

When all the printed material that will make the next issue of the paper is before the Editor he scissors it out in column widths and, taking an old copy of the paper, cuts the material in proper lengths, and pastes it roughly in place, till the paper is full, and this is called a "dummy." It is a guide to the one who makes up the paper for the press, and is useful in telling where the Editor wants certain articles to appear. Meantime the proof readers, two of them, are at work on the printed slips reading for errors. One of them, pencil in hand, is droning out the words while the other, with the original copy in hand, is watching whether it is in print as written. Then, when the made-up paper is ready, there is a final revision, and the foreman takes a line by line look over it, and if he sees anything wrong it is immediately corrected. Then the Editor marks his O. K. on the final revision, ling gum.

and the heavy forms go down the elevator, and it goes on the press, where, clumpety-thump, it is run off. They bring up a printed copy of the first impression, and a final look is taken. Sometimes a serious error, with its dirty smudged face, stares insolently from the printed page, and this corrected, clumpety-thump goes the press again. When printed it goes, with the covers, to the second floor, where it is stapled and trimmed, and then it is ready for the mailing clerks. The paper was begun on a Monday, and by Saturday it should be in the mailing room. On the next Monday the wrapping and sacking begins, and on a Wednesday it is rolled out of the back door, and off it goes, over hill and plain, under mountains, and over rivers, till you get it on a Saturday. It is easy, smooth reading, but if you think it is all easy making come on and get out a copy that is up to the standard, and you may have a new impression before you are through. Our reward consists largely in the fact that we know that between 15,000 and 20,000 people are delighted weekly, and that's glory enough, though the satisfaction would be greater if more people knew about it.

CHEWING OUT FACTS.

Is it made of objectionable material?

Are the methods employed in its manufacture unclean?

O, no; on the contrary, the gum, when it leaves the manufacturer for the retailer, is as sweet and wholesome and clean as one might wish it to be.

The original product comes from a South American tree, exuding as does our dear, old-fashioned spruce gum, and it is hastened in its exit and increased in quantity by incisions made with a short, sharp knife by the natives, who are employed by the exporters to gather it in the dense tropical forests.

In this state, as a sap which has run out over the trunk of the tree, and formed in huge lumps, it is known by a number of names, among which the most familiar are "oxcaca," "pacata sap," or "gum chiele".

In its crude state, as it arrives in boxes or bags at the factories in this country, it is irregularly globular in form or broken in small fragments. It is hard and brittle and of a dull grayish color with a wild fragrantly aromatic odor.

It is broken up and placed in a steam-jacketed kettle to melt and boil.

During the boiling process it forms in a clear coffee-colored liquid and is carefully skimmed, strained and refined of all foreign particles.

When it has undergone hours of boiling the required flavors are added and it is run out on huge marble or steel tables to cool and form what is known as the "dough."

In this state, when it is almost cooled, the mass is broken up by the operator's hands and thrown between powerful rollers, which flatten it out to about a quarter of an inch in thickness.

As it is pushed along the table by the rollers a number of young women keep it straight and flat and free from "bucklings" until it reaches a set of intensely keen steel knives, where it is first cut in strips and then in finger lengths.

During this process it is constantly dusted with finely-powdered sugar to keep it from sticking to the tables or the cutting machines.

As the short lengths drop into the boxes set to catch them they are removed to the cooling department, where they are afterward wrapped in waxed papers and afterward in labeled covers and boxes.

The product is now ready for the retailer, and the pretty pink mouth of the "miss who chews gum."

Throughout every department, and in every process very great care is exercised to keep all the materials and the machinery as clean and bright as a new pin, and the factory rooms are models of cleanliness.

In connection with this story on making chewing gum it might be mentioned that a young woman of Brookline, who was recently married to a wellknown Boston business man, has a splendid annual income from a process which she discovered some years ago for manufacturing a certain class of chewing gum.

ODD USE FOR CANNON BALLS.

"CANNON balls for blasting!"

This sign, hung in a conspicuous place before the door of a store on Atlantic avenue, led a reporter inside and started a bit of questioning upon the subject of "cannon balls for blasting."

The proprietor of the shop said: "Last fall when the United States government sold all of the old cannon balls and solid shot which for many years were piled in pyramids along the main street of the navy yard at Charlestown, we purchased a lot of them, with little thought of converting them into anything beside 'pig iron.'

"But a few weeks after we had stored them here I overheard a quarry owner complaining of the slowness and uncertainty of the old system of steel wedging used in getting out huge blocks of grante, and after a bit of thought I suggested the use of cannon balls in the place of the steel wedges,

"We sent about twenty of various sizes and weights out to his quarry, and after the first trial he hurried a team in here with a note that read:

"'Tried the cannon balls; they are it. Send fifty more; have thrown the steel wedges away,'

"The experience of this man led us to send the cannon balls and solid shot to other quarry operators, and within the past month the orders have been coming in so thickly we can scarcely fill them from the stock on hand.

"The method used in getting out great cubes or monoliths from the granite and marble quarries has been to drive steel wedges along the line of the lower portion of the split made by a blast until the great chunk of stone topples over on its face.

"It required a deal of time and a number of men with big iron sledges and steel wedges to separate these cubes from the quarry wall from which they had been started by the blast.

"The method now pursued with the cannon balls is to start the block of stone away by a light blast, and then between the quarry face and the block several of the smaller solid shot, usually the four-inch sort, are dropped down into the aperture,

"Two men with crowbars give the block a little shake, and the instant the block moves in the slightest manner forward, the shot take up their 'purchase' on the space made. Then the large cannon balls, some measuring fourteen or fifteen inches and weighing 200 or 300 pounds, are dropped into the top of the gap.

"Now, the slightest outward jar by levers on the big stone sends these heavy cannon balls dropping downward of their own weight, until, with an easy forward motion, the cube goes over on its face.

"These shot do away with any driving; of necessity their great weight in proportion to their size forces them downward, and their form prevents any chance of backward setting of the block.

"These cannon balls are also used as rollers, as they take up and go over the inequalities of the quarry surface, and can be rolled in any direction without resetting, thus doing away with the old style wooden rollers.

"They are also used to smother heavy clearing out blasts. Heavy rope mats are thrown over the surface where the blast has been set, and these can non balls are thrown around over the mats."

GOLD MINE ON A ROOF.

Down in the heart of Wall Street is a placer mine Uncle Sam has worked with profit for many years. It is on the roof of the government assay office. During the refining process much gold is carried out through the chimneys with the smoke through the chimneys with the smoke arrived out through the chimneys with the smoke through the roof air, however, it is a large to the roof in yellow powder. Being so heavy rain cannot wash it away, and at stated intervals men sweep the roof carefully, returning the sweep ings to the assay office. Federal watchmen jealous ly guard the roof against overcurious visitors.

EQGS AND FRUIT IN STORAGE.

Is eggs kept in cold storage are in the vicinity of spoiled fruit they will taste of spoiled fruit because the shell of the egg, being porous, absorbs odors rapidly.

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an best the pressure on each square foot of surface is thing one and one-half pounds.

ooo The o Circle ooo

W. B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Belle-Obio, Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., St. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading

THE WORK OF THE LEADER.

BY J. R. SNYDER.

THE duties of the leader of a Circle meeting are onerous, yet there is necessary some natural glent, a good understanding of human nature and secutive ability. It is all the better if he has had water previous knowledge of the work. He should open the meeting, or see that it is done, and conduct the sessions in a proper manner.

The lessons or chapters of the book under study bould be allotted to each reader according to his Thity and opportunities for research. If the leadg is in a position where he can procure supplementary reading treating on the subject, or line of study, he should do so, and place it before the members of the Circle.

Another thought. A leader is not a ruler. Whenever he begins to show such a disposition he atterly disqualifies himself for the work. He should, in all things, and above everything else. have the good of the Circle in view. We like the plan of assigning to each one a definite work, and nete is a good opportunity for calling out the latent talent of the more backward members. Do not give the most important work always to those who are more free of speech but divide the work

If your Circle meetings are held in connection with a "Young People's Meeting " of some sort, the above will bear modification somewhat so as to meet the rules of the powers in charge of such meeting, and the planning and arranging of the meetings will devolve upon that Committee or whatever body has the oversight of the organization. Right here we will say that it is best to thange the leader occasionally, say once each month, or two, at farthest. This develops workers and overcomes jealousies that might arise in cases where human nature is prevalent.

For an example we append a program where the Circle is just beginning the study of " New Acts of the Apostles." This program presupposes that they have had a preliminary meeting and have organized and begun work in earnest. If the lesson outlined has not been read by all the Circle, this should be done the first thing by some good read-

1. Devotional Exercises.

! latroduction to Book proper. (a) Duff Lectureship.

(h) The Lecturers.

Sludy of Back proper. Part 1. (Pages 3-18).

Acts of Apostles by Luke.

b) Did Apostolic Acts end with the closing of Luke's ac-

4) The New Chapters.

d Connecting Links hetween Old and New.

14 The New Pentecosts.

General Discussion of whole.

& Closing Exercises.

Do not forget a good live song service. It will take foul one and one-half hours to do justice to the logram as above outlined; and your meeting should not last longer, lest some become tired and The leader should call to his assistance an able committee to help in the arranging of the work to ac best advantage of all concerned. In some fuare paper we may outline a special missionary rogram, to be rendered to the general public. Bellefontaine, Ohio.

AMONG OURSELVES.

STER GRACE G. GNAGEY, of Waterloo, Iowa, is Visiting in California. She will do what she to for the Circle, wherever she goes Sister Eva Long will take her place in the Waterloo Circle. A Circle meeting is being planned for, to be held See Circles in the Miami valley are interested in Signature of the Miami valley are interesting. Programs will soon be distributed. Sister Sarah Rinchart, of Union, Ohio, is our Recy 25 Sarah Rinchart, of Union, Onio, ... Recy 25 Secretary there. She sends us a list of names. bey are going to work in earnest, reading the holding meetings. Brother Snyder visited them this fall, and answered all questions in regard to organization.

We hope that these twenty-two new members will do their part and " pass it on."

	1363, Mrs Margaret C. Ball, 614 W. Lanark St., Baltimore, Md
	1364, Sadie Fike, Milledgeville, III
	1365, Sadie Saylor, Milledgeville, III
	1366, Vinna Dierdorff,Milledgeville, Ill
	1367, Samuel Fike, Miltedgeville, Ill
	1368, Willie Meyer, Milledgeville, Ill
	1369, Mrs. J. C. Klepinger,
	1370, Katie Burger, West Milton, Ohio
	1371, Ezra Flory, Center, Ohio
	1372 Harvely Spolt
	1372, Harvely Snell,
	1373, Jesse M. Heckman,
	1374, Martha V. Brumbaugh,
	1375, B. F. Honeyman,Center, Ohio
	1376, Milla Heckman,
	1377, W. M. Pugh, Easton, W. Va
	1378, Layton G. Finnell,
	1379. Regina Glick,Burlington, W. Va
I	1380, Agnes C. Denlinger, Dayton, Ohio
I	1381, Emma E. Vanderslice, Oaks, Pa
I	1382, Katharine R. Detweiler, Oaks, Pa
I	1383, J. Warren Detweiler,Oaks, Pa
I	1384, John Erkenberry, Painter Creek, Ohio
I	1385, S. B. Oller,
l	

La Sunday A School

THE RECLUSE.

REFLECTING glories of the golden day In faces sunned by cloudless human love, Two passed a "Sister" on her sacred way, Her eyes cast down, to keep her soul above. Life on that morning had been gall to her. While brimmed with honey for the passing twain: One tender word she hears; it sets astir The human current in each cloistered vein.

HOW TO MAKE RELIGION WINSOME.

In the first place, by realizing the need and propriety of making it winsome. Some people seem to think there is no occasion for any effort in this direction, that religion is sufficiently winsome in itself or, if not, that there is something out of taste, if not morally culpable, in trying to make it seem so. But certainly it is our privilege to do what we can to lead others to realize that the religious life is a happy life, a life of gladness and reward. So long as we do not misrepresent the truth and do not put before anyone the rewards of the Gospel as the chief incentive to be Christians, we shall do no

How, then, can religion be made winsome? Chiefly in this life by revealing it as a means of doing good. It is in accord with the profoundest philosophy, as well as with the widest experience, that there is no such happiness as that which springs from the effort to benefit others in some practical manner. It is quite true that many people who are laboring to do good do not seem, and perhaps are not, specially happy. That does not alter the fact. He who sees in his neighbor a brother in Christ, and who, for the love which he bears to Christ, puts himself out in order to be helpful to that brother, always finds a spring of gladness bursting out in his heart as out of the rock which Moses smote.

The spirit which imparts self-sacrifice, fellowfeeling, sympathy and outreaching toward others in hearty looking for their best welfare, makes religion seem winsome. It is something which he who lacks it wants to possess. It satisfies his sense of the fitness of things. It is a kind of religion which he believes to be genuine and inviting. To make religion attractive, therefore, cultivate and illustrate all the sweet, gentle, uplifting qualities which Christianity suggests. Let it be seen that Christ is an attractive Master to you, that his service is perfeet delight as well as perfect freedom. That will aid you to win others to join you in serving him.

THANK God, we have got all eternity to rest in. This is the place to work. I pity any child of God that wants to sleep all the time down here. Brothers, sisters, wake up! We have got plenty of time to rest hereafter. The question is not what Gabriel can do, or what we will do when we get to heaven; the question is, What can you and I do before we get there?

ONE of the tasks of Chinese children beginning their education is that of learning the A B C at

ODD CALLINGS FOR WOMEN.

GENTEEL poverty is one of the tragedies of modern society. Yet out of the evil comes good, and from absolute necessity clever women devise new modes of earning a livelihood. Most of those who find themselves in reduced circumstances take up ordinary callings, but a few plunge out of the beaten path and make some idle accomplishment the basis of a paying vocation. One young woman up town, who in the past learned to make lace as a fad, now puts it to practical use by repairing old and priceless laces. She carries what may be called a kit of tools, including a lacemaker's pillow, a full set of threads, and various kinds of needles, and restores an injured collar or an ancient fichu in the presence of the owner. The work is exceedingly difficult, and the reward correspondingly high.

Several women have taken up indexing. Their patrons are people who keep scrapbooks, and who are too busy, or, as is more often the case, too negligent to index for themselves. The work is slow and laborious. It demands a wide literary knowledge and often a knowledge of French and German. The pay is moderate, being usually \$3 a day.

Artistic and fancy bookbinding is practiced by eight or ten women in New York City. This is a skilled trade, of the highest class, demanding both technical skill and artistic ability. Two of the binders have done such good work as to make them moderately famous.

A Vassar girl with a penchant for chemistry found herself thrown upon her own resources three years ago, and adopted for her daily work the giving of instruction to members of her sex upon the subject of cold cream. To the uninitiated this seems a very simple matter, but in truth it is very complex. It involves a knowledge of the various fats and oils, including spermaceti, cocoa butter, wax, Japan wax, almond cream, lanoline and such medical ingredients as benzoin, camphor, myrrh. carbolic acid, sulphur, arsenic, zine and white lead.

Women who contemplate a foreign tour, or who are to receive distinguished foreigners, are often at a loss respecting the etiquette of European countries. They can get out of their trouble by taking a course of lessons from teachers who have lived abroad in days of wealth. At least ten bright young women have taken up dermatology with special reference to the hair and scalp. They visit their patrons the same as physicians, and earn a handsome living. At least two in this city clear more than \$5,000 a year.

Restoring old photographs gives profitable employment to a number of women who have become experts in the use of the camera. It does not pay very well in general, but now and then when there is strong family love involved it gives very handsome returns. One successful woman inlays books. The work is exceedingly hard and consists in scraping away a film from the surface of a blank sheet of paper so as to fit a printed piece which is to be set into it, and also removing a corresponding film from the back of the latter. The two pieces are glued and subjected to great pressure. The result is a page which looks exactly as if it had been printed as an entirety.

Entertaining children is another new occupation. It demands much tact and infinite patience. Writing sentiments, letters and club addresses for indolent women of leisure is followed by many exschool teachers and college alumnie.

THE LIMIT OF COLD.

Is there a lower limit of cold -an absolute zero beyond which the temperature cannot be lowered? Scientific research has shown that there is this lower limit, and from numerous calculations, based upon different properties, such as the amount of contraction produced by cold, it has been assigned at about 461 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The search for this absolute zero and the endeavor to reach it has been for scientific men just such an undertaking as the geographer's quest of the north pole of the earth. It has been approached within forty degrees Fahrenheit, and it is extremely probable that by means of solid and liquid hydrogen the cold will be still further lowered. Professor Dewar of England is at present working upon this specific prob-

HALF CENTS ARE WANTED.

THE coinage of the half cent is being demanded from numerous quarters. In the early history of the country this coin did not seem to be needed. Business had not reached the degree of division and specialization that rendered it useful. In all new countries, where resources have to be developed, there is a disregard for detail and of small things. As civilization progresses and population increases the trading and everyday business is done on finer

Convenient small coins for use in small transactions conduce to economy and saving. In California in the pioneer days there were no coins less than a dime. All transactions in which change could not be exactly made, less than a dime caused a loss to one side and a gain to the other. For a long time California affected to despise nickels, but the advantage of making closer and juster change gradually recommended itself, and now even the copper cent is gaining ground in that state of great resources and large ideas.

The demand for the half cent comes from those sections of the country where the struggle for existence is becoming more difficult and where the subdivisions of business and competition in prices causes the loss of even a half cent in making change to be a serious matter. There are many things sold for a cent which would be sold for a half cent if such a coin existed. The dollars would probably take care of themselves better if the half cent were in existence, to be taken care of than they are now, when the cent is the least coin that can be looked after. To add the half cent to our coins would increase the profits of small dealers and the possible economies to that class of people who are obliged to make small purchases. As it is now, either the seller or purchaser in these small dealings, which by their number are of great importance, loses or gains.

To save a cent each day amounts to \$3.65 a year and to save a half cent each day effects a saving of one-half of the same. The country should have the half cent.

RUN RISKS WITH ANMALS.

A FRW days ago a Parisian butcher, for a wager, entered a cage in which three large lions were inclosed, drank a bottle of wine and played a game of cards with the beasts' trainer. When he was about to leave be thrust a wineglass under the nose of one of the animals and as a result the lion leaped upon the man and mangled him fearfully before the tamer could interfere. The terrible scene was witnessed by a huge audience in a menagerie at a village near Paris.

A pretty Irish girl had a queer whim of this nature during the past summer. She had been asked to become the wife of a young solicitor and she promised to give him an answer the next evening in the tent of a traveling menageric at the conclusion of the performance. When the would-be benedict arrived on the scene he was thunderstruck to see the young lady smiling sweetly at him behind the bars of a cage in which were two full-grown lions. Although she promised to marry him if he entered the cage he swung round on his heels and disappeared without a word.

Herr Becker, of Vienna, an eccentric man of considerable means, took it into his head to spend the last few days of his life in a cage of lions. When he knew his end to be near he had his bed removed into the cage and in this queer bedroom he lay for one week, when he died.

During the visit of a menagerie to Salem, Mass, last spring a young lady of twenty-four made up her mind to enter a tigers' den and in the presence of the savage beasts knit a scarf for their master The tigers endeavored to spring upon her when she entered the cage, but the tamer beat them back. Presently they began to toy with the ball of wool that was used in the making of the scarf. The plucky young woman remained in the cage for two hours, and before she left it she placed the scarf she had knitted with her own hands round the tamer's neck.

THERE are a million health hints, but if you keep the head cool and the feet warm you will not need many of the other 999,998.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

HARVEY: Born in England 1578, died 1657. He was a physician, and an investigator of natural science. He was voluminous as an author, but his fame rests on the fact of his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Before Harvey's time there were several absurd theories about the circulatory system, and between the Christian era and the sixteenth century only two theories were held, and both were wrong. Harvey discovered the correct facts, at least approximately correct, by close observation of animals and other living objects. It was a long time before the simple fact was accepted, and what any schoolboy now knows was disputed and denied by the then educated people. His discovery led to important changes in the views of life and disease, too extensive to deal with here, but the general fact remains that he was one of the men who influenced human thought and practice by his great discovery of the circulation of the

GROTIUS: Born at Delft 1583, died 1645. He was a man of the most varied and comprehensive attainments. He excelled as a political, a religious and a legal writer. It is his great literary merit that gives him prominence, and out of his works the possibly greatest is his De jure belli et pacis, a work that goes fundamentally into the law of war and peace. He was a great jurist, and what he wrote on the subject was the first complete formulation of the principles of law that govern men in their amicable and their bellicose relations. There had been prior discussion of these questions, but none so comprehensive and far reaching as that of Grotius. At the time of his writing the Thirty Years' War was in progress, and his pious efforts to mitigate its horrors led to the work in question, and it was the forerunner of a similar series of productions of later and more available value that have been of inestimable value to the world in softening the horrors of war and its consequent misery.

RICHELIEU: Born 1585, died 1642. The greatest French statesman of the seventeenth century. His fame rests on his impress on the politics of France, of which country he became master in a statecraft way. He aspired to literary honors without great success.

DESCARTES: Born 1596, died 1650. He was a great philosopher, dealing not only with the physical world, but also with the metaphysical and unseen, in which latter field he has come to us famous. He was a man of tremendous mental reach, and the reader may remember him best as one of the group of world philosophers.

Cromwell: Born in England in 1599, died 1658. He was a farm boy in his early youth, and took an interest in the politics of his day. He was elected to Parliament where he was a staunch supporter of what is known as Puritanism. The King and Parliament falling out a resort was had to arms, and Cromwell took the field against the king. He won finally, and endeavored to introduce Christianity into the practical things of government, and he took the side of the Protestants against the Catholic church, and thus came to be known as the Protector of the Faith. He was a politician of the Christian type, austere and sometimes not over scrupulous, but in the main distinguished by his opposition to papal interference in government matters. He was also bitter against the monasteries, and did much to abolish them. His fame rests on the fact that he was instrumental in breaking the power of Rome in England, but his enemies combined against him and he was finally beheaded. He led the life of a religious ascetic and fanatic, and bitterly opposed the Catholic church in politics.

MILTON: Born 1608, died 1674. One of the greatest of the English poets, studied and quoted to-day among scholars. He wrote much, but Paradise Lost is his greatest poem. He was Cromwell's Latin secretary, and his English has a Latin turn. Milton is responsible for a good many radical ideas about evil spirits, still existent in the minds of people.

Don't imagine that you can win the regard of your neighbors by saying just what you think.

TAKING THE TIME AT NOON,

Just before noon each day all business must be taken off the wires controlled by the Western Union Company, and that means the absolute cessation of business along the main lines of electric communication in the principal cities of America. Three minutes before noon wire chiefs in each of the principal cities and the towns and cities lead. ing to and from their large sisters cease sending or receiving messages, no matter how important they may be, and devote themselves to switching on wires in such a way as to make an unbroken circuit of communication from Washington around the uttermost boundaries of the United States. This is called an "unbroken national circuit." Thus a smooth track is made along which the electric message may flash encompassing the union and announcing the time of day. Ten seconds before the time bell strikes comes another silence, and then a mighty throb, a titanic heartbeat from the foremost factor in modern commerce, and an electric current pulsates from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Gotham to the golden gate, announcing the fact that the sun has passed over the seventy-fifth meridian and it is noon at Washington.

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

IF you can't get something good to eat, something palatable which will "stay by you," in the Brethren church, in its favored localities, you are fastidious indeed, and might as well seek no farther. But there is no one man who knows it all, nor any one woman either. A hundred people putting their best productions on the table will, in all probability, teach each other a great deal. So, as an additional attraction to the 'Nook, we have decided to print one recipe a week from some sister, giving the details of a dish within reach of the average reader, and which she knows to be all right by trial,

Over a hundred women have been asked to contribute one of the best recipes they know and it will be printed in the 'Nook, credited to ber. If any other good cook has a recipe, send it on, remembering the following: It must be by a sister, within reach of the average household, not copied out of a book, proportioned for six guests, and accurately told. The Elgin sisters will make the start. Watch the Inglenook. The paper has been good for the head and the heart, and now it proposes to set forth things fit for a king. Don't cut these recipes out and paste them in a book. Copy them if you wish, but don't mutilate the paper. Watch the 'Nook, we say.

THE WINTER PUDDING.

BY ADA L. EARLY.

An excellent winter pudding may be made as follows: A cupful of finely picked or chopped such kept cool, or it will not work right, one cup of any kind of sugar, three eggs well beaten, one-fourth cup of sweet milk, a teaspoon each of ground cinnamon and cloves, two and a half teacups of flour, a teacup of raisins and one cupful of currants, two full tea spoons of baking powder, and a teacupful of brea

Put in a pan the suet, the sugar and the bread crumbs, pour the milk over this and mix thorough ly. Then stir in the eggs and the fruit and all the other ingredients. Lastly stir in the baking powder with a half teacup of flour. Mix thoroughly, in a well-greased pan, set in a steamer, over boiling water, cover tightly, and steam for two hours and a half, or till a broom splint will come out clean when the pudding is tested.

For the sauce melt together in a pan a cupful of sugar, three or four tablespoonfuls of butter, the tablespoonfuls of flour; when these are not only melted but hot, pour over all a quart of boiling was ter, and flavor with lemon or vanilla. The pudding left over can be resteamed as long as it lasts. has been thoroughly tried and is excellent as a col weather dish.

Elgin, Ill.

THERE are some men who cannot tell the truth and there are some women who declare that the never want to be married.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

D: INGLENOOR is par excellence. It has Problement in our in our church publications.—John E. Mohler. Each number seems better than the ending one. I have a Sunday-school class responses and girls, from thirteen to eighteen ren, and all get the Inglenook as a Sundayand paper, and they are delighted with it.— F. R. Miller.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

Itis with much satisfaction that I express of approval of the INGLENOOK. Its appearmake up are such that it at ger commends it to the reader. It has found ssay into many of our homes, and the peopage truly glad for its continued success. El John Zuck.

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENDOK easily takes rank among bebest young people's papers in the country. his better than most of them because of the alsence of the silly love stories and light readz. It is a most valuable addition to the Enthren's publications. No family should be whout II.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the INGLENOOK greit started. We like it very well. I would He to see it go to all the homes of the land. Deshort sermons are good for both old and roung.-Eld. I. B. Timut.

From the College.

take the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased mbits steady and almost marvelous growth. The fact that it is sought after by our people, behold and young, is evulence that it proves eself to be in fact what it purports to be. - J. G.

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Hear virginia Talk.

ner seen and real i think there is none that will wield as green or as desirable influence the Inglenook. - W. K. over its readers

And Hager un, Md., Has This:

Ibave been A out reader of the INGLElook from its ining to the present time, and while it is ectally intended for the 🖟 yet l find 🤛 ang that interests me in eth issue. 1 a: rested in the 'Nook bend my expec f especially recomend it to the readers. - Eld. A. B. Barnhart.

At Cedar R lowa, They Say: Myself and fac-

reatly enjoy reading our er church pape We trust its future may kalong and us. ast, -J. K. Miller.

From lowa.

Thave known adlean truth: rective youth peculiarly ad both old and young. I are placed it ted the genera. Mission Sunday school, acelled by any at is that it can not be I.W. Emmert. Sunday-school paper.-

Ove in Indiana.

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And Down in Missouri.

Is a number of years I have wondered why ed tot bave a paper for our young people. thing in character, with a tendency toward Carch. We have that in the INGLENOOK. be in every home in the church. E. Ellenberger.

0 0

And This.

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And He Says:

The Inglenook supplies the "missing link"

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We think the INGLENOOK an interesting and instructive paper .- Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

Across In Pennsylvania.

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South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

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Ohio Has Its Say.

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Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing,

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church literature. God bless the Inglenook.-John C. Zug.

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And Also Hagerstown, Ad.

The INGLENOOK I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its com-Of all the voince is caple's papers that I have ling. God bless the INGLENOOK, -W.S. Reich-

From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every home in our Brotherhood.—Jasper Barnthouse.

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of hringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column is another feature of great interest.-Daniel Vaniman.

A College President Remarks:

The INGLENOOK gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any LENOOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to v that it is the most in- older ones while it instructs the young. It is I have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home where there are young people.-S. Z. Sharp.

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As Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. - J. A. Chambers.

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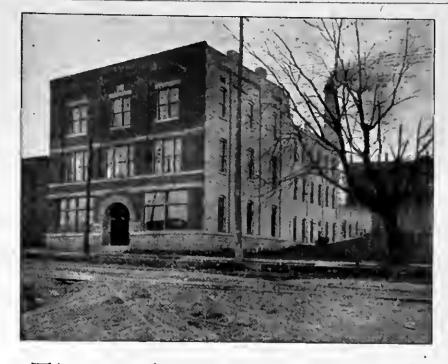
Down in Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets hetter. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to he without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction.-J. W. Wavland.

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Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulation. It certainly is the paper from which can be had much valuable information at a minimum cost.-T. F. Imler.



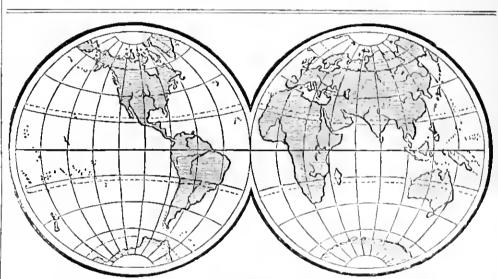
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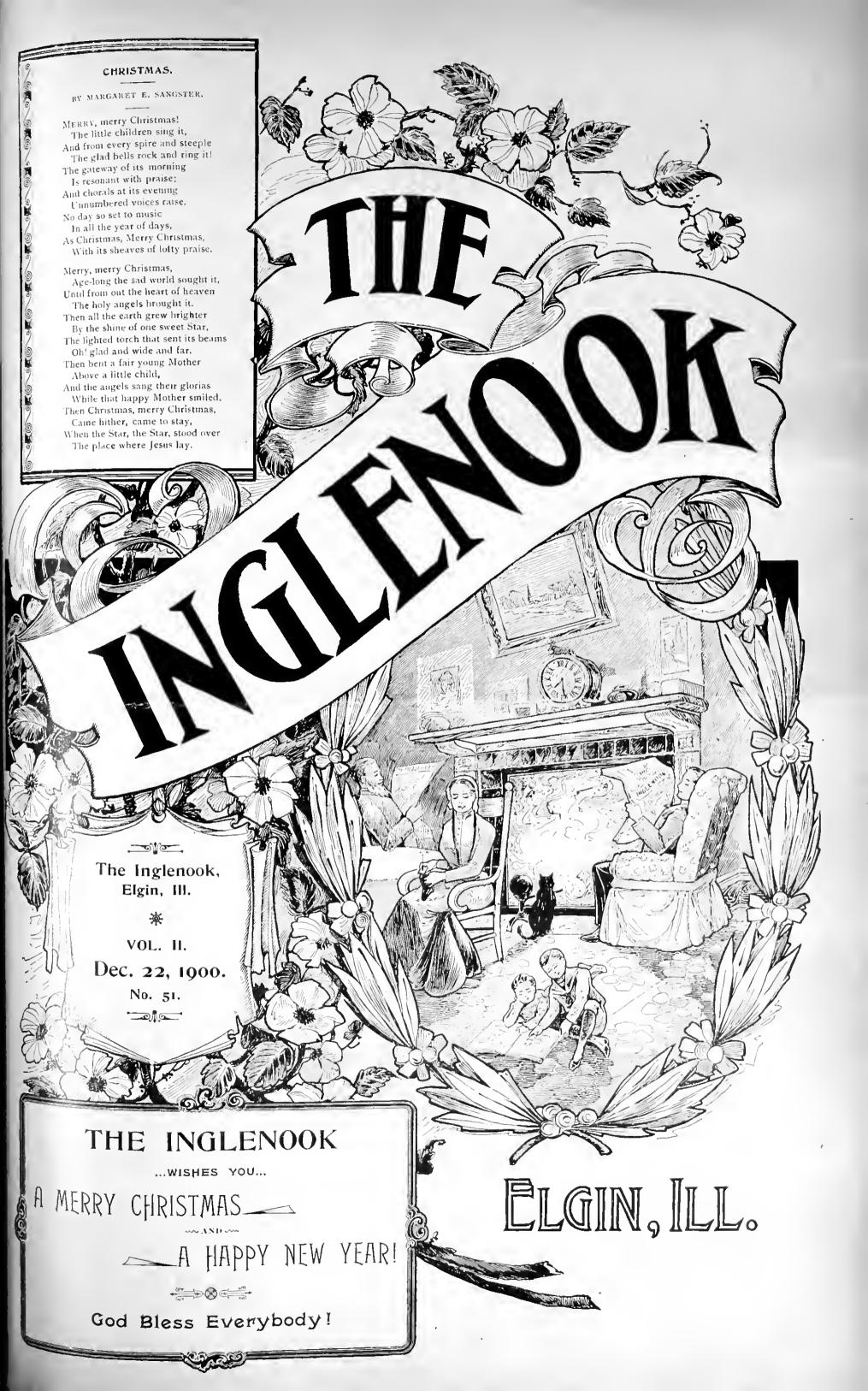
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If he gets twenty subscribers he can have two books; for thirty subscribers three books, and so on. And they could be had in an hour's work in many a place. Whoever shows himself an efficient agent will be put in line for the Fall work connected with the INGLENOOK. There is a library of Fifty bound books waiting for somebody.

The Agent who sends in the largest list of dollar subscribers between this and the first week in January, 1901, will have sent him a Library of FIFTY BOOKS. Here is the list:

Adventures of a Brownie, Æsop's Fables, Auld Licht Idylls, Autobiography of Franklin, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Bacon's Essays, Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, Black Beauty, Burns' Poems, Child's History of England, Confessions of an Opium Eater, Dictionary of the Bible, Dream Life, Drummond's Addresses, Emerson's Essays, Ethics of the Dust, Fairy Land of Science, Fifteen Decisive Battles, House of Seven Gables, Imitation of Christ,

Intellectual Life,
Lays of Ancient Rome,
Longfellow's Poems,
Lorna Doone,
Mosses from an Old Manse,
Nat. History Birds and Quadrupeds,
Poe's Poetical Works,
Prue and I,
Rah and His Friends,
Reveries of a Bachelor,

Samantha at Saratoga,
Sesame and Lilies,
Sketch Book,
Sticket Minister,
Stories from the History of Greece,
Stories from the History of Rome,
Story of an African Farm,
Ten Nights in a Bar-Room.
Thirty Years' War,
Twice-Told Tales,

Window in Thrums,
Education,
In His Steps,
Minister's Wooing,
Professor at Breakfast Table,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Lallah Rookh,
On Liberty,
Tanglewood Tales,
Sign of the Four.

The Agent sending in the next largest list will have the choice of TWENTY-FIVE books out of the above list. The third largest list will entitle the Agent to FIFTEEN of the books, his choice; and the fourth largest list will win TEN of these cloth bound books. There is also a cash commission going to the Agent. We prefer the services of the Messenger Agent if he will write at once for the place, but we will put the first live applicant into line, as the INGLENOOK is not going to be the last in anything. If agents desire to enter for the Library they should say so in order that we may keep tab on subscriptions received at the office. Elgin city is barred in the competition for prizes.

The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

A Live Paper for Live People.

The INGLENOOK is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper men who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing old and commonplace about it. It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. The INGLENOON isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the Inglenook next year. The like of it was never undertaken in the church before. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list know what they are talking about.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers.

ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota.

N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music,

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life.
T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made.

JAS. A. SELL: The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast.

C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance.

MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder So-

cial Preferment?

NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last
Twenty-five Years?

S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

College.

ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading

Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

W. R. DEETER: St. Paul,
WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews.
J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades?
P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church.
H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable?
C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality.
JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay?
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D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to Europe.

CHAS. YEAROUT: The Money Side of an Evangelist's Life.

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M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas About Magnetic Healing.

L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Switzer, and,

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PUBLISHERS,

Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE INGLENOOK.

VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., DEC. 22, 1900.

No. 51.

LIFE'S MIRROR.

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow, And strength in your utmost needs; Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind, And song, a song will meet; And the smile which is sweet will surely find A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn, You will gather in flowers again The scattered seeds from your thought outborne, Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
"Its just what we are, and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Brigham.

THE BANNING OF ELLEN WOODS.

In Three Chapters .- Chapter Three.

When the community heard that the baby had died there was consternation all around. The friends talked in an undertone of the happening, and wondered what she would do now. Would Ellengo home, or would she go away? At her home there was a thorough feeling of uneasiness. They could not ask her to return, and if she came they tould not give her the help they knew was her due. And the funeral was the next day. This would take place in the Dunker cemetery back of the church, and there would be a bigger crowd than attended Henry's interment. All the members would be present, and there was a very decided interest as to what she would do now that she was thrown entirely on her own resources.

The day of the funeral was late in the Fall. The baze of Indian summer spread over hills and valleys. The naked trees waved their arms in the quiet breeze, and the river stole silently around the bend as it had done for ages agone. The crowd that met in the graveyard was something unequaled for numbers. They were all there. The ban held, though lifted for the time

The sermon had been preached in the house. On the front seat sat Ellen, alone, through all of the dreary platitude by the Elder, and now that she stood by the side of the open grave of her child a food of thought came over her. It found no wording but it was as a revelation from the great un-Inown. Then up came Uncle Isaac Price and whispared something in her ear. It was an open violation of the ban, and it was noticed by all. She and he went around to where the Elder stood, and said something to him. He assented, and as he rose on the mound of clay beside the litthe grave the first shovel of earth paused in mid-air thile he made this announcement in a loud voice: "All the brethren and sisters present will come the house at once. There's going to be a members' meeting."

He took Ellen by the hand, and, as a father, led it to the front seat, facing the table. When all led in and seated the air of expectancy was paintle the extreme. What was coming? Nobody lood right. Then Uncle Isaac arose from be-

Brethren and Sisters, you all know how this hing is, and Ellen, she is sorry, and wants to be resorted. Ain't that so, Ellen, and she says yes, and you know what we will have to do. What do have the usual vote, and I move it be a rising vote the has made her acknowledgment. Now, El-

tad met death and had not been scared and now before the living there was a calmadout her that surprised her. She looked all

over the congregation, now as still as death. She said:

"Friends, you all know the situation. I am not sorry that I married Henry Zook. I am not sorry that I did as I have done. I would do it all over again just the same way. I am going out in the world to earn my own living and so I will not be a burden to you or to anybody as long as I can work. But I feel that I would like to be in the church, and it is not that I care for what you may say or do, but I want to be with Christ in the church." Then she sat down. Uncle Isaac Price tried to wipe his face with a hymn book, and threw his head back and began singing, "There is a happy land," when he was interrupted by the Elder who remarked that the vote had not been taken. He said if there were no objection to the restoration of Sister Ellen all who were of that mind would stand up. As one person the congregation rose up. Ellen could not see, but she heard, and rejoiced in her heart. There was not an opposing vote, and all that remained was being received. Ordered to stand up in front of the congregation she did so, knowing the routine, and first came Uncle Isaac, who, seizing her left hand, shook it vigorously, shouting out, "God bless you, Ellen, it's all right now."

When it came her mother's turn she whispered to her, "Ellie, you'll come right straight home with us and stay there all your life. Pop, he says." Her father said, "You'll go home along." And so it went till the last one had given hand and salutation, and the ban was lifted.

Ellen was put in a carriage with a neighbor who would pass the old home, with strict instructions to leave her there. The parents followed in their carriage. There was a time of silence, and then Jonathan, Ellen's father, spoke up.

"Mom! Ellen's going to stay at home now?"

"Yes, Pop, she's going to stay there as long as I live. Pop, did you see the baby?"

"No, I didn't. I couldn't trust myself to look. You seen her. What did she look like?"

"Why, Pop, it wasn't a girl. It was a boy, and he looked like you. His name was Henry Jonathan, after his father and after you."

Jonathan was dumbfounded. He never fully realized the situation. For an infraction of church discipline his daughter had practically been driven from home, her husband dying without sympathy, his own grandchild, bearing his own name, dying without his having looked on the child's face. Now it was too late. He would never again have a grandchild. It came on him with a force that he had never recognized. At home, where he would be in half an hour, he would meet his only child, widowed and childless herself, and all because of the action of those he called his brethren, and who professed to have his highest interests at heart. He was sore at heart, for it has ever been that the errors and mistakes of others react hardest on the innocent. On the way home the parents settled it that in consideration of the past no reference to the matter would ever be made, but that they would treat Ellen with a consideration never before shown her, and so it happened throughout the years. The ban was lifted, and it has never again fallen on any one in the Brethren church, nor will it. At the love feast that followed the fairest face under the cap and bonnet was that of Ellen Zook, and she was quiet in the extreme. She treated her brethren and sisters with courtesy unknown to them before, but there was always a gulf between them, for while they were bound to each other with earthly ties, she had become the bride of the Master through human suffering. The grass grows green on the graves of all the actors and the ban is a forgotten nightmare.

(The End.)

MERCHANTS in London are still selling Boer relics and, however little their intrinsic value may be, they bring high prices.

SOLID BRICKS OF VELLOW.

A PARAGRAPH in the New York letter of the Ledger stated that there had been received at one of the banks a lump of gold from British Columbia weighing 7,897 ounces, in shape of a cone, thirteen inches high and thirty-four inches in circumference at the base, and valued at \$135,275. At the United States mint in this city it was stated yesterday to a Ledger reporter that it was unusual to ship gold in such large masses. It must have been cooled in a crucible, which was broken from it, judging from its shape. No such masses had ever been received at the mint.

The usual form of gold bricks is that of an ordinary brick, the very largest being valued at about \$30,000 and weighing about 1,500 ounces. That such bricks are not easily handled was easily demonstrated by the reporter, who was allowed to lift from a truck a brick from the Denver assay office, 8x4x334 inches in size. It was just the size of a building brick, only three-quarters of an inch thicker, but it weighed ninety pounds and was valued at \$21,080. Though small, it could not easily have been gotten away with.

Very little gold as it comes from the mines is received at the mint. A few small lots brought by the early Klondike miners is all that has been seen from Alaska. The dust, or flakes, is taken to the nearest assay office, probably at Seattle, and there sold to the government, which purchases all that is offered. It usually contains more or less silver or copper or both metals. It may be refined at the assay office, but is usually refined at the mint. Many bricks shown to the reporter looked like silver, the proportion of one-third of that metal giving them that appearance. Some small bricks, worth about \$5,000 apiece, were shown which had been refined to 998 parts in 1,000, practically pure gold. These were for a prominent watch case factory for use in its business. Chemically pure gold is made only for testing purposes.

A OIRL OF EXPEDIENTS.

A great many good stories are told of the bishop of Norwich, England, a genial soul, who appreciated a joke as well as anyone on earth. He was once asked if he was really the hero who performed upon the out-of-reach knocker for a small girl and was then told to follow her example and run away. The bishop said he could not lay claim to that experience. But en revanche, he told the following which once occurred to him. He was to hold a confirmation at a small town, and, arriving some time before the hour for service, took a stroll. His steps led him to the outskirts of the town, and, passing a picturesque little cottage, he stopped to admire it. A pretty little garden separated the cottage from the road, finished off with a neat hedge and green gate. "Oh, please, sir," said a voice from the other side of the hedge, "would you open the gate for me?" This the bishop at once did. Then, to his surprise, instead of the tiny child he had expected. there stepped forth a girl quite big enough to have opened the gate for herself. "And why, my dear, said Dr. Sheepshanks, "could you not open the gate for yourself?" "Please, sir, because the paint's wet," said the child. A glance at his hand testified to the bishop but too plainly the truth of her state-

A small boy was ready to start on a long-promised week's visit to his grandfather's in the country. There was an exasperating delay in the appearance of the carriage to take him to the station. The young man worked off his impatience in various annoying ways for half an hour, then suddenly he was seen to kneel beside a-chair in the corner and bury his face in his hands. After a few minutes his mother said: "Well, Kenneth, what are you doing?" "Just getting my prayers said up for while I'm going to be out at grandpa's. There's nothing to do here and I 'spect to be pretty busy while I'm there."

🛎 Correspondence 🛎

DLD MAIDS CLASSIFIED.

BY ANNA M. MITCHEL.

THE popular idea of an old maid generally represents her as a tall, angular being of uncertain age, ranging anywhere from twenty-five to eighty, one who has grown vinegar visaged and sharp of tongue after years spent in a fruitless search for a husband. For of course an orthodox old maid is not supposed to have any other purpose or diversion in life but that of securing a husband. This view of the old maid, however, is quite erroneous. Look over your list of old maid acquaintances and you will find that this description will apply to very few among them.

Instead of hustling around for a possible husband, it is ten to one that the old maid is quietly minding her own business. Very likely too she is assisting and comforting some unfortunate woman who has secured a drunken or grumbling specimen of mankind. There is a great difference in the dispositions of old maids, and to judge the whole class by one specimen is quite a mistake. But there is one subject about which they all seem to be of one mind. That subject is their age. I profess that I don't in the least understand why maiden ladies should be so averse about enlightening the public in regard to this matter.

It is a well-known fact, however, that after reaching a certain birthday, they refuse to give much satisfaction along this line, and cheerfully endeavor to put impertinent questioners on the wrong track, One very grave fault a great many old maids have is their inconsistency. After solemnly avowing their firm determination to live a single life, and having a fair start therein, how often it is that some fascinating old bachelor or widower induces them to change both their mind and their name.

But there are many reasons for the whys and wherefores of spinsterhood. While there may be some who would get married but can't there are equally as many who could get married but don't. Undoubtedly our friend Miss Jerusha, belongs to that class of maidens who would be willing to exchange single blessedness for married bliss, if it were not for the perversity and thickheadedness of the opposite sex. To have your best years spent on the warpath-metaphorically speaking-and not bring in one prisoner is, to say the least, rather discourag-

But Jerusha is not easily daunted by such trifles, and no doubt reflects that, "while there's life there's hope."

In her zealous search for a husband she leaves no stone unturned and no nook unexplored. Her maternal progenitor has also been known to assist in this worthy cause, by eloquently discoursing on the extraordinary housekeeping capabilities possessed and practiced by Jerushy. This oration to be delivered, of course, while the prospective son-in-law is within carshot.

But for all that Jerusha still wends the pathway of life alone, with one eye fixed on the departing, and the other watching for the coming man.

Miss Margaret now is just the opposite of Miss Jerusha. No one can blame her for trying to attract attention from the opposite sex. In her youthful days she too had bright and glowing hopes of a happy life with the one dearest in all the world to her. But Death's cold hand was laid upon the loved one, and he was called to his long home. And with a place in her heart that can never be filled by another, she lives faithful to the memory of her betrothed.

Then there is Miss Polly, the bright and energetic old maid, who stays at home and cares for her parents. In order to do this she sacrifices not only her chances of matrimony but other ambitious plans as well. Does she whine and go about sniffling over her trials and tribulation? No indeed! She is probably the best loved and most useful woman in the neighborhood. She is the one who is called upon for help and sympathy when death or sickness enters the neighbor's home.

It can't be denied, however, but what there are a few of the sour and angular class of old maids, Miss Priscilla is one of this kind, and does not take kindly to the masculine element. This antipathy appears to be mutual. She is a walking encyclo-

pedia of morals and good advice, delivered gratuitously wherever she perceives the need of them. A single glance from her cold gray eye will make the small boy tremble and its effect upon the strongest man can be imagined.

So stately and erect is her appearance while walking to church with her hymn book in hand, that one admiring critic alluded to her as being "over plumb." Then there are some old maids that nobody knows the reason for their being such. The old maid can keep other secrets from the world as well as her age.

But if the average old maid looks over the specimens of either sex, who have obtained partners, no doubt but that she will consider her own case not altogether hopeless.

Newburg, Pa.

THE FOREST FIRE.

BY MINNIE UPTON.

A forest fire is worse than the prairie fire by far, as it lasts longer, and unlike the prairie fire, which, when it has burned and passed, all danger is over, the forest fire, though it appears to be out, is quietly smoldering away in some old hollow tree or log, waiting for the wind to give it a start, when it will break out worse than ever. It takes a hard, drenching rain to put it out, or hard fighting it.

It is started in a great many ways. The one which I will tell you about was started by two or three boys, who, while out hunting, treed a possum, and smoked it out, neglecting, when they left, to put out the fire.

Fire as a usual thing makes wind, and fanned by the breeze it soon spreads. The fire was started about midnight, about one and a half miles from our house, and in the morning was in our second field, which was about a quarter of a mile away from the house. The country being mountainous, you could see a fire away from home a great deal quicker than when one was right on you.

In the morning when I got up, upon going out I saw a great deal of smoke, but thinking the fire was twenty or twenty-five miles off, remarked as I went in, that someone was having some fun fighting fire. By noon I was having plenty myself.

The fire was out of our control so all we could do was to keep it from reaching the house and outbuildings. The fences were made of rails, and as we hadn't any rain for a couple of months, were dry as gunpowder. The fields were simply clearings, or rather, trees with a circle chopped around their butts to kill them. They were as dry as the

At first the fire only hurned the underbrush, but soon the rails and dead trees caught and you could hear them burn for a mile away, they making a popping, blowing and hissing noise. In about an hour the trees commenced to fall. Some struck against other trees, starting them to burning, others falling to the ground starting fire wherever they fell. In this way fire is spread across creeks. The tree falls across the water and starts the dead

We quickly turn out to help fight the fire, there being about twenty or thirty of us, neighbors, all armed with huge gunny sacks and pails of water; that is, the women folks are so equipped, while the men are armed with axes and crosscut saws. The women wet their sacks and commence to whip the fire. 'They commence out as far as the fire has run. If they see a tree that has fallen they backfire, that is start a fire, let it burn a space around the tree, and then put it out. While they are doing this the men cut the trees down that are on fire and backfire around them. In this way the fire's mad career was closed.

No matter how fierce a fire burns in the day, it dies down at night, the heavy dews causing this.

Just imagine a cloudy night, and you could step out and look across the fields and adjoining country and see hundreds of trees ablaze from bottom to top. It is a glorious sight, when it isn't too

Anyone fearing for her complexion should never help fight fire, for when you have finished you are a sight to behold, your clothing burned, your face and arms blistered and blacked by the fire and smoke, the latter which very nearly strangles you as it blows in your face.

The very walls of the house will blister. A great

deal of damage is done by these forest fires, not only to the timber, but houses are often burned, and people's lives are lost and great destruction follows

The neighborhood where one of these forest fires has been is always healthier for them because it burns away the decaying wood and dead animals. Elgin, Ill.

WILD GIRLS OF THE WEST.

BY M. U.

In the last 'Nook is a very interesting and breezy article from the pen of Lois Needles, of Wayside, Kansas, and for western boasting nothing has been printed to equal it. I am a Southern girl, and while I do not ride a pony and shoot qual "through the neck" with a rifle, there are some things in which I can give Sister Needles a good start and still leave her behind. Lois is only six. teen, but why didn't she think of saying sweet six. teen, and there is much that she has ahead of her to learn yet. Not long ago on a train bound overland the passengers saw a tremendous dust raised as though three or four thousand cattle were stampeding. All thought that it was a big cattle runaway. We now imagine that it was the wild wes. tern cyclone girl out on her pony for a spin, shoot. ing right and left at the innocent, long-eared bunnies, taking them through the neck, every time. My, but we are a smart lot in Kansas and now everybody knows it, for has not Lois, herself, said it? Arkansas.

THE WILD WEST GIRLS.

BY P. C.

In the last issue of the Inglenook there is a very interesting article by Miss Lois Needles, one of the kind that I hope she will repeat in the near future, but there is also something about it that seems to call for comment. Is it quite true that only people in the West can ride and shoot? Here in Virginia we think that Miss Needles could learn a little were she not so wedded to her wild West as to be incapable of learning.

We think we know something of riding and shooting, but we freely admit that none of us can ride a pony and shoot partridges through the neck with a rifle. It is a trifle beyond our skill. Will Miss Lois please tell us how it is done? I suppose that the chickens take it as useless to run or fly when she appears in the door with a revolver in her hand and determination in her eye. They simply wonder which one is going to get it in the neck. The West is a great country, and I suppose that we are behind the times here in the Valley. Nevertheless the article shows Miss Needles to be as sharp as a whole paper of the needles themselves.

THE EASTERN OIRL HEARD FROM.

BY A. MITCHEL.

THE breezy and realistic picture of the Western girl in last week's issue was much appreciated by the readers of the Inglenook.

While we admire her brisk style of writing, no fear that our Western contributor is laboring under a wrong impression in regard to the Eastern girl. The writer happens to be one, so of course she

The Eastern girl differs in some respects from the Western girl, but she is by no means a wishy-washy

The Eastern girls are wondering what becomes of sort of person. all that game "shot in the neck" from horseback Does it go to the Denver or the Kansas City mate kets? At least we presume the supply would too great for home consumption in addition to the chicken that probably gets it "in the neck" als We—that is the Eastern girls—are wondering if the Western girls can kill a chicken with a revolver well at night as in daylight. The Eastern girl als has some slight knowledge in the art of hitching the horses. To drive on a mountain road requires con siderable more dexterity than to drive on the open prairie as any one with experience knows.

We are pleased to note that our Western friend takes for granted the ability of the Eastern girl sit in the parlor and converse with the preacher.

Pennsylvania.

Nature & Study

CHRYSANTHEMUMS,

BY MRS. DECIMA G. WAREHAM.

THE glory-day of the jaunty chrysanthemum is yearing its close. Yet how few of its admirers, who irequent the chrysanthemum shows, or wear the soucy flower on coat lapel or seal wrap, know the soucy flower of the flower or the name of its varieties.

The chrysanthemum is a native of Japan, and long before Columbus landed at San Salvador, they were thriving on those far-away islands. Though a fivorite flower of the Japanese, they, in time, became the sacred flower of the Chinese, and continued so, until the Tartars invaded China and overthrew the old dynasty. On tablets of stone these blossoms have been found crudely portrayed. On one tablet it is stated that when a boy babe is born a chrysanthemum plant is named for him, and the number of its blossoms, their size and beauty indicate the fortune of the boy. Woe to the child whose flowers are stunted, for the sacred flower has withheld him her favor.

Our present chrysanthemum would scarcely recognize its ancestry, any more than modern English would its mother tongue. When the enterprising Americans brought these foreign plants to our land, they immediately set about improving them. Grafting and transmitting pollen were some methods employed. Where formerly the chrysanthemum was a bushy plant, covered with small, disy-like flowers, now it is a slender stalk, with one great blossom to crown its summit. This result is obtained by plucking all save one bud, so that it alone may consume the entire sap of the plant.

There are some two hundred varieties, with lesser and greater degrees.

"Louis Bonheur" is the darkest lavender, while "Charles Davis" is a variegated yellow. But the lion of the season is "John Lewis Childs," the pride of the propagator and the admiration of the Borists. This chrysanthemum is such a dark red, that it proudly bears the name at the shows as the mahogany chrysanthemum.

A BLUSHING TREE.

"Among the many wonders of those strange swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree," said Albert F. Dewey of Punta Gorda, Fla., who has recently passed a month in the Everglades of Florida.

"The blushing tree," continued Mr. Dewey, " is by no means common. It is found only in the densest thickets of those interminable marshes, those luxuriant vegetation is a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who hoow it because it actually blushes when the rain Ells upon it. This phenomenon is apparently incomprehensible. It never fails to astound those who see it for the first time. The mysterious and teautiful glow of color which it assumes in a raindorm baffles description. The Seminole Indians, ho once ruled Florida, have always known of the tree, and in their musical language, now fast disap-Paring, have words which mean 'the maiden tree which reddens at the coming of her lover, the rain." "In company with a taciturn Indian guide I joureyed forty miles to see this marvelous bit of vegtable life. I could scarcely believe the story he fold me, yet curiosity at length overcame increduw, and we set forth one morning in a small canoe. We spent nearly three days paddling and poling way over the winding waters. In the afternoon the third day I began to wonder if he had only ken deceiving me for the sake of the boat hire and pay as guide, when he gave a grunt of satisfacbon and pointed to the right.

Distrustfully, I followed him ashore and though the underbrush. Beneath great cypress the underbrush. Beneath great cypress the underbrush and past the underbrush are the underbrush and past the underbrush are the underbrush. Beneath great cypress the underbrush and past the underbrush the gray hanging moss, and past the open share we wended our way inland. The open space he stopped and with silent pride toward toward the center. Gracefully a tree, while spreading branches hung down, slightly waying the warm breeze. Its emerald-hued foliage.

was the most beautiful I had ever beheld. It rose to a height of twenty feet and its thick, substantial trunk indicated many years of existence. This the old Seminole informed me, was 'the blushing tree,'

"I told him to prepare to camp here until it rained, regardless of time. We unrolled our blan kets, stretched our mosquito bars, without which one cannot sleep in the glades, cooked supper and rolled up in our blankets for the night. That night, the day following and the next night passed without rain.

"I began to think it would never rain, when about noon a cloud darkened the sky overhead. I put a rubber poncho over my shoulders and fixed my eyes on the green and pretty tree a dozen yards away. It was covered with a greenish insect, the size of a large wood tick, which intensified its color. The rain began to fall in torrents, after its custom in that region. Beside me, grinning confidently with his pipe in his mouth, stood the Seminole.

"As the cool water drenched the tree, I was amazed to note a changing of color. Gradually, yet unmistakably, the green hue was giving away to pink. The Indian had told the truth. The tree was blushing at the rain.

"In a few minutes the green had faded from sight. On only a few, half-hidden spots beneath broad branches and on its trunk was there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree was as pink as the cheek of a healthy girl.

"After an hour or more the shower passed over and I watched with no less interest the wonderful tree assume its familiar green once more. As it was changing back to emerald I suddenly realized the secret of the phenomenon. The tiny insects and not the tree itself changed color. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright warm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live, but when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their little backs and become a pretty pink in color. Millions of them thus change the tint of the tree. They are found only upon one species of trees, which grow in certain parts of the Everglades."

HOW ANIMALS FIGHT.

Supposing all the animals in the zoo at Regent's park were to begin to fight to the death, who would be the ultimate victor?

A well-known animal dealer votes for the elephant, which he calls the J. L. Sullivan of beasts. His trunk is his weapon and he is the hardest hitter with it of all the animals. Furthermore, he gores with his mighty tusks and tramples beneath his huge feet his daring adversary.

A sporting writer would call the tiger a whirl-wind fighter. He is very light on his feet and his impetuous rush needs clever withstanding. With his heavy paw his favorite stroke is a lightning downward punch. With all his cleverness he soon tires if he meets a tough adversary.

The same remarks apply to the lion's style of fighting, though Leo has generally more grit than Friend Stripes and will last longer in a conflict, Still, in a lion and tiger fight one would hardly back Leo, for he is several stones lighter than the gentleman from Bengal, says the London Express. And it is generally admitted among students of the fistic art that "a good big one is better than a good little one." What Mr. Gilbert calls "an interesting eastern potentate" often has lion pitted against tiger in the wild-beast fights with which he beguiles his leisure, and almost invariably is the king of beasts subjected to an ignominious knockout.

The specialty of the giraffe is his enormous reach. He can deliver a nasty punch with his forelegs and is not above biting his opponent when opportunity offers. Another long-range fighter is the deer, who is also very swift in his movements. Besides the quick punch with the forefeet, beware the sharp horns when you take on Br'er Deer. The buffalo, though his pet weapon is his great ironclad head, is also good at a long, swinging blow with the forefoot.

The grizzly bear is a formidable foe. He can punch like no other animal save the elephant—one blow of his stupendous paw will break a horse's back—and when he clinches to avoid punishment his hug will crush anything living. Besides this, nothing can break his pluck. He will fight as long as he can see or stand and he is a glutton for pun-

ishment. None of the cat tribe could stand a tenth of the pounding which the grizzly takes without turning a hair. As an offset to the useful qualities I have enumerated the bear is slow on his feet and his eye is not good.

The snake is about the cruelest of fighters. He has not the advantage of legs, but he is armed with the deadliest poison, and once he has wound himself around his adversary's body one swift movement of the head enables him to bite his victim.

The trickiest fighter is our colonial friend, Uncle Kangaroo. He bites when he can and his powerful hind legs and tail are useful for dodging. The opponent who gets one of his forefoot blows seldom requires another and a straight kick from him will rip a horse or another large animal wide open. He is also fond of hugging and when pursued by dogs will take the faithful friend of man to his bosom in a fervent embrace that is generally fatal.

Thus, though each of the beasts has his own specialties in the way of fighting, we have come to the conclusion that either the elephant or the bear would wear the belt in a general fight among the happy family of Regent's park.

* BUILD THEIR OWN HOUSES.

The oyster at the commencement of its career is so small that 2,000,000 would only occupy a square inch. In six months each individual oyster is large enough to cover a quarter and in twelve months a half-dollar. The oyster is its own architect and the shell grows as the fish inside grows, being never too small. It also bears its age upon its back and it is easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell, as that of horses by looking at their teeth.

Everyone who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically termed "shots" and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined.

Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another, so that the shell grows bulky and thickened.

Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old. One million to 2,000,000 oysters are produced by a single parent, and their scarcity may be accounted for by the fact that man is not the only oyster-eating animal. The starfish loves the oyster and preys upon it unceasingly. A variety of whelk is also very fond of young oysters, to get at which it bores right through the shell and sucks the fish up through the hole thus made.

FRUIT GROWN IN ROYAL GARDENS.

Most of the fruit consumed in the Queen's household is grown in the royal gardens at Windsor. Some statistics published show that the Queen's gardens supply in one year no fewer than 20,000 desert apples, besides 400 bushels of eating apples of a commoner kind. The grapes produced in one season weigh two and a half tons, the strawberries one and a quarter tons, the red and white currants a ton and the cherries half a ton. Of the rarer fruits about fifty pineapples, 400 melons and between 6,000 and 7,000 peaches are gathered each year.

LEOPARD MUST CHANGE HIS SPOTS.

According to a Vienna correspondent the Hungarian government is about to take steps to effectually put an end to the wanderings of gypsies, who are so frequently to be met in that country. The stalwart Hungarian gypsy, with his multicolored cloak, his dark-eyed, fortune-telling wife and his crowd of half-naked children, is certainly one of the most picturesque figures in this part of Europe, and difficulties are sure to attend all attempts to compel him to become a respectable, steady-going peasant. It is, however, asserted that of late years the Hungarian, gypsies have degenerated, disease having wrought havoe in their ranks.

AN AQUATIC HEDGEHOG.

THE sea hedgehog, or globe fish, can inflate his body with air. In this state it looks like a balloon covered with spikes, and is safe from any enemy.

THE INGLENOOK.

ривызнер жевких

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1,00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The INGLENOOK, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

TO OUR READERS.

MERRY Christmas and a happy new year to you, dear reader. We wish you well. If we had our way of it we would abolish poverty and make health contagious. We would like to have every reader enjoy a pleasant and a merry Christmas. There's trouble enough in this big, round world of ours for the rest of the year, and every reader of the 'Nook is entitled to one day off the wheel, and there is no better day than Christmas. You have heard it said that it comes but once a year, and that once must be taken merrily to do us the needed good. No person need feel that he is desecrating a holy day by turning it into a holiday. Nobody knows when Christ was born. The time has been observed differently in different parts of the world in times past. It is all the sheerest guess work to say that the Master came on December 25. Nobody knows anything at all about the day or the month. It is a day for feasting and rejoicing. Take out of it all you can get. There's trouble enough ahead and behind. Forget it all. Have a good time, innocently, of course, but a good time all the same.

There is something about the sentiment back of the Christmas idea that appeals to all of us. We love to think of the childhood of Jesus. Art and her started comrade, Song, have combined in all past ages to make the day and the occasion for it glorious. The world at that time was in the early twilight of civilization. The Holy Land was full of troubles. The Roman soldier marched up and down the streets of the Holy City to the brazen blare of his trumpets. The Jew was a dog to him. The soldier was a hated person to the Jew. The land was full of robbers, and the world was an unknown quantity to the best informed. It was take who could, keep who can, and the wildest rumors were abroad in the land.

The Jew had expected that a Redeemer would come, but he looked for a warrior king that would drive the Roman back, free the land and reinstate its lost and faded glories. And then when Christ the Redeemer did come—born in a stable with the meek-eyed animals about him, with only a mother's love over him, the world laughed. The stars sang together, and the wise men followed the beacon light of one that shone brightest of all. There was the adoration of the Magi, the unheard songs of the unseen angels, and the Hope of the world lay sleeping on the mother's breast as she crooned a child song in her native tongue.

Then came the strenuous life of the day and age, the three short years of a troubled ministry, and the cruel crucifixion, and the glorious resurrection. But when Christ hung dead on the Cross how hopeless was the outlook. The slumbering torch had been thrust beneath the waters of oblivion and the world was in darkness. Look at the same world today, not far from two thousand years as men count time. In every village is the house dedicated to the worship of the living God, in every land is His name spoken, in every tongue is He called on to help in direst need. Where He was rejected among the dullest of intellect in the infancy of the world he is now accepted among the learned and those of most exalted station. And the growth is a continuous one. The time will come when the whole world will remember what Christmas means.

And so, while we enjoy ourselves, and are merry on the holiday, let us remember that it is only in His name that we have a hope beyond the present life, and that hope is realized only by a life of love and obedience while we are in the present life.

YES, my little boy and girl, you can have all you can eat Christmas, but remember that there is a limit to even your capacity, and don't you overdo it and have us getting up in the night to hear a tale of woe about a great big pain in your midst. Stop short of the bursting point.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.

In the matter of your renewal the following should be remembered: Your name is set up in type, and goes into the mailing list. If you allow your subscription to lapse your name will be taken out, and if you then renew it will take some little time to get you in line again, and you may miss an interesting number or two. It would be better to advise us by postal card that you intend taking the paper, if through any contingency you cannot at once send on the dollar. Then the paper will come straight through to you.

THE MISTAKE OF THEIR LIVES.

In the next issue of the 'Nook a story will be begun running through several issues of the paper. Its title is the caption of this article. It tells the story of the clandestine marriage of a young brother and sister, and the trouble that followed. When it was imperative that the marriage be proven there was – but let us not get "ahead of our story." There will be a valuable lesson in it for all readers.

ROCK ISLAND ROAD AGAINST THE CIGARETTE.

Westward, like the star of empire, the anti-cigarette crusade takes its way. The Union Pacific railroad has placed a ban on the noxious little rolls, and now a report comes from Armourdale, Kansas, that the employes of the Rock Island road at that place have been notified that those who smoke cigarettes must give them up or lose their positions. It is only reasonable to expect that all the great corporations will sooner or later follow the excellent example which is being set them.

According to a German physician of high repute the Chinese may ultimately triumph over the powers of civilization because of their nervelessness. The Chinaman, he says, can write all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever and discover no more weariness or irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good, and will plod at school without holidays or recreation of any kind. Sport or play-if we except cards and kiteflyingseems to John Chinaman waste labor. He can sleep anywhere, amid rattling machinery, deafening uproar, squalling children or quarreling adults, on the floor, on a bed, on a chair, and in any position. And in the increasing complexity of civilized life, when half the population may be expected to be "all nerves," this quality of "nervelessness," the professor thinks, will be of incalculable value.

Por, hast du für den 'Nook geschriebe, so wir es en anners Johr griege? Was, du hast nit? Well, denn must du's aber schnell dun. Wir wäre ja gans verlore ohne die Zeitung. Ich will wisse wie die Elgin Schwestere koche könne, un ich will a ganse lot Sache aus dem 'Nook griege, von den gute Dinge zu koche. Un du weest nix davon? Die beste Köch in der Gemeinschaft gebe uns jede een Recept, un sie werre alle im 'Nook gedruckt. Pop, ich muss die Zeitung habe shur, un dass is gewiss so. And he just handed over the dollar.

Our cooking school is prospering mightily. The recipes, or receipts, if you prefer it, are coming in in a way to make one's mouth water. The 'Nook readers will have a whole lot of first-class recipes that have several distinct merits. They are all practical, they are by Sisters, signed, so that we know who is doing it, and they are good things for good people. We have been asked by outsiders to print some recipes for them, and we respectfully decline the honor. None but Sisters are allowed in the kitchen this feast.

As you enter upon life choose your friends as you would choose guides on the borders of a wilderness. Friends more than anything else determine the paths which most of us follow.

Too often often when Cupid registers marriage vows he falls into the modern habit and uses the cash register.

OUR QUERY COLUMN.

Will the Japanese persimmon, described in the 'NOOK, grow here in Illinois?

No.

Will we be allowed to ask questions in the Cooking School class?

Certainly. Send them on. Somebody will know.

In what part of the United States is the hedgehog tound?

Will some of our readers answer this—is it found in your locality?

Can astronomy be learned from a book?

You can get a very good idea of the science from a book, if it is a good one, well studied.

Whereabouts in the Bible is the phrase, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb?"

It isn't in the Bible at all. It was said first by Laurence Sterne, an English writer.

In this day of machine-made manufactures would it pay a boy to learn the trade of a machinist?

Yes. Somebody must make the machines, and hand work will always be in request.

Can you tell me some business in which I can make a latte money without too great expense. I am a crappled girl,

Try Belgian hares or Angora cats. There is money in each if intelligently bred.

What is the meaning and the use of the word "menu?"

It means nothing more or less than a bill of fare.

It is French and is pronounced "mean-you."

What is condensed milk, made at Elgin?

Nothing but milk with the water evaporated from it, and sugar added. You could not well do it at home.

Are cheap weather indicators any good?

They usually get around to the facts the next day. Rain will be indicated on a Tuesday when it rained Monday.

Is alcohol a "food?"

Some affirm and some deny. It is a fact that it does infinitely more harm than good. It has done more harm than war or pestilence,

Will the cooking recipes be continued?

Yes, and each one of them will be tested by its contributor or originator. This feature of the 'Nook will be a very valuable one to the people who cook.

Are others besides Sisters allowed to contribute recipes to the INGLENDOK Cooking School?

You will have to get some Sister to mother it for you. It is exclusively Dunker cooking we are after. Every Sister is invited to send in her best

* * *

What is meant by exchanges in a newspaper office?

You send your newspaper free to another paper which comes to you free in return. It is a matter of agreement and does not universally apply. Some papers have hundreds of exchanges, others very few. The 'Nook does not have half a dozen because most papers do not contain what we want.

THE INGLENOOK.

BY M. P. E.

IT matters not which way we look, We're sure to spy the INGLENGIOK. It has fluttered here, and fluttered there, It finds a glad welcome everywhere.

Is there anything you want to know? Just give our Editor half a show; He'll tumble his silvery locks of hair And hum a tune with thoughtful air.

And soon from a pig on hole he'll take Something that makes his broad sides shake? The information, if you'll only look. You soon will find in the INGLENOUS.

What's the difference to us if he won't tell his name?

What's the difference to us if he won't tell his name?

Perhaps we, in his place, would feel just the same.

And when asked, "Why so modest?" he murmurs.

Cause: "

So we'll have to nickname him Our Santa Claus.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY BOX.

They are not all up to date portant alterations. They are not all up to date portant alterations. They are not all up to date portant alterations. Seventy-five thousand dollars has any means. Seventy-five thousand dollars has red appropriated for the alterations, which consist red and extends under the terrace at the reginally box of steel lattice work, eighty-nine feet reginally box of steel lattice work, eighty-nine feet reginally fifty one feet wide and twelve feet high, filled to walk around the mass of treasure, following a region passage which runs between the side of the box and the steel walls of the vault.

This lattice work receptacle holds \$101,000,000 in alver, which is packed in wooden boxes, two bags of standard dollars to a box and each box weighing ropounds. Formerly the coin was simply stacked up in bags, but notwithstanding the walls of steel dampness rotted the bags and the money ran out of them. This made extra trouble, requiring fresh counts and it is no small job to reckon over such a grantic sum in metal. Hence it was decided to pack the stuff in boxes. Each sack contains \$1,000, and so long as the treasurer's seal on it is intact its contents do not have to be verified on occasions when recounts are made.

The bond vault is to be enlarged greatly, doubling its capacity—a change made necessary by the increasing number of national banks which deposit bonds in the treasury. Many private and State banks, taking advantage of the recent act of congress, are coming in as national banks.

Anew and thoroughly modern strong room is to built for the register's office to hold canceled paprimoney that is awaiting destruction in the macmator. Meanwhile the subtreasury in New York is putting in two additional vaults, one for gold and the other for silver, the latter measuring forty-seven teet in length by twenty-eight feet in width and thelve feet in height. Gold and silver are pouring inthere by tons daily and there is no place to put all of it. At the present time that subtreasury has on hand \$170,000,000 in gold coin and \$58,000,000 in silver. There are now 152,000,000 silver dollars in the treasury at Washington, but only \$6,080,000 in gold coin. The treasury never keeps much gold on hand here, the great stock of the yellow metal being held in New York and at the mint in Philadel-

If one wants to see crude gold in masses he should visit the mint in the Quaker City, where he find it stacked up in heaps of bricks-tons on tons of it-all ready for conversion into coin. At the present moment there is \$53,000,000 worth of sold bullion at this mint, with \$53,000,000 in gold bin, not to mention \$150,000,000 in silver bullion and coin. Notwithstanding the fact that the treas-We steel-clad structures now used by great private oncerns that have valuables to protect, the government leels fairly secure as to the safety of its stored talth. The best safeguard for coin is its weight.

Just to illustrate this point, it may be mentioned that the \$152,000,000 in silver now held in the stong rooms of the treasury weighs nearly 5,000 1003. A million dollars in gold coin weighs about holons and it would take a very strong man to any off \$50,000 worth of the yellow stuff. Though gold brick the shape and size of an ordinary bilding brick represents \$8,000 its "heft" is something astonishing.

There was quite a scare a few years ago when similar was quite a scare a few years ago when

defer was quite a scare a few years ago when filling was treasurer, because the vault in the shoom where the ready money is kept refused to open. It is always set for 8:30 A. M., with a to be wrong with the mechanism, and the steel wind and still the money was locked up. For anyments. Experts were sent for and came with the time lock had been to day accident for 9:30. In this vault not only we kept, Each parcel holds 4,000 notes, and is in known as single such package represents \$2,000,000

Burglars may be practically excluded, but the treasury does not claim to be theft proof. On an unlucky day in 1870 a visitor came into the treasurer's room with a large Panama hat in his hand. The treasurer's attention was distracted by some other people who were trying to talk to him and the man dropped his hat carelessly over a package which contained 2,000 \$10 notes lying on the desk. It was one of several such packages and the loss of it was not noticed until some hours later. Of course, the notes were advertised and sometime afterward a part of them were deposited in a New York bank. The depositor was arrested, but no-body was punished for the crime.

A singular immunity from punishment seems to have attended thieves who have robbed the treasury in such ways. In 1875 a clerk named Benjamin Hallock passed a package of \$500 notes representing \$47,000 out of a window in the cashroom to a saloonkeeper named Ottman. For some time the robbery remained a mystery, but later on Theodore Brown was caught betting on the races at Saratoga with some of the missing \$500 notes. He was arrested and implicated Ottman and Hallock, but Brown was never tried and the other two were not finally convicted. Of the stolen money \$20,000 was recovered.

It has been said that no trust company would accept the responsibility of the treasurer of the United States for the \$6,000 a year salary which he gets. He is responsible for all moneys that may be stolen and on more than one occasion Congress has been obliged to relieve by formal act an official in the position who would have otherwise been liable for the repayment of large losses. On one occasion two men named Marden and Johnson, the latter an assistant paying teller, took \$62,000 by collusion. The government got back \$12,700 of this money and the offenders escaped with a year in prison for each. There have been a good many thefts in the redemption division, where the temptations are exceedingly great, the most famous of them being that perpetrated by a woman who invented a method of making nine notes out of eight, incidentally to the process of putting together scraps of torn bills sent in to be redeemed. Nobody ever knew how much she stole, but she gave up a portion of her ill-gotten gains and was not prosecuted.

In 1865 there was much excitement over the loss of \$1,000,000 in paper money, which had been shipped from Washington to the assistant treasurer in San Francisco. The shipment was made in a sailing vessel called the "Golden Rule," and consisted of 1,000 \$1,000 notes. The ship was wrecked on Rocador reef and the safe containing the cash was lost with it. Nevertheless a conspiracy was suggested and a theory was formed to the effect that the vessel was deliberately cast away for the sake of stealing money. If this had been true some of the notes would certainly have turned up later, but as a matter of fact none of them has ever been seen since. Of course, being paper money, it was no loss to Uncle Sam.

Immense quantities of gold are shipped nowadays across the ocean, and the danger of loss is so small that the precious stuff may be insured at so low a rate as one-tenth of one per cent. It is insured just like so much grain and the documents, written in old-style legal phrases, guarantee its safety against all perils of the seas, including "men of war, fires, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettisons, letters of marque, reprisals, takings at sea, arrests and detainments of all kinds, princes," etc. Every large trans-Atlantic steamship has a treasure-room, which is a great steel box, built more like a vault on land.

Shipments of gold coin from this country to Europe have been extraordinarily large recently. The banker in New York buys it from the subtreasury there, receiving it in sacks of \$10,000 each. It is carefully weighed, because Europe will accept our gold only by weight, though the quality of the coin—its purity and degree of fineness—is guaranteed by Uncle Sam's stamp. Usually it is packed in casks that are much like herring casks, ten sacks to each cask, which weighs 180 pounds when thus filled. Thefts on the voyage are practically unknown, but in 1894 a cask of gold coin was lost on its way to Paris, being finally located on the platform of a railroad station between Havre and Paris. The station agent thought it contained white lead.

HE HAS MANY PRIVILEGES.

A curious privilege of an ambassador is that he, and he alone, when dismissed, may turn his back to the sovereign to whose court he is accredited. The mode of procedure is as follows: When the ambassador's audience is over he waits to be dismissed by the sovereign. When dismissed the ambassador bows, retires three paces, bows again, retires another three paces, bows a third time, turns on his heels and walks to the folding doors. But it is felt that more polite methods should obtain when the reigning sovereign is a woman. To turn his back is to be discourteous, to walk backward is to resign a privilege; the ambassador retires sideways, like a crab; he keeps one eye on the sovereign and with the other tries to see the door. He thus shows politeness to the sovereign and at the same time retains one of his privileges.

As the ambassador is usually an aged gentleman, often shortsighted, he sometimes fails to reach the door and comes into collision with the wall. Another privilege of ambassadors is the right of being ushered into the royal presence through folding doors, both of which must be flung wide open. No one except an ambassador can claim this privilege; the most any nonambassadorial person can expect is that one of the leaves shall be opened to him. The reason for this privilege is not known. There are certain irreverent suggestions that have been made, but we prefer to be silent with regard to them. Another privilege, capable of causing great inconvenience, is the ambassador's right of admission to the sovereign at any hour of day or night. Thus the minister representing some little bankrupt state could go down to Windsor and demand an audience at four o'clock in the morning. The audience would have to be granted, though it could be delayed by the exercise of ingenuity.

A HINT FROM HENRY CLAY.

A WELL-KNOWN Southern politician, who died just before the Civil War, not infrequently spoke of an incident that took place in his first term in Congress, in which he received a lesson in statecraft from the great Whig leader, Henry Clay.

"I was a young man and an enthusiastic Whig," he said, "and I entered Congress, quivering with eagerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting 'Mr. Speaker!' a dozen times a day. I opposed even petty motions made by the opposite party, and bitterly denounced every bill, however trivial, for which they voted. Before the session was half over, I had contrived to make myself personally obnoxious to every Democrat that I met.

"One day, after an ill-tempered outbreak on a question of no moment, I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye.

"'C--,' he said, 'you go fishing sometimes?'
"'Yes.'

"'Don't you find that the best rod is the one that gives a little at each joint? It does not snap and break at each touch, but bends, and shows its strength only when weight is put on it.'

"I caught his meaning. I had seen him chatting familiarly with the very men whom I was berating. Yet I knew when the great interests of parties clashed he was the one man whom they feared,

"I set myself then to learn patience and coolness. It is the strong, flexible rod which does not break under the big fish."

To come down from national to domestic life, it will always be found that the fretful, quarrelsome member of the family is of little use in a crisis. It is the men and women of coolness, reserve and good humor who control the emergencies in the household, as men and women of this type have always done in all human history.

The Chinese have a curiously cheerful way of disposing of their lepers. The relatives of the afflicted person propose to him that they bury him alive, and such is the fatalism of the Chinese that the victim readily consents. An elaborate meal is served to him, in the way of a farewell banquet, and then the funeral procession forms. The man who is about to be immured under the sod follows his own coffin, and when he reaches the grave he takes a dose of laudanum, hops into the box and settles down for eternity.

Good Reading

A CHRIST/IAS DINNER AND HOW TO OET IT UP.

BY MRS. M. EARLY.

Considering woman's relation to the home and family, the art of good housekeeping is an accomplishment, to which all others are trivial. I mean by good housekeeping, cooking and everything that goes to make up a well-ordered home. But ask the young and inexperienced housewife to tell you some of her trials with sour bread, muddy coffee, half-cooked vegetables, meats so tough that the cat and dog turn away in disgust, pastry which makes the husband long for his mother! To these might be added a whole fist of horrors resulting from improper training or none at all,

Some are pleased to call housekeeping drudgery. But remember the girl or woman who is satisfied with only the highest perfection in her housekeeping becomes the artist, not the slave. Now for the benefit of the ever busy housewife and the young daughter, into whose homes the 'Nook comes once a week as an extra bit of sunshine, we have a new feature, a Surprise Christmas dinner for six, giving instructions how to prepare and serve an inexpensive, up-to-date dinner:

•			
	MENU,		
21	Soup.	Oyster.	
Tomato,	Celery.	viyact.	
Baked Fish,	Fish	Creamed Salmon.	
Turkey,	Roast.	Cranberry Sauce.	
	Vegetables.		
Mashed Potatoes, Cold Slaw,	Creamed Lima Beans, Baked Apples,		
l'otat	oes with Ch	cese,	
	Dessert.		
Chocolate pie, Cheese,		Mince pie, Cranberry Farts,	
	Spice Cake,		
Café au lait,	C	hocolate au café,	

One of the best recipes for the preparation of each of the above dishes is here given in detail, and if directions are closely followed, with the liberal use of good judgment, the dinner will do for any one.

Tomato Sour .- Strain one quart of canned tomatoes, same as for catsup. Place in granite pan over slow fire. Add one-fourth teaspoon soda to sweeten (or else the milk will curdle). When hot stir in one tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste. Add one quart rich milk and one pint of water. Allow to come just to the boiling point. Keep hot and serve with crackers.

OYSTER Sour.—One quart of fresh oysters. Pour liquor in soup pan, boil and skim. Then replace the oysters. Add tablespoon butter, salt and pepper to taste. When just to boiling point add one quart of milk. Let come to boil and serve imme-

BAKED FISH.-Clean, rinse and wipe dry a whitefish, or any fish weighing three or four pounds. Do not leave stand in water as they lose much of the best flavor. Rub the fish well inside and out with salt and pepper. Fill with a dressing made like that for poultry, only drier. Sew it up. Lay in hot pan with something under the fish to prevent baking too hard or burning. Add a little water with drippings or lumps of butter. Dredge with flour, Lay over fish a few thin slices of bacon. Bake in moderate oven till fins can be easily taken out with fingers. Baste while baking. When done lay on platter, and in the pan pour one pint rich milk. When hot thicken with one tablespoon of flour previously stirred smooth in one-fourth of a cup of milk. Cook well and pour around fish on platter. Keep hot and serve in side dishes with the soup

CREAMED SALMON. - Heat one tablespoon butter in frying pan. Add one tablespoon flour. Stir over fire till smooth. Take back and slowly stir in two cups cold milk, eook well and salt lightly. One ean of red salmon, picked fine, removing pieces of bone and skin. Prepare one quart of fine bread erumbs. Grease well a round granite pan. In the bottom place layer bread crumbs, cover well with

ly over dressing and crumbs; again place layer of crumbs, dressing and salmon. Continue till all is in pan. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven. Serve from pan, as this dish is made unattractive by turning out,

ROAST.-After fowl has been picked, carefully singe and draw, being sure that nothing unsuitable remains. Break the legs a little below the knee, pull down skin and tie to prevent the muscles from shrinking away from joint, throw liver, heart and gizzard into cold water, wash well and put on to cook in three pints of water. Boil two hours. Use as little water as possible in washing fowl, but wipe thoroughly inside and out with damp cloths, then use a dry one, rubbing well. Rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Prepare the stuffing from pieces of dry bread with other bread several days old, till you have a gallon. Over this pour a little boiling water. Cover tightly and let steam. When soft, add three tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, and any other seasoning desired, to taste. Three fresh eggs well beaten, mix thoroughly, but be careful and do not have it too moist. Stuff breast first, but not too full, or it will burst in cooking. Stuff body. Sew up openings, sewing the skin of neck to back or breast. Fasten wings and legs in proper position with skewers, if skewers not used tie well in place with twine. The best way is to steam the turkey before roasting, and a steamer can easily be improvised by placing two or three sticks of hard wood in the bottom of the wash boiler, with just enough water to cover them. On these place the drippingpan with the turkey. The boiler lid should fit tightly, and as the water boils away add more. Steam till easily pierced with a fork. When tender place turkey in dripping pan with the water in which the turkey was steamed. On the breast place lumps of butter. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Dredge with flour. Baste well and often from the water in the pan. Add boiling water as needed. Bake until a golden brown and perfectly tender, remembering that the excellence of the turkey depends much on the careful basting. Remove to a hot platter and serve with crauberry sauce. To make the gravy, place pan on fire after turkey has been dished, skim off most of the grease or fat. Add more water if needed. Add the heart, liver and gizzard which have been chopped previously. Add to the pan the water in which they were cooked. Slowly add a smooth thickening of flour and water. Boil till flour is thoroughly cooked. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over carefully and wash one quart of cranberries (the pink are preferable). When washed put granulated sugar over them, stirring, put on sugar till each berry is coated. Set on the back part of a moderately hot stove. Cover tightly and leave till all have popped. Remove immediately to dish, from which they are to be served.

MASHED POTATOES.-Pare and put on to cook in boiling water. Keep boiling till done. Drain quickly. Mash in kettle till smooth. Add cream or rich milk, liberal amount of butter. Salt to taste. Beat one way with a large spoon, the more the better, put in dish. Smooth the top, in center place lump of butter. Serve hot.

Baked Beans .- Soak one quart of limas twentyfour hours. Put in fresh water. Cook slowly for one-half hour. Then change to fresh water again. Cook one hour and give fresh water. Cook slowly till tender, then remove from fire. Take out one teacupful of the beans. Mash fine and add two tablespoons of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Then add one pint of milk. Mix thoroughly. Place the remaining whole beans in bake pan, salt and pepper. Pour the mashed beans and milk into pan, Lay a few thin slices of pork on the top and bake slowly till browned.

COLD SLAW .- Cut very fine one-half medium sized cabbage (keep cold). Whip one-half teacup of cream and slowly add sugar and vinegar to suit taste. Then pour whipped cream over the just salted cabbage and beat well.

POTATOES WITH CHEESE, - Wash six medium-sized potatoes. Boil till tender in salt water. Remove from fire and drain. When cool enough to handle, pare and dice (cut in small squares. Save the parts which can not be diced to fry). Measure and lay on large paper. Take the same amount of grated or shaved cheese (which can be prepared while the potatoes are cooking). Sprinkle over pocream dressing, add one-fourth of the salmon even- tatoes. Then take up paper and hold so as to allow

the cheese and potatoes to slide from end to en when well mixed, place in round granite pan, it little salt, but pepper well. Pour milk into pantil it can just be seen. Bake in moderate oven till ton is covered with a golden crust. Serve from pan,

BAKED Apples.—Pare and core one dozen tant apples. Keep apples whole, removing core with a narrow sharp knife. Place in baking pan with little water. Fill cavity of apples with sugar and on each place a lump of butter. Sprinkle cinnamon over them and bake slowly. Serve with cream.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Heat two cups of milk with two cups of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate. When hot stir in briskly two tablespoons of cornstarch, mixed with a little milk. Add the beat. en yolks of two eggs. Cook well. Remove from the fire and stir in a small piece of butter. This will fill two crusts which have been previously baked. Fill crusts with the cream. On the tops place the two whites of eggs beaten with two table spoons sugar. Place in oven to brown.

CRANBERRY TARTS.—Make crust in the usual way. For filling cook one pint of berries. Strain and add same amount of sugar. Boil till ready to jelly, Cool and fill the crusts.

SPICE CAKE.—Cream two cups dark brown sugar and one-half cup butter. Add three well-beaten eggs. Use the white of one for frosting. One cup of sour milk and one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. One teaspoon soda, three cups flour, added slowly. Bake in long pan. Frosting,-Chop fine one cup of raisins, seedless. Boil one cup of granulated sugar and four tablespoons water till it strings. Pour hot syrup over beaten white of the egg. Add raisins, stir all together till nearly cold, then spread on top of the cake.

MINCE PIE. - Use any of the old-time recipes. CAFE AU LAIT.—Thoroughly clean the coffee pot. Put into it one teacupful of ground Mocha and lava. Stir an egg, put in coffee pot. Over it pour three cups of boiling water. Set where it will keep at the boiling point for twenty minutes. Take out and

cups of good rich milk. Heat again and serve. CHOCOLATE AU CAFE. - This is simply half good, well-made coffee and half well-boiled chocolate mixed.

strain out all grounds. Pour back and put in three

ONE OF THE NEW TOYS.

This, says a London paper, is a clever, ingenious and most amusing mechanical tin toy. At each corner is a Chinaman with pigtail and Chinese hat, but it would seem as if four nationalities were intended, for on the crown of the hats are the colors of the several European allies now in the celestial empire. Each holds one corner of a yellow sheet and by an ingenious device the figure of a Chinaman placed in the center is thrown in the air as soon as a side spring is touched. By means of a regulator near at hand the throw can be either high or low and the attitude of the victim is most natural. He can, however, be replaced either with dice or balls.

COULD NOT PAY FOR TWO.

At one of the railway construction works in the vicinity of Glasgow a Roman Catholic clergyman takes a great interest in the members of his flock who are engaged at the cutting. One Saturday saw one of them entering a "pub" and hailed him. but Pat simply looked and walked in. Waiting till he came out, the reverend gentleman accosted him thus: "Pat, didn't you hear me calling?" "You your ravrince, I did, but but I had only the price of one."

AT Emporia, Kans., a prize contest had been waged between the Degree of Honor and the East ern Star for a fine piano. The Eastern Star won but the Degree of Honor thought there had been some underhand work in the drawing. So an attorney was consulted in regard to bringing suit here against the successful society. But there will be no suit. The attorney informed the ladies that all of them on both sides had been guilty of a breach of the Kansas law against lotteries and that they might be sent to the penitentiary for a year each.

THERE is a distinct difference—all the difference in fact, between sense and nonsense—between abi ity to converse well and ability to chatter inco-

ooo The o Circle ooo

B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, BelleDho. Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind.,
Coden, Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Obio, Secretary and
Corington, Ohio.

HOW TO BEGIN AND CONDUCT A CIRCLE.

BY JOHN R. SNYDER.

oflow shall we begin a Reading Circle in our This question is often asked, and let us arnght here that there is no ironclad rule in this arrigin. In most cases, organization and the plans gerelor, must be left to the circumstances suranding each local community. But a few hints long general lines are in place and may be of use nthose contemplating this work.

First, there must be a leader, or some one to "go bead," but not in an arbitrary manner. It is as necessary to have a leader in this work as in any wher. A good leader, coupled with a half-dozen or sate active workers, have surmounted the greatest obstacle to a successful Reading Circle. Anyone becomes a member by filling out the Promise Card and paying the entrance fee (twenty cents). This offiles the signer to all the privileges of memberhip. The cost of membership is more than refunded by the saving on cost of first book of the ourse by the special price to members.

Local Secretaries have been appointed at most places where an interest has been made manifest ward the Circle. Should there not be one inform he General Secretary, recommending some competent person for the place and the appointment be made. The Local Secretaries become a part of the general organization.

Now with a leader, a local Secretary, and a band of members, you are ready to go to work. Select some convenient place of meeting. Let it be at the durch if possible and not too inconvenient. Take up the work in a systematic way. Each member should have a copy of the cheaper books at least and of the more expensive ones if possible. If not, then there should be one or more of the larger books, to be used as a sort of circulating library. Much depends upon the care given the study of a book. Do not read in a desultory, careless manner, bat read in such a way that you digest it thorough-. Have frequent essays, critiques, and readings based upon certain phases of the life of some person or field. Collect all the incidents of interest oncerning the subject and store it away for future 48e. Widen your work as much as possible but sondense your thoughts, keeping only the best. Have your meetings at regular intervals and do not ectinto a "rut," but vary the program. Continue blabor for an increase of membership and extend beinfluence of your work until it will be felt by he renewed life of the church in which you live. Unless it does this your work has not been what it hould be, or you are selfish and are keeping the 100d things to yourself. Have an occasional "spe-^[64] program," or missionary meeting, taking some tennite subject, such as "India, its People and Cusoms," "China's Call to Christian America," "City Work, its Needs and Drawbacks," etc. Do not reglect the devotional part of the meeting. Keep touch with God through his Holy Spirit. not stop outside church rules and propriety. b future papers we will write upon, "The Work of te Leader" and "The Work of the Local Secre-Bellefontaine, Ohio.

SISTER MIRIAM K. FASTNACHT, of Quarryville, Pa., Rods us her own name and twelve others. We ish that many others could do as well.

biother Virgil C. Finmell, of Morgantown, W. hath one of our local secretaries, and we are glad hat he is one of those who continues steadily in the He says, "Once more I have the pleasure sending the Circle two names, and my best wisha for its ultimate success."

Brother E. J. Egan, of Tub, Pa., joined our Cirthis summer. We appointed him local secretary ed he has now responded with seven new names

Dr. Geiser, our Secretary in Baltimore, has recent-Furchased the twenty-six books which comprise three courses laid down by our Circle. He hats to fead them all himself and lend them to others. His zeal for the cause, and enthusiastic interest in our Circle are very encouraging. He sends one new name.

Sister Esther B. Kulp, of Pottstown, Pa., who is our secretary there, has been much encouraged by a visit from Brother Emmert. They have recently purchased a number of new books, and she also sends eight new names for the Circle.

We do feel that everywhere our members should be hard at work, that this winter we may organize many new Circles, and encourage the readers to finish the course, hold Circle meetings and do much good in Jesus name.

We are very glad to welcome the following new members this week:

1346, C. P. Buckwalter, Pottstown, P 1347, M. A. Rinehart, Pottstown, P 1348, Lois F. Hetric, Pottstown, P 1349, Jennie E. Hetric, Pottstown, P 1350, Miriam K. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P 1351, U. C. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P 1352, Elizabeth Baldwin, New Providence, P 1353, Franna P. Bucher, Mechanic Grove, P 1354, Ella L. Sager, Mechanic Grove, P 1355, P. M. Habecker, Brunnerville, P 1356, Ella M. Baldwin, New Providence, P 1357, P. F. Philippy, Unicorn, P 1358, Adella Philippy, Unicorn, P 1359, Bessie S. Minnich, Unicorn, P	- 2	
1330, W. J. Hamilton, Halleck, W. V. 1331, Jeremiah M. Pletcher, Morgantown, W. V. V. 1332, C. S. Whitehead, Warsaw, In. 1333, Olive V. Smith, Church Street, Heathbrook Park, Baltimore, M. 1334, Sherman Davis, Tub, P. 1335, Edward Davis, Tub, P. 1336, Howard Peck, Savage, P. 1336, Cora Peck, Savage, P. 1337, A. M. Halladay, Savage, P. 1338, Lillie Folk, Savage, P. 1339, Simon Folk, Savage, P. 1340, Albert G. Brumbaugh, Martinsburg, P. 1341, Altha Hulse, Rydal, Kan. 1342, Ella Miller, Puttstown, P. 1343, Emma L. Funk, Pottstown, P. 1344, Ida K. B. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1345, Eld. J. P. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1345, Eld. J. P. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1347, M. A. Rinehart, Pottstown, P. 1348, Lois F. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1349, Jennie E. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1350, Miriam K. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P. 1351, U. C. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P. 1352, Elizabeth Baldwin, New Providence, P. 1353, Franna P. Bucher, Mechanic Grove, P. 1354, Ella L. Sager, Mechanic Grove, P. 1355, P. M. Habecker, Brunnerville, P. 1356, Ella M. Baldwin, New Providence, P. 1357, P. F. Philippy, Unicorn, P. 1358, Adella Philippy, Unicorn, P. 1359, Bessie S. Minnich, Unicorn, P. 1350, P. 1250, P. 1	1	1329, Minnie Flory, Center, Ohio.
1331, Jeremiah M. Pletcher, Morgantown, W. V. 1332. C. S. Whitehead, Warsaw, In. 1333. Olive V. Smith, Church Street, Heathbrook Park, Baltimore, M. 1334. Sherman Davis, Tub, P. 1335. Edward Davis, Tub, P. 1336. Howard Peck, Savage, P. 1336. Cora Peck, Savage, P. 1337. A. M. Halladay, Savage, P. 1338. Lillie Folk, Savage, P. 1338. Lillie Folk, Savage, P. 1340. Albert G. Brumbaugh, Martinsburg, P. 1341. Altha Hulse, Rydal, Kan. 1342. Ella Miller, Puttstown, P. 1343. Emma L. Funk, Pottstown, P. 1344. Ida K. B. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1345. Eld. J. P. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1345. Eld. J. P. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1347. M. A. Rinehart, Pottstown, P. 1348. Lois F. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1349. Jennie E. Hetric, Pottstown, P. 1350. Miriam K. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P. 1351. U. C. Fastnacht, Quarryville, P. 1352. Elizabeth Baldwin, New Providence, P. 1353. Franna P. Bucher, Mechanic Grove, P. 1354. Ella L. Sager, Mechanic Grove, P. 1355. P. M. Habecker, Brunnerville, P. 1356. Ella M. Baldwin, New Providence, P. 1357. P. F. Philippy, Unicorn, P. 1358. Adella Philippy, Unicorn, P. 1359. Bessie S. Minnich, Unicorn, P. 1359.		1330, W. J. Hamilton,
1332. C. S. Whitehead,	1	1331, Jeremiah M. Pletcher, Morgantown, W. Va.
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L Sunday A School L

HINTS ABOUT CONVERSATION.

ONE has said, "Of ten things which I know, I have learned six from conversation."

- 1. Avoid satire and sarcasm.
- 2 Never repeat a word that was not intended for
 - 3. Often cultivate "flashes of silence."
- 4. It is the longer half of the conversation to listen well.
 - 5. Sharp sayings are an evidence of low-breeding.
 - 6. Shun fault-finding and fault-finders.

A WELL-KEPT LIFE.

Ir requires a well-kept life to do the will of God, and even a better-kept life to will to do his will. To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do-it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world today than the truly willing soul, and there is nothing more worth coveting than the will to will God's will. There is no grander possession for any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart.—Professor Drummond.

A SAVING FAITH.

FAITH is not called into exercise where we can walk by sight. It is in darkness, in affliction; in bereavement, in suffering, that faith is called into exercise. Another says: "The eye of true faith is so quick-sighted that it can see through all the mists and fogs of difficulties. The faith of man that is grounded on the promises of God must believe that in prison there is liberty; in trouble, peace; in affliction, comfort; in death, life; in the cross, a crown; and in the manger, the Lord Jesus."

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

JOHN BUNYAN: Born in England, 1628, died 1688. A religious writer, perhaps the most popular in the English language. He was a tinker, a roving tinsmith, and is claimed by the gypsies as being one of them. He was at one time a soldier and his works abound in military allusions. He wrote quite a number of books and pamphlets, but the Pilgrim's Progress is the best known. Not a single copy of the first issue is known to exist. It has, however, been more reprinted, and sold more copies than any other work extant besides the Bible. He is great because he has influenced, through his religious romance, more people than any other secular writer. He was a very good man, morally, given to argument and verbal contention, a street preacher, put in jail by the authorities, but never deserting his original methods nor abandoning his position. His fields of labor were among the poor, and for a long time educated people did not allow his literary merit, but he is at present regarded, and justly so, as one of the great because he influenced and directed the minds of millions of English speaking people, and also other nationalities, to the higher

Louis XIV: Born 1638, died 1715. A king of France whose impress on the politics of his country renders him prominent among others who served in the same capacity. He was surnamed Le Grand.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE: Born 1533, died 1584. He was a born statesman, chiefly honored by having permanently crippled the power of Spain and having founded the independence and greatness of the United Provinces.

NEWTON: Born 1642, died 1727. One of the greatest natural philosophers, eminent in every department of physical science.

MARLBOROUGH: Born 1650, died 1722. An Englishman who played an important part in the politics of his country, both as a soldier and a statesman.

PETER THE GREAT: Born in Moscow, 1672, died 1725. In 1696, by the death of his brother, he became the sole Czar of Russia. He was a man with many faults of character, but combined with these were all the elements of true greatness as far as the work he did for the advancement of Russia, both as a nation and for her people is concerned. He added to her dominions, gave her an outlet on two seas, established a powerful fleet, founded a naval academy, and originated galleries of painting and sculpture, and endowed libraries. That a man, in a country like Russia, with a people such as composed her population at his time, should do these things. entitle him, really and truly, to be called "Great." In fact all Russia, even at the present day, is a monument to his energy and his wisdom. Not only what he did, but the conditions that surrounded him at the time, all, or mostly all of which were adverse, compel our respect and admiration.

POPE: Born 1688, died 1744. A famous English poet who wrote much and who is still studied by the scholarly.

Swedenborg: Born in Sweden in 1688, died 1772. He was eminent as a scholar and writer on theological subjects. He was the founder of the religious system known as Swedenborgianism. He claimed that heaven was opened to him and that he conversed with angels. The substance of his faith is that he claimed to have witnessed the last judgment. or the second advent of the Lord, and that he received authority to establish the new church, which has many followers. His writings are mystical, often narrow and incredible, and then again manifest a high appreciation and fine perception of the relations between God and man. His teaching is mystical and confusing, but of just the character to attract many minds to his standpoint, and some of them are of unquestioned standing in the world of thought and letters.

IF you light your lamp by another's torch do not forget that the light you borrowed is the light you

HOW THEY MAKE MIRRORS.

In the first place a mirror requires the finest of glass, without spot or speck or "blow-holes." The best work is done with the plate glass manufactured in St. Gobain, France, and in numerous cities of Belgium. All the largest manufacturers of mirrors use the foreign varieties in preference to those of American manufacture. The glass comes in huge plates, a quarter of an inch thick, ten or fifteen feet long and half as broad. As many as a dozen plates are packed in a single box, displaying numerous warnings to "handle with care." When the glass is taken out it is covered with dust and bits of excelsior, and the first thing that is done is to wash it clean with water. Then a dozen men who know just how to handle a great piece of glass without subjecting any portion of it to a breaking strain carry it into the cutting-room. Here a workman in a long leather apron-usually a Frenchman who has had great experience in foreign mirror manufactories-blocks out an order on the plate, say two or three beveled mirrors, for some lady's boudoir. A diamond-pointed instrument, with a strong and steady hand behind it, traces the lines of the drawings on the glass and cuts a groove so deep that the pieces easily crack out.

Each of these oval pieces is then borne into another room filled with the humming noises of rapidly-moving machinery. A thin-faced foreign workman, with his sleeves rolled to the elbows and a ragged apron draping him from chin to toes, picks it up and places its edges upon the side of a swiftly-revolving iron wheel. From a large wooden tank, which strongly resembles a New England ashleach, a steady stream of sand and water flows upon the iron wheel, and in passing between it and the edge of the glass wears the bevel. The muddy water from the wheel is frequently thrown off in the swift revolutions and works polka dot designs all over the operator. But he is a skilled workman and in his pride in getting the bevel on the glass exactly even-and he must depend wholly upon his eve-he doesn't pay any attention to the flying mud.

When the bevel is complete it resembles "mist" or ground glass and is full of scratches and rough places. The next workman in order smoothes the bevel on a rapidly-revolving emery wheel, which casts off a perfect shower of sparks. When it is as smooth as it can be made by this process it is passed to a third workman, who applies it to a fine grindstone from Newcastle, and in two minutes almost all traces of roughness have been removed. A small boy sits above the next wheel, which is made of wood, and daubs it with a wisp broom which he dips continually into a tub of water standing near at hand. He and the operator are both covered with the thin gray fluid which the wheel throws off.

By the time the wooden wheel has been used the bevel to the ordinary eye looks as smooth as the other parts of the glass. But to the trained eye of the master workman, who has watched for flaws in glass since he was a child, it is far from perfect and he takes it in hand and passes the bevel swiftly over a wheel, which is smeared with ordinary rouge, such as the actress uses to make blushes on her cheeks. It may be imagined that this part of the shop has been well treated with red—the men are all red, the floor is red, the tools are red and in passing through the department the visitor frequently acquires involuntary blushes. When the embryo mirror has passed the rouge wheel its bevel is perfect and it is sent on to an expert for inspection. If there are any remaining scratches on the glass they are marked with chalk and a workman with an old rag smeared with rouge rubs away until it is smooth and fine.

The glass is now ready for the silvering room—a tight, hot, well-lighted apartment in which the workmen wear as little clothing as possible. An inclined plane of boards, which resembles a huge washboard turned on its side, fills one corner of the room, and on this the plates of glass are laid face downward. Over them the workman spouts a stream of water, which cleans off the dirt. Then with another hose he plays on the glass with a sensitizing solution of tin, the exact composition of which is a trade secret. The pieces of glass are next gathered up by a workman and are borne to the "bed."

While it is not provided with pillows the "bed" is complete in almost every other particular. It has a blanket which is strong across a frame about the size of an ordinary bed and over this a cotton sheet is stretched. Underneath, so that its surface just touches the blanket, there is a large vat of water kept hot by steampipes. The embryo mirrors are laid on the bed face down, and while they are yet wet with the sensitizing solution a workman pours a diluted compound of nitrate of silver, ammonia and tartaric acid over each glass. The exact composition of this solution is also a trade secret, each firm having its own methods for mixing and each is certain that it cannot be beaten in results.

Assisted by the heat from below and by the tin solution the silver is quickly precipitated on the glass. When the workman in charge thinks the coating is thick enough he pours off the surplus of the silver solution, and the mirror—for it is no longer in an embryo state—is put into a warm "bed" to dry off. Here another workman takes the mirror and paints the back of it with a protective solution. Each firm has a different color of paint and each paint is usually of a composition differing from all the others, so that when a mirror is received for resilvering the manufacturer can usually tell just what firm originally sent it out. Frequently, in special orders, the backs of mirrors are covered with felt.

The whole process in the silvering-room is wasteful of silver and many devices have been used to preserve all the metal possible. The blankets of the beds and the coverings of the tables where the nitrate of silver crystals are ground up all go to the refineries for burning and about twenty per cent of the silver is recovered.

The whole process of making a beveled mirror does not take to exceed an hour by the present methods and no stage is dangerous to the workmen. When mercury and tin-foil were used a number of years ago the fumes killed many of the operatives and a mirror could not be completed under ten days.

A large mirror is much more difficult to make than a small one, owing to the difficulty of handling the somewhat fragile glass. The largest mirror ever made in Chicago—so say the manufacturers—was eighteen and one-half feet long by eight feet broad and it was used in a liquor saloon. Two or three of the five large manufacturers of mirrors in Chicago use French glass almost entirely, for the reason, they say, that it is much finer in quality and lacks the greenish tint which spoils American glass for the best trade. Chicago not only supplies the home market with mirrors but ships them all over the west and to Mexico, Canada and South America.

Making plain mirrors adds about twenty per cent to the value of the plate glass, or in beveled work thirty per cent. For instance, a piece of plain French plate glass, five feet by ten feet, would cost about \$75. A plain mirror of the same size would sell for \$90.

ABOUT SHETLAND PONIES.

THE Shetland pony, the smallest of his race and family, the greatest prize and possession of our childhood, says the Spectator, is now becoming quite a personage on his own account. His birthplace and bringing up, his career and obsequies, are unique in the history of the world's domestic animals. Born in hyperborean islands of a diminutive father and still more diminutive mother, he passes from pasture to pasture in boats, till he goes to the south in a ship with hundreds of his companions. Then he descends thousands of feet into the earth, where he works by artificial light all his life, and at his death is brought above the ground to be buried. To work in the mines is the destiny of the majority of Shetland ponies. Lord Londonderry kept a famous stud of them, presumably for use in his collieries. This stud has been dispersed, but there are several in the south of England in which, by careful breeding, the ponies are kept small. These are mostly bred for home use and for ladies' and children's pets.

But in the pits the Shetland pony is still indispensable. If it were not for him coal would be even dearer than it is. He never goes on strike, his temper is admirable, he never grows restive,

even if he bumps his head, which is the only acci dent which commonly afflicts him, and to guard against which the more thoughtful coal owners provide him with a leather helmet. Now that the pite are lighted with electric light the ponies' sight does not suffer. They have fine stables, with movable boarded floors, so that they never suffer from thrush or cracked heels, and as the temperature is uniform they do not catch cold. Pure Shetlands are the only breed which keeps small enough to work in the seams, even Iceland ponies proving too big and excitable. There is no room to jump about in a coal gallery and the conversion of the diminutive "Shel tie" into an equine mole is one of the greatest trib utes to its placid disposition and to the determin nation of its race never to be anything but ponies In the quaint phrase of one of their admirers. "there are no ponies small enough to push the Shetlands out of their deserved position."

WHEN DEATH COMES TO MAN.

THE instant of death is a vague and indefinite expression when viewed from the point of physiology. An animal or plant cannot be considered dead until it has reached that period in disintegration where it is impossible to revive life. Some physiologists still further restrict the definition to that point in decay where every cell in the body of an animal or plant has ceased to contain or consist of living protoplasm-in other words, each cell must have lost beyond recall its life powers. Probably one of the most striking examples of instantaneous death was that of the person who accidentally fell into a large vat of boiling caustic potash, which at once consumed the entire body, leaving only the metallic plates from the heels of his shoes and a few buttons from the clothing as remains. Deaths from electric shocks also border on the instantaneous process. It has been found that living cells taken from the body can be preserved in a normal, state for a long time and then have life processes revived if they are properly treated.

Our Cooking School.

Below we offer our weekly recipe. These recipes will be repeated, and they will be of inestimable value. We will not, knowingly, print a copied recipe, and what will be given is the result of experience and skill. They will be something more than that, for they will all be by Sisters. They will be signed, and the complete collection will be of the greatest value. Any number of people will want the beginning of these recipes when they cannot get them. It is possible that the Cooking School will soon be expanded into a column, but the idea of keeping closed doors to all save Sisters will not be changed. It is a Dunker method that will be presented, and the Editor who has been going up and down the earth for, lo, these many years, seeking something to eat daily, gives it as his opinion that these recipes will make a collection that cannot be equalled for excellence and practical results in any cook book to be bought anywhere. Every woman in the church ought to know the best ways of the best people, and here it is in cookery.

FRUIT CRACKERS.

BY MRS. J. H. MOORE.

REQUIRED, one pound of dates, one pint of rich cream, graham flour. Seed the dates. Cut them in small pieces. Take first-class graham flour, sift into the cream till it forms a paste thick enough to roll out. Roll out two layers, one-fourth of an inch thick. Sprinkle the cut dates over one of these pieces, lay the other thereon, and then foll these pieces, lay the other thereon, and then foll these pieces, lay the other thereon, and then foll these pieces, lay the other thereon, and then foll these pieces, lay the other thereon, and bake ill each way, prick deeply with a fork, and bake till each way, prick deeply with a fork, and bake till not too crisp.

The 'Nook calls attention to the fact that there is no lard in this cracker. It further ventures the is sertion that nut meats might be employed, and that if black walnut meats were used the result would be a particularly hunger-staying food. The cracker, as presented above, is reported to be an excellent accompaniment for a journey, remaining good is some weeks.

Elgin, Ill.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

the INGLENOOK is par excellence. It has Re Isolenook supplies the "missing link" in our church publications.—John E. Mohler. Each number seems hetter than the treding one. I have a Sunday-school class tes boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen ers, and all get the INGLENOOK as a Sundayand they are delighted with it.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

itis with much satisfaction that I express prapproval of the Inglenook. Its appearacte and general make-up are such that it at ese commends it to the reader. It has found Basy into many of our homes, and the peoare truly glad for its continued success. Eld. John Zuck.

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOK easily takes rank among tebest young people's papers in the country. his better than most of them because of the before of the stilly love stories and light read-It is a most valuable addition to the brethren's publications. No family should be vibout it.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

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From the College.

ltake the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased ribits steady and almost marvelous growth. The fact that it is sought after by our people, bihold and young, is evidence that it proves iself to be in fact what it purports to be .- J. G.

0 0

Hear Virginia Talk.

Of all the young people's papers that I have ing. wa seen and read I think there is none that ard. mil wield as great or as desirable influence ner ils readers as the Inglenook. - W. K.

0 0

And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

I have been a constant reader of the INGLE-00x from its beginning to the present time, b) while it is not specially intended for the home in our Brotherhood.—Jasper Barnthouse. 44, yet I find some thing that interests me in ach issue. 1 am therested in the 'Nook beand my expect or ons. I especially recomend it to the young readers. - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

Myself and family greatly enjoy reading our we church paper. We trust its future may ealong and useful one.—J. K. Miller.

Another From lowa,

peculiarly adapted to both old and young. I her placed it in our Mission Sunday school, the general verdict is that it can not be acelled by any other Sunday-school paper. M. W. Emmert.

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Over in Indiana.

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An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church literature. God bless the Inglenook .- John C. Zug.

And Also Hagerstown, Md.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its com-God bless the INGLENOOK .- W. S. Reich-

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From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every

From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home. It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of hefore. The Question Column is another feature of great interest.-Daniel Vaniman.

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A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any There known the INGLENOOK from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to ad I can truthfully say that it is the most inexceive youth's paper I have ever read. It an educator that should be in every home where there are young people.—S. Z. Sharp.

As Seen In Michigan.

There is no better paper published for our young people than the INGLENOOK. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. — J. A. Chambers.

Down in Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction.-J. W. Wayland. 0 0

Lancaster Heard From.

The Inglenook's weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulation. It certainly is the paper from which can be had much valuable information at a minimum cost .- T. F. Imler.



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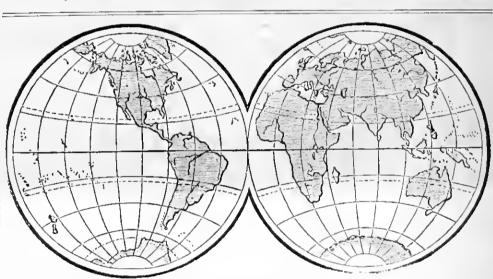
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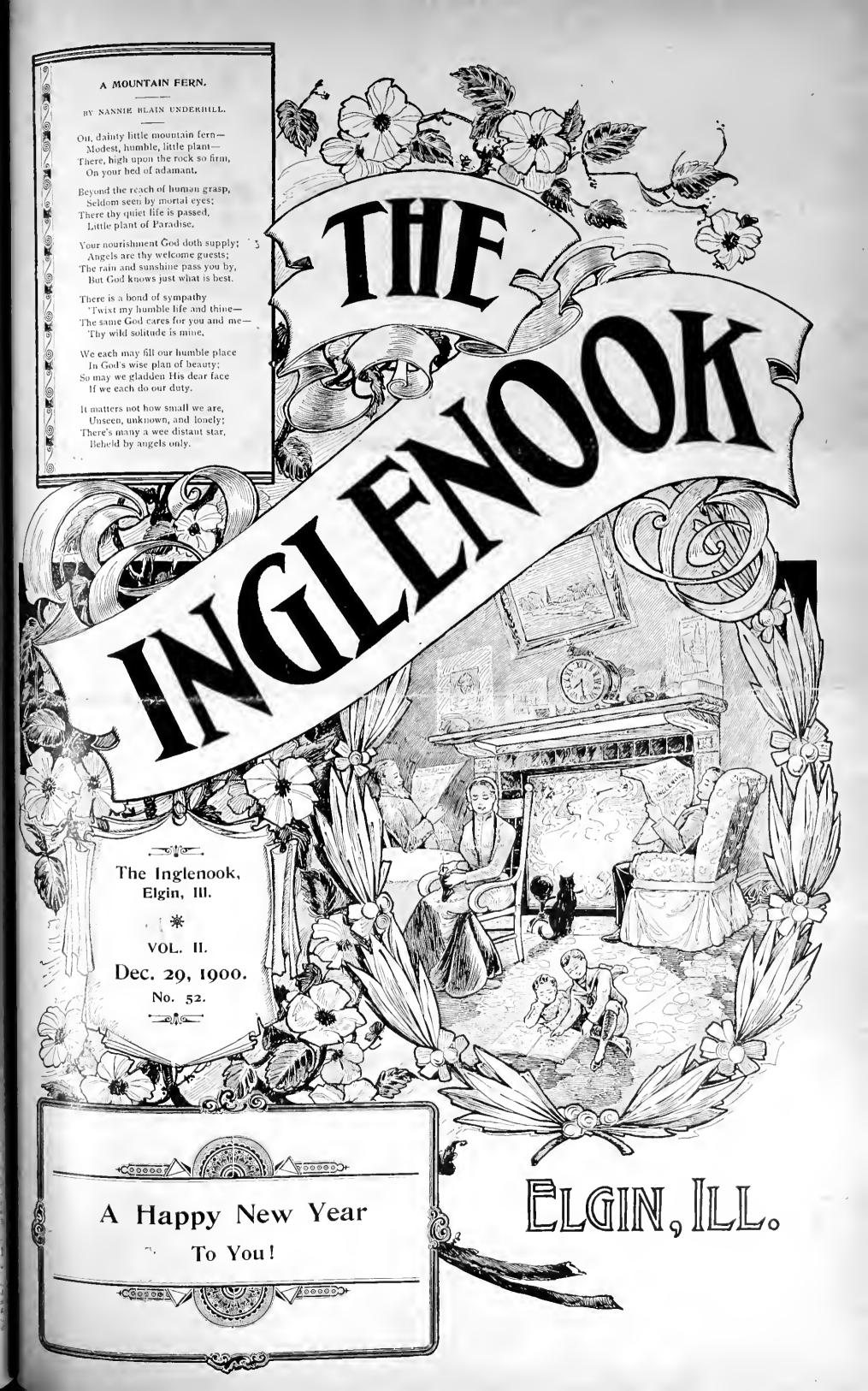
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The announcement of the successful Agent will be made in January, 1901.

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The Inglenook is no longer an experiment. It is regarded as phenomenally successful by experienced newspaper men who know what they are talking about. The reason is not hard to find. It is a FIRST-CLASS PAPER, with nothing old It is up to date, and always will be. It will have something new in each issue, it always has, and commonplace about it. and it never will fall below its self-set standard,—being the best paper of its kind in the world. You can't read it without The INGLENOOK being interested and instructed. The whole wide-spread world is ransacked in the interest of its readers. isn't made with a dull pen and a pair of shears. It is a live paper for live people.

The like of it was Some of the best known men and women in the church will write for the INGLENOOK next year. Look at the names, note the subjects! Every man and woman in the list knows never undertaken in the church before. what they are talking about.

LIZZIE HOWE: The Shadows of City Life. T. T. MYERS: How a Pope is Made. JAS. A. SELL: 'The Early Churches in Morrison's Cove. W. I. T. HOOVER The Climate of the Pacific Coast. C. E. ARNOLD: The Value of a Concordance. MRS. GEO. L. SHOEMAKER: Does the Garb Hinder Social Preferment? NANNIE J. ROOP: Has the Church Changed in the Last

Twenty-five Years? S. Z. SHARP: The Chance of Working One's Way Through

College. ELIZABETH ROSENBERGER: The Missionary Reading Circle.

A. W. VANIMAN: Negro Missions.

DAN'L HAYS: Best Reading for Ministers. N. R. BAKER: Negro Church Music, ALLIE MOHLER: The Climate of North Dakota. W. R. DEETER: St. Paul, WM. BEERY: The Music of the Old Jews. J. T. MYERS: What were the Crusades? P. H. BEERY: School Development in the Church. H. C. EARLY: Are Negro Missions Advisable? C. H. BALSBAUGH: Best Methods of Attaining Spirituality. JOHN G. ROYER: Does a College Education Pay? H. R. TAYLOR: The Difficulties of City Missions. 1. B. TROUT: The Errors of Secretism. S. F. SANGER: The Moravians, QUINCY LECKRONE: Best Argument for Trine Immersion. E. S. YOUNO: Best Means of Bible

I. J. ROSENBERGER: Divorce Among the Jews. D. L. MILLER: The Cost of a Trip to be imper-L vangelist's Life CHAS, YEAROUT: The Money Side L. W. TEETER: How a Commentary or Country Mis-D. L. MOHLER: Which Pays Better sions? Lx-convicts. NANCY UNDERHILL: What to Do agnetic Healing. M. J. McCLURE: Mistaken Ideas A' L. A. PLATE: Recollections of Swife GALEN B. ROYER: World-wide M. GRANT MAHAN: Home Life in Go tor's Life. J. H. MOORE; The Pleasant Side o

And there are Others. You Can't Afford to Miss all This

There will be serial stories especially adapted to the church. They are already written and on file. You'll want the next number sure, and if you delay subscribing you may may more than passing interest. There will be a story illustrating the old time banning or avoidance, which will to most readers.

Strange occupations will be described, and foreign lands visited, and now hear the conclusion of the YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS HAVING THE INGLENOOK, and you will do well to write us, encl scription to-day.

Brethren Publishing House,

PUBLISHERS, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A. le matter. your sub-

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VOL. II.

ELGIN, ILL., DEC. 29, 1900.

No. 52.

LIFE, FRIENDS, HOME.

BY A BROTHER.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for all of Life, A period Thou dost make so rife With blessings manifold. So often wrong-help me amend; Inspire, that yet ere Life must end I may do good untold.

My Friends, O Lord, I'd not forget; Without them I could go-but yet, l should not go alone; For thoughts of them are e'er a guide That pilots me through storm and tide-I thank Thee for this boon.

Most grateful, too, am I for Home, Blest spot of all the world I roam-That nook of rest for me. For these, which my whole soul enthrall, Rich Life, dear Friends, sweet Home-for all. Most bounteous thanks to Thee.

HUMOR OF LUNATICS.

"I NEVER knew until I went out to California this time that insane people have a powerful sense of humor," said a Washingtonian who recently rebroned from a trip to the coast. "I confess that I've always found a morbid sort of interest in going brough noted insane asylums, and so I armed myelf with the proper credentials in San Francisco and went up to Napa county to have a look over the splendid asylum for the insane there. Inasmuch as I wanted to see a few things without the attention of a guide, I didn't present my letters, but just rambled around the spacious grounds for ashile. I hadn't spent three minutes examining the extraordinary rose gardens in front of the main asylum building before a tall, slender young man, well dressed and exceedingly well groomed, emerged hom aclump of oleander trees and approached me. "'Taking a look around, eh?' said he to me.

"'Yes,' I said. 'I only arrived here a few minwes ago and am taking the liberty of nosing about

tithout any official guidance.'

"'Well,' the tall young man said, pleasantly, 'I on't suppose I fall out of the classification "offial guidance," seeing that I am the assistant superintendent here, yet I should be pleased to show you about and at the same time try not to place my restraint upon you by my awe-inspiring pres-

"Well, the young chap's manner was so pleasant and winning that I could only thank him whis kindness, and we started over the grounds. We hadn't gone far hefore a middle-aged man, also tell dressed and well groomed, appeared some disance in front of us down the gravel walk, and he eckoned to my companion. The young man extused himself courteously and went up to the middeaged man. The two conversed very carnestly together for a few minutes, and then, linking arms, that did they do but coolly walk off, leaving me standing there in the middle of the gravel path a food deal nonplussed.

"Surprised over the way they deserted you?" hid a voice right back of me. 'You mustn't mind little thing like that though. Both of those men ue as crazy as loons.'

"I turned around, and there, standing behind a edge about ten feet to my rear, was a little old Rotleman, neatly dressed in black, and with a luizzical smile on his features.

"Surely,' I said, 'you cannot mean that that Stional-speaking, pleasant-mannered young man tio was conducting me about the grounds is bereft

Mad as a March hare,' repeated the old gentlefally. 'Incurable case. Harmless, but incur-The man that he went off with is also a very case very. Thinks he is the Maharajah of biddlud, or something like that. But you musn't em. Lots of visitors are taken in the same If you care to, I'll just show you around. I one of the board of visitors of this institution

and just happen to be here in my unofficial capacity to-day.'

"Much marveling over what the old gentleman told me, I fell in with him, and we rambled around the huge geranium arbors, and finally entered the enormous glass building where the cultivation of violets is carried on.

"'Nice array of flowers, isn't it?' the old gentleman inquired of me, waving his hand at the beautiful beds of violets in bloom. 'I am not inordinately vain, my friend, I hope you will understand, and yet I cannot but congratulate myself upon the introduction of this violet-raising feature here, for I myself was responsible for it, and only succeeded in having this hothouse constructed after enormous exertions with the authorities of the institution.'

"I congratulated the old gentleman upon the result of his labors and was just about to ask him to take me into the main building and introduce me to the superintendent when he suddenly excused himself, saying that he had left his spectacles on a bench in the gardens and would be back directly. I waited for him fully ten minutes, but as he did not return I started on out of the glass building.

"'You didn't really expect him back?' I heard a voice say, and then a pleasant-faced man, dressed as a laborer and carrying a watering pot, came from behind a group of palms. He spoke with a Scotch brogue.

"'The old gentleman you were with is very bad up here, 'said the man with the watering pot, touching his forehead. 'He's been here for twenty years, and he fancies he owns the place. I am the head gardener here, and he tries his best to run me. But he don't-no, sir, he don't. He can't. No crazy man can run me.' And the Scotchman went down the length of the raised violet beds, watering the plants.

"I passed out of the glass building and started for the entrance to the main building, there to present my letters. As I was about to walk up the steps to the entrance a man with side whiskers and rather a sharp, piercing eye walked up to me.

"'You have business here?' he inquired of me in a rather sharp tone. Well I thought he might be another of 'em, and so I kept right on. He followed me up the stairs and into the office, and I had to hand my letters to him. He was the superintendent. He smiled when I told him of my experience in the grounds.

"Which of them was really insanc?' I asked him. "'All of them,' he replied."

MILLIONS IN GOLD MISSING.

THE world is full of millions and millions of long lost sovereigns. A competent authority has just completed some investigations, which, he declares, show that in three years the Bank of England has lost trace of no fewer than 20,000,000 golden coins of the realm. This wholesale disappearance of the elusive sovereign has been going on for years, according to the London Daily Mail. A river of gold has flowed unceasingly from Threadneedle street to all parts of the world, but it has come back only as a tiny yellow streamlet. What has become of the surplus in its wanderings? "Misers" is the unpoetical explanation for the great part of this disappearance. There still exist in this and other countries people who are unbusiness-like enough to hoard up gold and keep it lying idle by them for the sole pleasure of knowing it is there and occasionally counting it.

The people of India appear to be particularly addicted to a habit that is more reminiscent of medieval times than of an age when money is generally saved so that more can be made with it. In the regency of Bombay it is estimated that 12,000,000 golden sovereigns are hoarded. If that is the record of Bombay alone what is the full tale for the whole country? China, too, absorbs a vast amount of gold that never sees the light again. As a mat-

ter of fact, while the whole world is searching for and trying to acquire gold, a goodly part of it appears to be engaged in the less thrilling pastime of hiding it away.

Great Britain is not guiltless of this commercial sin. Dotted all over the kingdom are graveyards of gold which if discovered and opened might restore to circulation a vast amount of wealth at present absolutely useless. At a spot about two miles from Herefordshire Beacon a treasure chest is recorded in the local history as having been buried by a great family once resident in the district. But the money cannot be found. There is a similar record in connection with Hulme Castle, formerly a scat of a branch of the Prestwich family. Somewhere near Stokesey Castle, Shropshire, there is believed to be hidden a great oaken chest filled with gold coins, but up to the present all efforts to find it have ended in failure.

NOT FOOLED BY SALTING.

THE scientific prospector of to-day goes armed with accurate knowledge which enables him to ascertain the relative value of mines. To him the oldfashioned deception of "salting mines" has no terrors. It is impossible for a person to salt a mine to-day so that the expert mining engineer, who is a chemist and an assayer as well, is deceived into reporting the mine to be worth more than its actual value. The early trick of the mine salters was simply to mix a little gold dust and small pieces of unrefined gold in the dirt, so that upon a superficial examination it would seem as if a rich vein had been struck. A few swindling cases like this served to put the prospectors on their guard and they demanded to see and test more of the dirt than that found on the surface. Then followed the more exact method of salting the mine by loading a shotgun with flakes and small pieces of gold and shooting them into the vein of ore. For a while this succeeded very well with the placer miners, who would very often purchase a salted mine for a large sum and discover the swindle a few days after the men who had perpetrated the fraud had escaped.

The modern mining expert would smile at such a simple salting method to-day and the fraud would be detected in a short time. But mine-salting methods have improved with the skill of the experts and the engineer sent out to examine a mine in the interests of capitalists must be on the lookout for fraud. There are men who can salt mines with remarkable skill and accuracy and deceive any but the most careful. The expert salt miners have two good tricks which they sometimes work off on the unwary. One is to whitewash the sides and faces of the rock with a solution of auric chloride, which, when the chloride of gold is dry, is hard to detect from the genuine deposits of the precious metal. The expert engineer to-day usually takes samples of the rock or dirt from various parts of the mines, seals them in small bags and personally ships them off to some trusted assayer. With a hypodermic syringe loaded with a solution of chloride of gold enough of the precious metal can be injected into the bags when the expert's back is turned for a few moments to raise the sample dirt to an apparently enormous value.

WE see it stated in an exchange that there is enough grain in India to feed all the famine-stricken people as well as the animals, but the starving population has not the money to buy, and so, starves to death. This indicates the difference between the Indian and the Saxon. Imagine a village full of people starving to death, their children wasting to skin and bone before their eyes, and right across the street a man with a barn full of grain, enough to feed all of them. It is not necessary to say what would happen, money or no money. But then the man with the white face and blue eyes has a taking way of his own that never occurs to the brown man,

Correspondence

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

BY MRS. O. B. WELD.

THERE was much more made of New Year's Day in New York three-quarters of a century ago than characterized the observance of Christmas. It is hard to account for the fact, but it was perhaps due to the fact that the Holland element of the population were simply carrying out the customs of the land they left behind them.

For a week before the day the household were busy making the cakes that would be used on the occasion. These cakes were made in moulds of wood or marble, and represented birds, animals, and fishes. Their edges were notched with a small implement called the jiggering iron. When these cakes were all ready they were placed in layers, in baskets, with tissue paper between, and then the baskets were placed in the hall, behind the door. When poor children called to wish the household a happy new year, they were presented with one of these cakes. Some of the children were too short to reach the great brass knocker with which most of the front doors were ornamented at that time, and aid from passers-by was invoked to help them

At the time of which I write the mistress of the house received alone, and the callers were, of course, the classes associated socially. As my father was one of the charter members of the Washingtonian Society, a temperance organization, no strong drink was served at our house. Tea and coffee, and cake were served our callers, who were Dr. Knott, president of Union college, the faculty, and that class of people. Those who made it an occasion for imbibing strong waters remained away from our house, and all similar places. It was especially a ladies' day, there being much calling to atone for neglected duties in the past,

Take it all in all it seems to me at this remote period that the observance of the day at the time of which I write was accompanied with more genuine kindliness of feeling than characterizes the present time. This may be the result of the glamour of age thrown over the past, or it may be actually true. At all events so it seems to me.

Elgin, Ill.

HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY.

BY W. K. CONNER.

WHEN I was about fourteen my father bought a tract of land almost entirely overgrown, in Prince William County, Va. This tract was known as good "turkey land," and hunters of the turkey during the hunting season, and even a few days before, had an exciting time trailing, "flushing," driving them from the roost in the evening or night, calling, shooting, or eating them.

It was not long until I began to imbibe the hunter's spirit and to take some interest in the fascinating sport. After some time a very proud boy walked home one day with a turkey on his back. Each season thereafter I killed from one to four turkeys, until I quit the sport. The largest that I killed, a young gobbler, weighed sixteen pounds.

I was told for truth that one hunter had killed eleven at one shot. Such occurrences are rare and are possible only by baiting. This is done as follows: Corn is placed in the woods day after day at a certain place. A flock finding it will come almost daily, unless frightened away. At first the corn is scattered among the leaves. Later on it is placed in heaps or rows preparatory to the final event, which generally occurs Oct. 15, the day the hunting season opens. On the fourteenth the hunter puts his corn in a heap or row just as he thinks best to cause the turkeys to arrange themselves so as to give him the most advantageous shot. He shoots from a "blin'," an enclosure about six feet square, made of cedar or pine brush and so tight as to completely hide the one within. The first brush is placed a month or more before the "blin" is finished, the second a day or so later, and so on. To make it all at once would cause them to stop com-

Now imagine it is Oct. 15 and you are sitting in

glossy turkeys come and surround your corn, almost before you are aware of it. You are all excitement, you can scarcely hold your gun. But you level it and discharge both barrels in quick succession. Then there is such a fluttering and scattering of turkeys as you seldom see. You may now go and pick up any number from one to elev-

One accustomed to seeing the wild turkey can easily distinguish it from the tame one, as it has a smaller head, a glossier coat, longer legs, and a slimmer body.

As you pass through the woods you notice some places where the trees are taller than in others and from their tops afford a good view of the immediate surroundings. In a place like this the turkey prefers to roost. It takes very skillful moving to get within gunshot while they are on the roost unless the turkeys are wet. One rainy morning I went to the woods and had not gone more than a hundred yards from the edge, when suddenly 1 saw on a limb not more than thirty yards away a young gobbler, without a brush or limb between us. Instantly my gun leaped to my shoulder and I pulled but it hung fire; I pulled again-bang! and down came the turkey.

Sometimes they become confused by being chased about. Coming home to dinner one day, with gun containing a rabbit load, in hand, when not far from the house I saw a turkey. It made no effort to get away. I looked a moment until convinced that it was a wild one, then shot at it. The load was too light or else, as my brother, who was standing by, claimed I was too much excited to aim and simply shot in the direction of the bird. However it was the turkey was not affected. But the still more striking part of the story is that the hunter dropped his gun, grabbed up a stick, and dashed through brush and briers after the confused turkey, which remained until he was about fifteen fect away, when it calmly spread its wings and soared away. Then the hunter stopped, stared, retraced his steps, picked up his gun and continued on his way home while the woods rang with his brother's sidesplitting ha! ha's!

Bridgewater, Va.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

BY J. H. MILLER.

In Niles, Michigan, there lives a man who had twenty acres of land in the Upper Peninsula. He tried to sell this small, worthless piece of land as he supposed, but no one wished to buy. One day a stranger came to him and asked if he owned a tract of land up there, to which the man replied, "Yes, sir, I do, and I want to sell it." To which the man replied, "I came on purpose to buy it, and I am here to offer you \$10,000 for it," to which the man said: "What do you mean?" The owner then said he was not ready to sell. Then he was offered \$20,-000. The owner became excited and could not tell what this meant. He told the man he was not ready to sell now, but would see further. So he went up to see his small tract of land. To his surprise his neighbor, Jaingghin, had opened up a nice vein of silver and iron ore, running across his twenty-acre lot. He began to search for the hidden treasure, and soon found that the most of his twenty acres had iron ore eight feet deep, with silver veins running through. He now is operating the mines, and is worth over six millions. He was a poor man, but a fortune has made him a millionaire.

A man may become over anxious for wealth, and by his avaricious spirit lose a good bargain. Had he offered the owner \$200 for that land, without a doubt he could have bought it. The gentleman was anxious to sell, and a small sum would have bought it, but \$10,000 and \$20,000 bids spoiled the whole

A CITY OF "INNOCENTS."

THE town of Gheel, in Belgium, is not often heard of outside the borders of that country, writes an Antwerp correspondent for the Chicago News. Even if the name is known, the nature of the municipality is seldom mentioned. Gheel is a town of fools, a town where simple-minded folks dwell in peace with each other and the world at large; stroll the blind, and a flock of fifteen or more of fine about the streets; patronize the local taverns and

go about their daily routine with perhaps niore common sense than a great many worthy citizens who have the reputation of being healthy in mind

Gheel is twenty-seven miles from Antwerp and is the home of about 1,500 lunatics, who are taken as lodgers by the townsfolk, though all dangerous cases are passed on to the outlying villages, Gheel harboring only the harmless. The treatment of the patients is novel, cure being due to the kindness and tact of the townsfolk.

The fees for taking in the "innocents," as the patients are called, vary from \$80 to \$600 a year, ac. cording to the manner in which the patient wishes to be kept. No matter how much he pays, how. ever, he is always the spoiled member of the family. The people of this curious village understand the management of the insane better than any other community. The patient is always given the arm chair, the best seat at the table and enjoys the most attention, so that he grows to value the esteem in which he is held to such an extent that he will make the greatest efforts to master his disease lest he should forfeit his privileges.

The children of Gheel seem wiser than other children, from their contact with their elders in years, though only their equals in brains. Children may be seen walking about hand in hand with great, robust men, to whom they chatter in the most familiar manner. Often the boarder patient is told off to take care of the baby of the household and in most cases he makes an excellent nurse. Of course, Gheel surpasses London, Paris or Berlin as a rendezvous for emperors, kings, queens, popes, archbishops, pashas, millionaires and such characters, all of whom are humored in their strange and weird fancies. One king informs newcomers that he has two left legs and is obliged to have his boots and trousers made accordingly. Another old gentleman, who thinks himself the Pope of Rome. says he is perfectly able to fly to heaven, but that for the moment he is too fat. His landlord humers him to the extent of offering to assist him to make a start for the window sill of the first story, but warns him that he may fall and break his neck, whereupon the "pope" thinks better of it and prefers to wait "until after tea."

One inhabitant of Gheel is always on the lookout to borrow a hatchet, because he says he has grown so stout all of a sudden that he must chop away the doorway in order to get into the house.

Visitors to Gheel need not be surprised if they are accosted by an "innocent" in the street, with tears in his eyes, asking for protection against some butterfly or bird that was about to attack him and eat out his brains. 'Another fancies himself a seed and begs the first comer to put him in his pocket that the wind may not blow him away. Only the other day he was in a terrible way because he fancied himself a mustard seed and that the birds were sure to swallow him. His landlord took lift to task, though humoring him at the same time "Have I not told you," he said, 'a dozen times that you are perfectly safe? Birds do not eat mi tard seed. They only eat hemp seed." After th the unfortunate man became quite calm and con tented. Of course there is a "Dreyfus" at Ghed, who enjoys the sympathy of a host of fellow p tients, but in addition to the belief that he is I fus, he considers himself made of glass and so billtle that he avoids coming in contact with any one or any object.

At the Gheel hotels the landlords show the greatest politeness and consideration toward the "innocents," humoring all their fancies and often pretending to carry out their wild ideas. The spot tacle is curious and a visit to Gheel is almost strange as Alice's visit to Wonderland. It has very comical side and its pitiful side as well, the tenderness and good will that are shown to simple-minded folk and the entire absence of restraint would astonish our latest and most opdate asylum managements.

It seems a little tough to rear and educate and girl and when she looks her sweetest and is a da comfort to her parents have some fellow co along who has not got a cent invested in her carry her off 300 or 400 miles to keep house him. While this seems tough, we are informed would be tougher yet if the fellow failed to com Perhaps that's so.

Nature & Study

A FISH STORY.

BY MRS. W. H. VON PLEES.

TOWNY was a catfish, but he had been endowed with more than ordinary brains, which to tell the both did not develop early in life else this story would never have been told.

This is his life from the time we knew him. One dark rainy night in April two students of Bucknell University decided to go fishing in the Susquehanna mer. They baited their hooks with fat worms, and the water being so muddy kept Tommy from seeing the line and hook attached to that delicious tid-bit. Then too he had been buried in the mud all the minter, and he was very hungry, so he made a dash athe worm and secured it and the hook. Try as he would he could not get away, and finally the boys hauled him out and threw him on the raft of lumber they were on. The heavy rain made it almost seem as if he were back in his native element gain. Finally the boys were ready to go home but before starting they made a "stringer" from a forked twig and strung him along with some smaller fish on it through the gills.

He lay on the kitchen table all night in this woeful plight and one by one he saw his companions die. The mistress coming down next morning turning over the fish said, "Why, this catfish is alive yet, if he lives he'll make an excellent seavenger in our cistern." She carefully removed the twig while Tominy tried to look grateful with the little remaining life he had in him.

The cistern was a great wooden barrel made to hold the rain water from the house roof.

How delicious the water felt to his fast stiffening body. He lay perfectly still a few seconds, then swam painfully away and hid himself among the leaves that covered the bottom.

You know that fish cannot hear, but when his mistress would whistle in the open mouth of the eistern Tommy could feel the vibrations of the water. At first he was shy, but he soon learned that a whistle meant food, so being something of a gourmand he learned to come at once. Just after a rain many angle worms would work their way into the cistern and at such times Tommy was slow to respond. When he did come and found only bread awaited him he would flounce his tail disgustedly and go off to one side and sulk, but on the other hand in a long dry spell he would come to the top with a dash and learned to jump for a tidbit.

The mistress or any of the family could pick him up and play with him, he laying perfectly still, but it a stranger attempted any liberties he would resent it at once, the result being a badly pricked hand

In the summer he would play around a hand in the water, nipping a finger here, pinching a thumb there, sometimes turning completely over on his back to be tickled.

We had him ten years and finally his voracious appetite caused his death. We mourned him sincerely, for he not only kept the water pure but was a curiosity as well.

EXCITING ADVENTURES IN CATCHING WILD ANIMALS ALIVE.

CATCHING wild animals for public zoos and private parks is the interesting and adventurous occupation of William Root, of Laramie, Wy. During the past thirty years he has caught thousands of wild animals.

"Catching wild animals alive for the market," says Mr. Root, "is just like every other vocation; it's easy when you know how.

Take the elk for instance. The elk is a big, strong animal, very fleet of foot, and ordinarily the capture of one alive would be a good deal like roptured as you might go out and lasso a steer.

The capture of elk is usually made along in the carly spring. At this season, by reason of the scarthy of food, the animals are not nearly so strong as teason, too, heavy wet snowfalls are frequent, and then one of sufficient depth comes the mountain-out on snowshoes.

"Being well acquainted with the habits of the elk, it is comparatively easy for the hunters to locate a herd, and then the chase begins. The snow being deep and wet, the elk find great difficulty in floundering through it, while the men on snowshoes can travel comparatively fast. The result is that the younger members of the herd soon become exhausted and fall an easy prey to their pursuers.

"As soon as an elk falls from exhaustion or is overtaken and roped, it is hog-tied, and the hunters leave it and continue the chase after the main herd. One by one the young elk are captured, and from five to ten are frequently taken on a hunt. The captured elk are thrown on sleds and taken to a strong corral, where they are liberated. In a few days they are almost as gentle as cows, and take to hay as readily as a range steer might.

"The demand for wolves is by no means heavy, but when they are wanted it is the young ones that we go after. They usually have to be dug out of holes, and the task is a laborious one. Young wolves occasionally are also caught in traps. If caught while young they can be tamed with comparative ease, although they are not the kind of animal to tie to.

"Hunting bears in the West is not what it used to be. The bear is a wise old guy, who looks like a farmer, but isn't. The bears that you see in zoos and circuses are usually caught when quite young and brought up in the way they should go. Nobody wants to waste his time in training an old bear. You hear many funny stories concerning experiences with bears.

"The funniest thing of the kind that I ever witnessed was just over the Wyoming-Colorado line back in '76. A number of prospectors had pitched camp in the foothills, and one of the party, Jim Henley, started out one morning with a double-barrelled shotgun to kill some sage hens. He had gone up along a ridge above camp and was feeling along through the sage brush when he ran onto a bear digging yampa root.

"The bear didn't know that anybody was near, and probably never would have been any wiser if Henley hadn't pumped two loads of birdshot into him. The only effect was to make the bear angry, and he promptly started for Henley, who headed for camp on a dead run. We heard him yelling as he touched the high places, with the bear in hot pursuit, and as he came into camp he cried:

"'Here we come, boys; secure your meat."

A WONDERFUL FREAK OF NATURE.

ву јемима совв.

PERHAPS it would be interesting to the readers of the 'Nook to learn of a wonderful freak of nature, located in a forest in Decatur County, Iowa. It is an elm tree, or rather two entirely distinct and separate trees united into one. There is about a foot of space between the two at the ground, where the base of each trunk measures three feet and two inches in circumference. At the height of about six feet the two unite and form one solid trunk, measuring at this point three feet and nine inches in circumference, and from there to the topmost branch, some fifty feet, is as one tree, with limbs and branches.

The wonder is, how did it come about that the two united and grew together so perfectly in that way. The old adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," might possibly be applied in this ease. Might it not be that in an "early day" some woodchopper or maybe nut gatherer, or, possibly the Red Man of the forest, so bent the twigs that they were caused to grow as the tree is now found?

Who can tell! Garden Grove, Iowa.

INSECTS DREAD THE X-RAYS.

Some interesting experiments on the effect of the Roentgen rays on the lower animals have recently been made. A box was made half of wood and half of sheet lead. In the wooden half a number of larvie of flies, bees, beetles and other insects was placed and the box was then put into the field of the X-rays.

The insect colony at once became greatly excited, and after crawling to and fro, finally emigrated to a worm, to the leaden half of the box, where the rays could not penetrate.

The experiment was repeated many times and always with the same result,

A similar experiment was tried with the blind larvæ of a certain species of beetle. A number of them was placed in an open cigar box, which also contained a metal box with an opening. No sooner were the rays turned on than the insects showed signs of distress. Their uneasiness increased, and in a little while they all sought refuge in the metal box. The X-rays, it should be remembered, easily penetrate wood and most other substances, but cannot pass through metal unless it is in very thin plate.

As the larvæ, in the second experiment, were entirely sightless, their perception of the rays must take place through the nerves of the skin.

This assumption is in accordance with the frequently observed fact that prolonged exposure to the X-rays give rise, even in human beings, to inflammation of the skin and causes the hair to fall off.

ODD USES OF INDIAN CORN.

At the Paris exposition there was a little showcase wherein were displayed the more important Indian corn products of this country. They made an amazing display, including the following articles:

Cornmeal, hominy, hulled corn, cream of maize, granulated cornmeal, canned green corn, canned hulled corn, maizena, samp, degerminated samp, cream meal, self-rising pancake flour, quick malt, brewers' grits, husks for mattresses, cellulose for packing the coffer dams of battleships, paper stock prepared from cornstalk, degerminated brewers' meal, Bourbon whiskey, alcohol, bolted cornmeal, hulled cornmeal, feed of ground blades, stalks and cobs, varnish, cob pipes, corn lager beer, table syrup, popcorn, table grits, British gum, salves, laundry starch, table starch, frumentum, flaked hominy, gum paste, corn oil, vulcanized corn oil, oil cake, grape sugar, gluten feed, glucose, confectioners' crystal, glucose and confectioners' paste. Corn oil vulcanized forms the basis of a substitute for rub-

This substitute, compounded with sixty per cent commercial rubber, is used in rubber boots, linoleum, wheel tires, blankets and other articles. Crude corn oil has been used in the manufacture of toilet soap. Rectified it is as clear as alcohol and is the base of a substitute for olive oil. Cornstalk pit is of value in making paper, varnish, films, imitation silks and guncotton and other explosives.

SUNFLOWER TRADE IN EUROPE.

THE sunflower, once the symbol of the esthetic craze, is now a commercial asset. It is a valuable commodity in Russia, Hungary and Austria, and the fact prompts the question, Is there hope for the distressed British agriculturist in its cultivation? Many tons of the seed are imported here, and attempts have been made to produce the home-grown article. But the climate obstinately refuses to assist in producing a sunflower crop that can be grown and sold at a profit. The flower itself, however, is responsible for part of the failure-it takes too much out of the land. Consequently, only a few acres under sunflower cultivation are to be found in England-acres useless for anything else except thistles or weeds; and the seeds are for the benefit of the owners' pheasants.

Russia sends by far the largest number of tons of sunflower seeds. They are made into food cakes for cattle, and something—very little—is done with the oil extracted from them for medicinal purposes.

A large trade in the seeds is also done with South Africa—from London. No one seems to know what they are wanted for there, but it is suspected that the natives eat them, as the poorer Russians do, and esteem them a luxury.

One of the men employed at the zoological gardens in New York has a black snake that has the run of his house. It has the reputation of being the best rat catcher in the entire borough of the Bronx. It is also a family pet.

A KITTEN has been brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

THE INGLENOOK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

At 22 and 24 South State Street, Elgin, Illinois. Price, \$1,00 a year. It is a high grade paper for high grade boys and girls who love good reading. INGLENOOK wants contributions, bright, well written and of general interest. No love stories or any with killing or cruelty in them will be considered. If you want your articles returned, if not available, send stamped and addressed envelope. Send subscriptions, articles and everything intended for The Inglenook, to the following address.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinols.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter

YOUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

On yes, we know that you have made at least some good resolutions for the coming year, to go into effect on the first day. You are likely having all the good time you can with the old sin or fault that you are going to give up—and lay hold of again, after a time, in all probability. All this is human, and perfectly natural, and as far as the resolutions to do better are concerned entirely justifiable. But there is a better way.

Here is our proposition. Give it up or take it on as it may happen to be a sin of omission or commission, without waiting on the almanac to help you out. The way to quit a thing is to quit, and the time is now. The time to lay hold of a good thing is right now. And let the 'Nook advise you a little further,-don't undertake too much at one time. It is better to cut off one bad habit, and hold on to all the rest, than to drop all and almost immediately take them all to your heart and life again. In other words, though it may not be good theology, don't undertake being perfect all at once. Nobody ever tried it who continuously succeeded. The best make breaks. That is some comfort. The moment you find out the certain fact that of yourself you can do next to nothing you are on the right road to success. Christ is an ever-present help in time of need.

Have you ever heard it set forth that Christ died for failures? When you recognize the fact that by yoursell you are nothing but a failure, and that you are in despair, then you are ready to reach out your hands for help, and, wonder of wonders, not once since the day Christ rose, has this help been refused. It may not come in our asked-for way, that may not be the best way, but it comes in its best form for us in some way often unlooked for.

When we have gasped out our life and passed over, one of the things the 'Nook thinks we will recognize is, that un a review of our lives here in this earth shell, we will see that everything was for the best, and the very things we struggled so ineffectually against were right after all. In other words, the unavoidable is always right, though it may not show clearly as we travel along life's way.

So start the fight as you read this article. Begin with the determination to win, and remember that the sin will not consist so much in falling as in not getting up again. Have a friend with whom you can talk from the heart out. It is a help to discuss these things with a thoughtful person in whom we can confide. But the start must be made by uurselves, and it is a constant matter of care that we do not slip. God gives help. Don't wait for the New Year day. Begin now.

AN EXCHANGE COLUMN.

We expect to add a department to the 'Nook in which people who want work, and others who want workers can be brought into communication: It will be free to all subscribers' families on each side, and to them only. Thus if a young brother in Pennsylvania would like to go west and work on a farm he would write the 'Nook the situation, his age, and what he can do, farming, say. In the next 'Nook would appear something as follows: "A Pennsylvania brother, twenty years of age, a thorough farmer, desires a place as a farm hand with a brother in the West. Address, A. B., INGLENOOK Office, Elgin, Ill."

Then B. C., a farmer in the West, having had poor help and desirous of a good worker, writes the 'Nook saying what he wants, and we send the letter to A. B. and let them go into correspondence themselves.

Or some good sister would like to go into some family as a worker, and she writes us the particulars. In the next 'Nook this appears: "A sister in Ohio would like a place in the family of some of fidence.

the Brethren in the East. A good cook and likes children. No objection to the country, but town preferred. Address, D. E., Inglenook Office, Elgin, Ill."

Now some sister, tired out with bad help, sees this, writes us, and we forward the letter to the proper party.

Every class of workers may send in their calls for either work or workers, and it will be handled free of cost, but both the one wanting work, and the one wanting workers MUST be regular recipients of the 'Nook in their families or no attention will be paid to their calls. We cannot undertake an intelligence office for the whole country. It is for 'Nookers, and 'Nookers only. It may prove of inestimable help to many people. No questions need be asked us. We will tell nothing whatever to anybody. Send in your wants now if you have any. They will appear as received.

IN JUNE.

BY M. M. SHERRICK.

THERE must have been three little birds all new,
Or four, now who can say?
In the cozy nest on the poplar tree
When the robin sang all day

There must have been love in the poptar tree, Where Mrs. Bird dreamed alway, But with eyes awake, and wings outspread, When robin sang all day.

I know that the sunshine was bright and fair,
And found in one heart its way,
And the tune in the heart was the robin's time,
And the robin sang all day.

VIGOROUS MEASURES.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle, to the strains of an imaginary wedding march, to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last her mother, becoming tired of it, said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped. Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler; but if some man should ask you to marry him——"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.

SEE the cooking school column. Sisters on all sides, send in your best. A professional nurse is going to give us some sick peoples' dishes Who can give us a good "snitz and nep" recipe?

Owing to a misunderstanding between the Editor and the author of the story, "The Mistake of their Lives," the serial will not appear in the present issue as promised last week.

THERE is many a Christian who asks the Lord to lead him in all his business and spiritual affairs, but when he goes to the polls thinks it safer to follow his own judgment.

WHEN a man is no longer afraid, but is prepared tu welcome whatever comes, because he sees in it the appointment of a loving Father, why then he is in a happy state.

Good by, old year. You were all right in the main. Adios! Welcome, new year! Bring us peace, and if we never see another, then may it be well with us.

Have you sent on your subscription for the next year or postalcarded us that you wish us to continue your name?

The more we help one another the more we want to. The more brotherly we act the more brotherly we feel.

That Exchange column will do you a great deal of good in all probability. You can write in confidence.

QUESTIONS.

Ever since we started our Query Column the 'Nooker has been sending us questions. In this last issue of the year we propose getting back at our questioners. We ask you a few questions. Next week we will go back to the old way. See how many of these you can answer.

What is a palimpsest?

What causes a dimple?

What is a Pinto Indian?

Where was Tenochtitlan?

How did calico get its name?

* * *
What is the shape of the night?

Are heat and light the same thing?

What is the scientific cause of gray hair?

In making soap at home why is it boiled?

How do animals see in absolute darkness?

What is a semaphore? All have seen them.

What animal's legs first grow after it is born?

* * *

Have you forgotten to renew your subscription?

What is it that makes the leaves in Spring green?

Putty is made of oil and whiting. What is whit-

What, in fact, are the "currants" you buy in the store?

What liquid will float a huge cannon ball on its surface?

Why are certain sea fish only found at certain levels in the water?

What weekly publication never gets into a rut but is alive all over?

What disease is it that often manifests itself with a wild, unearthly cry?

Why will a baby go to sleep quicker if you allow it to hold on to your finger?

What is the Circle of Willis and the Island of Reil? Every reader has them.

When you shine your shoes what is the scientific reason why the polish comes?

What is the scientific reason why a match ignites when you scratch it on something?

Why does electricity make the filament in an electricit light bulb give out light and heat?

In what city of over 100,000 population did Bryan not get a single vote for the Presidency?

How could you stop a barrel of cider from fermenting without the use of chemicals? No boiling allowed.

A horse and a cow, lying down side by side, get up each in a different way. They are types of animals, those that get up this way. How would you determine the movement of an animal you saw a good picture of? It is well marked.

Every neighborhood has its smart man who knows it all. Read these questions to him and notice how readily and plainly he answers. Why—ah, yes, it is, ah because it is yes, anybody knows that,—it is its nature to be that a way."

BUTTERINE BY MACHINERY.

THE MARINGACTURE of butterine merely uses a new of producing a well-known food product. He by machinery what the cow does by the laws By analysis certain ingredients are found hulter and oleomargarine is made by obtaining from some other source and combining them the correct proportions. One of the principal of bide is olein, an exceedingly rich oil secreted by The discoverer of the new precess argued that if olein was found in the milk would probably occur elsewhere in the animal, and by analysis he learned that the caul-fat, which horis a cushion and blanket for the intestines, was nch in the substance. It was a comparatively simple process to extract the olein and make it the basis of butterine.

In one of the great Chicago factories a whole billding is devoted to expressing olein or oleomargrine oil, as it is more familiarly called, from the aul-fat. As soon as the fat comes into the manufactory from the slaughter house it is dumped into avit of water, where all the blood and dirt is thoroghly washed away from it. It is then carried to 10 upper floor, where it is poured into a row of iron lettles provided with steam jackets for heating purposes. Here the temperature is carefully raised wiss degrees-at a higher temperature than that he lat will burn-and the oil slowly tries out, asssled by revolving toothed shafts not unlike the gitators of an ice-cream freezer.

When the skilled eye of the workman sees that the fat has been sufficiently heated it is drained to the next floor into large, cool kettles or clarifiers, shere all the dirt and refuse, if there is any, settles to the bottom. The clear oil is then drawn out into in-lined trucks by means of a siphon and trundled away to a big room, where it is allowed to cool and granulate for three days at a temperature of 85 de-

At the end of that time it is sent down stairs to the press-room. This is a busy place. All the men are clad in neat white jackets and their sleeves are rolled to their shoulders. The truck, with its yellowish-white contents, is wheeled to a little table, around which four men are standing. In front of each there is a small rectangular box open at the top and fastened to the table. Over this the workman spreads a piece of stout white duck. Enough of the tallow oil is dipped up to fill the box and then the next workman takes it in hand, folds the top of the duck over the soft mass and passes the cake up to the man on the presser. This machine consists d sixty pieces of sheet iron loosely fastened at the ands to shafts. Between each pair of these plates tight of the little duck packages of tallow are placed, and when the whole machine is full pressure Is given by means of a screw at the top. As it infleases gradually the oil is squeezed out through the duck and drips downward into a trough. Of the fifty pounds of fat to an animal twenty-nine pounds is oleomargarine oil. When the pressure is Removed the flattened duck packages come out filled with a pure white cake, an almost tasteless substance known as stearine, which is used as an ingredient in making certain brands of lard.

The oil as it runs from the press is ready for use in the making of butterine. Part of it goes directly to the factory near at hand and part is barreled for thipment to Holland. The amount exported in 1892 from this country was 91,581,703 pounds, 'alued at \$9,011,889.

The oleomargarine factory is a most interesting place. On entering the building a visitor is struck almost at once by the scrupulous cleanness of the 300rs and tables. They are polished and repolished Front they are almost as white as the proverbial New England kitchen floor. All the employes throughout the building are clad in white jackets and aprons, the girls in the packing-rooms wear dainty

The process of making the oleomargarine begins the third floor of the building. Here in one corher of the room a stream of oleomargarine oil of a Ream: the room a stream of oleoniargan... heam-jacketed kettles, where it is kept stirred by beans of dashers similar to those in the trying-The temperature is carefully raised to 185 the temperature is carefully failed then it is to melt the oil thoroughly, and then it is on thoroughly, and is stored chill the large tin-lined vats where it is stored chilled. It is then passed through a bath of trine, where it is washed and deodorized, and when

sugar, and has a distinctly buttery taste. It is packed in tin-lined trays about six feet long by three wide, and placed in a cool storeroom until it is needed for use. Everything about this storeroom must be kept free from dirt, for the reason that the oil, like butter, is so sensitive that it readily takes up foul odors. A single drop of kerosene in the room might taint and ruin a whole supply of oil.

Into the storeroom "neutral," as it is called, or the purest leaf lard, which has gone through the process of deodorizing in brine, is brought and stored. As these two parts of the oleomargarine, both of which are practically without taste, are needed they are trundled out on trucks, and two workmen with their sleeves rolled up shovel them in equal parts into the flaring tin funnel of a chute which leads to the creamery below.

On reaching the next floor the mass falls into a big vat or churn heated to 180 degrees and is rapidly stirred by two men with wooden paddles until the lumps all disappear. To assist in this operation small sieves are also used. When the mass has been rendered homogeneous a certain quantity of genuine butter and buttermilk, sometimes to the amount of twenty per cent of the whole, is put in, together with a little butter-color of the same kind that is used in ordinary creameries, and the stirring goes forward again. The genuine butter used is churned in a revolving churn near at hand, the milk being purchased and collected in exactly the same way as in a creamery. In fact, one end of the oleomargarine churn-room is nothing but a small creamery. The cheaper grades of butterine do not contain quite as much butter, and they are usually churned by machinery instead of by hand.

When the oleomargarine comes from the churn it has very much the appearance of butter. It is dumped on a circular table and a long conical butterworker operated by machinery squeezes out the buttermilk and works in the necessary amount of salt. A man in a clean white jacket helps along the process with a wooden paddle. When the butterine has been sufficiently worked and loaded into one of the tin-lined trucks it looks like real butter, tastes like real butter, and no one but an expert can tell it from real butter. The creamery has a capacity of 20,000 pounds in twenty-four hours, and 100 men and ten women are required to do the work.

After standing one day in a clean, cool storage room and then being reworked, the oleomargarine is taken downstairs to the packing rooms. Here white-jacketed men and girls stand at tables with mountainous heaps of the moist yellow butterine in front of them. With a deft movement a man scoops up a handful and plasters it into a mold holding one pound. Then he drops it out before a girl, who wraps it up in a piece of parchment paper, and it is then packed away in boxes. In this department the greatest care is taken to have everything sweet and clean. The floor and all the tables are scrubbed at least once a day.

ABOUT INDIANS.

A BRIGHT youth asked us to say something in the 'Nook about Indians, and while the subject is a very interesting one, it is very hard to get hold of. Everybody has heard of Indians, read of them, and a good many have seen them. The writer lived among them for a time, and learned a good deal about them. So a little Indian talk in the INGLE-NOOK may not be amiss.

When the first white men came to this country the Indians were in possession, and they were friendly. They were divided into tribes, and there was a good deal of internecine warfare, tribe against tribe, and all of them, with some exceptions, noted later, were nomadic, or wandering in their habits. They remained in one place as long as the game held out, and then they pulled up stakes, literally so, and moved on to a place where there were more deer or buffalo. It should be remembered that the buffalo was found all over the country, from the far east to the far west. The Indian, with his bow and arrow, could get beside a buffalo, either by stratagem or superior running, and drive an arrow clear through the animal, so that it came out on the far side and stuck in the ground. Outside of wild game they had a few vegetables, notably corn and beans, and something like a sweet potato in the far south. They kept their corn by burying it, and what we I wuzn't."

it comes back it looks a good deal like light brown have found is very much on the nubbin order. They were great people for fish and oysters, and the piles of shells in places along the coast are marvelous in extent. It is likely they got along pretty well in summer, and in winter had a pretty hard time of it.

> They had a religion, the Great Father, and a sort of picture writing, and a sign language that enabled them to communicate one tribe with another having a different spoken language. Now these Indians were to be found all over the United States, till we come to the Pacific coast, where we find another and a different lot. The Coast Indians differed in color and habits from the interior Indians. The Coast man, that is, the Pacific coast man, was darker in color, and he was more or less of a town dweller. He was a different sort of man in his mental and moral make-up. He was an indifferent fighter, and doubtless the Red Man and the Black Indian had many a fight, and it seems from what is left of the record that the Red Man got the better of the darker brother. At all events the blacker Indian moved, or was driven southward, and dug out homes for his people in the sides of the cliffs where the warlike Red Man could not well get at

Now these red and black wild people were of two different stocks, and while nobody knows clearly where the red specimen came from originally, it is pretty well agreed that the blacker one came from Asia, probably, as Humboldt says, from the migratory, warrior shepherd kings of the north of Asia. At all events the two did not get on well together, and the black wild man moved south, and scattered over the upper part of Mexico. He arrived one day, about a thousand years ago, on the site of what is now Mexico City, and here he built himself a town. When Cortez, the splendid freebooter and grand rascal, came on the scene about 1620, he found a country peopled by natives that had got along pretty well toward a rude civilization. Cortez proceeded to destroy their capital, and the Catholic church, through one of its earlier bishops, gathered up all the Aztec books, picture writing it was, and burned the whole pile in the market place. If these manuscripts had been spared we would have learned a great deal.

The oncoming flood of Spanish in Mexico married into and corrupted the native, and the cross is the Mexican proper of to-day. But more than half of the population of Mexico to this day is the Indian, living in the same towns, doing the same things, and generally is the same thing as his fathers of a thousand years ago.

But when the black Indian, or the Aztec, came on the scene in Mexico he found a town and city-dwelling people there before him, which he called the Toltecs, that being only a word in Aztec for architect or builder. And what is stranger yet, before the Toltees were a people that nobody knows anything about, and this people was away ahead of the Red, the Black and the Aztec Indians. These built cities, had a written language, and were possessed of temples, great cities, waterworks, paved streets and the like. The writer spent some time in the ruins of these cities. Would you like to hear of them? Watch the 'Nook.

AN INGENIOUS TIME SYSTEM.

Among the Montagnais Indians a crude form of sun dial is used in hunting to let the squaws, who follow their lords and masters, know whether they may "take it easy" or "hurry up," for they might fare badly if they lagged behind when their husbands were ready for supper. And so the men when hunting erect in the snow a stick at some well-known place and draw the exact line of the stick's shadow in the snow before going on. When the women arrive there with their pots and other cooking utensils they note the new line of the shadow, and by observing the angle which it forms, with the line already drawn in the snow they can tell how far ahead their husbands are.

"You have been in another fight, Tommy," said the mother to her seven-year-old boy.

"No; I wuzn't," was the dogged reply.

"Why, Tommy, I can tell by your appearance that you have been fighting. Your face is all scratched up. You musn't tell a story about it."

"I ain't telling no story. I said I wuzn't in it, an'

Good Reading

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR HOLIDAY CANDY.

According to the estimate of a prominent confectioner Chicago consumes about 15,000,000 pounds of candy annually. On a basis of 1,500,000 inhabitants this would represent a candy capacity of ten pounds for every man, woman and child in the city. Of this amount a surprisingly large proportion is made up of the better grades of candy, the chocolates, caramels and various kinds of sugared nuts. By all odds cholocate candy is the most popular, and the demand for it is growing daily larger. Sales of the old simple varieties of stick candy and lozenges are declining, the palate of the modern child requiring something that is richer and sweeter. Of recent years grown people have learned to eat candy; there are a great many homes where it is always kept on the dining-table. In the consumption of sugar and sweetmeats the Americans exceed almost every other civilized country, and their machinery and conveniences for making candy are much more elaborate than those of any other country. In Great Britain the amounts manufactured and used are much smaller, and the varieties are comparatively few and rather poor in

The largest ingredient of candy is sugar. This may seem a superfluous assertion, but it means a good deal. A few years ago when sugar was scarce and high in price it was really one of the lesser ingredients, at least in the poorer qualities of eandy, glucose and other things being largely used as substitutes. But the price of sugar went down and it is now cheaper than anything else, and the result is that the candy of to-day is probably purer and better than it ever was before in this country. Some glucose is now used in the cheaper grades of goods even by the best manufacturers. It is in no way an injurious substance, but it is practically tasteless and candy in which it is used is far from being as sweet as that made from pure sugar.

One of the largest manufactories in Chicago uses fifty barrels of sugar every day. It is of three kinds—confectioners', which is almost as fine and soft as flour, and mold A and crystal A, both of which are coarse and crystalline. Some of the other raw materials used are glucose, cocoa beans, coeoanuts, almonds and other varieties of nuts, French apricots and other kinds of fruit, and pure cream for use in caramel-making. When the sugar comes in at the receiving door it goes at once to the top of the building. As the elevator ascends the atmosphere grows richer every moment with the palate-tickling odors of cooking caudy.

The superintendent first leads the way into the cream-candy department. Here the sugar with a small proportion of glucose to make the consistency of the candy thicker, is boiled in water until the sirup is thick and almost clear. Great care is necessary not to burn the sugar in boiling. When the candy is sufficiently cooked it is poured out upon huge marble slabs, where it is allowed to cool for a time. Then bare-armed workmen, aproned from head to foot, begin to stir up the sticky mass with long iron instruments which are known to the candymaker as "spaddles." The caudy is worked up very much as a plasterer would stir mortar, until it is hard and white and almost crystalline. This makes cream candy. The same object is accomplished on a larger scale in big copper kettles or "beaters," which not only cook the ingredients but beat them white and hard by means of a rotating dasher.

The candy is now ready to be cast into a hundred different sizes and shapes. Instead of using iron or wooden molds, as one would suppose, candy is cast in cornstarch molds, which are prepared with great care. The starch is placed in narrow, shallow boxes and smoothed off at the top. Then they are run, one after another, under a press, the lower part of which is covered with projections of just the size required. When the press goes down a little hammer taps the top of it automatically, and the cornstarch is punctured with rows of smooth, clear-cut holes. More than 25,000 such boxes are used in the factory. When the molds are complete they are filled from a tank with the cream candy. Marshmallows, which are made of the white of egg, sugar and gum arabic, are east in the same way.

When the candy in the molds is dry and hard the boxes are taken to an interesting machine called a "starch-buck." Here the starch and the candies are dumped into a hopper under which are a series of sieves. The starch readily falls through the meshes and the candy hops along on top and is finally tailed off at the farther end, after which it is put through a series of brushes to take off the last vestige of starch.

The cheaper kinds of gumdrops such as those sold on the street corners at five cents a pound are made mostly of glucose with some sugar and starch. They are cast like the creams and then rolled in granulated sugar. The genuine gumdrops, which are much more expensive, are made of pure sugar and gum arabic.

One of the most interesting processes in candymaking is the dipping of creams. A row of girls sit around a narrow table, in the center of which a number of tilted kettles rest over a coil of steam-pipes. From a tray at one side of them the girls take the creams, one by one, on a little wire spoon and dip them into the thick sirup in the kettles. Then the drops, as they are now called, are placed on a piece of oilcloth and set in a frame to dry. This is the way the thin chocolate coatings are placed on chocolate drops. The girls who do this work become very expert, some of them being able to dip as many as 1,000 pounds of candy a day, or more than 30,000 pieces.

Another room is devoted wholly to the manufacture of lozenges and candy hearts. For this purpose the sugar is mixed cold in big tubs and the lozenges are pressed out in molds. Mottoes are printed on the hearts with a rubber stamp. Here are some of them:

I LOVE YOU.

MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT.

IF PAPA DOESN'T OBJECT.

Although this style of confectionery has gone somewhat out of fashion in the city, it is still popular in many small towns.

The cocoanut department occupies the whole end of one story. The nuts are bought whole, and the hard white meat is taken out and placed in a kettle, where it is boiled and violently agitated at the same time by means of rotating dashers. Sugar in certain proportions is added, and when the mass is sufficiently cooked it is placed on a marble slab, where it is rolled down fine with a long piece of gas pipe. One of the most popular forms of cocoanut candy is the "tea-biscuit," which is an oval piece of pressed cocoanut baked brown on both sides. Cocoanut is also colored and molded into various forms, one of them representing the American flag, and then sliced up into strips with a patent cutting machine.

Caramel-making is one of the greatest arts in the whole business. Caramels are made of sugar and pure cream carefully boiled together until they are of the proper consistency and then poured on a marble slab to cool. After they are cut into small squares girls are employed to wrap them. One of the best of the wrappers can finish 800 pounds in a single day.

The factory has a capacity of about 4,000,000 pounds of candy a year, about one-fourth of which is used in this city. The rest is distributed from Maine to California. The average price of candy at the factory is about eight cents a pound, the lowest being about three and one-half cents for cheap gumdrops, and the highest about forty cents for chocolates of the best grade. Most of the candy in Chicago is sold to retailers by candy peddlers, who travel about in wagons. The two greatest dealers in candy are two of the big downtown department stores.

GREAT FEATS OF FASTING.

How long can a person fast? During a prolonged fast the loss of weight is usually rapid at first and decreases as the time goes on, death ensuing when a certain percentage of loss has been reached, and this percentage varies according to the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths; a man or woman of rather spare habits, weighing 143 pounds, might, therefore, lose about fifty-five pounds before succumbing.

Children die after a fast of from three to five would meet it anywhere.

days, during which they lose a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted fifty days when water has been taken. From 1880 to 1891 there was an epidemic of fasting exhibitions in London and New York, the periods varying from thirty to fifty-two days. Dr. Tanner, who fasted forty days, weighed 143 pounds at the heginning of his experience and lost thirty-six pounds by the time he had concluded. This was a quarter, or twenty-five per cent of the original weight, and consequently less than the figure given above, but this was one of the instances of water having been taken. Succi is said to have fasted fifty-two days, taking only water, but at a test exhibition in London he gave it up after forty-four days.

A German physician reports the case of a woman, aged forty-seven years, who fasted for forty-three days, taking water freely. She lost forty-four pounds out of 143, and died of exhaustion. In all these cases it must be noted that water was consumed, a most important fact when we remember the part played by it in the constitution of food and of our bodies.

The length of time during which a person can fast without water is difficult to determine, but in cases where pretended fasters have been tested it has proved of short duration. Sarah Jacobs, who was supposed to have lived for a year without food or drink, was closely watched for a week in order to test the truth of the assertion. She died on the seventh day. This was in 1869.

MASCULINE DRESSMAKERS.

The rivalry of men in the business of dressmaking, until recently regarded as the exclusive province of the fair sex, is beginning to be seriously felt by the modistes. It is a recognized fact that when men evince any talent in this line they generally excel and display more originality and more perfect taste than the majority of women. Many women, it is known, realizing that their taste is not above reproach, place themselves entirely in the hands of the artist in clothes, and the result is nearly always entirely satisfactory. It stands to reason that a man whose life is spent in the devising of gowns and the blending of colors must know far more about effects than many of his customers.

The first step toward, the employment of men in dressmaking was taken with the advent of tailor made costumes and in this particular branch no woman can touch them. Although women are employed in most tailors' shops as machinists, still the actual cutting, which is, after all, the crucial stage, and the pressing is done by men, and here, of course, physical strength tells. It seems that wherever a man has taken up woman's work he has, with few exceptions, equaled and often outstripped her. Take dressmaking, cookery, hairdressing or laundry work; men excel in all these different branches, where one would expect women to be their superiors.

The reason of this is, maybe, due in a great measure to the different youthful training of the sexes, more noticeable in the earlier part of the century than at the present date. Boys, from the beginning of their school days, are taught to be more thorough than girls, and in consequence they do their own work in after years more efficiently as a rule and attend to details that the average woman is apt to neglect. As things are at present, the line between the employments open respectively to men and women is rapidly vanishing. Men are doing women's work, while the women are striving their utmost to compete with men, and in many in stances ousting them from their own particular grooves. To the casual observer it would seem that they are really changing places.

Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in man it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair.

From one end of Japan to the other a child is treated as a sacred thing, be it one's own or a stranger's. Each one carries its name and address on a ticket round its neck, but should it indeed stray from home food and shelter and kindness would meet it anywhere.

ooo The o Circle ooo

B. Stover, Bulsar, India, President; John R. Snyder, Bellegrand Dhio. Acting President; Otho Wenger, Sweetsers, Ind., Acting President; Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Mrs. Lizzie D. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio, Secretary and Communications to Our Missionary Reading Address all communications to Our Missionary Reading

THE WORK OF THE LOCAL SECRETARY.

BY JOHN R. SNYDER.

In many respects the work of the local secretary the most important in the local organization, the most important in the local organization. It is a large measure, to their exertions is the extending of the work of the Circle in their respective localities. While respect is given in all asses to the wishes of the local Circle, the local section is appointed by the General Committee, or abject to their sanction, and thus becomes a part of the general organization.

As stated above, much depends upon the efforts put forth by the local secretary for the growth of the Circle. And we want to impress them here that they have a very important part of the work of the church. The Circle is not a mere organization to occupy one's spare time, or for social intertourse, but it has for its prime purpose the extension of the Messiah's kingdom here below and the depening of the Christ-life in the church. And in belying to extend the usefulness of the Circle they are an instrument to further a greater and nobler cause. Any effort they may spend for its extension will find its repayment manifold in the intreased activity of the church at large.

It is the duty of the local secretary to order all books needed for use in the study of the Courses. Books can be bought at the most convenient place, but Circles will find it to their advantage and convenience to order all supplies from The Brethren's Publishing House, Elgin, Ill., which have kindly agreed to supply all the books at but a small advance above cost, to members only. There is the double advantage also of securing all the books at one place and in one order, which might not be possible if they were purchased elsewhere. The Circle has no books for sale, but any orders sent them will be sent to the House for filling.

It is also the duty of the local secretary to keep arecord of the books read by the local Circle and report to the general secretary; being sure to give the name and number of each member with amount of reading done by each. This should be done during the month of March of each year. This is important and we urge the local secretaries to be more prompt in regard to this work. A certificate is due each member when he has completed the two years' work or its equivalent.

Finally, work hard to get as many members as possible to join the Circle. Send their names to general secretary. Thoroughly canvass your vicinity so that all may have the opportunity to take up the work. Seek in every way to organize a large local Circle and advance the work in every possible way and we know you will be amply repaid in the increased activities of your church. Get the ministers, elders, and other officials interested in the work and ask their assistance, keeping ever in mind the motto: "For Christ and the Church."

Bellefoutaine, Ohio.

500B00.

We have recently read about a high-caste Brahmin girl, who was petted and praised in her heathen home, surrounded with every Oriental luxury. She was so devoted to the service of the gods, that her mother called her "Million Lights," but her heart was heavy, no happiness or brightness there. In order that she might perform successfully some new ite to the gods, she had to learn Tamil. The only teacher she could find was a despised Bible woman. The reading of the Gospel with God's spirit did the lest. One day she was urged to take part in a great festival of the god. She was weary of it all, and anxious to know more about Jesus, so she prayed heaven to set her free in some way. The piest bid her cross the threshold, to worship, when some away before she had time to pray to the

Then she decided to leave all and follow him; and so one night she left her jewels and her fine clothes in her elegant home, and clad in the humblest garments went out alone in the night to the dission school of Madras. She had gone there the truth, now she threw down the metal box that held am come, I am come; I am God's Christmas gift to you!" Just now she is coming to America, to learn more about Jesus.

= Sunday A School =

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

How to lead the life divine surrounded by temptations from within and from without; how to breathe freely the atmosphere of heaven while the feet yet touch earth; how to lead the life of Christ, who shrank from no scene of trying duty and took the temptations of man's life as they came; or how even to lead the ordinary saintly life, winning experience from fall and permanent strength out of momentary weakness, and victory out of defeat—this is the problem.

Our Savior, foreseeing the inevitable tendency of litigation, said in his Sermon on the Mount: "If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." (Matt. 5:40.) The wisdom of the Savior's words, hard as it may be to give the "cloak also," had its illustration, in a man who got angry with a neighbor some months ago, and sued him on a promissory note for \$10. The party who was sued claimed that the note was a forgery, and tried to get the holder of it indicted. He failed in this; but his abortive effort resulted in a suit against himself for slander. He did not succeed, however, and one result of the protracted litigation is the presentation against him of a bill for \$1,600 for attorney fees. This bill the court has decided that he must pay, and the decision has driven him into bankruptcy. Truly, litigation is a costly luxury, and well does the wise man say: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water.'

REV. ERNEST GEBHARDT, a Methodist missionary in Germany, translated the hymn, "I'm the Child of a King" into the German, and it became very popular. One Sunday, as the children had been singing it with great delight, the teacher suddenly asked: "How many of you feel that you are 'Children of the King?'" A few hands went up. Then she inquired: "How many of you want to be 'Children of the King?" Among the large number of hands that now went up, was that of a bright little girl who attracted notice by her intense earnestness. A few weeks later she was attacked by diphtheria and was soon unable to speak. Making signs for her slate, it was brought to her, and with her weak, trembling fingers she slowly and painfully wrote: "I'm the child of a King, I'm the child of a King; with Jesus my Savior-" She could write no more, and in a few moments expired, to don her royal robes and sit upon her throne.

"No man hath a velvet cross," was Flavel's assertion, years ago, and it is just as true now as then, Only he who giveth it to us, and he who knows the strength needful for every burden. When we have felt that we were sinking, under the weight of great sorrows, his hand has been placed beneath us to lift us. Sickness, pecuniary losses, the loss of our loved ones, weigh heavily upon us. Separation in this world from those that are dear to us, saddens our hearts beyond endurance, had we no strength but our own. To be misrepresented by the many, and to be maligned, if only by a few, are all crosses which we are loath to hear; but, when we remember that each cross borne adds luster to the crown, we should welcome them, or at least be able to say, "Thy will be done."

THERE should be a regular course of reading in the Bible, especially in the New Testament, so that the entire work should be gone through in a year. The plan of selecting portions of Scripture to illustrate topics or enforce duties is not the best for general use. It does not aid the memory so well as consecutive reading of the whole Bible. If we would retain much of its contents in our minds, we must read from Genesis to Revelation repeatedly.

BOTH David and Solomon caution us not to fret because of evil doers nor to be envious on account of their prosperity. With many people transient success is often the beginning of lasting and irretrievable ruin. As long as we are in the world we must expect sin and sorrow, disease and death, and their appearance around us should render us the more anxious and laborious to make our calling and election sure that at last we may enter into rest.

PLEASURES OF FALLING.

Would you hear beautiful music? Then throw yourself from the roof of a skyscraper. A cliff will do, or a church steeple, or the basket of a balloon; the point is that if you fall from a great height you will experience very agreeable sensations. The only drawback is that you probably won't live to remember them.

Several persons who have miraculously lived to remember how they felt under such circumstances have described their sensations to Prof. Heirn, of Zurich, who became interested in the subject after sliding and falling a mile in the Alps and hearing heautiful music all the way until he landed on his head.

All the testimony he has collected goes to show that falling is a real treat, about a million times nicer than tobogganing, and that, if it were not for the painful and often fatal consequences, it eclipses golf and automobiling as a diversion,

Although unable to collect evidence from persons who have been killed outright by falling, Prof. Heirn is satisfied that they felt no more and no less than his witnesses, most of whom were dashed into unconsciousness at the end of their trip.

His conclusion is that the act of falling brings no pain, no paralyzing terror, no anxiety, no despair. In a word, it is far less disagreeable than almost any other mode of death.

Ligrist the Alpine climber, fell backward from a cliff and was nearly killed in the valley below. He told Prof. Heirn afterward that he was conscious from beginning to end of his fall and enjoyed the sensation of being wafted like thistledown through the air.

He reviewed the causes leading up to the accident, saw himself a dead man and traced in imagination the fortunes of his fatherless family. There was no breathlessness, no suffering from shock, no pain even when Ligrist struck the snow-covered ground and lost consciousness. Not until he was brought to his senses did his sufferings begin.

Prof. Heirn slipped from a snow-covered crag and fell feet first. The wind dashed him against an inclined cliff, and he slid down this on his back, head first for nearly a mile. Leaving the inclined cliff, he shot 60 feet through the air and landed on his head.

Throughout all this sliding and falling his thoughts were clear, his mind calm and his ears delighted with celestial harmonies.

MARIMOTH WATCH FOR ST. LOUIS.

ALREVOV novel features and schemes for attractions at the St. Louis fair of 1903 are being planned. One of these already announced will be a mammoth watch. It will lie on its back, having a polished metal case just like the ordinary watch and will be so large and roomy inside that people will be able to walk around in it among the moving wheels.

It will be nearly 75 feet in diameter and more than 40 feet high, with neat little stairways running all about it, and all the wheels properly protected, so that no one can be hurt. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the "hair spring" will be as thick as a man's wrist. It will take about two minutes for the balance wheel to swing around and back again. It will be pivoted on two enormous agate blocks, substitutes for diamonds, and will be made of brass.

One of the greatest difficulties will be in getting the balance spring of the size and strength that can stand the strain and keep its elasticity. The main spring, of course, will be an enormous affair, something over 300 feet in length and made of 10 spring steel bands two inches thick, bound together, as it would be impossible to roll so large a piece, either in thickness or length. The projector of the enterprise claims, of course, that the scheme has an educational side.

Those who visit the watch will be given instructions, with practical illustrations on the care of a watch. Guides will point out and name every part with its uses and its proportionate movement. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day, to impress upon watch carriers the necessity of a watch having regular hours, whether its owner has or not.

THE tyrant, it has been said, is but a slave turned inside out.—Samuel Smiles.

INSECTS MADE OF METAL.

Did you ever see a copper caterpillar, a silver centipede or a nickel gnat? Yet these and many similar objects can be had, if not for the asking at least for a reasonable amount of money, at several places in New York. Who discovered the curious art is unknown, but it was introduced into this city by an eccentric Frenchman, who said that he had elaborated the discovery of some chemists in l'aris. Paul Despotte, for such was the man's name, declared his secret to be as follows: He first dampcoed the luckless insect, leaf or flower and then blew on it with a blowpipe. The object thus dusted was placed in an electrolytic bath and upon it the metal was precipitated by the galvanic current. The object was then transferred to a second bath, from which all the organic matter was dissolved by an alkali. The metallic shell which remained was slightly heated, touched with some kind of shellac, and the thing was done. The inventor carried with him quite a collection of these preparations. The most interesting of all were a mosquito in gold and a hairy geranium leaf in copper.

The delicacy of the work was extraordinary. Under a powerful magnifying glass the little organs which are invisible to the human eye were seen perfectly reproduced in metal. The discovery does not seem to have been utilized to any great extent so far as the trade is concerned, but has been taken up by many amateurs. This fall an ingenious girl uptown first covered the back of her hand with black lead and theo plated it with metal. She removed this, which was a perfect cast, and used it as a matrix, in which she deposited a second coat of metal, which she finally mounted on a piece of satin. Her hand, as may be supposed, was pretty, and when reproduced in copper made a work of art as novel as it was attractive.

GIVE YOUR GLASSES A BATH.

"HALF of the people who wear glasses and complain that their sight is gradually diminishing owe the idea to dirty glasses," remarks an optician. "Spectacles and eye glasses are as much benefited by a bath now and then as people are. It is strange how many people there are who think that by wiping their glasses now and then they keep them clean. The fact is they want a bath just as frequently as does a human being. You see, it is in this way: The face, and especially the eyes, all the time give off a fine vapor. This clings to the glasses and the dust collects on them. As soon as they become clean—that is, apparently clean—the wearer is satisfied.

"So the process goes on. But, while wiping the glasses cleanses them and is necessary, a bath is also required. Every time the glasses are wiped a fine film of dirt is left on them and this gradually accumulates, and no wiping will clean it off. In time this coating gets quite thick enough to blur the vision, even though at a glance the glasses may appear clean. When this occurs the sight is diminished and they come to me or some other optician. What they ought to have done was to give the glasses a bath in warm water, well scrubbing them with a small toothbrush and soap and afterward wipe them. This should first be done with chamois leather and then with tissue paper to polish them."

WHERE SLUMBER IS A LUXURY.

"Do they ever sleep?" asked an early morning pedestrian of his companion as they passed an allnight Iruit stand, the owner of which he had seen at his post at eight o'clock the morning before. There are probably a hundred Italians and Greeks in the city who spend from twenty to twenty-four hours at their stands. They have their meals brought to them by their wives or children, and at night doze on a stool, while perhaps a member of the family, usually a young boy or girl, stands by for a few hours of the night to guard against pilferers. The trouble involved in moving the stand or its contents morning and night is said to be responsible for many of the all-night stands.

EVERY Christian is as much a debtor to the barbarians as Paul declared himself to be; and it is a debt he could never pay without the help of a Foreign Missionary Society.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS MEN.

VOLTAIRE: Born 1694 in Paris, died 1778. Best remembered by his attacks on the Christian religion. A prolific French writer of unsavory memory.

WESLEY: Born 1703, died 1791. An English preacher, famous as the founder of Methodism.

FRANKLIN: Born in Boston 1706, died 1790. A statesman of the colonial period, famous for his services to his country and his hard common sense.

FREDERICK THE GREAT: Born 1712, died 1786. King of Prussia. A soldier and a statesman, great because of his impress on the politics of Europe. Taking him in all, his reign was regarded as a trust which he faithfully carried out.

BLACKSTONE: Born in London 1723, died 1780. A great English jurist, author of Commentaries on the Laws of England. An authority on the principles of common law wherever English is spoken.

ADAM SMITH: Born 1723 in Scotland, died 1790. A political economist, author of the "Wealth of Nations," quoted and studied to this day.

IMMANUEL KANT: Born 1724, died 1804. A very prolific writer, whose fame rests on the fact that he was one of the world's greatest moral and mental philosophers.

ROBERT CLIVE: Born 1725, died 1774. A statesman and general who founded the empire of British India for Eugland before he was forty years of age.

Поward: Born in England, 1726; died 1790. John Howard has come down to us as one of the world's greatest philanthropists, having spent his life in the amelioration of the miseries of humanity. He was not a scholar, in the deep sense of the word; not a man of great wealth; not of high birth, nor was he of strong constitution, bodily. He was a man of high religious character, and his turn of mind and heart were in the direction of the prisoner and the unfortunate. He visited the prison, helped the individual in misery, and directed public sentiment toward the amelioration of the conditions imposed on the unfortunate. He did so much of this work, and did it so well, that he has, by common consent, had the word "Philanthropist" attached to his name, and he is everywhere known as John Howard, the Philanthropist, and this gives him his place as great in goodness.

EDMUND BURKE: Born 1729, died 1797. One of the greatest of English statesmen. A writer, an orator and a politician of the highest type, influencing English history.

ARKWRIGHT, SIR RICHARD: Born in England, 1732, died 1792. His fame is based on his invention relating to cotton spinning. Prior to his discovery of the methods of spinning cotton and wool there had been a machine that gave the means of spinning twenty or thirty threads at the same outlay of labor required to spin one by hand. But these threads lacked the hardness necessary to the warp of the eloth manufactured. Arkwright's invention made it possible to spin any number of threads, of any fineness, available for both warp and wool. In other words, he invented a machine that did the work of many people, better than it could he done by hand. Naturally this earned for him the unthinking hostility of the ignorant of the laboring class, but he and his machine triumphed, and conferred more real and lasting benefit on posterity than the acquisition of a kingdom.

WASHINGTON: Born in Virginia 1732, died 1799. A statesman and general. First President of the United States, and remembered as the Father of his Country. He is known to every schoolboy.

The little girl was inclined to answer the door bell about as soon as it sounded, and sometimes she gave answers to whoever might be there that were curious. One day the man who collects the packages of laundry was at the door and asked if the laundry was ready. "No" she replied; "papa has got it on."

Our Cooking School.

Below we give our readers some excellent reci. pes for the home and the home circle. The undertaking has proved that the idea is an excellent one and that the interest in the work is widespread and growing. Those who save their 'Nooks will have a collection of recipes that are all available and tested. Then the signing is a great feature. Without that they might as well be copied from a book. It need not be that all the recipes must be new, but what we want is the way the reader does it. The whole list of things to be eaten may be selected from by any sister who reads and who is willing to help others as she is being helped. Then if there is any person, sister or otherwise, who wishes to ask a question or a number of them, on culinary matters let us have them. Somebody will be found able to answer. We expect to print timely and up-to-date. comfortable little menus from time to time, and whoever does a little entertaining now and then will be sure that what she does, if she follows the 'Nook, will be correct and in good form.

MAKING COFFEE.

BY SISTER BESSIE ROYER.

No person can make a cup of good coffee out of an inferior grade of the berry. The best is a mixture of one-half Mocha and Java, half and half, ground together. The coffee pot must be rinsed clean, and a cup of ground coffee put in it, then add either six or eight cups of water that has been freshly boiled. Then set where it is as near the boiling point as possible without actually boiling. It should remain on the stove, steeping, for twenty minutes, and an hour will not hurt it. The secret of making good coffee is not allowing it to boil. Use no so-called extract of coffee, which is nothing but burned sugar and does nothing but color the decoction.

To make café au lait, take half as much strong coffee as may be needed and pour in the pot as much more rich, sweet milk. Let this just come to the boil and serve.

Elgin, Ill.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

BY SISTER BESSIE ROYER.

Take the amount of shaved or grated chocolate, an equal amount of sugar, and as much flour as will lie on a nickel for each cup to be made. Mix well. Now take equal amounts of water and rich milk and put the above mentioned ingredients in it and boil, stirring continuously. In the countries where the chocolate comes from they use a pinch of ground cinnamon to the chocolate, and then beil. Enough must be used to give it a cinnamon flavor. It will probably suit the taste of our readers better if, when the drink is made, it is slightly flavored with extract of vanilla, added just after the pot is taken from the fire. It should be stirred in. The trick of putting the flour in should not be forgotten. Its use is in holding the chocolate in suspension. Elgin, Ill.

EQQS ON TOAST.

BY SISTER AGNES McDANNEL.

Toast as many pieces of bread as there are guests. See that the toasting is a light brown, and thoroughly well done. Then butter on one side. Take these pieces of toast and put on a plate with hot milk in it and allow them to absorb what they will without turning, while the eggs are being poached. Salt the toast slightly.

Take twice as many fresh eggs as there are pieces of toast, and poach them in water that is boiling hot, but not boiling when the eggs are dropped in. If the water boils it will break up the eggs, and if the water boils it will break up the eggs, and if only kept near the boiling point will jelly the eggs. When done put on the toast, two to each piece, and serve hot. Garnish if desired. An excellent break fast dich

fast dish, Elgin, Ill.

Some people have an idea that about all religion is for is to help them to have a good time, and be respectable.

What They Say!



Chicago Says:

22 INGLENOUR is par excellence. It has in our church publications.—John E. Mohler. Each number seems better than the and one. I have a Sunday-school class boys and girls, from thirteen to eighteen and all get the INGLENOOK as a Sundaypaper, and they are delighted with it.— F.R. Miller.

Clarence, Iowa, Speaks Out.

his with much satisfaction that I express supproval of the INGLENOOK. Its appearreand general make-up are such that it at re commends it to the reader. It has found eray into many of our homes, and the peoheare truly glad for its continued success. 1. John Zuck.

Mt. Morris Says:

The INGLENOOK easily takes rank among tebest young people's papers in the country. habetter than most of them because of the searce of the silly love stories and light read-It is a most valuable addition to the Bridgen's publications. No family should be rhout I.-Eld. D. L. Miller.

Lanark, III., Has An Opinion.

We have been receiving the Inglenook net it started. We like it very well. I would neto see it go to all the homes of the land. Beshort sermons are good for both old and ring-Eld. I. B. Trout.

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From the College.

lake the INGLENOOK. I am much pleased this steady and almost marvelous growth. Refact that it is sought after by our people, bibold and young, is evidence that it proves self to be in fact what it purports to be. - J. G.

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Hear Virginia Talk.

our seen and read I think there is none that ard. all wield as great or as desirable influence milis readers to the Inglenook.—W. K.

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And Hagerstown, Md., Has This:

lhave been a stant reader of the INGLEsoon from its b a many to the present time, nd while it is . t . pecially intended for the 18, yet I find so settling that interests me in ach issue. I are terested in the 'Nook bewd my experiations. I especially recomand it to the young readers. - Eld. A. B.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, They Say:

Myself and fare y greatly enjoy reading our e church paper. We trust its future may Vaniman. kalong and useful one .- J. K. Miller.

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Another From Iowa.

culiarly ada; and to both old and young. 1 are placed it to our Mission Sunday school, ed the general rerdict is that it can not be ucelled by any ther Sunday-school paper,-H.W. Emmert.

0 0

Over in Indiana.

My family and I say that the INGLENOOK is u excellent paper There are many things in athat everyone likes, and which they ought to People who do not take the InGLEhis bave occasion to regret it. The Editor the needs of the readers.—L. W. Teeter.

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And Down in Missouri.

For a number of years I have wondered why bedid not have a paper for our young people. esting in character, with a tendency toward & church. We have that in the Inglenook. thould be in every home in the church. 7. E. Ellenberger.

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And This.

The INGLENOOK is clean, newsy, interesting the books and papers one tell who and what he is as well as the pany he keeps.—Eld. Amos Wampler.

And He Says:

From Batavia, III.

We think the INGLENOOK an interesting and instructive paper .- Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pol-

00

Across in Pennsylvania.

I am highly pleased with the INGLENOOK. Its pages are always well filled with fresh and interesting reading matter .- W. G. Schrock.

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South Bend, Ind., Thinks.

The INGLENOOK is an interesting paper. It is read by old and young in our family. Try it, and you will be pleased with it.-Eld, S. F. Sanger.

Ohio Has Its Say.

We are highly pleased with the INGLENOOK, and think it worthy of a place in every family of the Brethren. It interests old and young. Its literary qualities are of the first rank .- /no. Calvin Bright.

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Pennsylvania Knows a Good Thing.

An interesting paper that should be read by every member of the church. I have read it long enough to feel that I cannot be without it. It is always brimful of good, newsy and spicy reading matter, suitable for old and young. I think it a grand acquisition to our church literature. God bless the INGLENOOK .- John C. Zug.

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And Also Hagerstown, Md.

The Inglenook I regard as quite an acquisition to our church literature, and it supplies a long felt want. It is very instructive and newsy. While intended for the young, which place it has successfully filled, yet we find the older of the family anxiously awaiting its com-Of all the young people's papers that I have ing. God hless the Inglenook. - W. S. Reich-

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From Somerset County, Pa.

I have been a reader of the INGLENOOK since it first made its appearance, and for the home, and the family, for both old and young, I think it a most excellent paper. It is always laden with good things, and should be in every home in our Brotherhood.-Jasper Barnthouse.

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From the Sunflower State.

A rare treat is the weekly visit of the INGLE-NOOK to our home.' It possesses the rare gift of bringing reliable information on topics never heard of before. The Question Column is another feature of great interest.-Daniel

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A College President Remarks:

The Inglenook gives an amount and variety of valuable information found in few if any bave known to Inglenook from its birth, other papers of its kind. It is interesting to MI can truthfu 'v say that it is the most in-Antive youth's paper I have ever read. It have ever read. where there are young people. - S. Z. Sharp.

As Seen In Michigan.

There is no hetter paper published for our young people than the Inglenook. May the Lord wonderfully bless its mission. - J. A. Chambers. 0 0

Down In Virginia.

It seems to me that each issue of the INGLE-NOOK gets better. Surely no home in the Brotherhood can afford to be without a publication which contains each week so much information and wholesome instruction .- J. W. Wayland.

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Lancaster Heard From.

The INGLENOOR'S weekly visits into our own and a number of other homes in the Lancaster City, Pa., church is much appreciated, and its pages gleaned immediately on its arrival, as it has become generally known that it contains live subjects and short statements which is so much desired because of the great abundance of printed matter now in circulation. It certainly is the paper from which can he had much valuable information at a minimum cost.-T. F. Imler.



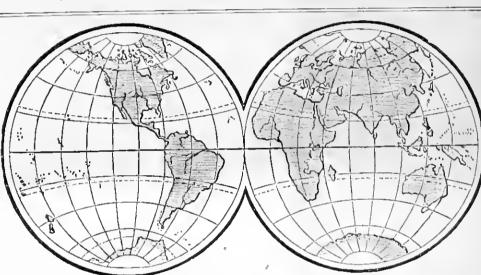
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